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# BRAZIL, ITS EMPEROR AND ITS PEOPLE.

Ir appears that the Centennial Exposition, in addition to all its other gratifying and interesting incidents, is to afford us the pleasure of welcoming, as a visitor to our country, one, at least, of the reigning sovereigns of the earth; and inasmuch as, with the exception of the visit of King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, this is the only case of this character on record, it may be judged that not only our royal guest, but the country he governs, will become of interest to the American people more peculiarly than might otherwise happen, and some examination into the character of the country and the



arch in question would appear to be pertinent.

The monarch to whom we refer is Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil; in whose favor his father, Dom Pedro I., in consequence of a revolution, resigned the throne in 1831. Dom Pedro II., having gained the permission of his Parliament to leave his empire, will visit the Centennial in a few weeks, and will, probably, travel through the United States during the time of his stay.

The present Emperor was married in 1843 to the Empress Donna Theresa Christina Maria, daughter of the late Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies. The line of descent has been continued in the

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life of the mon-



GENIUS OF BRAZIL WITH NATIONAL FLAG.

family of the Emperor through the marriage of his daughter to the Count d'Eu, a son having been born to the latter during the past year, who is the present heir-apparent of the Imperial Crown.

### GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF BRAZIL.

The empire of Brazil extends from latitude 4 degs. 30 mins north to 33 degs south, and from longitude 35 degs to 73 degs west, and borders upon all the South American republics except Chili. It occupies more than two-fifths of the continent of South America, and, excepting the Russian possessions, has the most extensive contiguous territory under any sovereign Government on the globe. On the northwest its line of demarcation is not yet perfectly drawn, but the area of country within acknowledged boundaries covers 3,200,000 square miles, of which the greatest breadth is 2,470 miles, and the greatest length 2,600.

The Portuguese discovered the southeast coast of Brazil in 1500. Pedro Alvarez Cabral, appointed a commander of the fleet, sent by King Emanuel of Portugal to follow up the discovery of Vasco da Gama in the East Indies, was carried by an adverse wind and currents west of his course, and first saw land on April 25, 1500, when his squadron cast anchor in a commodious harbor, and Cabral took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign. Abandoning his East Indian voyage, Cabral returned to Portugal, and shortly after the tidings of the new discovery had reached the king, a squadron was fitted out, and put under the command of Amerigo Vespucci with orders to visit and explore the new region.

Cabral carried with him specimens of Brazilian birds, and a cargo of dye-woods, of which he reported the existence of large forests. Of course, these immediately became objects of interest; and presently an extensive and lucrative traffic on the part of speculators sprung up. This was followed by the introduction into the business of merchants of other nations. Determined to suppress what he regarded as a violation of his rights, John III., of Portugal, established colonies, and

soon towns sprung up along the coast of Brazil. These colonies united in 1549, and a governor was appointed, invested with unlimited powers of jurisdiction. The city of Rio de Janeiro was founded by the Portuguese in 1567.

The country was for some years a subject of contention between the Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch, and it was not till 1654 that the claim of Portugal to the whole territory of Brazil was definitely acknowledged.

In no portion of the American colonies was the slave trade carried on so extensively as with Brazil; and, even as late as the present century, it is estimated that 50,000 blacks were annually shipped from the coast of Africa to Brazil. It may also be said that in no part of the world was the system of slavery attended with greater barbarity than in Brazil. It was, in fact, considered, by the planters, cheaper to use up a slave in five or six years and to buy another than to take care of one. It is, however, proper to state that for a long period this trade was in the hands of the English, who maintained a factory at Lisbon for its management.

Beyond this, the general system on which Portugal ruled her vast dependencies created a stupendous commercial monopoly. Intercourse with foreigners was prohibited by rigid laws, and passengers and ships of foreign nations. which, by reason of alliances with the mother country, were permitted to frequent the waters of Rio Janeiro or other Brazilian ports, were placed under the surveillance of a military guard. The colonists were not even allowed to produce any article which the mother country could supply, so one-sided was the home policy with regard to them. Even Humboldt, traveling in South America for purely scientific purposes, was not allowed to enter any portion of the Brazilian Empire. This condition of dependency on the part of Brazil continued down to an early period in the present century, when the wars resulting from the French Revolution drove the royal family of Portugal to Brazil, and so habituated the Brazilians to the presence of a monarch that, on the restoration of peace, they insisted on a separate Government. Accordingly, Brazil was proclaimed a free and independent State on the 7th of September, 1822, and this important change was suddenly and peacefully accomplished.

On the 25th of March, 1824, the present Constitution was established, providing for a hereditary monarchy of a most liberal character. This Constitution also establishes four powers in the State: legislative, judicial, executive, and the moderating power or royal prerogative, which is, in fact, the veto power. The legislative power is vested in a national assembly of two houses—a Senate and Chamber of Deputies; and in legislative assemblies for each province, the presidents of the provinces being appointed by the emperor. The Senate comprises 58 members, elected by the provinces for life; the provinces choosing three lists from which the emperor selects the senators; the Chamber of Deputies consists of 122 members, elected for four years. Senators must be native Brazilians, forty years old, and possess a stipulated income. Their salary is \$1,800 per session. Representatives receive \$1,200 and traveling expenses. The executive power resides in the emperor, who, however, uses his power through seven ministers and a Council of State—the ministers being responsible for treason, corruption, and abuse of power, etc., etc. The emperor always convokes the General Assembly, nominates bishops and magistrates, can declare peace or war, and must sanction and superintend all measures voted by the legislature. The ministry comprise the following departments: The Empire and Ecclesiastical Affairs, Justice, Finance, Foreign Affairs, Marine, War, Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works. The Council of State includes twelve ordinary and twelve extraordinary members, appointed for life by the sovereign, and usually ex-ministers; and the heir-apparent of the throne, on his reaching the age of eighteen, is de jure—and other princes are, when appointed—councillors of state. The provincial governments are the same as the national in their structure.

The army, in time of peace, consists of 21 battalions of infantry, 16,000 men, including special, movable, and garrison corps, the latter serving in the provinces. The empire maintains also 1,500 men in Paraguay. The infantry are armed with improved Comblain muskets, and the cavalry with Spencer carbines. Krupp's guns are used by the artillery. The national guard comprises 741,782 men, 616,576 being on active service.

The navy comprises 18 iron-clads, 27 corvettes, 2 gunboats, and 7 transports—all steamers—besides 33 sail of the line, making a total of 87 vessels, 316 guns, and 7,901 men.

Brazil, although thus simply governed and managed, has a nobility, which is not, however, hereditary—its titles being conferred for public service and civil merit alone. There are four titles—marquis, count, viscount, and baron—which are conferred by the emperor.

The extreme liberality of the Brazilian form of government is shown in the two facts that, although the established religion is Roman Catholic, yet religious toleration is one of the fundamental principles of the constitution, although other creeds cannot build houses of worship with the exterior form of churches. There is, moreover, no existing proscription whatsoever on account of color.

It is a remarkable truth that Brazil, the only South American country where religious toleration exists, is also the only country on that continent which is advanced in civilization. As to slavery, the trade has been abolished since 1853, no children are born slaves in Brazil since September 28, 1871, and existing slaves can purchase their freedom whenever able. Confraternities exist in connection with churches, the object of which is to purchase the manumission of slaves.

The population of Brazil in 1873 was estimated at 11,780,000, including 500,000 wild Indians, and 1,400,000 slaves. As the slave population in 1861 numbered 3,000,000, it will be seen that there is a marked falling off in this regard, an indication of the gradual decay of the institution. Brazil differs from the other South American States in the comparatively small Indian population, and in the preponderance of blacks and mixed races, in which the negro is predominant.

Finally, in regard to the relative importance of Brazil, it may be remarked that the credit of the empire in Europe is equal to almost any first-class power. Its population is increasing, and a large and valuable trade has sprung up.

The empire is divided into twenty provinces, and one neutral municipality. The most extensive of these provinces are Amazonas, capital Neanos, whose population is 70,000; Grao-Para, capital Belem, population 320,000; Malto Grosso, capital Cuyaba, population 100,000. The most populous, however, are Bahia, capital San Salvador, population 1,400,000; Minas Geraes, population 1,450,000; and Pernambuco, population 1,250,000. In proportion to its size, the neutral municipality of Rio de Janeiro is the most populous, having 450,000 people, and but 250 square miles of area. The population of the leading cities is as follows: Bahia, 150,000; Para, 40,000; Sao Luis de Maranhao, 30,000; Pernambuco, 70,000.

The country is populated by a conglomeration of races. In the north the Indian prevails, while in the large cities the negroes are numerous. In the seaports more of the population are or European descent.

#### THE BRAZILIAN PROPLE

The Brazilian character, with an admixture of mildness and generosity, has a vindictive turn, and murders and violence are not uncommon. The educated classes, though

somewhat ceremonious and proud, are remarkable for their suavity of manner; and, as a nation, the people are hospitable, gay, communicative, quick at learning, and gifted with a love for theoretical liberty. The aborigines are frequently savage and revengeful. Many were cannibals formerly; and there are even some specimens on the Purus river, and elsewhere, at the present day, who not only eat human flesh, but preserve it by "jerking," the same as beef.

When Brazil was first discovered there were found about one hundred different tribes, most of them along the coast north and south, and extending back and across the region of the Amazon. Nearly all speak the Tupi Guarani language, divided into numerous dialects. The tribes are neither settled nor widely nomadic. Each tribe has certain limits, where they remain unless driven out by a superior force. They live on the plantain, banana, manioca, and different species of palm, from which plants they obtain food, raiment, and shelter. They are generally of a yellowish copper-color, robust, and well made, with black hair, thin beard, small nose, lips not very thick, face round, eyes small, and skin soft and shining. They paint their skins in fantastic designs, are grave and serious in manner, but not stolid nor apathetic like the Indians of North America; fond of feasts and pastimes, and little given to intoxi-

Few have any idea of a Supreme Being, but all believe in malignant spirits. In some tribes polygamy is allowed. The Botocudas are the most celebrated of all the tribes. This tribe obtained its name from the custom which obtains among its people of wearing flat disks of wood hung in slits cut in the ears and under-lips—Botogue being Portuguese for a barrel-bung, which these ornaments are not unlike.

In former times extensive missions were maintained among the Indians, and many were brought into reductions, acquired, to some extent, civilized habits, and becoming self-supporting. These were gradually broken up, but recently renewed efforts have been made to ameliorate the condition of the native races. Sixty-seven Capuchin and Observantine friars, of the Franciscan Order, are now laboring among the Arara, Iora, and Caripuna tribes; the Guajajaras, Chavantes Cherentes, Carajas, who are peace-

able; and the Canseiros, Tapirapes, Jaraes, Cayapos, Gradahus, Apenages, and other wild tribes. Besides the tribes under missionary control, others are governed by agents or directores parciaes. The reduced Indians are termed, loosely, Caboclo Indians. They are all expert archers, using an immense bow that has to be drawn with the foot.

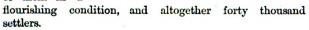
Of late the emperor has made every effort to turn the



PEDDLER AND ATTENDANT.

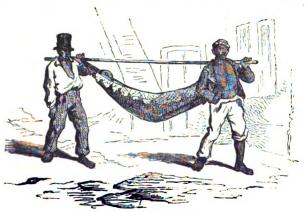
tide of European emigration in the direction of Brazil, being particularly desirous of obtaining a German population.

After the abolition of the slave trade, he offered liberal inducements to colonists through easy purchase of lands. Abuses among the planters, however, interfered with the carrying out of this measure; but recently emigration, being further encouraged by the imperial government offering to pay part of the fare of emigrants, has gradually increased, and in 1869, according to the official reports, there were fifty colonies, many of them in a



#### BRAZILIAN SCENERY.

Brazil has a coast-line of nearly four thousand miles, extremely varied in aspect and formation. Much of the territory inland is covered with highlands and mountains, though none bear comparison with the Andes. The summit line is near the coast, and from there the highlands descend to the west, and terminate in great plains or flats in the Amazonian basin, most of which are subject to inundations. There are no volcanoes, although the highest summit in Brazil—10,300 feet high—situated in the northwest corner



A BRAZILIAN BEGGAR



DONNA THERESA CHRISTINA MARIA, EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.

tween a half mile and a mile. From the junction of the Madeira it increases gradually to three miles, but contracts to less than one mile at Obeidas, where 550,000 cubic feet of

water pass through its banks per second. Near the mouth of the Xingu it is twenty miles wide, and falls into the ocean in a single mouth 180 miles in width. average depth is estimated at thirty-four to forty-four fathoms. Vessels of every size can ascend nearly to its head-waters at all seasons of the year. It has more than branches 350 and lesser tributaries. One of these, which



of the province

of Rio de Jan-

eiro, is said to

be of a volcanic

tered by a number of rivers,

particularly in

the north and

south. The east

portion is the

least supplied

with rivers.

The Amazon

enters Brazil' from Peru at

Faba - Tingua,

though under a

different name. It takes the

name of Ama-

zon at the junc-

tion with the

Rio Negro, and

flows into the

Atlantic almost

under the Equator. The area

drained by this

noble river and tributaries in

Brazil is 800,000

square miles.

The part which

forms the dividing line be-

tween Ecuador and Peru varies

in width be-

Brazil is wa-

nature.

LITTLE GIRL AS AN "ANJINHO" IN A RELIGIOUS

rises near Cuzco, is 1,200 miles long. For 2,000 miles, along the winding chain of the Andes, every river which rises there empties into the Amazon. Its largest tributary, however, is the Madeira, which is 2,000 miles long, and navigable for 480 miles. The total length of the Amazon is 2,750 miles.

Though not the longest, it is the most voluminous river on the globe, and its freshening influence is plainly perceptible 500 miles from the coast. The valley of the Amazon is walled in by the highlands of Guiana and the Andes.

The region bordering upon it is covered with immense forests, and possesses a soil of extraordinary fertility.

Here are seen a vast diversity of grand and beautiful trees, draped, festooned, corded, and matted with climbing and creeping plants in endless variety. Palms and giant grasses prevail. Here are found the caoutchouc and the Brazil-nut tree. There are 100 varieties of woods, remarkable for hardness and texture.

Animal life, however, is not as conspicuous in the forests as in the rivers. The latter are crowded with strange fishes-lamantins, alligators, turtles, etc. Anacondas and other reptiles frequent the forests in great variety. Jaguars, tapirs, peccaries, armadillos, toucans, parrots, macaws, etc., are found in large numbers. Here are produced india - rubber, cacao, cocoa - nut, hides, tapioca, Tonka beans, and tobacco.

There are eighteen lines of steamships, for sea and river travel, all aided by the Government.

The American Navigation Company, es-

tablished in 1854, had, in 1872, a capital of over \$2,000,000 invested, and possessed seven steamers, five of which plied exclusively on the waters of the Amazon. Steamers are also maintained on the Paraguay and other rivers by imperial or provincial aid.

#### NATURAL PRODUCTS.

The mineral productions of Brazil are very varied and in enormous quantities. In gems, there are diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, topaz, and aqua-marine. In metals, gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, and iron. Diamonds have been found in various parts of the country, but the great diamond region extends between latitudes 17 degs. and 19 degs. south, the principal mines being in the Serra do Espinhaço, north of it, and in the mountains southwest of the San Francisco. Diamond washing formerly was a monopoly of the Government; but, in pursuance of recent laws, these mines now belong to private individuals. One of the largest diamonds on record was found in Brazil, and weighed 132½ carats. As a matter of comparison, it may be observed that the largest diamond certainly

known is that belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, and weighs 367 carats. Many years ago, the Governor of Borneo offered for it \$500,000, two war-brigs fully equipped, a number of cannon, and a quantity of powder and shot. But the rajah refused to part with it, the fortunes of his family being supposed to be connected with it, and the Malays ascribing to water, in which it has been dipped, the power of healing all diseases. Perhaps the most famous diamond is the Koh-i-noor, once in the possession of the Great Mogul, and now belonging to the Queen of England. It is said to have weighed 900 carats, but now weighs only 279, having lost the balance in the cutting. The celebrated Russian "Orloff" diamond, which weighs 1364 carats, was found in Golconda, and sold to the Duke of Orleans for £130,000. It decorated the hilt of the sword of state of the first Napoleon, was taken by the Prussians at the battle of Waterloo, and now belongs to the Emperor William. Large diamonds are comparatively rare



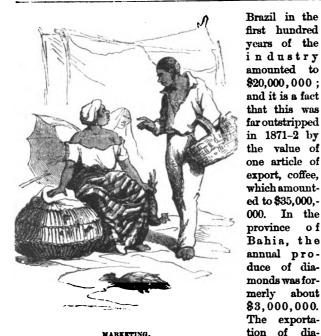
which country, though producing yearly from 25,000 to 30,000 carats of diamonds, finds these reduced in the cutting to about 9,000 carats.

among those of Brazil.

Diamond mines consist in general of mere washings of alluvial deposits. In Brazil, the method pursued is to rake the alluvial matter backward and forward on inclined planes, over which a stream of water runs; the large stones are picked out by the hand, and what remains is examined for diamonds. The work is done by slaves, and, when a diamond of 17 carats is found, the slave who finds it is entitled to his liberty. The total value of the diamond exports of



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monds and gold in 1860-1 was \$2,700,000; but it fell to \$1,500,000 in consequence of the discovery of the African gold-fields. .

The other precious stones enumerated occur in different parts of the empire, as also garnets and very beautiful amethysts. There are extensive mines of coal in Parana, St. Catharine, San Pedro del Rio Grande. Saltpetre is formed in caves in Minas Geraes and other provinces; rock salt in Bahia, and especially in Minas Geraes.

The climate in the valley of the Amazon is exceedingly hot; and in this neighborhood there are frequent cases of leprosy, even at Rio de Janiero; but this never attacks foreigners.

The soil of Brazil is varied. Its arborial vegetation surpasses the world. There were 400 specimens of different kinds of wood from Brazil exhibited at the International Exhibition at Paris in 1867. Agassiz related that he saw 117 different kinds of wood, all valuable, and from a piece of land not half a mile square. There are nearly four hundred species of palm alone, all of which are more or less useful to the aborigines, and some necessary to their existence. The Indians obtain from them food, drink, raiment, buildings, hammocks, cordage, cooking utensils, tools, fishing tackle, hunting implements, and medicines.

The interior of Brazil abounds in all the tropical fruits known, while there are here many species not known to exist elsewhere.

The zoology of the country is quite as remarkable as its botany. Beside the animals already named, there are the puma, the ocelot or ounce, foxes, wolves, and agoutis; also, otters, porcupines, and more than thirty species of monkeys in the basin of the Amazon alone. The coairas, a kind of rat, descend from the mountains in immense armies, ravaging all before them.

Countless herds of wild cattle range the meadowland of the southern provinces, while horses, asses, sheep, and hogs multiply rapidly. Snakes are plentiful, and very venomous. There are the coral serpent, with its deadly bite, the most dangerous of all; the liana snake, which is of the color of the vines, and lies in wait for its prey; the corta-fria or ice-snake, so termed for its peculiar coldness to the touch; rattlesnakes, and others.

The birds of Brazil include the American ostrich,

toucans, macaws, parrots, in every variety; the spoonbill and gaburu, and the curious bell-bird, whose note startles the lone traveler in the depths of the forests by its resemblance to the sound of a bell.

Of the fish with which Brazilian waters teem, it may be enough to mention the pirarucu, a fish that grows to a great size, and which constitutes the chief article of food to many of the inhabitants of Para and Amazonas.

Among the insects there are spiders one foot in diameter, sufficiently large and strong to kill birds; bees of a peculiar structure, some being without stings, and others making sour honey; ants, so abundant in some places as to make agriculture impossible; mosquitoes, sand-flies, fleas, carnivorous beetles, huge scorpions, and other pleasant creatures of this character.

The exports from Brazil include, in the north, coffee, cotton, cocoa, caoutchouc, sugar, and tobacco; in the south, hides, tallow, horns, etc.; and from the middle districts, drugs, diamonds, gold-dust, dyes, rice, manioc, tapioca, spirits, and rosewood. Their total value in the three years-1870-72—averaged £34,000,000 per annum, corresponding imports averaging £22,500,000. The chief centres of foreign trade are Para, Mananhao, Bahia, Pernambuco, and Rio de Janeiro, the last-named port being also a favorite haltingplace of vessels on their way to and from India, China, and Australia.

The vine and olive culture are prosecuted to a limited extent in the southern provinces. Rice is an important object of cultivation in several provinces, and is easily raised anywhere in the empire. Of cotton, sugar, and tobacco, large crops are raised all over the country; four-fifths of the coffee used in the United States, and more than one-half of that in the entire world, coming from Brazil. Many valuable barks, gums, and resins are found in the equatorial district and exported. In the province of Para, the coffeeplant may be seen along the wayside, growing as a thicket, and running to waste. In 1871 the value of the cotton exported was \$24,030,325.

The manufactures of Brazil are not as yet in a very advanced state. Sugar-refining is carried on extensively, however, in Bahia and Pernambuco, the great cane-growing provinces; and large quantities of a common class of sugar are made in Bahia. There are a number of cotton-weaving establishments for coarser fabrics, the first factory having been built by Americans near Rio de Janeiro, and there being also another American one at Bahia employing 300 operatives, of both sexes. In order to promote manufacturing, and with the same liberal ideas which appear to have characterized its administration of affairs generally, the Government of Brazil decreed the free entry of machinery, and exempted workmen from conscription, appointing an inspector to attend each establishment. Good silk is made



GOING TO CHURCH. Digitized by Google

in Rio: and there are many saw mills and a few foundries. some of which have executed important work-sucn as steamships and iron bridges.

#### INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

Except in the immediate vicinity of the large cities, the want of good highways is badly felt; but lines of railroad are fast multiplying in the coast provinces. Altogether, there are six lines, having a total length of 410 miles, and a system of telegraphs which, in 1873, extended 1,800 miles. Telegraphic communication has recently been established between Brazil and Europe, the first message having been dispatched by the cable to Lisbon, June 23, 1874. The city of Rio, and others, have their lines of street-cars, much of their rolling-stock being made in New York.

Weekly and daily lines of steamers ply on the Amazon, stopping at various towns along the course of the river. The English have generally absorbed the navigation of the Amazon, while the Americans have that of the Madeira.

There are in Brazil nineteen banks, and innumerable private banking-houses. There are also co-operative stores. The Mercantile and Industrial Bank of Rio has a capital of \$10,000,000 in \$100 shares. In 1872 the debt of Brazil was \$300,000,000 to foreign nations, and \$228,442,796 internal; in all, \$528,442,796. The amount disbursed by the Government in 1872 for emancipation under the Act was \$500,000; and that for 1902, when slavery will cease to exist, is estimated at \$8,000,000. The revenue of the empire has been steadily increasing since 1867 at the rate of 75 per cent.; while the increase in ordinary expenditure has not been more than 20 per cent.

Public education in Brazil has not yet reached a high point of development, but the Government is actively engaged in strengthening the system. Four thousand four hundred and thirty-seven schools, which cost \$467 each, have been established. The entire annual expense is \$1,681,000, or nearly 15 per cent of the average revenue. The total number of scholars is about 135,000. There are also two faculties each of law and medicine maintained at the expense of the Government, nineteen seminaries and preparatory seminaries for the education of the candidates for the priesthood, subsidized by the State, where in 1872 111 were ordained; a central college and academy, rudimentary and preparatory schools for the army, a school of

artillery, and a geographical and historical institute—the latter in Rio de Janeiro.

In this city, Rio de Janeiro, which is the capital of the empire, there are also eleven public libraries, one of which contains 80,000 volumes. There are, too, dramatic and musical conservatories, an academy of fine arts, and an astronomical observatory. entire educational system is under the Minister of the Interior and the control of the General Assembly.

In its religious system, the empire constitutes one province under the Archbishop of San Salvador (Bahia). There are twelve

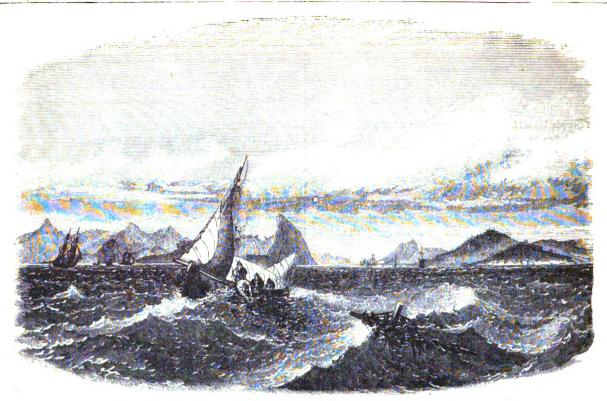
dioceses, over which preside the archbishop and eleven The country is divided into 1,473 parishes. many of the clergy being Portuguese. There are fifty houses of Benedictines, Carmelites, and Franciscans, and six convents of Carmelite and Franciscan nuns, but the whole number of inmates is only 259, exclusive of those on the Indian missions. In Rio and other cities there are Protestant churches of the Swiss and German colonies, the ministers of which are paid by the Government. The United States Presbyterian Board of Missions has ten ministers and a number of churches.

As a rule, Brazil has suffered less from warfare and internal commotion than most countries. Between 1841 and 1849, there were slight émeutes in some of the provinces, chiefly of a political character, but none attained to large proportions. War had been declared some years previous against the Argentine Republic, which was attempting to convert Uruguay into an Argentine province; but peace was restored through the mediation of Great Britain. An alliance was formed at a later period between Brazil, Uruguay, and the forces of the Entré Rios, called the "Triple Alliance," against Rosas, the Argentine dictator, whose defeat at Monte Casaros and flight to England brought hostilities to an end in 1852. In 1855 war was declared against Paraguay, and an offensive alliance formed between Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic, with the stipulation that "no one of the high contracting powers shall lay down their arms until the present Government of Paraguay shall be overthrown." This alliance was arranged secretly; the cause of the difficulty being the obnoxious conduct of the Paraguayan Government toward her neighbors. this difficulty, a Paraguayan army invaded Brazil, sacked several towns, and took possession of certain diamond mines. The alliance was followed by a long and disastrous war, ending only in the death of Lopez, who was killed on March 1st, 1870.

Toward the close of 1871, a controversy began between the Governments of Buenos Ayres and Rio, being about certain boundaries; but negotiations followed, and a reconciliation occurred in October, 1872.

The best evidence possible of the present tranquil condition of the Empire of Brazil exists in the fact that her emperor and empress are readily permitted by the General Assembly to leave the country for a protracted excursion; and it is to be hoped that the visit to the United States





HARBUR OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

and the Centennial Exposition will continue and close without any home annoyance whatsoever.

## THE CITIES OF BRAZIL.—RIO DE JANEIRO.

The harbor, or bay of Rio de Janeiro, is one of the considerably large number of such bodies of water which are termed "the most beautiful, secure, and spacious in the world." It has, however, assured title to the use of numerous complimentary adjectives in its description; being landlocked, and with dimensions seventeen miles one way and twelve the other. It contains numerous pretty islands, the largest—Governor's—being six miles long. The entrance to this haven is guarded on either side by noble granite mountains, is deep, and is so safe that the harbor is made without the use of pilots. On his left, as the visitor enters the harbor, stands the peak called "Sugar-Loaf" Mountain; and all around the bay the blue waters are girdled with mountains and lofty hills, offering every variety of picturesque and fantastic outline.

Says the bold traveler, Richard Burton: "Rio Bay, like all the beautiful sisterhood, from Cornish 'Mullions,' west-

ward to the Bay of Naples, must be seen in war-paint.' Most charming is she when sitting under her rich ethereal canopy, whilst a varnish of diaphanous atmosphere tempers the distance to soft and exquisite loveliness; when the robing blue is perfect brilliant blue, when the browns are dashed with pink and purple, and when the national colors suggest themselvesgreen, vivid as the emerald, and yellow, bright

as burnished gold. Then the streams are silver, then the scaurs are marked orange and vermilion, as they stand straightly out from the snowy sand or the embedding forest; then the passing clouds from floating islets, as their shadows walk over the waters of the inner sea, so purely green. Then the peasant's white-washed hut of tile and 'wattle and dab,' rising from the strand of snow sand, becomes opal and garnet in the floods of light which suggest nothing but a perpetual spring-tide. And every hour has its own spell. There is sublimity in the morning mists rolling far away over headland brow and heaving ocean; there is grandeur, loveliness, and splendor in the sparkling of the waves under the noonday sun, when the breeze is laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers; and there is inexpressible repose and grace in the shades of vinous purple which evening sheds over the scene."

Thus Burton, whose earlier experiences in the desert wastes and flat inanity of Arabia and Egypt, may well have prepared his mind to enjoy to the fullest the grandeur of the mountain scenery of "the Brazil," as he terms the great South American empire. Rio Harbor is protected

not only by nature in its mountainous surroundings, but by man in its numerous fortresses. The city stands on the west shore of the bay, about four miles from its mouth. Seven green and mound-like hills diversify its site; and the white-walled and vermilion-roofed houses cluster in the intervening valleys, and climb the eminences in long lines. From the central portion of the city, lines of houses extend four



A GING OF SLAVES CARRYING COFFEE.

Digitized by GOOGLE

miles in three principal directions. The old town, nearest the bay, is laid out in squares; the streets cross at right angles, are narrow, and are paved and flagged; and the houses, generally, built of granite, are commonly two stories high.

West of the old town is the elegantly built new city; the two districts being separated by the Campo de Santa Anna, an immense square or park, on different parts of which stand

an extensive barracks, the town-hall, the national museum, palace of the senate, the foreign office, a large opera-house, and other public buildings.

Behind the city, and three and a half miles distant from it, rises Mount Corcovado to a height of 3,000 feet, whence descend a number of springs, from which water is conveyed to Rio by a splendid aqueduct which supplies the fountains with which the numerous squares are furnished. In recent years great municipal improvements have been introduced into the city. Most of the streets are now as well paved as those of the finest European capitals; the city is abundantly lighted with gas; and commodious wharves and quays are built along the wateredge. Rio contains several excellent hospitals and infirmaries,

asylums for

foundlings and female orphans, and other charitable institutions, some richly endowed. There are also about fifty chapels and churches, generally costly and imposing structures, with rich internal decorations, and several convents and numeries. In the College of Pedro II., founded in 1837, the various branches of a liberal education are efficiently taught by a staff of professors; the Imperial Academy of Medicine, with a full corps of professors, is attended by about three hundred students; and there is also a theologi-

cal seminary. The scene along the wharves and docks of the harbor of Rio is at times as busy as is presented by any other commercial city in the world. Ships from all parts are loading with cotton, coffee, sugar, dye-woods, and what not; or are being unladen of the rich treasures of manufactured articles which they bear thither from foreign ports. Crowds of negroes carrying boxes and bales hurry rapidly and noisily up and down, singing and shouting in Portuguese or dialect,

as they work. Behind, the quaint narrow ways of the old town; back of these, the broad and elegant proportions of the city proper, and a little to the left, towering high in the clear sky, the grand proportions of Mount Corcovado-all this, with the beautiful blue bay in its face, presents a prospect difficult to equal in its diversified attractions the world over.

The vicinity of Rio Janeiro was first settled by the French in 1555, but, twelve years later, was occupied by the Portuguese, who called the city San Sebastian. In 1763 it superseded Bahia as the seat of government, and became the residence of the viceroys of Portugal. On the proclamation of in dependence, in 1822, Rio Janeiro became the capital of the Brazilian empire, an honor which Bahia had continued to hold



A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

up to that time. Five hours distant by rail from Rio Janeiro is Petropolis—"the city of S. Pedro de Alcantara"—dating only from 1844, but an established place of resort—a sort of watering-place, where the mineral springs—chiefly iron—do quite as much good as those of Saratoga, and whose surroundings are so novel to the stranger to tropical beauties as even to cause the charms of the last-named elysium of caravanserai to be driven from the memory, while the eye gloats on the delicious surroundings immediately at hand. Bubbling,

gravel-floored streams framed in richly green grass, are crossed by black and scarlet bridges, and shaded with feathery Brazilian cedars, whose beauty is hardly eclipsed by that of the palm and the pine, the myrtle and orange, also denizens of this marvelous country.

#### PERNAMBUCO.

Pernambuco, the most eastern seaport of Brazil, is situated eighty miles south of Parahiba. It is the greatest sugar mart in Brazil, and is the third in commercial importance of the cities of the empire. It consists of three portions united to each other by roads and bridges; the first is situated on a peninsula, is the chief seat of commerce, and is called Recife; the second is San Antonio, the middle district, located on an island between the peninsula and the main land; the third, Boavesta, is on the main land itself. Pernambuco has two harbors, one of which is formed by a reef extending along the coast at a distance of about half a mile, and answering for a breakwater.

The outer harbor is easily accessible, has a lighthouse, and is defended by several forts. Formerly the city was extremely dirty, the streets unpaved, and much inconvenienced from the want of a proper supply of water. Of late years, however, the many important improvements which have been made in Brazil, under the wise administration of the present emperor, have not passed Pernambuco by.

Waterworks have been erected, extensive and spacious quays formed along the margins of the river, and the streets have, in most instances, been paved and lighted.

Here, as in Rio Janeiro, may be witnessed the manifestation of that desire for a suitable educational establishment, illustrations of which we have already given in our account of Brazil in general and of the latter city in particular. Numerous colleges and other educational institutions have been established, and, as is always the case where such wise and just consideration for the public weal obtains, the growing wealth and constantly increasing commercial prosperity of the city have been accompanied by equal improvements in comfort and refinement. The principal exports from Pernambuco are sugar, cotton, rum, hides, and dye-woods.

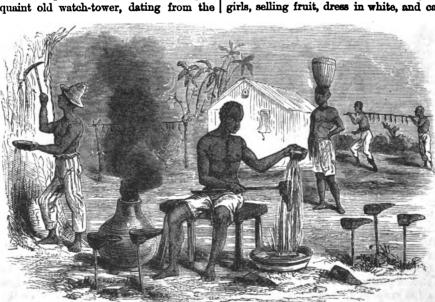
In 1870-71 the quantity of sugar shipped from this port amounted to 1,164,655 tons. The imports are woolen and cotton cloths, hardware, silks, wines, and flour.

The reef of which we have spoken, as protecting the port of Pernambuco, is formed of coral, from which the suburb, Recife, derives its name. Upon this reef, besides the lighthouse, stands a quaint old watch-tower, dating from the

time of the Dutch dominion.

PARA.

Para differs from Rio in its appearance from the absence of any commanding height near it. With its churchtowers and convent-turrets, however, it makes a very pleasant picture, although its flatness reminds one forcibly of a Dutch landscape.



MANUFACTURE OF CAOUTCHOUC, OB INDIA-BUBBEB, ON THE AMAZOK.

The commerce of this city has been rapidly increasing since the year 1850; though it was not until as late as 1867 that the Government of Brazil finally and completely abandoned the old narrow-minded system of colonial exclusiveness, and declared the Amazon free to the flags of all nations. As the immense Amazon basin extends from Para to the foot of the Cordilleras in the West, it has followed that, through the medium of steam, the commercial development of the city has been rapid and important. The city of Para does not yield a favorable impression, though there are some monumental edifices in the main streets that formerly might have had some pretensions to architectural beauty; but they have gone to decay, and the commerce of to-day is of too recent a date to make any display in public buildings. The cathedral, whose wide, bare aisles are of striking grandeur; the episcopal palace, and the palace of the president, originally intended for Don Joao VI.'s residence when he came to Brazil, are the most conspicuous of them. The streets are large and regular, but they have an abominable pavement of a soft sandstone, which, when ground down by the wheels to a fine red dust, is apt to be extremely annoying. But Para has one ornament of which she may well be proud—the shady walks beneath plantations of fine trees (mostly palms), known under the name of "Estradas," and forming an agreeable avenue from the city to the country.

Amid the rich vegetation of the gardens there is one species of palm-tree that particularly strikes the foreigner with the matchless grace of its slender stem, and light, feathery leaves which are waved about by the slightest breath of air. It is the "Assai," whose fruit—a small nut with a dark-blue pulp—makes a very popular, and, indeed, very refreshing beverage. Similar beverages are obtained from the fruits of the Bacaba and Bataná palms, by passing the rich pulps through a sieve, and mixing them with water and sugar.

### BRAZILIAN SOCIETY.

Among the people of the cities of Brazil we find, as has been already observed, several classes. The enterprising business class, planters, etc., made up of native Brazilians, Portuguese, and Europeans generally. The lower class forms a mixed multitude of Portuguese, aborigines, and negroes. The children of this class go about nearly naked until ten cr twelve years old. All of the lower orders have a passion for jewelry—gold, if practicable; if not, gilt being acceptable—the main point being that it shall be big and brilliant. Negro girls, selling fruit, dress in white, and carry large trays on

their heads, while their necks and ears are loaded down with massive chains, charms, and rings.

The middle and upper classes follow the European fashions. mechanic arts are in the hands of free negroes and Indians. The commerce is mainly carried on by for-The eigners. drygoods in the stores come from England

and France, the groceries from Portugal, and flour and hardware from the United States.

The hotels, as a rule, are poor. Beef is the only meat used, and there is little game to be seen, and no variety of



A BRAZILIAN PORTER.

vegetables. There are, however, innumerable fish of a magnificent quality and unequaled variety in the rivers. Coffee is the staple article, and is food and drink to the Brazilian.

Brazil is a land of "feasts." Nearly every day is a feast of some kind, when noise, rockets, guns, fire-crackers, and bells are in order.

The negroes delight in dancing and singing, and the fandango is a favorite here as in

Spain. In fact, the dancing is a mixture of the wild, loosejointed motion of the African and the graceful abandon of the Spaniard.

Many of these negroes are free, though the most are still slaves. Among the slave-owners in Brazil it is considered that the abolition of slavery in the United States gave the key-note whence shall ultimately flow emancipation the world over.

In the streets of Rio, Para, Pernambuco, or Manoa, the groupings of people are picturesque and peculiar. The halfnaked black carriers, many of them straight and firm as bronze statues under the heavy loads which rest so securely on their heads; the padres, in their long coats and square hats; the mules, laden with baskets of fruit and vegetables; black women dressed in white, with bare arms and necks, sleeves caught up with glittering armlets, and on the head a large white turban—all this makes a motley scene, full of entertainment and interest for the new-comer.

Here one meets, sitting on the curbstone, half-naked, a black woman, with her naked child asleep on her knees. And here, again, beside an old wall, covered with vines and overhung with thick foliage, lies, at full length, a powerful negro, his jetty arms crossed on a huge basket of crimson flowers, oranges, and bananas.

The roads running out from Rio are lined on either side by a succession of country-houses; low and spreading, often with wide verandas, surrounded by beautiful gardens. These glow in the season with the scarlet leaves of the "Estrella do Norte," blue and yellow bignonias, and many other brilliant shrubs and vines.

Often, through a wide gateway opening into an avenue of palms, one may get a glimpse of Brazilian domestic lifegroups of people sitting in the garden, and children playing in the grounds, in the care of black nurses.

Starting out from Rio by the Dom Pedro Railroad, one may visit the great coffee plantations, from some of which five or six hundreds tons of coffee are sent out in a year. The hospitality of the coffee-planters is unbounded, and a respectable traveler may be sure of a night's lodging, a welcome, and food, while the card of a mutual friend opens the house to you as long as you choose to stay.

A cotton-planter—a lady—has been seen to make her

shopping trips to town with a troop of thirty mules, laden with every conceivable kind of baggage, besides provisions of all sorts, and accompanied by a retinue of twenty-five servants, and this only for a few weeks' stay in Rio.

The Brazilians have as a universal custom the habit of taking a cup of black coffee on rising, and defer their more solid breakfast until near noon.

A description of a Brazilian breakfast may not be without interest to the reader. We borrow it from one who has tried it:

"In the first place, there were black beans stewed with carne secca (dried meat), the invariable accompaniment of every meal in Brazil. There is no house so poor that it does not have its feijoes; no house so rich as to exclude this favorite dish. Then there was chicken stewed with potatoes and rice—another essential element of the Brazilian cuisine.

"Finally, there were eggs served in various ways, cold meat, wine, coffee, and bread. Vegetables are scarce and little cared for in Brazil, such as are used being chiefly imported in cans from Europe."

#### NATURAL CURIOSITIES-MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Among the other remarkable curiosities of nature which he saw growing in their native haunts was the *Victoria Rogia*, the gigantic water-lily of Brazil, whose leaves are five to six feet in diameter, while the expanded blossom itself measures a foot across its surface.

The voyage into the interior of Brazil is often made by means of *Igarapés*, or canoe-paths, and this species of travel opens up the wonders of tropical life in their most attractive and engrossing form.

These canoe-paths are narrow, winding passages through the dense forests which skirt the banks of the Amazon. Here, amid the denser undergrowth, clumps of the light and exquisitely graceful Assai palm shoot up everywhere about. Here and there, too, the drooping bamboo dips its feathery branches into the waters—these covered sometimes to their very tips with the purple bloom of the convolvulus. Yellow bignonias carry their golden clusters to the very summits of

some of the loftiest trees: while white - flowering myrtles and orange-colored mallows border the stream. abounds in these quiet retreats, where the golden rays of sunlight seldom pierce, and where the waters are gloomy and mysterious with shadows, and the mass of matted vegetation on either side seems to shut in the cautious traveler from the very world itself. Birds and butterflies, of gaudy hue, swarm here

in myriads;

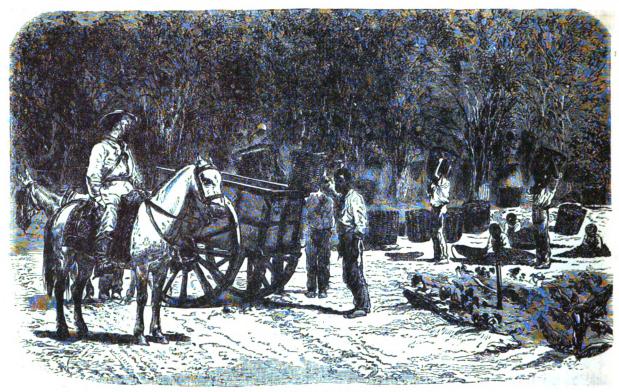


THE QUITANDEIRO OR STREET VENDER.

crabs, of many colors, float about the margin of the water; armies of caterpillars march, in solid phalanx, down the trunks of trees.

Here, however, the silence is profound, tropical birds





A COFFEE PLANTATION.

being poor songsters, and even the crab of the Amazon not being remarkable for vocalization.

There are certain peculiarities of architecture which strike the traveler in Brazil, among which we may name the following: Sometimes, where funds are low, only a fine façade is erected, passing through which you find merely a hut to act as the church or public building. The cupolas of churches are frequently covered with earthenware, assorted according to the color, and laid on in stucco

in patterns. Others are covered with tiles. huts of the negroes are quite curious in shape and style. They are built of bamboo sticks, intertwined, the interstices filled up with clay, which hardens in the sun, when the huts are thatched with palm leaves. The inside of these huts is generally swampy. Among the contents will almost always be found execrable paintings of saints; while, for live stock, very lean dogs and very long-legged cats are common.

The smaller Amazon settlements are generally formed by a cluster of houses along the river bank, a grass-grown street formed by a terrace or the top of the high river bank fronting them. The houses are low, thatched with straw and palm branches, the walls being formed of a skeleton of posts and

wattles fastened with mud or clay. Sometimes the house of a trader—who is always the chief citizen, after the commandante—is tiled, but not always.

Manaos, which has been termed the future St. Louis of the Amazon, lies on an elevated bank of the Rio Negro, ten miles from its mouth, and twenty feet above high-water level. The site is very uneven. This is one of the Brazilian cities whose names have been changed, it having been formerly called Barra. Since 1852, it has been known by the

DECEPTIVE ARCHITECTURE IN BRAZIL.

name Manaos, after the most warlike tribe of Indians in the neighborhood. Some of the houses here are two stories high, but the most are low adobe structures, white or yellow washed, floored and roofed with tiles, and favoring green doors and shutters. Every room, as is customary in this country, is furnished with hooks for hanging hammocks. A bed is rarely ever seen in them. Manaos is now the principal station for the Brazilian line of steamers. All goods for any of the lower ports are landed here. The chief exports are coffee, Brazilnuts, and fish. At a point ten miles below the city, the Negro joins the Amazon, where the meeting of the calm black wa'ers of the Rio Negro with the rushing yellow current of the Amazon forms a notable sight. It is supposed that the heavy

black waters of the Negro actually sink under the Amazon.

Hunting turtle-eggs is a favorite pastime on the sand-bars along these rivers, and the scene is an animated one. The Indians are very expert in finding nests. Guided by the

and constant cloud. The eggs are about one inch and a half in diameter, having a thin leathery shell, a very oily yoke, and a white which does not coagulate. The Indians eat them raw, and the whites use them in making griddle-cakes, or eat them boiled with pepper and salt. Among the-



TYPES OF RIO .- YOUNG LADY AND ATTENDANT - SOLDIER AND FRUIT-SELLER.

wherever it goes down easily they commence digging with their hands, invariably striking the eggs, sometimes to the number of 150 in a nest. The turtles lay in the night in pits a couple of feet deep, which they excavate with their hind feet, tossing the sand behind them in a thick

Indians every part of the turtle is used. The entrails are made into soup, the stomach into sausages, steaks are cut from the breast, and the remainder is roasted in the shell. The egg-laying takes place in August and September. A small species of turtle, called the *tracaja*, lays an egg much richer than those of the great turtles, and these are chiefly

used in manufacturing oil for illuminating purposes. They are broken and beaten up, after which water is poured upon them, when the floating oil is skimmed off, purified in copper kettles over a hot fire, and finally placed in three-gallon earthen jars for the market.

Twenty years ago large turtles were worth fifty cents each; now they cost about three dollars.

Another delicacy in Brazil is the iguana, a species of lizard. It is covered with green scales varied with others of a brown color, and is said to be capable of changing its color like the chameleon. It grows to a length of five feet. Its flesh is white, and the eggs are found very palatable. It is taken everywhere in the Amazonian forests. The Indians sometimes keep them as pets.

The capybara or water-hog, which looks not unlike a guinea-pig, is also a familiar animal about the Amazon. It is both amphibious and gregarious in its habits, and its flesh is excellent.

Along the Amazon and the Madeira rivers are still to be found numerous and powerful tribes of Indians, some of these being exceedingly warlike, although friendly with the whites, while others are savage and render river navigation hazardous. The houses of these are quadrangular or conical huts, or open sheds, containing usually many families each.

The Mundurucus are an industrious tribe, friendly with the whites, and selling to traders rubber, farina, sarsaparilla, and Tonka beans, which they collect in great quantities.

This is the only perfectly tattooed tribe in South America. It takes at least ten years to complete the tattooing of each individual. The process is to prick the skin with spines or thorns and rub soot or burning pitch into the flesh.

Some tribes roam through the forests and sleep in hammocks slung to the trees. At the mouth of the Madeira is found a lazy and brutal tribe called Muras, who live among the mazes of lakes and channels in this locality. They are dark-skinned, having an extraordinary breadth of chest, muscular arms, short legs, and a bold, restless expression of countenance. They pierce the lips and wear peccaries' teeth in the orifices in time of war.

The numerous tribes northwest of the Rio Negro are collectively known as Naupes. They have permanent abodes and build houses to contain large numbers of people, having bullet-proof walls. Both sexes paint their bodies in regular



A BRAZILIAN PRIZET.

patterns in red, black, and yellow. They are an agricultural people, peaceable and ingenious.

The variety of modes of living observable among the different tribes of Indians in Brazil is quite remarkable. Besides what we have already mentioned, there are some who live in CRVes. These kill their deformed children, believing that they belong to the devil. They have no forms of worship. They bury their dead in canoes or in earthen jars.

There are also many mixed breeds along the Amazon, though few negroes are found except on the lower portions of the river. The Portuguese immigrants are the most enterprising men on the river. They are willing to work, trade, or do anything to



THE BELL-BIRD.

turn a penny, and, as they are saving and manage to make considerable money, they are frequently able to return to Portugal with quite a considerable fortune. This proceeding, however, is exceedingly objectionable to the emperor and the Government in general, whose desire it is to encourage the immigration of such as are willing to remain in the country and make its interests identical with their own.

The climate of Brazil is almost throughout a warm and moist one; and, on the whole, may be called healthy, with the exception of a few river-plains such as the affluents of the Amazon, which are plagued with intermittent fevers. The yellow fever, which first caused such havoc at Rio Janeiro in 1850, reappears there almost every year since, and has even increased in intensity of late. Brazilians and acclimatized Europeans easily escape this by a sober, regular mode of life, but new arrivals incur great danger. At Petropolis, to which we have already alluded, and which, by the way, is a German colony, one is perfectly safe from this scourge, the place being 2,500 feet above the sea-level, while the fever always keeps near the coast and within narrow range. It is quite different with the cholera, which, as is the case elsewhere, meanders at its own sweet will all over the country, and there is no place where one can feel secure from this terrible Asiatic scourge. Even negroes, who do not easily fall victims to yellow fever, are cut off in great numbers by cholera.

It is a singular fact that measles, scarlatina, and smallpox devastate whole populations of Indians, while they are not more dangerous to white people or negroes than they usually are in Europe or in the United States.

The white race, although the ruling one in Brazil, forms only a minor part of its population. Especially in the interior, only a limited number of families can boast of pure descent from the first immigrants, the Portuguese, who even now come over every year, and have possession of almost all the retail trade in the land. As is the case in Cuba, there is no love lost between these two, and many characteristic nicknames tell of the mutual hatred and contempt which they feel for each other.

The attempt to settle Chinese coolies in Brazil proved as unsuccessful as that to induce the planters of the Southern States after the war to migrate to this country. Several hundreds of the latter did reach Brazil at an expense of some hundred thousand dollars to the Government of the empire, and the result of the emigration was unsatisfactory.

The best land in Brazil, especially that used for the cotton culture, is very costly, and is growing dearer every day.

The consequence is that newly-arrived colonists get hold of poor soil, and their agricultural pursuits seldom amount to much; while it is certain that, with the present desire of the Government for satisfactory immigration, and with a very earnest determination on the part of the emperor to effect this if practicable, there undoubtedly will be ere long in Brazil better opportunities in this direction than have been presented heretofore.

The want of good easy methods of communication has been one of the chief drawbacks in Brazil, as it is in all South American States. Nowhere in the whole continent, 100 miles from the coast, is there a carriage-road to be found; and the mule, or at best the creaking ox-cart, with its enormous wooden wheels fixed upon axle-trees, are the indispensable vehicles.

It is true that conveyance on mules' backs is the only one possible on paths which, in the rainy season, are kneedeep, and sometimes breast-deep, with mud, and show ascents of twenty or thirty feet in a hundred, and which sometimes are obstructed by huge masses of loose rock and stones. In consequence of these difficulties, and of the exceeding slowness of progress—scarcely ten or twelve miles a day—this mode of transportation is so dear that even valuable products like coffees do not pay the cost of conveyance to a seaport, if the distance exceeds 300 miles; while the freight necessarily conveyed in small packages, and loaded and unloaded often, is exposed to all sorts of risks.

In Brazil considerable exertions have been made, within the last few years, to remedy this state of things. The energy which is directed to prosecuting the existing railroad system is deserving of high credit, and this latter alone is certain to be of great advantage to the country.

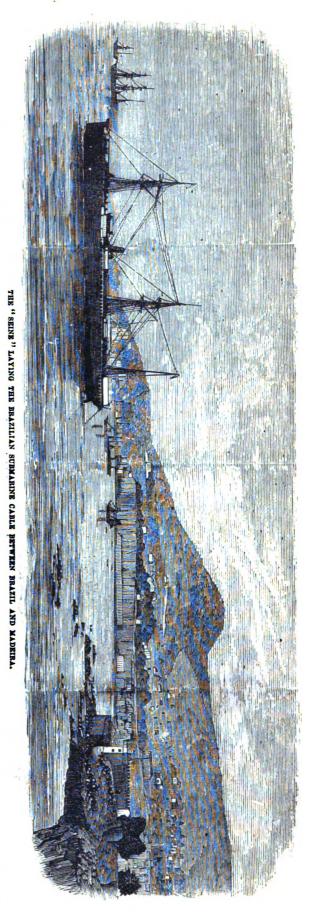
So it is with steam navigation. At present, besides several transatlantic lines and a New York line-all of which touch at Rio, Bahia, and Pernambuco-there is also a Brazilian line of steamers which links all the minor ports, and corresponds with the Amazon line and with those on the River Plate in Paraguay. If the Parana, with its large affluents, the San Francisco, the Tocantin, Tapahaz, Xingu, Medena, etc., were perfectly navigable, Brazil would not so much need railways and roads just yet. Unfortunately, all these rivers have, at different points of their course, either real falls—as the San Francisco, not far above its mouth, and the Grand Fall of Paulo Affonso-or currents that scarcely allow a canoe or a flat-boat to pass. And thus thousands of square miles of the richest soil have continued for ages to remain unexplored, uncultivated, and almost totally uninhabited.

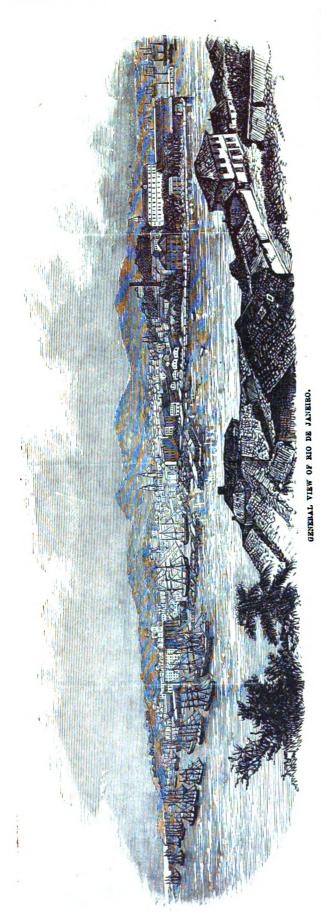
The scarcity of labor in Brazil is severely felt and interferes with the production of its most important staples, particularly cotton. It is, in fact, that, with a liberally supported labor system, cotton could be produced in Brazil in successful competition with the whole world.

Burton says with truth that, "as a field for the white man, no country equals Brazil." In the great Atlantic cities of Brazil—and these only, as a rule, are known to foreigners—there are sections of the labor market where competition flourishes, and where there is a great and increasing jealousy of intruders.

Not so in the interior and smaller towns. Nowhere can an honest, hard-working man get on so well with such a minimum of money or ability. The services of a useful hand, whatever be his specialty or trick, will be paid for at once, and at the highest possible value, and will always remain in demand, and it is simply his own fault if employment does not lead on to fortune, and to what we may call rank.

Brazil will supply many instances of men who came out as simple miners and mechanics, and who by industry,





sobriety, and good conduct, unaided by education or talent, have risen to positions which, in an older country, could not be achieved in a single generation. Some have gone forth to become superintendents of mining companies. Others are local capitalists, and there are a great many instances of successes on a still smaller scale.

Labor is well paid for in Brazil, while the expenses of living are light, house rent is very moderate, and altogether are innumerable advantages offered to the industrious laborer. The mining interests alone of Brazil might employ all the unused mining labor of the world. Even to this day the Serra do Mar, within eyesight of the ocean, is mostly covered with virgin forests. It is known to contain extensive mineral deposits, and on the Rio coast alone has any part of them been worked. At present a vast deal of the mining is done by blacks, one establishment employing 1,450 men, women, and children.

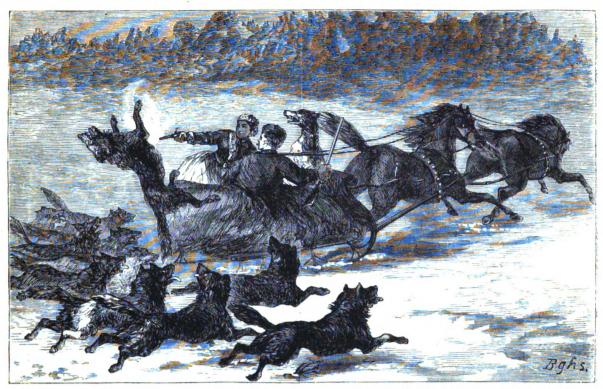
Altogether it will be seen from this sketch of the present condition of Brazil as regards its Government, the nature of its population, and the character of its industries and natural products, that there is here offered to the world a field for the exercise of human intelligence and energy quite unsurpassed, a climate and soil possessing peculiarly advantageous qualities, and a wealth of natural production almost unsurpassed, magnificent water-power for manufacturing purposes, and a vast network of river communication, which only needs proper utilization by the addition of railroad and canal facilities. These are some of the peculiarities which should render Brazil as magnificent in the proportions of its accomplished efforts as it is in natural gifts.

It may be reasonably assumed that the contributions of Brazil to our Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia, during the present year, will tend to enlarge the ideas of those then present with regard to all the points most important in making this country better known to the world. While it is certain that all such information will be scattered broadcast throughout the civilized world, by means of the reports which will be returned to their several Governments by the Commissioners to the Exposition, popular attention is also certain to be specially directed toward Brazil, from the fact of the presence at the Exposition of the Emperor Dom Pedro II., who will be accompanied in his visit to the United States by three of the most powerful ships in the Brazilian navy. The imperial party will include men of high prominence in the empire, among them being the Vice-Admiral of Brazil.

The products and specimens of Brazilian industry intended for the Centennial have been all collected and placed on view in Rio. These will chiefly exhibit the natural products rather than the arts or manufactures of the country.

Dom Pedro II. was born in Rio Janeiro, December 2d, 1825, and is therefore now in the prime of life. He was crowned emperor, July 18th, 1841, and since his accession to the throne Brazil has been steadily increasing in power and usefulness. The emperor possesses remarkable literary and scientific acquirements, is a just and liberal sovereign, and enjoys the warm affection of his people. He is also a member of the French Academy of Sciences. He should be specially welcomed in this country if only for the liberal advantages which he granted to Professor Agassiz in the prosecution of his scientific expedition into the interior of the empire.

THERE is a great deal said nowadays under the captivating title of "Social Science"; but much of what is said and written warrants a doubt of even the existence of such a science. Still more does it warrant the doubt that those who attempt the discussion of social topics have, even admitting the existence of such a science, ever mastered the first rudiments of it.



"A CRASH!-A GUSH OF BLOOD, AND THE CREATURE TUMBLED BACKWARD, SHOT THROUGH THE THROAT BY MY BRAVE LOTA!"

# How I TOLD MY LOVE.

H, the glories of a sleigh ride in the sparkling bracing air of a Canadian Winter! The sky clear and exhilarating—keenly bright, but with a different degree of lucidity from that of a bright Summer's day. Broad expanding plains—the city receding behind us, as the horses, leaping onward to the music of their chiming bells, make for the

broad, boundless country. The fir forests are clasped in a shadowy, ghostly slumber. Far away on our right are those pathless funereal groves where the wolves congregate in hun-

dreds. To the left lies a ridge of hills sloping down the river, which is locked up in the iron manacles of the Winter King. Ahead, and right before us, whither we are bound, over waste, and plain, and clearing, lies a snugly sheltered village, the headquarters of the "lumberer" and the voyageur. Our destination is not quite so far.

This said destination is a broadly spread, low-lying farmstead, with its almost numberless out-houses, consisting of cattle-sheds and dairies, corn-stores, roofings for Winter fodder, wood-stacks, and other concomitants surrounding the dwelling, all palisaded by zigzag fences, as so many outworks to protect the comfortable citadel. Within it, warm fires blaze and sparkle from the huge and odorous logs crackling on the broad, bounteous hearth. In the great common chamber, raftered and picturesque as an antique gothic hall, are warm hearts and flashing eyes. Bearded men and fair women are there-laughing maidens, and strapping young hunters who have just shaken the snow off their furs at the portals. Despite the stern yet musical baritone of the stinging wind as it goes by, stinging cheeks, biting noses into purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts of mirth and laughter rise above the boreal blasts; and our leaping sleigh, gliding—flying along rather—to the music of the soft musical bells, is fast approaching its terminus.

"In the meantime," asks the reader, "who occupy this sleigh?" I hasten to answer.

First, there was your humble servant, the narrator, Dick Lonsdale by name, but a few months back from the banks of the Isis, with the "bar" in prospect, my "governor" having a snug interest in the India House. I add a few of my personal items. Rather good-looking (at least my wife says so), a fair shot, a stunning "stroke oar," can hit with wonderful vigor straight out from the shoulder, am five feet ten and—growing, can play the fiddle, a game at pool, and have the temper of an angel. I had been one of a party of adventurous sportsmen—"going in" for something worthy of Alexander, and, with fishing-tackle, spears, and "shooting-irons," had done no inconsiderable execution among the denizens of the Canadian woods and sounding "rapids," and hunted the bear in his own bold and picturesque fastnesses.

Enough for myself. Now for my companions.

Place aux Dames, therefore; for nestling by my side, wrapped up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota d'Arville, a bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as glance of man ever rested complacently upon. The Canadian mother and the French father were expressed in her name. Her playful lambent eyes had exercised their sorcery upon me ere this, and the modulations of a voice unequaled for its low, soft sweetness, completed the young siren's triumph. This by the way, for we had exchanged no confidences as yet on a subject very near to my heart.

We were bound to a merry sleighing party at Windy Gap Farm—ostensibly to a hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts for my two rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for the noble deerhound, our third companion, who had curled up his great body at our feet, and aided to keep them warm. I had known Lota's brother—a young officer in the Canadian Rifles—had killed "bar" at the "salt-licks" with him, had met the whole family on board a St. Lawrence

steamer, and was now a guest at their house enjoying their frank and bounteous hospitality.

"Hurrah!" Through the keen sonorous air sleigh and horses bound along! "Cling-clang!" go the chiming bells. "Crick-crack!" goes the long-thonged whip, with a sharp cheery significance. My "Madawaska Cariole," a sleigh which is the perfection of locomotion, is not less perfection than the flery steeds, with their sinews of elastic steel, which I drive.

Driving the sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world, when you are used to it. I was a member of the "Tandem Club," and considered rather a crack hand. I exulted in my skill now, as I bore my rosy companion flying through the air, and the whip went "crick-crack!" like a double-barrel going off, and the sweet bells sung and chimed. "Oh! sweet echoes of far distant wedding-bells," I thought, and the crisp snow was split and shattered into diamond dust under the grinding of the hoofs and the attrition of the "runners," and with an exhilaration I could not repress, I gave a vigorous "Hurrah!" which conveyed itself to Lota, wrapped up in moose and bearskins, and warm as a toast. A sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting shout.

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Lonsdale," she said.

"If I don't——" "Crick-crack!" filled up the kiatus. What a pair of beauties! Phœbus Apollo never drove the like down the steeps of heaven! The wily Ithacan never "raised" such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rhesus of his horses. "Crick-crack!" and the horses neigh and toss their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tinkling, and the mad, exulting rush uplifts one like wine.

I remark to myself that the sky has deepened into an intense, still, darkening blue—darkening with a strange, unearthly, tenebrious inkiness, betokening a coming snow-storm. No matter. "Windy Gnp" is right ahead, and the welcome lights will blaze out of the casements soon, for the afternoon is wearing.

On we go, but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no—it's all right!

"Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota!" said I, halfturning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so much furtive coquetry from its *encadrement* of white cozy furs.

"Oh! so comfortable," she answered, with a nestling movement, and a smile which made my heart leap joyously upward.

But my attention was called away to the creeping, crepuscular inkiness of the sky. It was light, yet not daylight, but blue light—to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid darkening steel, always the precursor to a fierce change in the weather. This only made the long, level plains of snow gleam with a lustre the more dazzling and intense. I remarked this, but with a momentarily divided and wavering sense.

I had never (familiarly as we had grown, and I was "honest as the skin between your brows," as she was in fact)—I had never said "dear Lota" before, and the words were yet in mine ears like a sweet old burden. I loved her with all my heart and soul, but I had never told it. I yearned to tell her so now; but I thought it scarcely fair, not up to the mark of my manhood, to take what seemed an unfair advantage of the protection I was supposed to extend over her. I magnanimously resolved to wait, choking down the words, but not for long.

Meantime "crick-crack" went the long whip, and still "cling-clang" went the chiming bells, and the horses held on with unabated pace and splendid vigor, but—where had "Windy Gap" gone to all this time, for time was up, and we should be there by this?

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota, all at once, "how strange the sky looks! we shall have more snow—a heavy fall, too."

"I fear so," I replied; "but, n'importe, we'll soon be out of it"

"We are very long, I fancy," she continued, reflectively; "you have driven there quicker than this before. "Oh, Heaven!" she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation, "can we have lost the track?"

The blank question warped with a horrible jar on my most vivid fears. Now or never was the time to be cool.

"No, I think not," I replied, with assumed carelessness; "we shall come to our landmark presently."

"A clump of fire—an old mill, further on; yes," she added, "I recollect. But we should have passed them long ere this. Oh, I fear we are lost!"

A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was in the right. I could not account for my error, if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly sign; it was only a circle gathering closer and darker the while. Suddenly my brave deerhound lifted up his head and uttered a low growl. The horses gave a startled swerve just as suddenly. A strange, lugubrious, but appalling sound came all at once from windward, wailing like a death cry—a prolonged, awful groaning discordance—over the white gleaming snow; and then it died away.

The horses halted trembling; only the shivering tinkle of the bells broke the death silence that fell like an eclipse over all.

"What is that?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper, as she clutched my arm.

I listened. "It is the wind sighing and dying away in the pine forest," I answered.

"And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what—what can it be?"

Again the indescribably hideous and lugubrious sound broke forth; clearer, nearer. It increased; it multiplied; the horrible crescendo howling, shricking and ravening was not that of the wind this time.

"Merciful God!" gasped Lota; "the wolves!"

I never understood till that moment what the concentrated essence of literal deadly horror might mean. I never experienced the shock before or since; and I have in my hunting excursions faced my danger and played out the game manfully. To have lost the way was terrible enough; but the wolves and Lota! For an instant I was numb and dumb.

It was true, however. The severity of the weather, the migration or scarcity of the animals on whom these unclean creatures preyed, had made their hunger a raging, devouring madness. They were encroaching on civilized territory, and, losing their usual characteristic and craven cowardice, were approaching the habitations of men, haunting village and settlement. Woe to those in their path! As the infernal howl rose lingeringly again, the horses darted away with a shrill neigh of fear, and I guided them—beginning to recover myself—in an opposite direction, while Terror, my noble hound, stood up with every fang bared and every hair erect, waiting for the enemy he had already scented.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow, for the madness of fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our panting pursuers. I was growing cool. Lota was pale and calm. I felt proud of her, though it was certain if we escaped not speedily the brutes would run us down; and then, horror of horrors, what a fate for her!

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, a spear, and a wood-hatchet in the sleigh. I conveyed my intention to

"Can you load these weapons with those cartridges?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer; and she loaded a "Fuller" and a "Manton" with true hunter's skill. I took one rifle.



looked back, the pack was increasing. I fired and Lota loaded; and one after another fell, to be devoured by their ravenous comrades; and still the horses sped on.

The accursed things were, for all this, gaining ground. Doubts, fears, hopes, trembling, were at my heart as I turned to the sweet girl whose life or death were all to me, and said:

"Lota! if we die together, remember that I loved you none but you! I tell it to you now, if I may never again."

"Kill me first," she whispered; "I hear your words—I echo them. You have my heart, Richard——"

"Oh, Lota, best beloved, what a moment to confess! and I know not if I feel pain or gladness most."

"There are now no secrets between us," said Lota, smiling. "Take this rifle; give me—the pistol; one kiss—so! they come. Save me from them at any cost."

I thought my ears would have split at their dreadful yells, for they were now upon us, opening out to surround us; and though the horses held bravely on, I dreaded every instant that sheer terror would paralyze them. It is scarcely possible to conceive the unutterable horror that was circling us both; young lovers with beating hearts forever from that hour interchanged with each other.

With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, hoarse, deep growls, they had ceased to bay and howl; they were closing in upon us. I remarked one huge monster in advance of the rest; his object evidently being to leap into the sleigh from behind. I fired-and missed him! The next moment his huge bulk came scrambling over the back; his paws were on me; his fiery breath on my cheek; and I expected, as I murmured a short prayer, to feel the fangs of the abhorrent brute in my flesh. A flash !-- a crash !-- a gush of bloodand the creature tumbled backward, shot through the throat to the spine by my brave Lota! Then I plied hatchet, and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope, and turning round—oh, Heaven! to spare my darling a more hideous fate-when shots and shouts rang around, and troops of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our aid-and we were saved! Providence had directed the sleigh to "Windy Gap"; our firing reached the ears of our friends, and brought them out in hot haste to aid us. We were saved! And as I bore her fainting form into the hospital hall, and clasped her tenderly to my breast, you may guess how sincere was the gratitude I breathed in silence to Heaven.

It was the prelude to a wedding, which occurred soon afterward; and you may be sure I never forgot my fight with the welves, how pluckily my noble Lota backed me, or the somewhat original but apropos mode in which I told my love.

# SINGULAR EFFECT OF LIGHT,

AT THE BARIOUND, VALLEY OF LUCERNE, PIEDMONT.

The Vaudois Valley of Lucerne, in Piedmont, is watered by the river Pelis, one of the affluents of the Po. At the entrance to this valley, in the plain of Piedmont, stand the rock and town of Cavour. The rock of Cavour presents the very rare phenomenon of a limited upheaval of a mass of gneiss rock in the midst of tertiary and recent strata. It has the aspect of a huge, isolated pyramid, and has two pointed summits, visible from a great distance.

On this rock are the ruins of the ancient feudal castle of the lords of Cavour, of whom the late celebrated Piedmontese minister, who exercised so much influence on the destiny of Italy, was the most illustrious descendant.

The valley of Lucerne, at first open and cheerful, unfolds itself with a very slight inclination, like a gulf in the plain, as far as the village of Bobi, where it forms a basin of meadows

intersected by great chesnut-trees, and environed by hills covered with vines.

But at a short distance it completely changes its aspect, becoming narrow, wild, and craggy. This contraction is caused by a bare mountain of singular form, which stretches across the valley and closes in the basin of Bobi.

Like the rock of Cavour, this mountain resembles a valley with two pointed summits. When the sun sets between these two points, its light flows through the opening that separates them in golden beams of extraordinary splendor and extent. Sometimes these beams all combine and form a single ray, which expands in the shape of a fan, and almost entirely covers the mountains with its dazzling vesture.

This beautiful effect of light is produced a few weeks before the Summer solstice, and a few weeks afterward. It is visible during three days throughout the whole extent of the basin of Bobi.

At the foot of the mountain a deep gorge opens, through which flows a torrent named The Cruel. The mountain is known by the name of Bariound. Our view has been taken from the slopes opposite the gorge.

## THE CLIMBING PERCH (ANABAS SCANDENS).

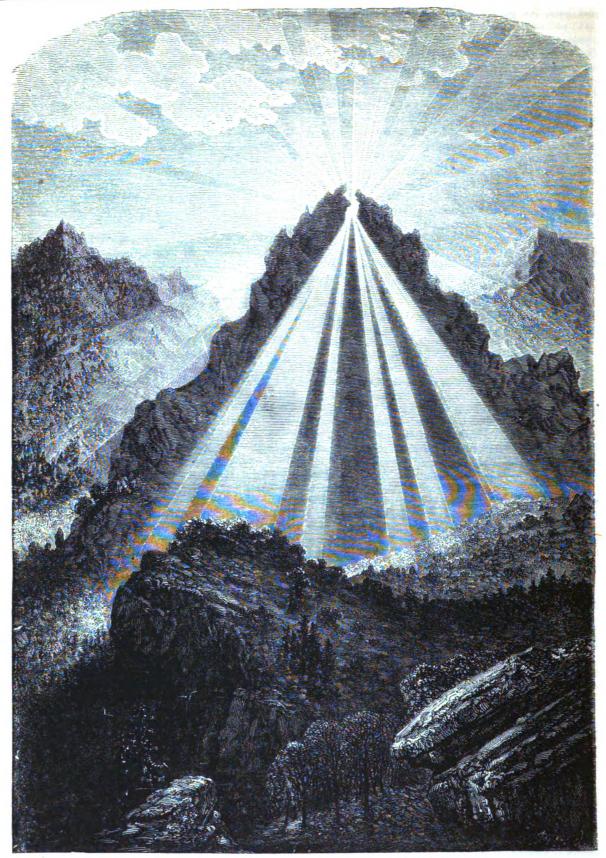
It was well known to the Greeks that certain fishes of India possessed the power of leaving the rivers and returning to them again after long migrations on dry land, and modern observation has fully confirmed their statements. The fish leave the pools and nullahs in the dry season, and, led by an instinct as yet unexplained, shape their course through the grass toward the nearest pool of water. A similar phenomenon is observable in countries similarly circumstanced. The doras of Guiana have been seen traveling over land during the dry season, in search of their natural element, in such droves that the negroes have filled baskets with them during these terrestrial excursions.

Pallegoix, in his account of Siam, enumerates three species of fishes which leave the tanks and channels, and traverse the damp grass; and Sir John Bowring, in his account of the embassy to the Siamese kings in 1855, states that, in ascending and descending the River Meinam to Bankok, he was amused with the novel sight of fish leaving the river, gliding over the wet banks, and losing themselves among the trees of the jungle.

The classes of fish which possess this power are chiefly those with labyrinthiform pharyngeal bones, so disposed in plates and cells as to retain a supply of moisture, which, whilst crawling on land, gradually exudes so as to keep the gills damp. (See picture of head, page 405.)

The individual which is most frequently seen in these excursions in Ceylon is a perch called by the Cingalese Kavaya or Kawhy-ya, and by the Tamils Pannei-eri, or Sennal. It is closely allied to, if not identical with, the Anabas scandens of Cuvier, the Perca scandens of Daldorf. It grows to about six inches in length, the head round and covered with scales, and the edges of the gill-covers strongly denticulated. Aided by the apparatus already adverted to in its head, this little creature issues boldly from its native pools and addresses itself to its toilsome march generally at night, or in the early morning, whilst the grass is still damp with the dew; but in its distress it is sometimes compelled to travel by day, and Mr. E. L. Layard, on one occasion, encountered a number of them traveling along a hot and dusty gravel road under the mid-day sun. Mr. Morris, the Government agent of Trincomalie, says:

"I was lately on duty inspecting the bund of a large tank at Nadecadua, which, being out of repair, the remaining water was confined in a small hollow in the otherwise dry bed. Whilst there, heavy rain came on, and, as we stood on the



SINGULAR EFFECT OF LIGHT AT THE BARIOUND, VALLEY OF LUCERNE, PIEDMONT.—DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.—SEE PAGE 403.

high ground, we observed a pelican on the margin of the shallow pool gorging himself; our people went toward him, and raised a cry of 'Fish, fish!' We hurried down, and found numbers of fish struggling upward through the grass in the rills formed by the trickling of the rain. There was scarcely water enough to cover them, but nevertheless they made rapid progress up the bank, on which our followers collected about two bushels of them at a distance of forty yards from



the tank. They were forcing their way up the knoll, and, had they not been intercepted first by the pelican and afterward by ourselves, they would in a few minutes have gained the highest point, and descended on the other side into a pool, which formed another portion of the tank. They were chub, the same as are found in the mud after the tanks dry up."

In a subsequent communication, in July, 1857, the same gentleman says:

"As the tanks dry up the fish congregate in the little pools, till at last you find them in thousands in the moistest parts of the beds, rolling in the blue mud, which is at that

time about the consistence of thick gruel.

"As the moisture further evaporates the surface fish are left uncovered, and they crawl away in search of fresh pools. In one place I saw hundreds diverging in every direction from the tank they had just abandoned to a distance of fifty or sixty yards, and still traveling onward. In going this distance, however, they must have used muscular exertion sufficient to have taken them half a mile on level ground, for at these places all the cattle and wild animals of the neighborhood had latterly come to drink; so that the surface was everywhere indented with footmarks in addition to the cracks in the

surrounding

THE CLIMBING PERCH (ANABAS SCANDENS) .- SEE PAGE 403.

baked mud, into which the fish tumbled in their progress. In those holes, which were deep and the sides perpendicular, they remained to die, and were carried off by kites and crows.

"My impression is that this migration takes place at night or before sunrise, for it was only early in the morning that I have seen them progressing, and I found that those I brought away with me in chatties appeared quiet by day, but a large proportion managed to get out of the chatties at night—some escaped altogether, others were trodden on and killed.

"One peculiarity is the large size of the vertebral column,

quite disproportioned to the bulk of the fish. I particularly noticed that all in the act of migrating had their gills expanded."

Referring to the Anabas scandens, Mr. Hamilton Buchanan says that, of all the fish with which he was acquainted, it is the most tenacious of life; and he has known boatmen on the Ganges to keep them for five or six days in an earthen pot without water, and daily to use what they wanted, finding them as lively and fresh as when caught. Two Danish naturalists, residing at Tranquebar, have contributed their authority to the fact of this fish ascending trees on the coast of Coromandel, an exploit from which it

acquired its epithet of Perca scandens.

Daldorf, who was a lieutenant in the Danish East India Company's service, communicate d to Sir Joseph Banks that, in the year 1791, he had taken this fish from a moist cavity in the stem of a Palmyra palm, which grew near a lake. He saw it when already five feet above the ground struggling to ascend still higher. Suspending itself by its gill-covers, and bending its tail to the left, it fixed its anal-fin in the cavity of the bark, and sought by expanding its body to urge its way upward, and its march was only arrested by the hand with which he seized it.

It is remarkable, however, that this discovery of Daldorf,

which excited so great an interest in 1791, had been anticipated by an Arabian voyager 1,000 years before.

Abou-zeyd, the compiler of the remarkable MS. known since Renaudot's translation by the title of the "Travels of the Two Mohammedans," states that Suleyman, one of his informants, who visited India at the close of the ninth century, was told there of a fish which, issuing from the waters, ascended the cocoa-nut palms to drink their sap, and returned to the sea.

KEEP dark, as the old bachelor said to his hair-dye.

# MAN, SUNSET, AND THE SEA.

A sad man, as the dying day
Floated on purple clouds away,
Stood musing by the sea, whose surge
Sounded like to a funeral dirge.
The sunset threw its golden flood,
E'en to the spot on which he stood,
As though it sent a smile to cheer
A soul so sorrow-bent, and drear.

"Go! glorious Orb!" the sad man cries, "Leave this earth dark-light other skies; To me the same, the day and night, Sunrise and sunset, gloom and light; To me the same the rose's bloom, And the green moss upon the tomb. Dead is the heart within my breast, I only pray to be at rest. I see the world is bright and fair, But feel Lowed 'neath a weight of care. Welcome, glad hour, when o'er my grave The hungry winds will roaming rave. And thou, bright Sun! will dart thy ray Upon that silent mound of clay, 'Neath which reclines my wearied form, Wrecked in this life's tempestuous storm; But as I speak thy light is gone, And I with darkness stand alone."

# THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.



ROM some one of those wonderful Eastern cities of which he loved so well to talk, the old Captain had brought it home from his last voyage—Draxy's wedding-gown.

Heaven only knows what turbaned Hindoo, in the damp, hot courts of boiling Rangoon, or reeking Calcutta, wrought the marvelous designs of bud and leaf which dotted everywhere the vapory web. Heaven only knows what rare gum, hived in the heart of some jungle-tree, or flower burning in lonely ricefields by poisonous river - sides, where the mailed alligators lolled,

yielded the sleepy odors which clung to all the frost-like yards of gauzy thread and delicate embroidery.

Age and infirmities had now overcome the old Captain, and the splendid East, and the blue sea, and his own quarter-deck had slipped like dreams out of his life; and leagues upon leagues from the cunning dark hands that shaped all its loveliness, the muslin lay on a white bed, in an old New England house, fashioned into the prettiest gown that ever gladdened the heart of a bride.

"I'm downright glad it's done," said Aunt Dorcas; "now you'll have two whole days to rest in before the wedding, Draxy. You won't have to go to church all fagged out, and looking like a ghost, as most of the brides do nowadays. We've taken your marriage by the forelock, as it were, and all that's wanted of you till eight o'clock Thursday night is to be happy with Nat."

Leaning two dimpled elbows on the sill of the gable window, Draxy Wymen stood humming a little song as she looked forth on the purple sunset. As Aunt Dorcas spoke, the soft voice ceased suddenly.

"I hope I am not too happy," she said, with a little laugh; "I don't wan't to be flippant, Aunt Dorcas, but isn't it

unprecedented that the last stitch is set in everything, that I am really and truly ready two days before time? I hope this breathing-space is not left open for some undreamed-of misfortune to creep in upon us."

"Good gracious, how you talk! Misfortune! Tut! a pretty word in the mouth of a girl just ready to marry the best fellow in town! Hark! ain't that the Captain's gig at the gate? If we are to have cream-biscuits for tea, it's time for me to go down and make them."

With her long, bronze-colored curls dropping about her shoulders and bosom, Draxy leaned over the sill, and looked down through the lilac-bushes to the garden gate.

A moment of dead silence followed.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "it is father—but what a face! What can have happened? I am sure he is ill—or—."

She was off before the words were fairly out, running headlong down the stairs, with the breath coming in gasps through her parted lips. She reached the door just as the old Captain planted his big foot on its threshold. The two—parent and child—stood motionless, and looked at each other.

A short, square man was the Captain, with an apoplectic purple in his face, and a pair of foxy, gray eyes snapping under bushy white brows—an old, uncompromising tyrant, who, having ruled a quarter-deck for the best part of a half-century, now recognized no will on earth or heaven but his own. He stood staring at his dimpled, peach-colored daughter as if she were a Medusa.

"Papa!" quavered Draxy.

"Minx!" roared the Captain—she was the apple of his eye, the pride of his heart—"let me in, will you? What do you mean by blocking up the door like this? Is all the wedding finery done, I'd like to ask?"

He was in a tremendous passion, as she could see. She stepped slowly out of the way.

"Certainly it is done. Dear me! whatever is the matter? You horrible papa! You look as if you would eat me."

He put her by in grim silence, and stalked into the kitchen, where, at a big walnut dresser, Aunt Dorcas stood molding the cream-biscuits.

The Captain walked up to her, and seemed for a moment about to pull the smart cap from her head. He restrained himself, however, buried his hands in his breeches' pockets, and glared at her.

"I'm going to law, old woman!" he snorted.

Aunt Dorcas dropped the cream-jug in her consternation.

"To law! Land alive!—what for! Who with?" said she.
"For a boundary!" cried the Captain. "Do you hear,
minx? A boundary—that is, six feet of rocks and a Baldwinapple-tree that hasn't borne an apple these ten years; but,
confound it, that don't signify. There it stands, ma'am, at
the foot of the garden. Squire Crawford swears his fence
ought to include that tree—I swear it hadn't. We are going.

to law!"

Draxy stood staring at the speaker with wide, violet-dark eyes. Then she laughed.

"Oh, papa! how can you? To quarrel with Nat's father, just two days before our marriage—that is very, very shabby!"

"Your marriage, minx? He spoke excitedly. "Notwith Nat Crawford! I'd see you dead sooner? Not with kith or kin of the old Squire. Let him put his fence round that tree. I'll tear it down faster than he can build it up. Drat his fine son! If he darkens my doors again, I'll throw him out, neck and heels!"

The soft color receded slowly from Draxy's cheek.

"Papa, you cannot mean it!" she cried, aghast.

"Can't I?" he answered, flinging his coat-tails into the air as he pranced about the kitchen. "Son nor father will



ever have daughter of mine. Pitch your wedding-gown into the fire—sell it to the ragman, minx—for, sure as God hears me, you'll never wear it to church with a Crawford, unless you take my curse along with it."

Aunt Dorcas sank into the nearest chair, and flung her apron over her head.

"Oh, Lord!" she groaned, "who'd have thought of this?" And everything ready, and the invitations given, and the cake—oh dear! oh dear! Sixteen eggs, according to rule, and no end to the fruit and frosting! Drat the apple-tree! Let the old Squire have it, if he wants it. What's it good for, anyway?"

"Ay," answered the Capiain grimly, "he may have it, ma'am, but not while I've a dollar left to dispute it with him—not till I'm pretty sure that the fruit of it—if it bears any—will have a bitter flavor in his mouth to the end of his days. Give the wedding-cake to the pigs, ma'am—Draxy must live single a while longer."

"Papa!"—she glided up to him with dilated eyes, with the breath coming hurriedly through her pale lips—"do you mean to part Nat and I for such a cause as this? And now, too—now?"

"You've said it!" answered he, growing redder and louder every moment. "Go back to your dolls. I'll curse you living, I'll curse you dead, if you marry that boy! After to-night, don't let me hear his name mentioned in this house."

He banged out of the kitchen. A moment after they heard him driving his horse and gig into the stable-yard like one possessed.

And Draxy? She did not shriek or rave. There was a curious startled look on her face, but that was all.

Aunt Dorcas, however, who had a wholesome horror of the Captain's tantrums, because she could never hold her own against them, rocked herself back and forth in great agitation.

"Lord help us! There! And he means it—every word of it! As sure as you're born, Draxy, you'll not be married. And here we are all ready, and the dress and the cake and the things!"

Words could no farther go. Draxy drew out the tea-table in silence, and began to spread the cloth. With a steady hand she set the tea to draw, brought cake and pies and cold meat from the pantry, and stood watching the cream-biscuits till they had assumed a ravishing brown tint. She then lighted the lamps, called in the Captain from the stable-yard, and the three sat down to supper.

It was a frightful meal. Nobody spoke—nobody ate. Presently a mellow whistle, fanning up on a puff of night-wind from the far foot of the garden, floated through the open window.

The Captain started, and dropped one of his big nautical

"That's Nat," said Aunt Dorcas, boldly.

Up rose Draxy. Pushing back her chair, she turned and fled out through the porch and down a walk bordered with pinks and stocks and yellow marigolds, and with curls blowing, and her pink dress snatched up from the dew, she burst upon Nat Crawford just as he was leaping the fence close by that Baldwin apple-tree, whose scraggy branches now bid fair to hold these two apart forever.

A handsome, brown, resolute fellow, in white duck and linen, was Mr. Nat. He made a dash through the melons and gooseberry bushes, and seizing Draxy in a pair of imperative arms, kissed her promptly in the mouth.

"Halloo! what a sober face!" he cried, his own voice sounding a trifle queer. "Oh, it's the boundary business, is it? The Captain has told you, then?"

She clung with both hands to his arm, hung her head against him, and began to shake and tremble.

"Yes. And you?" she answered, faintly.

He looked greatly annoyed.

"Oh, I have heard of it from a dozen quarters. My father, too, is a—well, a trifle out of sorts, and—confound the apple-tree! The deuce is in them both, to go raking up such an absurd matter forty-eight hours before our marriage."

"Nat!"—she looked him full in his handsome, dark face—"papa says there shall be no marriage now."

He started—grew alarmingly pale.

"Repeat that, will you, Draxy?"

"He says I shall never marry you—that he will see medead sooner—that he will curse me! Nat, oh, what shall we do?"

He bent back her head, stared incredulously down into her eyes.

"Do!" he cried. "Why, snap our fingers at him—at everybody, of course—and go on our own way!"

"But we can't—at least, I can't—you know, Nat," and she hung heavily on his arm, a great sob tearing up from her white throat and shaking her like a reed.

"Good God! Draxy, what do you mean?"

"Do you think I could bear his curse? Oh, Nat, by-andby, when his first rage is over, he will listen, I am sure, to reason, but not now."

"And meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile we must wait?"

A dark flush, partly pain, partly anger, overspread his face.

"Wait till two men, each with a full purse, and evidently in his right mind, shall cease wrangling over an old stump not worth the fillip of a finger? I will not hear of it for a moment, Draxy."

The earth seemed trembling under her feet. Far off over the roofs a big red moon was rising; damp, sweet odors rose up around them from the Captain's pea-vines and Aunt Dorcas's old-fashioned flower-beds. Over the disputed boundary-fence a bird sang in Squire Crawford's orchard-trees, and a brisk easterly breeze blew to their nostrils salt scents from the harbor below the town. Everything was as tranquil as heaven itself, and yet, there among the melon-patches, stood that pair, man and maiden, plunged in a moment from the pinnacle of happiness to the depths of misery.

" Nat !"

"You must marry me precisely as we have already agreed, Draxy. Thursday night, at eight, sharp. Then we will go away, and let them have their squabble out by themselves."

She stood like a statue of despair.

"He would never, never forgive me," she said, in a low roice.

He leaned back, with knitted brows, against the garden fence.

"Good heavens! This is unbearable! You will not marry me, then, without your father's consent?"

"I did not say that," she faltered; "I only asked you to wait, Nat, till his rage subsides—as, indeed, it must and will, as soon as he thinks the matter over. Papa loves me; he will not let such a foolish thing as this stand long in the way of my happiness."

"They are as like as two peas, Draxy," burst out Crawford; "your father and mine. Once at loggerheads, they will remain so for the rest of their natural lives. To wait is out of the question."

"But I am a minor, Nat," she answered, the trouble growing and swelling in her voice. "Should I defy him openly, papa, I know, would not hesitate to use force to keep us apart."

"You must fly with me, then!" said Crawford, gloomily



She stared, then flung back her head with a little, impatient, irritated movement.

"Fly! Elope! That word has a detestable sound, Nat, dear. No, no, no! We must wait as I said before, a little while—just a little while—I am sure it will be right if we will."

His fine brown face grew darker and darker.

"I cannot wait," he answered, angrily, "and since I hold but a second place in your heart, Draxy, it seems hardly right that I should. Will you, or will you not, marry me on Thursday next, as everybody expects you to do?"

Her eyes her lovely violet eyes—flashed a little wrathfully.

"How un-kind you are!" she cried, "how unlike yourself to-night! Have I not shown you how impossible it is, unless papa should come to his senses, that I could not if I would—"

"Enough!" cried Crawford, starting up tall and white from the fence, and hissing out the words through his teeth, "Good-by, Draxy—good-by, you false girl! May God forgive you, I never can!"

He strained her to him for a moment, left on her face one swift, hot kiss, then rudely, wrathfully, flung her from him, and turning, leaped the wall, and vanished instantly in the silence and darkness of

MAN, SUNSET, AND THE SEA .- SEE PAGE 406.

the adjoining garden. Stunned, bewildered, Draxy stood quite unable to comprehend the new woe which had befallen her. He was angry—yes, but he could not, he would not, leave her like this. She ran toward the boundary wall.

"Nat!" she cried, in wild entreaty, "dear Nat, come back."

No voice, no sound answered her. Her lover was gone! She sat down among the melon vines, and listened. The big moon rose slowly into the zenith. The clocks in the town struck out the hours one after another. It was nearly midnight when Aunt Dorcas, with a shawl flung over her head, came picking her way through the shrubbery and blundered on that prostrate figure in the wet, pink dress,

with its small, white, miserable face still turned toward the grim garden fence.

"Draxy," she cried out, "merciful Heaven! what are you doing here? Where's Nat?"

"He's gone," gasped Draxy; "he is angry—he says he will never forgive me. Oh, Aunt Dorcas, I wish I were dead!"

"Tut! All young people wish that if a breath of trouble blows on them. Silly dears! We're made to live and bear sorrow, not die under it. Of course, Nat must go and make matters worse by getting mad—that's like a man. Come

> into the house this minute; you'll catch a fever out here in the dew."

She followed Aunt Dorcas in, and for the rest of the night knelt by her open gable window, and looked out across the long garden to where the apple - tree lifted its scraggy arms, and Squire Crawford's grapevines made patches of blackness against the light of the moon

"He will come to-morrow," she kept repeating, with pale lips— "he will surely come to-morrow."

She descended to breakfast, with blue shadows about her eyes, and every vestige of color gone from her cheek. It was late. The old Captain was delving in his garden, and Aunt Dorcas, with a worried,

miserable face, alone occupied the kitchen. "I've been talking to your father," she sighed, as she poured Draxy a cup of chocolate, "but it's no use. He's set as a rock. Wild horses wouldn't move him. I'm in despair."

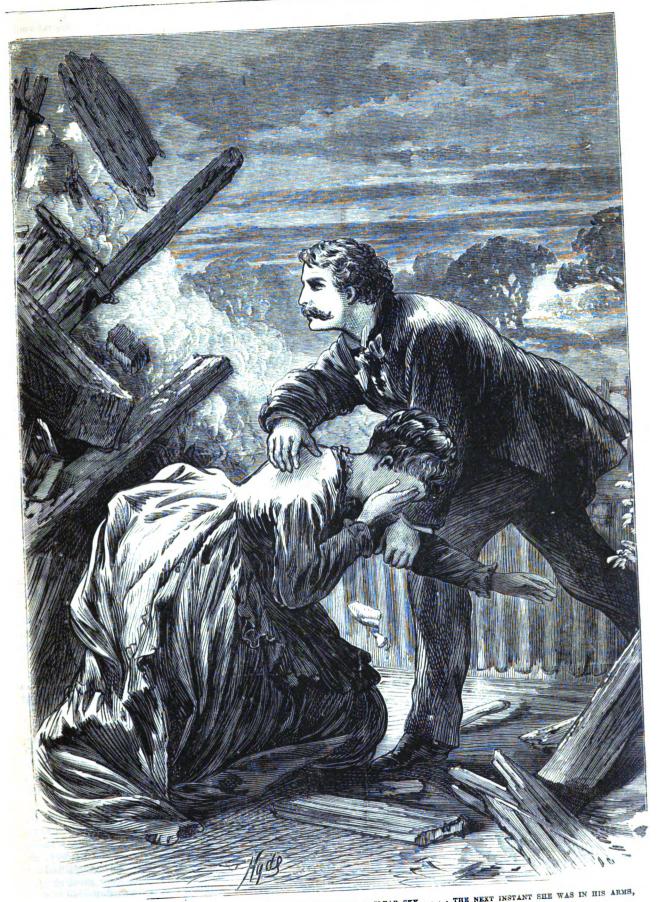
"Hark !"

Draxy started up.

The breath of a cigar floated in through the window. A voice mingled with the old Captain's outside. The blood ran hot into her face.

"I knew he would come," sang her heart, and, overturning her chair, she ran out into the porch, and straight into the arms of a man—blonde, elegant, debonair—who, with his Panama hat in hand, stood leaning languidly against





THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.—"A THUNDERBOLT SEEMED FALLING FROM A CLEAR SKY . . . . THE NEXT INSTANT SHE WAS IN HIS ARMS, ENATCHED FROM WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SURE DESTRUCTION."—SEE PAGE 406.

a trellis of honeysuckle as he talked with the old Captain.

Nat? Alas, no! Only Mr. John Ford, her father's counsel. "Ah!" he cried, his arms closing promptly around this beautiful intruder, "what a pleasure!"

She recoiled in great haste and confusion. .

"Pardon! Indeed, I thought it was some one—some one—"

He regarded her with a quiet smile.

"I understand, Miss Draxy. How unfortunate I am! You mistook me for a more welcome visitor. In view of the event which we expect to-morrow, I need not mention names."

"Faith!" growled the Captain, "you are out of your soundings there. That folly is over."

Mr. Ford started.

Under his steadfast gaze Draxy grew scarlet.

"I did not know," he murmured; "I had not heard."

"Then I beg to inform you," she said, bitterly, as she shattered the yellow honeysuckle over both, "that I find my future entangled to such an extent in the case that you have just undertaken, that no event whatever need be expected to-morrow."

At the same moment both looked, and saw Nat Crawford at the gate.

Very tall and brown and handsome, he stood one hesitant moment with his hand on the latch, and his eyes fixed on Draxy and on the lawyer. A lightning flash of jealous anger, of pain unspeakable, swept his face. His hand fell to his side again. Without word or sign, he walked off down the pleasant morning road.

"Good heavens!" cried Ford, airily; "Mr. Crawford does not seem to take kindly to the situation. Was that look for

you or for me, Miss Draxy?"

"You are welcome to it," she answered, in a low voice, and turned about, and went slowly back to her forsaken breakfast.

All day in the upper rooms of the house Aunt Dorcas ran in and out of open doors, putting away garments of silk and lace and muslin, white gloves, and cobweb handkerchiefs.

At twilight John Ford's cigar appeared like a star in the garden-walk, and John Ford's deep, musical voice floated pleasantly again into the cool, dim sitting-room.

But where was Draxy?

Down by the Baldwin apple-tree, leaning against its rough trunk, with her hands locked, and the moonlight on her face—there she stood, looking over toward the Crawford garden, wondering vaguely if Nat had suffered this day as she had. It was not likely. To men love is an episode. To women—that is, women like Draxy Wymen—it is life or death.

"Will he come?" she said to herself. "Will he come tonight, to be friends with me again?"

She waited. She waited. The voices of her father and John Ford, far up by the porch, died away at last. Hour after hour went by. The lights faded out in the town clouds overswept the moon—swallowed it up in billows of darkness; the damp chill of the wind from the sea struck through her like a knife; night waned. No, he did not come!

Sometime in the cold, gray dawn, enough of life and sense remained to her to rise up and betake herself, with silent speed, back to the house. She came like a spirit upon Aunt Dorcas, who was descending the stairs in the dubious light, with the Captain's boots in her hand.

"Draxy, wherever have you been?"

She made a single gesture.

"He has forsaken me!" she cried, and fled along the passage to her own chamber, and darted in and locked its door between herself and the world.

At the end of a week the law-suit of the apple-tree was the talk of the town. At the end of a week Draxy walked down the stairs again, and for the first time since that night in the garden took her usual place at the dinner-table, between Aunt Dorcas and the old Captain.

"I'm glad to see you back, minx," said this somewhat trying parent. "That boy of Crawford's sailed two days ago for Calcutta."

With unusual delicacy he refrained from looking at her as he said this. So, also, did Aunt Dorcas.

"And whatever is Nat going to do in Calcutta?" cried the latter, confusedly. "It's an awful place for one's liver, I've heard."

"Hang me, ma'am, how should I know?" answered the polite old mariner. "The Squire has some interest in an English house there. And now I wish to say, ma'am, that John Ford is coming, at my request, to take tea with you to-night. Have out your best plate and china, and your company airs, ma'am—otherwise you'll hear from me."

"Poor down-trodden Aunt Dorcas obeyed this mandate to the letter. To tea, accordingly, Mr. Ford came. As for Draxy, she wore a dress of thin black stuff, through which her neck and arms shone like marble, and on her bosom was fastened a trumpet-flower in a spray of green leaves.

"Calcutta is a long way off," thought the lawyer, smiling to himself, as he watched her. "Such a girl as this will not grieve forever."

In the cool twilight, as she rose up from the table, he followed her out into the porch. The Captain had that day been at work there digging away part of the old framework rotting with the weight of the wet pines. Draxy, leaning back against a shaken, weather-beaten pillar, looked up at a big star flashing like a jewel against the red-gray of the west.

"Shine on his bark,"

hummed Mr. Ford, in a mellow baritone. "I beg you will not lean too heavily against this frame, Miss Draxy; it has the appearance of a broken reed."

She did not heed him in the least; but, still watching the far-off star, she asked, in a low voice:

"Do you think this quarrel will ever end?"

"Not during the lifetime of the disputants, probably."

"Why, in the original creation of things," she said, in a hard, bitter tone, "could not the apple-tree have been forgotten?"

"Remembering that little affair in Eden," he answered, somewhat flippantly, "we might all ask the same question. I did not suppose, however, that such a matter would drive Mr. Crawford into exile, as it seems to have done."

"We will not talk of Mr. Crawford, if you please."

"Because," retorted he, with bold scorn, "a man who would leave you like this is not worth word or thought and——"

"Stop!"

She started up from the shaking pillar. As she did so, there came a sudden, cracking sound. A thunderbolt seemed falling from the clear sky. She was struck backward, downward. The huge support against which she had been leaning, and the rotten framework around and above it, reeled and fell.

"My God!" cried Ford, and the next instant she was in his arms—snatched back from what might have been sure destruction—while he, hurling aside by main force a mass of shattering débris, darted into the protecting doorway, in a storm of dust and plaster, just as the undermined timber rolled over into the garden-walk, tearing loose great clouds of odorous bloom, and setting the swallows fluttering in the nests under the eves.

"Faith!" cried Ford, airily, "that was a narrow escape!" She did not answer. Stunned and motionless, she lay



against his shoulder. The blood started slowly from a little wound on her temple, where part of the falling frame had struck her in its descent. As he looked at her thus, flashes of light darted before his eyes, a wild ringing filled his ears.

"May he live in Calcutta, and die there!" he muttered, through his teeth. And, as if unable to contain himself, he bent over the unconscious girl and laid his mouth on hers—kissed hef, once, wildly and passionately. The next moment, Aunt Dorcas, startled by the crash, came flying through the passage. John Ford put Draxy into her arms.

"She is not hurt," he said, in a queer, suppressed voice— "at least not seriously. You see what has happened here. She will be herself again in a moment. I will go and find the Captain.

He went, but forgot to return.

In the weeks and months which followed this night, the sun rose and set; Aunt Dorcas made pies and preserves; the Captain delved among his garden-beds, and swore and growled, all as if nothing had happened; and the world in general moved on in that cruel, passionate way which mocks at human misery. Draxy looked in the glass, and saw the peach-color fading out of her face, and her full contours wasting somewhat under the dogged endurance in which her life seemed encased like a thumb in the screw.

"Only a few years," she said to herself, "and I shall be another edition of Aunt Dorcas—with wrinkles under my eyes, and cork-screw curls; devoted to the sewing-circles, and the making of clothes for heathen children. Oh, my heart!"

Up from the walk below, strewn now with Autumn leaves, arose a gay voice:

"Where is Miss Wymen?" it said. "This air is like wine—a splendid panacea for pale cheeks. Can't you induce her to ride over to the Port with me, Aunt Dorcas? I promise to bring her back by dark."

Growing white and red by turns, Draxy straightway tied up her brown curls in one rich, confused mass, put on a violet jacket and a little round hat, with a gray gull's wing fastened therein, and floated down to John Ford.

"I hope you'll see that she don't take cold," said Aunt Dorcas, anxiously. "She ain't strong this Fall; I'm a good deal worrit about her."

"Trust her to me," answered Ford, and his gloved hand closed firmly upon Draxy's as he helped her into his elegant box-buggy. Gathering up the reins, he took a seat beside her, and together they rode off in silence through the sad, rich-colored Autumn day.

Once out of the village, the road wound along by the sea. The smoky, blue horizon was dotted with white sails—fishing-smacks, schooners loaded with lumber—vessels outward and homeward bound. Draxy watched them dreamily, as they came and went in the soft, violet haze. Through the deep sand the buggy-wheels rolled noiselessly. John Ford's horse, a blooded beauty, leaped at every swell on the rocks below, and tossed his splendid mane like a wild mustang. His driver, with tightened lines, sat bolt upright, his eyes fixed on the absorbed face of his companion.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, shortly—"those outward-bound ships? I wish I could keep you on this side of the world for a few minutes."

Her little grey-gloved hands stirred nervously on her lap. She lifted her eyes, but was glad to drop them again before the look in his.

"I was thinking of nothing at all," she answered.

"Then let me propose a subject, here, close at hand—myself."

"You are immensely kind. Do you always go round all these sand-hills to reach the Port? I am sure there is a nearer way."

"True. It was because of its length that I found this one

preferable. Pray don't begrudge me a short-lived bliss like this "

Into the town they rode, up and down dull old streets, strewn with the frost-bitten leaves of the maples. Draxy's heart began to throb in her throat. A wild impulse seized her to leap over the wheel of the buggy, and fly—anywhere-away from him—out of the reach of his terrible eyes. A thrilling silence fell between them. As they left the town and came back among the sind-hills, with the sunset flushing shore and sea, and the glimmering sails still spotting the blue distance, John Ford leaned suddenly, and took one of the grey-gloved hands lying in her lap.

"Draxy," he said, shortly, "I love you!"

She changed rapid color, then turned her face toward the wide sea.

"I am sorry!" she answered, brokenly; "I am sorry!" He set his teeth.

"That means-"

"You know."

A pause.

"Yes," said Mr. Ford, frankly, "I do! How long do you propose to go on in this way, Draxy, wearing out soul and body together?"

Her lip quivered like a grieved child's.

"And do you think," she said, in a low voice, "that I can help myself?—do you think I would not have it different—if I could? Is sorrow so pleasant at eighteen that one would not be glad to cast it off? I am like Sinbad, with the Old Man of the Sea upon his shoulders. I cannot forget! Say no more."

He did not. They rode swiftly back across the shore. Only at the gate, as he helped her to alight, he pressed her thin hand fiercely.

"Draxy, won't you listen to me?"

She writhed in his grasp?"

"Oh, don't—oh, don't!" she answered, in a voice so weary and spiritless that it went to his heart. He raised the hand to his lips.

"My poor child!" he said, despairingly; "farewell, then!" And so this second lover went out of Draxy's life, even as the first had done, and she was left alone.

The Winter snows fell on the beach. The ships came intothe harbor mailed with ice, or with sails rattling free in the Spring gales—one year went by, and then another. And still the question of the boundary remained unsettled.

"You've got Draxy on your hands for good," cried Aunt. Dorcas to the old Captain; "you cheated her out of the best match in town, and now you may just make up your mind that she'll live and die an old maid under your roof—more's the pity."

"I'm willing, ma'am," answered he, "I ain't nowise anxious to be rid of her. She'll have something handsome by-and-by. I'll make up to her the loss of the match you speak of. She'll have a house, ma'am, and bank-stock, and shares in half a dozen merchantmen; and she'll have, ma'am, that apple-tree down there by the fence. Now, what does a girl with all this want of a husband?"

It was Sabbath night in the hot midsummer. The West-was black with thunder-clouds. Every window and door in the house was standing wide open, and Draxy, in a vapory white dress, lay stretched at full length on the cool matting of her chamber floor, looking out into the gathering dark, when Aunt Dorcas's lank figure appeared suddenly in the doorway.

"Where's my lace mantle, child?" said she; "I'm going to evening meeting. Hadn't you better come? You'll find more comfort there among good, pious folks than here, with the captain swearing and tearing about the house like a mad thing. All I hope is that the Lord will bring him to a proper repentance before he dies."

She went to a closet in the dark passage, and took down from a peg something which she supposed was the lace mantle. She flung it upon Draxy's bed.

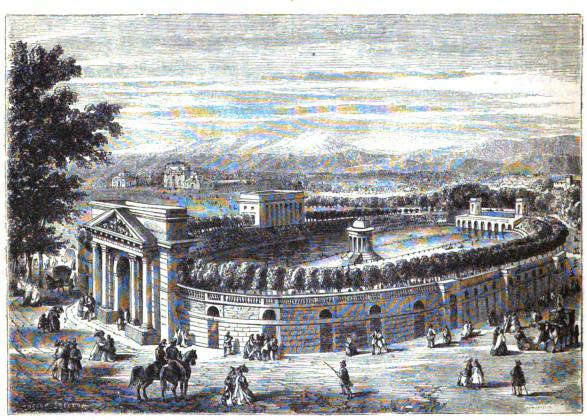
"Great Heaven!" cried the girl, "there's my weddinggown!" and she sprang up from the matting, looking strangely tall and white in the uncertain light, and snatched it from the counterpane, and held it out at arm's length. Yes, there it was—the beautiful muslin with its riotous embroidery and exquisite texture—the bridal garment which no bride had ever worn.

"Poor yellow, old-fashioned thing!" said Draxy, and flung it down again, with a short laugh. "Yes, I will go with you, Aunt Dorcas—as well be in one place as another to-night. There are worse sounds in the world, I suppose, than that of people singing psalms through their noses."

She put on a jacket of black lace, and a white hat, bright with a half-blown tube-rose. With a big, regretful sigh, Aunt Dorcas returned the wedding-dress to the closet.

Some one had risen in the aisle behind Aunt Dorcas and Draxy, and, in a kindly, earnest voice, half-drowned in the tempest, was telling something about God's precious grace in time of tribulation. The girl started, and turned her head, as if to catch a glimpse of the speaker. In that one swift glance, her eyes took in the whole vestry behind her—lighted partly by gas-jets, partly by flashes of lightning. But room nor worshippers did Draxy see—only one solitary figure—that of a man, coming at that moment with his hat in hand, down the dry, gray aisle behind.

A brown-bearded figure, with a pair of square, resolute shoulders, and a grave, almost melancholy face, darkened by the sun of other climates. The church whirled round and round. The lights vanished before her eyes. The whole world seemed passing like a dream. With a shriek that rang from end to end of the vestry, high above the voice of the speaker, high above the storm outside, Draxy Wymen sprang to her feet.



THE AMPHITHEATRE OF MILAN.

Then the two descended to the hot, dark street, and, walking silently on together, entered the brown-stone church at the corner, where Draxy had worshipped from childhood up.

"I wish to mercy we'd taken an umbrella," whispered Aunt Dorcas; "there'll be a shower before we get back. Like as not the Captain won't think to close a door or window—he's mortal 'fraid of thunder."

They walked down the vestry-room betwixt rows of long, yellow letters, and took seats before the platform, on which the pastor's reading-desk stood. Service had already commenced.

Aunt Dorcas composed her countenance, and, looking about for a hymn-book, joined in the anthem, which was bravely ringing through the vestry.

Outside, the thunder began to roll and rumble. Great drops splashed on the horse-chestnut trees growing by the open windows. Sheets of blue lightning played over the glass. Then down came the rain in splashing, shattering torrents.

" Nat!-oh, Nat!"

One moment he stood, as if rooted to the floor; the next, leaping headlong over the intervening seats, as unmindful of time, of place, of spectators, as was she, he had her in his arms—breathless, pale as death, standing there before them all, he strained her to his breast; he kissed her madly again, and yet again.

"Draxy, my darling, my darling!"

White as death she lay upon his shoulder—she had fainted quite away.

They carried her out of the vestry. Water was thrown upon her. Aunt Dorcas slapped her hands, and rubbed her temples unmercifully, and presently she opened her eyes and looked up in Nat Crawford's face.

"Oh!" she sighed, "have you come at last?"

"I arrived from Calcutta this morning. Can you ever forgive me, Draxy, for leaving you as I did? Shall anything earthly stand longer between us?"



Home went the three to beard the old Captain in his den. As they rushed out of the storm into the porch-Draxy sheltered under her lover's cloak—a deafening crash, as if a salvo of artillery fired above their heads, rolled and reverberated across the garden. A blue, infernal glare lit their faces for a full moment—then all was darkness again.

Aunt Dorcas groped her way into the house. The others followed.

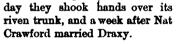
"Captain! Captain!" she called.

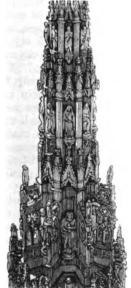
No voice answered. The sittingroom was empty-so, also, was the kitchen. Suddenly, however, a step was heard outside on the walk-the door flew violently open, and the Captain, with his hat flapped down over his foxy eyes, and the water running off him in streams, dashed in.

"Lord, save us!" he roared, "that Baldwin apple-tree is split clean down from top to root, and one-half lays

over Crawford's fence, and the other over mine. Confound it! The law-suit is settled."

And so it was. A thunderbolt had divided the contested tree equally betwixt the two disputants. The next





PORTION OF ONE OF MINOR

# MEMORIES OF MILAN. By FRANK LESLIE.

Ir St. Peter's in Rome be the most magnificent temple in the world, the next rank must be accorded to the splendid Gothic Duomo of Milan. No two buildings could possibly be in stronger architectural contrast. One is rectangular, solid, and heavy, crowned with a dome that conveys no idea of lightness, while the vast proportions of the other are concealed under its wilderness of buttresses, pinnacles, spires, and statues, rising against the sky in forms as light and graceful as the frost-traces on our

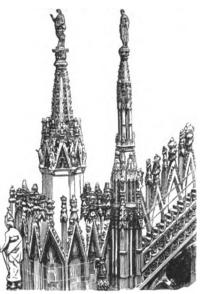
window-panes. They differ, also, as much in material as in style. One is constructed of rough and porous stone, the other of marble of a mellow rosy tinge. St. Peter's has no exterior beauty; the Duomo is a dream of architectural



ANTE-CHAMBER.

grace realized in stone. Although it was begun in 1386, one hundred and six years before the discovery of America, it is still unfinished. The stone-cutters are still busy with its details, and many years may elapse before its completion. Its dimensions are: length, 485 feet; breadth between ends of the transepts, 287 feet; width of nave, 67 feet; interior height of vaulting of nave, 153 feet; total height, including that of the statue of the Virgin crowning the spire, 355 feet.

At the risk of being thought far younger and more irrepressible than I am, I have



to acknowledge that I ascended to the topmost pinnacle of the Duomo: not alone to view the architectural marvels of its roof, but to get some idea of the city of Milan and the surrounding plains of Lombardy. The stairs are inside one of the buttresses at the end of the south transept, and lead, by 158 steps, to the roof. You pay a small fee to a man who has the key of the door leading to them. and who also drives a trade in pamphlets and photographs relating to the edifice. The ascent is a little wearisome, but all fatigue is forgotten in admiration when the traveler emerges on the roof, which is composed entirely of overlapping slabs of marble. Here is a forest of pinnacles and long vistas. of flying buttresses, from which depends a wealth of fret-work, like a fringe of lace, so rich in design and harmonious in execution. Every point terminates in some fruit or flower,

carved in them, and it is said that of the many thousands of these that are to be found here, and which give to the roof the name of "the flower garden," no two are alike.

All around you are spires, surrounded by open marble tracery, and you reach the level whence they rise, by steps on the flying buttresses, which sweep upward and inward in graceful curves. Here you find two stairways winding inside the open tracery of one of the turrets, and ascend to an octangular platform, from which rises the main spire to a further height of more than a hundred feet. All around and below are numberless pinnacles, each crowned with the statue of some saint, of life size. When seen from below, these look like the diminutive dolls we see in toy-shops. Many of these are the work of celebrated sculptors, and were contributed to the Duomo by their authors. One, of St. Paul, by Canova, is specially indicated in the guide-books. When the pinnacles shall all have been crowned, and the niches of the exterior walls of the building filled, the number of statues will exceed 4,500. About a thousand remain to be placed, and on these upward of two hundred sculptors and carvers are constantly employed.



CENTRAL TOWER.

Just below, and on one side of the octagon, you find a large wooden house resting on heavy timbers, themselves resting on the marble roof. This building has a steamengine for raising stones from a stone-yard beneath, a

blacksmith's shop, and places for the stonemasons who fit the stones in their final positions. I looked inside; it was the noon hour, and the thirty or forty workmen employed here, having disposed of



ENTRANCE ROOM TO CATHEDRAL, WHERE THE ADMITTANCE FEE IS PAID.

their dinner of bread, cheese, and cheap Aosta wine, were all lying on their stomachs, with their heads resting on their crossed arms, enjoying their nooning in a style, I thought, eminently porcine.

From the platform of the octagon, a wide and beautiful view is commanded, and here most visitors stop, as the ascent beyond into the spire is more difficult. Besides, here you must employ one of the custodians of the building to accompany you—for what purpose I cannot say, unless to prevent eccentric people from committing suicide by precipitating themselves from the great spire into the marble wilderness below.

The first part of the ascent of the spire is over flying but tresses, springing from the platform. From these you pass into the base that supports the shaft itself, reaching to the upper gallery, immediately under the figure of the Madonna. The stairway, which winds around the shaft inside a marble balustrade of exquisite workmanship, is narrow, barely admitting two persons to squeeze past each other. Here you feel the full force of the winds sweeping, as the case may be, from the Alps or the Mediterranean, and here people of weak nerves generally evince a disposition to turn back. I was not afflicted in this way, but noticed that my companions ahead of me leaned perceptibly inward toward the core of the shaft, and fixed a pretty firm grasp on any projection of the stone in that direction. Undoubtedly, visitors should ascend slowly, for the twist, if I may so term it, is so rapid that it may induce vertigo, with dangerous consequences.

Finally, a little weary about the knees, we reached the topmost gallery, just under the statue of the Virgin, supported and held in position, not alone by octagonal stone pillars, but by massive bars of iron. In fact, such bars are carried up through every one of the piers supporting the roof, from their foundation, and then extend up through every spire and pinnacle. From this upper and ultimate gallery we took our first deliberate view over a prospect far wider and grander than that from the top of St. Peter's. The eye here ranges, not alone over the broad, classic plains of Lombardy, to Lodi and Solferino, eastward, and Magenta and Navarre on the west, but from the Alps, on the north, to the Ligurian Mountains and Apennines on the south. In the northwest you distinguish the massive bulk of Monte-Rosa, which, when the sun is going down, will blush with the tint that gives it its name. In the same direction is the five-peaked mountain of the Simplon; and a little further to the east, a depression is seen, between snowy mountains, which affords the pass of St. Gothard—the southern gate of Switzerlandover which the Lombards or Long-beards poured for the conquest of these sunny plains. Scarcely less interesting than this is the view of Milan, at your feet, with its new and shaded drives along the line of its absolete ramparts, and its vast Piazza d'Armi, or parade ground, flanked by the arena, and entered from the Simplon road by the magnificent Arch of Peace.

I believe it is usually admitted that getting down from high places is easier than getting up. I have always found it so, and particularly in this instance. We were not long, after starting, in rejoining the ladies we had left below in the body of the church, and were now as eager to be shown its interior wonders as we had been to gain a view from its topmost turret. And particularly, with characteristic taste for honors, they wanted to visit the tomb of St. Carlos Borromeo, the great benefactor of the cathedral, whose body is preserved in a crystal case within a magnificent sarcophagus, contained in a subterranean chapel immediately under the high altar. To enter here you are obliged to fee the priestly custodian, who opens the heavy iron doors leading downward, and then carefully locks them behind him, so that non-paying visitors may not enter. The crypt is obscure, being but dimly lighted by an opening in the pavement of

the church, but the custodian speedily lights up some candles, and you discover that you are in a large vaulted chamber, a lengthened octagon in form. The floor is elaborately tesselated with the finest marbles, and the walls are of the rarest stones, supporting each an oval bas-relief in silver-gilt, representing some incidents in the life of the saint. In each angle is a cornucopia pouring out real gold and silver coins, somehow kept in place by unseen wires. Valuable jewels and other votive offerings are also hung around the shrine.

A single word about San Carlo Borromeo. He was a member of a rich and noble family of Milan, who gave up all secular glories when in the midst of their enjoyment, and dedicated himself to a life of austerity and charity. He did many benevolent things, and some rather marvelous ones, if we may credit the stories told of him; but his most important act was the presentation to the cathedral of the fine marble quarries belonging to him situated on the banks of Lake Maggiore, from which the stone for finishing the building is obtained, and which has proved the source of great revenues. Overlooking them and the lake is a gigantic bronze statue of the saint, second in size to none in the world, except the emblematic one of "Bavaria," near Munich.

The principal object here, however, is the elaborate sarcophagus of the saint, covered over with a spread of heavy lace, in which is worked the motto of the Borromeo family, "Humilitas," which is also repeated in golden letters on the rich tapestry that is draped around the tomb. The same motto is written on the front of the sarcophagus in letters of brilliants. For an additional fee, the custodian, with the aid of a carefully concealed crank at the end of the sarcophagus, lets down the front, which swings on hinges, and displays the corpse contained in a case with rock crystal panels, dressed in full canonicals, or, as the guide-books say, "in mitre, cope, sandals, and archiepiscopal ring." The body is, of course, hidden by these things, and only the head is seen-a ghastly relic of humanity, the brown and shriveled flesh scarcely covering the bones—the eyes mere sockets, and the thin parchment lips drawn back in a horrid mockery of a smile from the yellow teeth. A large annual revenue is drawn from the exhibition of these poor remains, but chiefly, as the custodian said, from the "feristeric" foreigners, adding, with a sly wink to the masculine portion of the party, "especially the females."

I was not loth, for one, to get out of the crypt into the open but still obscure church above, where, behind the grand altar, a myriad-colored mass of subdued light pours through three grandly painted windows, each over sixty feet high—the finest that I saw in Europe.

There are a hundred things in this grand edifice which I have neither the time nor patience to describe, and will only mention the two granite columns that flank the principal doorway, and which are regarded as the largest monoliths, or single stones, in Europe, each being thirty-five feet in height, and within a trifle of four feet in diameter.

We carefully "did" Milan, not only in the conventional way, but in our own. That is to say, besides being carted around by cicisonii, as everybody is, to the church of Santa Maria dell Grazie (St. Mary of Grace), containing the original fresco on the walls of the refectory of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, with which everyboly is familiar through the thousand copies and engravings that have been made of it, but which is in a bad state of decay; and to the Arch of Peace, which the First Napoleon endeavored to convert into a monument commemorative of the victory of Jena, but to which the Austrians, after his downfall, gave its present name, placing on top a bronze form of Peace—in a car drawn by six colossal horses in the same material.

The arena of Milan, which stands on the northeast side of the Piazza d'Armi, is a grand amphitheatre, built in 1805,



from designs by Canonica. It is elliptical in form, measuring 780 by 390 feet, and surrounded by ten rows of seats, affording accommodation for 30,000 spectators.

The design is a reproduction of an ancient Roman amphitheatre, and the arena is so constructed that it may be flooded for aquatic contests or displays. At one end of the greatest diameter are the Carceres, flanked by towers; and at the other is a fine triumphal gateway of granite, in the Doric style; while one side of the lesser diameter is embellished with a portico of eight Corinthian columns of polished granite.

Exhibitions and athletic contests of various kinds, including races, regattas, fairs, balloon-ascents, rope-dancing, and fire-works, frequently take place here, and it is also used for great public meetings and national celebrations. It is the "Hippodrome" of Milan in its multitudinous public uses, and might be imitated here with advantage were our climate milder and less variable.

But before leaving the really attractive city of Milan, let us pay a visit to the grand theatre of La Scala, which disputes the palm of size with that of San Carlo in Naples, and is said to be the largest in the world, as it certainly is the best arranged. The respects in which it differs from our theatres, and indeed from most others, are-first, in the great size of the stage, which, behind the curtain, is 150 feet, admitting of the grandest scenic effects; and, second, in the arrangement of the boxes, of which there are five tiers, extending all around the house. Each box has a small room belonging to it, on the side of the passage opposite to it, which contains a mirror, sofa, etager, etc., to which the occupants may retire for refreshments, conversation, or rest whenever so disposed. Some have cooking facilities connected with them, so that a hot supper is practicable. Most of the boxes are private property, and furnished, except as to exterior drapery, according to the owner's taste, and it is in them that most of the social interchanges of courtesy or visits between the people of Milan are made. The formal rows of people, closely jammed and uncomfortable, that we see in our theatres, and especially in those of London, are unknown.

The people at large, bachelors, occasional visitors, and travelers, have generally to take their places in what used to be called the pit; but which we now term the parquette. Strangers may, however, by paying for it, secure a box for themselves, each hotel having usually one or more of their own to let, or placed in the hands of the porter by their owners to be let when they do not care to use them themselves. Large as it is, however, owing to the consumption of room by the boxes, La Scala will only hold about three thousand five hundred persons.

The theatre is kept open from September to May; in the interval there are no regular performances. From the ceiling, which is suspended twenty feet below the roof, for acoustic purposes, there hangs an immense chandelier of one hundred and forty lights, and in front of each box is a chandelier; but the theatre is neverfully lighted except on occasions of the visit of the royal family, which has a large and richly draped loge immediately in front of the stage. Telegraphic wires communicates from the director's room to the orchestra and the different departments of the stage, obviating the tinkling of bells and the noisy transmission of orders, which one often hears, in other theatres, behind the curtain. The finances of the theatre are kept in a healthy state by having two rentable stories beneath the auditorium—a hint on which sickly or bankrupt operahouses in our country may improve.

A BACHELOR'S face is often the worse for wear—a married man's for wear and tear.

### THE ANTHELIA.

THE halo or nimbus which the painters introduced to give notice, as it were, of the sanctity of the individual, is not without a certain reality in nature, although the anthelia surrounds not a person's head, but that of his shadow.

It has been remarked in several countries, and has a most beautiful effect. It is produced by reflection from drops of dew or fog.

Scoresby, describing one seen in the Arctic regions, says:

"The lower part of the circle descended beneath my feet to the side of the ship, and although it could not be one hundred feet from the eye, it was perfect and the colors distinct. The centre of the colored circle was distinguished by my own shadow, the centre of which, enveloped by a halo, was most conspicuously portrayed. The halo or glory was evidently impressed on the fog, but the figure appeared to be a shadow on the water; the different parts became obscure in proportion to their remoteness from the head, so that the lower extremities were not perceptible."

Similar effects have been seen in Ceylon. Tennant, in his interesting work, remarks:

"When the light is intense and the shadows proportionately dark—when the sun is near the horizon and the shadow of a person walking is thrown upon the dewy grass—each particle furnishes a double reflection from the concave and convex surfaces, and to the spectator his own figure, but more particularly the head, appears surrounded by a halo as vivid as if radiated from diamonds."

### The Rhodomont Messer or Knife.

On the next page we give an illustration of a curious wooden knife, the use of which will, probably, puzzle our readers.

Upon the knife is a bell stamped with the arms of the Emperor of Germany; the verses are by Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler, the most voluminous of known authors, (he acknowledged 6,048 pieces, great and small), and the handle contains a whistle.

The Rhodomont knife was used in social gatherings, and lay beside the one who presided. If any guest, by loquacity or rhodomontade, made himself a nuisance, the head of the table took his knife, and blowing it, or ringing the little bell, handed it to the culprit, amid, of course, shouts of laughter and unsparing jeers. He kept it by him till a greater boaster disturbed the table, when he quickly bestowed the unwelcome gift on his rival.

This antique knife was, probably, made about 1550.

# Forks and Their Days.

Do without forks! How did the world get on without forks? The Turkish plan of all putting their fingers into the dish has something very much at variance with our modern ideas of cleanliness, for no matter how our untidy and ignorant cooks, born in hovels where cooking was scarcely thought of, prepare, the meal, we wish all on the table to be scrupulously neat and tidy.

Yet the fork, as a general article of use, was not employed more than three-quarters of a century before the American Revolution. Coryat, whose "Crudities Hastily Gobbled Up," is so racy an old book of travel, has the reputation of having first brought it into common use in England.

Yet forks were not absolutely unknown. Their use in the Mosaic sacrifices would suggest other uses. The forks in our illustration are in the collection of Lord Londesborough, and they represent different periods of English



history. The first was taken from an excavation at Sevington, North Wiltshire, in 1834, having been found with coins and other articles of Saxon workmanship, the most recent date being 890.

Akerman, in his "Pagan Saxondom," gives another. The second example is a German fork of the sixteenth century. The figure is jointed



like a child's doll, and tumbles about as the fork is used, the saw slipping up and down. In the middle of the sixteenth century they were taken up "by spruce gallants," says Lord Heylin. Our third specimen is of this period, and is claborately engraved with scriptural subjects.

### DIVINE PLAN CONCERNING GENIUS.

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To REGARD the appearance of men of genius as mere chance, or dependent on material causes alone, will be impossible to any one who views man's history, not as a vast chaos, but as the scheme of an intelligent superintending

ANTIQUE FORKS. -SEE PAGE 415.

Power. There remains, then, only this alternative: to refer the appearance of every single individual to a special act of Divine will and creative energy; or to recognize, in the whole succession of such individuals, one great act of the same will, expressed in an eternal, inviolable law. Each supposition has much on its side; the former seems, at first, more honorable to God, as well as to men of genius, who thus appear to derive their being more directly from an act of free will on His part; the other corresponds more to the general course of Pro-

when used of God, two ways of expressing the same idea. Looking, according to our imperfect conceptions, at each separate manifestation of the Divine will, we may truly say that, by a special exercise of creative power, the heaven-born gift of genius has been bestowed on the world at such a period and among such a people. But we must guard well against representing to our minds the Divine will as a series of unconnected resolutions; it is, on the contrary, an allembracing plan, eternal, unchanging; and thus the idea of

a law, by which the periodical appearance of men of genius is regulated and fore-appointed, and the progressive intellectual development of the human race secured, harmonizes fully with what our previous conceptions would lead us to expect.

The lives of most are misspent for want of a certain end of their actions; wherein they do, as unwise archers, shoot away their arrows they know not at what mark. They live only out of the present, not directing themselves and their proceedings to one universal scope; whence they alter upon every change of occasions, and never reach any perfection; neither can do other but continue in uncertainty and end in discomfort. Others aim at one certain mark, but a wrong one. Some, though fewer, level at a right end, but amiss. To live without one main and common end is idleness and folly. To live at a false end is deceit and loss. True Christian wisdom both shows the end and finds the way; and as cunning politics have many plots to compass one and the same design by a determined succession, so the wise Christian, failing in the means, yet still fetcheth about to his steady end with constant change of endeavors; such one only lives to purpose, and at last repents not that he hath lived.



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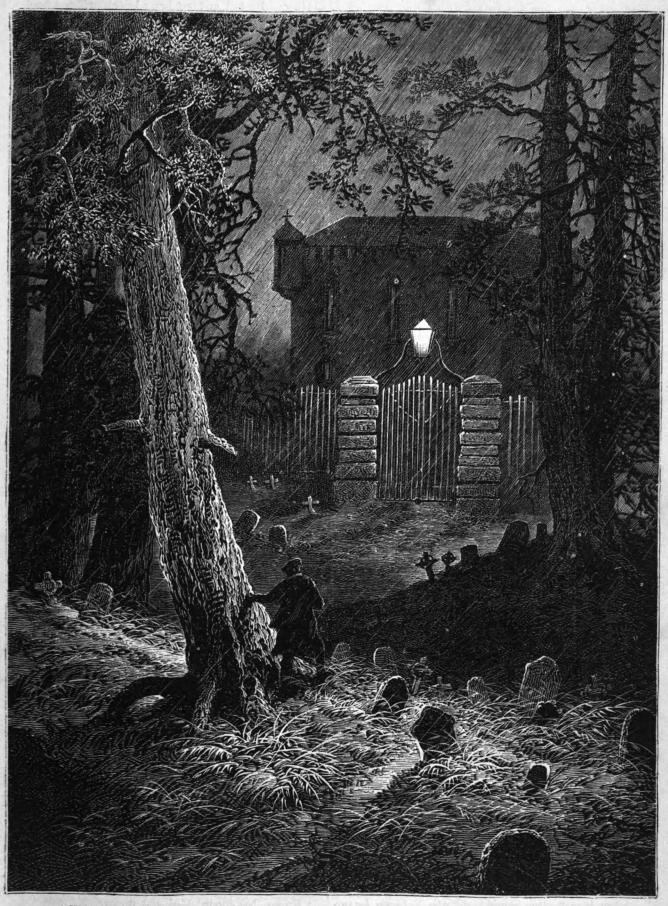
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THE RHODOMONT KNIFE.



Vol. I., No. 4—27.

# A Story of the Dead-Watch House.



URING a sojourn of some weeks in the quaint old city of Neuringen, I was very fond of visiting the cemetery, which, with its secluded walks, its good, shaded alleys, aderned with flowers, and its grand old trees, formed a pleasant place in which to dream away the leisure hours of a quiet Summer evening. It was interesting, too, to watch the other visitors to that quiet place-"God's Acre," they called it, in Germanladen with flowery wreaths and crosses, which they hung reverently upon the tombs; and to read the inscriptions, strangely quaint and out-

landish to my American ideas, wherein the simple-hearted, loving Germans sought to commemorate the virtues of the departed friend or relative.

But the object of most interest to me was a low, gloomy-looking building of gray stone, in a remote corner of the cemetery, with ironed casements, screened within, and surrounded by a high iron railing, as if to prevent the too near approach of curious visitors. Yet, forbidding as was the aspect of the house itself, it was pleasant enough without, where trimmed flower-beds bloomed beneath the shade of the elms and willows, and little birds hopped fearlessly about the bright greensward, and wicker-work benches invited you to rest beneath the pleasant shade.

There was always an old man sitting close to the gate of the iron railing, or walking slowly about outside, with his withered hands crossed behind him, and his white head, and grave, quiet face bent a little forward.

The stone building was the Dead-Watch House, and the old man was the doorkeeper. And within these four stone walls lay the bodies of those recently deceased, which, by a law of that part of Germany, were to be kept a certain number of days, in order that the death might be fully proven, before the body should be consigned to the grave.

By this wise provision, many a loved one had been restored to his friends from apparent death, and thus rescued from a fate too horrible even to contemplate—that of being buried alive.

At the time of my visit to Neuringen, a peculiar interest was attached to this cemetery, to the Dead-Watch House, and even to the old keeper, on account of an incident which had but a short time previous occurred here. I heard the story repeated by various persons, who visited the place, apparently, to look upon the scene of the tragedy; and, subsequently, also had the truth of it corroborated by the old man himself, Jean Uhlmann by name, or, as he was generally called, "Father Uhlmann."

The story is this:

Gustave Sundmann was a student in the old university of this town—a handsome, clever young man of two-and-twenty; ardent, poetic, and impulsive; but, unfortunately, very poor. And this latter being the case, it was still more unfortunate that he should have fallen in love with the only daughter of Herr von Steinen, the richest and proudest burgomeister of the town, who, having himself risen from poverty, measured every man by his money, and had often been heard to declare that his daughter should marry none but a man of wealth, or of rank sufficient to atone for the lack of it.

It was no ordinary love which the impassioned young student bore the fair, graceful girl, who had been for two years the one sole object of his thoughts and desires above

all others. He had first met her, a bright, smiling school-girl of sixteen, as she tripped lightly along the pretty retired street, shaded with lindens, which led the short distance from her father's residence to the convent where she daily took lessons in music and painting from the accomplished Sisters. It was not so much her beauty that had won him; for he met, daily, faces as fair, which had yet no such power of attraction as hers; but it seemed as though between these two existed that strange, inexplicable spiritual influence or sympathy which can in a moment draw heart to heart, soul to soul, and is the foundation of the truest and most perfect love to be found on earth.

And so, when the Fraulein Lena von Steinen lifted her soft blue eyes, and met the dark dreamy ones of the handsome young student fixed full upon her—and, fascinated, they looked thus, each into the other's eyes, in the moment of passing—two hearts sprung into mutual love, and each felt instinctively that in the other it had found its true destined affinity, as the school of Spiritualists term it.

Again and again they thus met, for months—for a whole year, even—and no word had passed between the two. Then Lena's visit to the convent ceased—her education being completed—and the meetings were now at church, at the picture-galleries, at the tea-gardens: in whatever place Gustave could discover that she visited or frequented. But she was always accompanied by one of her two prim, suspicious-looking maiden aunts; and though he now anxiously sought for an opportunity which might afford an excuse for speaking to her, he had as yet found none. As to seeking a formal introduction, such a thing, he knew, was impossible.

Fraulein von Steinen was now a belle in the first society of the aristocratic town, to which the poor student could not gain admission.

But true it is, the world over, that "Love will find out a way," and so it proved in this case.

Fraulein Katrina, one of Lena's aunts, was a great devotee, and never missed service at the kirche, generally taking the young girl along with her. And so, once, when the two had gone thither to evening prayers, and found, on coming out, that a sudden storm had arisen, the old franlein, in terror at the lightning, retired again to pray; while her niece lingered in the inner vestibule, gazing out on the heavily falling rain, and the trees writhing in the wind. And as she drew a little back from the partly-opened window, a voice which she had never before heard, yet at once recognized, spoke to her simple words of ordinary courtesy as a hand closed the window against the wind and rainyet with a strange trembling eagerness in its tones. And then the two, who had so long in silence loved each other, stood alone together; and, for the first time, words passed between them, as their hands instinctively met in a long, close pressure. Is there any intoxicating bliss on earth equal to that of lovers so situated?

Few words were spoken. The hearts of both were too full for speech. Yet Gustave asked and obtained permission to-write to her. She would trust Grisé, her maid; and so thematter was arranged, And thus, also, by means of these notes, was arranged a meeting, not exactly clandestine, since it was to be in a walk with Grisé to the convent, under thevery drooping, shady lindens where the lovers had first met. And in that twilight walk they spoke more freely: he, earnest and impassioned; she, tender and timid, yet admitting, as she placed her hands in his at parting, and looked up into-his eyes with earnest, tearful glance, that she loved him—loved him above everything on earth, and that she believed the angels in heaven had brought them together, and that it was the will and decree of heaven that they should love each other

"Heaven has surely willed and destined it!" said thestudent, almost reverently. "For only from heaven could



come aught so holy. You are mine forever in the sight of God!"

"But," and a shadow came over the girl's fair brow, "the will of heaven is not always the will of earth. My father——"

Here, indeed, was the one great bar to their happiness, and Gustave felt it bitterly, as he looked down upon the lovely yet now sad face before him, and reflected that she was a great heiress, whilst he was but a student whose sole fortune were his talents, not yet even prepared for being put to a practical use in the world.

"My God!" he cried, in sudden, passionate bitterness. "What can I do to win you? Would that I were a king, that I might claim you for my own!"

"Or that I were a poor peasant-girl," she answered, in almost a whisper.

"Would you be satisfied with that lot for my sake?"

"More than satisfied," she replied, blushing beneath his enger gaze.

"Then, my beloved, my worshipped one, may we not take our fortunes into our own hands, and together work out the destiny that heaven has provided for us? I will work, toil, slave for the means which I now lack, if you will promise when the time comes to be mine. We shall not need the accursed gold that stands between us to make us happy; and for your father, surely, if he at first oppose, he will in time forgive, and become reconciled to seeing his child happy with one whose whole aim shall be to make her so."

Lena shook her head. She knew her father's obstinate and irascible temper. He was a cold, stern man, who had married for money, and had no sympathy with love or lovers. To herself he had never been a fond or indulgent purent, and, as she was bitterly conscious, felt in his only and beautiful child more pride than affection, looking upon her as a means of further gratifying his worldly ambition by what is called "an advantageous marriage."

Her aunts, though fond of her, were much of the same disposition as their brother; and to escape from a splendid though uncongenial.home to the humblest cottage with the man she loved, appeared no trial, but a blessed dream of light and happiness to the devoted girl.

And so it was, that when on this interview the lovers parted, they had solemnly pledged themselves to each other. Lena would never, never marry another; and Gustave, let what obstacles might oppose, would obtain means sufficient to enable him to claim her for his own. And as he walked homeward through the dim twilight his thoughts went forward to a professorship that he knew he could obtain in the dear little town whence he came, and to one of those pretty, white-walled, vine-covered cottages on the rocky terrace everlooking the beautiful Neckar, with its bright, blossoming garden, and tiny green summer-house, where of evenings—And here the idea of such happiness was too much for him, and he could only murmur, passionately, half-aloud:

"I will win her yet! I will not live without her!"

Alas! alas! that man should mar the happiness that heaven would bestow!

A few days after this interview of the lovers, old Franlein von Steinen entered her brother's private business room, where none of the family dared in general intrude, and anxiously and tremblingly laid before him an open note, which she said she had found in her niece's private cabinet. She had seen Lena hastily put away this note on her aunt's entrance, had noticed her flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, and, watching her opportunity, as she considered herself in duty bound, had gained possession of the cabinet key, read the note, and, finding it what it was, had thought it further her duty to lay it before her brother.

The note was from Gustave. He spoke of their mutual

love—of the difficulties in their way by reason of his poverty—of the plighted troth between them, and of his determination to let nothing earthly prevent his some day—not a rery distant one, he hoped—claiming her for his wife. And the note concluded as lovers so earnest and impassioned are wont to address the beloved one.

Herr von Steinen's florid face grew pale with anger as he read. Together the brother and sister discussed the subject, and the result was a stormy scene between themselves and Lena, in which the girl acknowledged her love for the student, and declared that she could never love or marry any one else. She pleaded tearfully and passionately with her father, who remained cold and inscorable even when Frau Carlotta was moved to tears; and, to add to her distress and despair, she was some days after informed by her father, in his most determined manner, that he had this day promised her hand to the Count von Altenburg, a poor and proud nobleman, who was willing to stoop to the méxilliance, in consideration of the beauty and grace of his bride, and the wealth which she would bring him.

All Neuringen was excited on the subject of this wedding, which promised to be so brilliant. The bride was envied by the women, the bridegroom by the men; and everybody said how fortunate each had been, and how happy they would be together! Youth, beauty, wealth and rank! What more was left on earth for the Fraulein Lena to desire?

And nobody saw the bride—how white and impassive as marble she moved about her room, and submitted to have the costly lace and satins fitted to her form, and the gleaming diamonds clasped about her fair neck and arms! She appeared like one in a dream, or whose spirit has left the body, to wander afar off in unknown regions; and once she said to her maid Grisé, who wondered at her young mistress's calmness, when she should have thought her heart would be breaking:

"I shall not live to be the count's wife. I feel that my life is ebbing away with each day that passes. It is good of God and His angels; and ere long Gustave will come, too, where we shall never be parted."

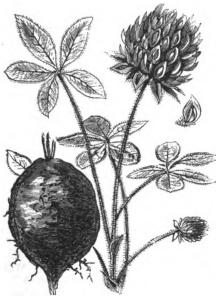
At set of sun, on the day fixed for the wedding, all Neuringen was astir to see the grand procession to the church; and an hour later an awful hush had fallen upon the town, and with looks of grief and horror people whispered to each other the news, at the doors of houses and corners of the streets.

The Fraulein Lena von Steinen, who was this day to have become the Countess von Altenburg, when her bridesmaids came to her room to escort her to where the groom awaited her, had been found by them kneeling in her bridal dress before the crucifix, dead—quite dead and cold! And the body was to be taken at ten o'clock, according to the old law of the town, to the Dead-Watch House in the cemetery—not shrouded, but dressed as it was, in white bridal robes and vail. Was ever before so sad a history known? And she so young and lovely! Doubtless it was the emotion of her too great happiness which had killed her; for the family physician had said something not very long ago about heart-disease, and the danger to her of too great emotion or excitement.

Grisé, in the midst of her own gricf at the loss of her young mistress, could yet think of Gustave, whom that mistress had so loved. She was warm-hearted and sympathetic, and being herself in love and betrothed, could feel a deep interest in all lovers, especially in the young student who had been so devoted to her mistress; and the day after Lena's death she stole forth for the purpose of seeing Gustave Sundmann, and of offering whatsoever consolation might be in her power.

"What will he say—what will he do?" thought Grisé in distress. "Doubtless he will go mad, poor young gentleman!"

But Sundmann did not go mad. Carefully of late cut off from all communication with Lena, he had known nothing of the projected marriage until it had come coupled with the report of the Fraulein von Steinen's sudden death.



THE POMME BLANCHE, OR WHITE APPLE. SUBSTITUTES FOR THE POTATO.

This he had heardlastnight, it being the public topic; and to-day Grisé found him in his room, white and still, and preternaturally calm—even as Lena herself had appeared in her despair.

"She said that you would soon follow her," sobbed Grisé. "That she was going away to another world, where you would be united, never more to part.

Ah! it was easy to see how she loved you, and it was her great love that killed her."

The student's eyes kindled.

"Did she say that of me?" he asked, earnestly.

"She said it, and she believed what she said. 'God is good,' said she. 'Gustave will come to me in that happier world where we can never more be parted.'"

Something like a smile passed over his pale face.

"Yes," he murmured, dreamily, "I will go to her. Thou shalt not in vain look for me, my beloved!"

It was midnight. Through the great cemetery of Neuringen the October wind moaned fitfully, scattering about the dead leaves and twigs; whilst at intervals a cold, drizzly rain dripped from the nearly leafless branches upon the graves and tombstones beneath. Only one dim light in the cemetery, from an iron lamp suspended above the gateway, showed where the "Dead-Watch House" was situated.

Father Uhlmann, the old doorkeeper, slumbered in his arm-chair before the stove in the vestibule. It was his turn to watch to-night; but it was seldom at this hour, and in such weather, that any one came; and the old man was weary, and had been easily lulled by the low-moaning wind without, and the "tick-tick" of the great clock in the corner of the room. Now and then he would partially rouse himself and glance up, more from habit than with any consciousness, at a row of small bells which hung on the wall just in front of him—each bell having a number plainly inscribed above it, and communicating, by means of wires, with the adjoining room.

Ah, that room! with its cold, still forms laid out upon marble slabs, in separate niches; some wrapped in the sleep that shall know no awakening, and others, perchance, to be aroused from that seeming death again into life. Who might tell?

Attached to the fingers of each corpse was a card, connecting with the wires of the bells in the next room; and above the head of each of the marble slabs was a number, corresponding with that of the bell belonging to it. A tremulous, scarce-perceptible motion of those pale fingers, and one of those "dead-bells" would breathe out upon the startled stillness a warning of the dead returning to life, and

a cry to the living for help and rescue from the grave. Alas! how many such maddening cries have come too late—down in the darkness and silence, where no eye can see, and no ear hear, the awful horror of that awakening!

Suddenly, Jean Uhlmann, who had begun to snore, started, and rose from his chair. Somebody was knocking at the outer door. Hastily trimming the dim lamp, the old man unlocked the door cautiously against the wind and the rain, and thus admitted the untimely visitor—a pale, handsome young man, clad in the well-known cap and loose coat of the berschen.

"I pray you, what is your business?" inquired Father Uhlmann.

"To see the dead now beneath this roof," was the reply, calmly spoken.

"Your permit?"

"I have none."

"Then, my son, I cannot give you entrance. It is against the law of the place."

"Father, you must grant my request. I could not obtain a permit from the friends of the person I would see, for they would not give it; but to you I say, let this be my passport, that I loved her, loved her—oh, my God!"

And the young man sank on the chair near him, and covered his face with his hands.

Jean Uhlmann looked on, kindly sympathy in his dimmed eyes, but puzzled doubt in his wrinkled face.

"I wish, my son, that I could do as you desire," he said, gently.

The student rose, and placed his hands on the shoulders of the keeper.

"Father, you are now old, but you were once young. Have you forgotten that time? Have you forgotten how you once loved? For sake of that love of your youth, I pray you let me look once upon the face of her I love before it is given to the grave!"

The old man stood a step back, and silently motioned to the door of the dead-room. The student, removing his cap, entered softly and reverently, yet eagerly—even as though it were a bridegroom entering the chamber of his bride. And there, indeed, lay she whom he sought, dressed in bridal robes, covered

from head to foot in a bridal veil, and lovelier, it seemed, in death than she had been even in life. The features were not changed—the pure pallor of her face was scarcely that of death; the long lashes but half-vailed the blue eyes; and the small hands were crossed on her breast, lying amid lilies, whose whiteness they rivalled.

Gustave Sundmann knelt down beside the bier, and, for the first time in his life, kissed the cold hands, and the brow and the lips, passionately, but reverently, as though kneeling at some holy shrine. He murmured low, tender



WHISTLE DRINKING-CUP. -- SKE PAGE 422.

words, and took the lovely head on his arm, gazing upon each lineament of the face, as though to impress it upon his soul forever.

"Yes, my darling, my own and only beloved! I will

come to you. Here, in your presence, will I die; and, while our bodies lie together in death, our souls shall meet and mingle, never, never more to be separated!"

Was it a fancy—an illusion of his own overwrought mind -that the long lashes quivered, and the white lids slowly uplifted themselves? But, no; for, the next instant, the eyes of the dead girl gazed into his own-at first, dreamily unconscious, but then with a slow intelligence awakening in their blue depths!

"Lena! Lena, my beloved! my darling! Oh, my God! can this be? Is she, indeed, living?"

"Gustane !"

The lips scarcely murmured the name, yet a faint tinge of returning life-hue flushed suddenly over brow, lip, and

cheek, telling of the emotion which, even on the verge of death, the sight of him could awaken.

The student took the girl's form in his arms, and held her close, closer to his heart, as fearful lest she should be still snatched from him. She had, with fully returning consciousness, glanced around, and comprehended the whole truth, and she now clung to him, with her arms about his neck and her cheek on his shoulder.

"Gustave! you will notwill not leave me? I have been, what appears, asleep-a dream; but I am awake now, my beloved; and to you, who have breathed life into me, I must belong."

A sharp, wild cry, full of agony and despair, broke from the lips of the student.

"Oh, my God! my God!" he cried, "must I lose you now-doubly lose you, both on earth and in heaven?"

"Lose me? Never! Have you not rather won me, who have rescued me from the grave?"

"Oh, Lena! my soul's beloved! you do not know! I could not live without you, whither I supposed you had gone, I-I-" His dry lips

at first refused to utter the words, but then, as a quick shudder convulsed his frame, and the girl's arms clasped more closely about his neck, he added: "I have taken poison!"

Jean Uhlmann, who had been summoned both by the sound of the dead-bell and of the voices, and who had stood an almost petrified spectator of this strange scene, now aroused himself.

"I will bring the doctor," he said, in tremulous eagerness and agitation. "Be still, both of you, for your lives, and we will save you!"

It took but a moment to summon the doctor, who was always at hand here. But when he came, breathless in his eagerness, a strange, strange spectacle was presented to his sight! There lay the lately living—dead! and there stood the seeming dead-alive! And better for her had it been if, from that death-like trance, she had never known awakening! In the high-walled convent, at the end of that Lindenstrasse of which we have spoken, the stranger sees, on certain occasions, a young and beautiful nun, whose face, in its pure pale repose and perfection of feature, more resembles a marble statue than a living woman who was the daughter of the rich Herr von Steinen, of whom is related the strange but true history which we have here given.

#### THE POMME BLANCHE, OR WHITE APPLE.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE POTATO.

A WRITER in the English Gardener's Magazine says: "Amongst a heap of letters I have been lately endeavoring to dispose of in a way to satisfy all parties—though I fear

some will be disappointedone has particularly attracted my attention. The writer asks, 'Is there any substitute for the potato?' It admits of a simple reply to this effect-No. But to dispose of it in that way, under the head of 'Replies,' would be scarcely fair; for very many of our readers must be disposed to put the same question, happily ignorant of its extreme simplicity as a naked question, and of its interesting fullness as a subject for an essay.

no substitute for the potato. other anti-scurvy root, and

"Now, I will not attempt an essay, but I propose to concoct a note that may be useful to very many of our readers. In the first place, then, it must be understood that, in my opinion, there is You may live without it, and you may find maize, rice, or even parsnips, substitutes to a certain extent. But as regards productiveness, nutritiousness, and hygienic properties, there is simply no substitute at all; or, in other words, there is no plant known that can exactly, or even nearly, take its place. Where potatoes are freely eaten scurvy is unknown, and the complexions. We have no

the cruciferous plants (cabbage, cauliflower, watercress, etc.)

come nearest in anti-scorbutic properties. "The most noted of the supposed substitutes for the potato are the following: Chinese yam, Dioscorea batatas. Of this we grew fine crops on ridges at Stoke Newington some fifteen years ago, but gave it up; for, somehow or other, it came to grief in the kitchen. Can any one amongst our twenty thousand friends give us a comprehensive and practical paper on the culture and cookery of the Chinese yam? The Jerusalem artichoke, Helianthus tuberosus, is certainly an important and a real delicacy, but there is room for a special essay upon it. Basella tuberosa may be worth attention in the south of Europe and the Canaries. It is a relation of the chenopods, which is in its favor as an article of food. Lathyrus tuberosus is promising in name only at present; can any one tell us if the roots are worth



and to join you in the world escapes of masers de latude.—"Latude Ran at full speed, calling people have, as a rule, clear SCAPES OF MASSES DE LATUDE.— LATUDE RAN AT FULL SPEED, CALLING OUT, 'STOP HIM! STOP HIM!' AND AS THE GUARDS RAN UP, HE POINTED AHEAD IN THE FOG, AND KEPT ON."—SEE PAGE 422.

cooking? Of Occilis there are several tuberous-rooted species, and there is scarcely any chance of their ever taking any high rank as articles of food. The sweet potato, Convolvulus between, is a thoroughly important plant in sub-tropical climates, but of no use here. And where it has its full importance it is no substitute for the potato, being more like solidified treacle than a savory sort of bread; for a first-rate potato is really like bread advanced to a higher state of perfection. The following are, in my opinion, of less importance than any of the foregoing, and they complete my list of possible substitutes for the potato: Ulluca tuberosa, Polymnia grandis, Apios tuberosa, and Caladium esculentum."

Now that the potato has become so uncertain a crop, subject to rot and also to the ravages of the Colorado potato-bug, the question of a substitute is important. There is a wild American plant, not noticed by the English periodical, which is deserving of attention; this is the *Psoralea esculenta*, or white apple.

Among the most esteemed of the wild vegetable products which serve as food to the many tribes of Indians in the Northwest, there is scarcely one more generally esteemed than the Pomme Blanche, or White Apple. Why or in what manner it became possessed of the popular name "apple" it is difficult to tell, for it certainly bears no more resemblance to that fruit than does our common potato. But this is by no means the only instance of popular misnomer among plants; the peanut, for instance, which is no more entitled to the name of "nut" than is a Lima bean. But we will pass this over, and look into the true character of this Indian root. Happily it has other and more sensible names, of which the Prairie turnip is one. This vegetable is a tuberous, potato-like root of a hairy, herbaceous plant botanically known as the Psoralea esculenta. It grows in profusion throughout Wisconsin, Missouri, and many other parts of the Northwest, and is cultivated with good success in Missouri. This tuber, known also as the American Bread-root, forms an extensive article of food, not only with the Indians of the Northwest, but with all the white population, and is much esteemed. It is one mass of starch. It is cooked and prepared in a similar manner to the potato, although not considered as nutritious or palatable. The plant is about a foot in height, clover-like in appearance, and is covered with a soft pubescence. The leaves are composed of fine leaflets disposed in a palmate manner, and the flowers, massed in a roundish head, are of a beautiful pale blue color.

We have not heard of any attempt to cultivate the Prairie apple in the Eastern States, but there is no reason to suppose that its cultivation would be attended with any serious difficulty other than that of framing and protecting the young plants. In good soil a healthy plant will yield the tubers in abundance.

#### WHISTLE DRINKING-CUP.

The drinking customs of various nations would form a curious chapter in ethnology. The Teutonic races have, however, the most claim to be considered "potent in potting." The Saxons were great drinkers; and took with them to their graves their ornamental ale-buckets and drinking-glasses; the latter made without foot or stand, so that they must be filled and emptied by the drinker before they could be set down again on the festive board. Mighty topers they were, and history records some of their drinking bouts. Notwithstanding the assertion of Iago, that "your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, are nothing to your English" in powers of drinking, it may be doubted if the Germans have ever been outdone. Certainly no persons have bestowed more thought on quaint inventions for held-

ing their liquors, or enforcing large consumption, than they have. The silversmiths of Augsburg and Nuremberg, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, devoted a large amount of invention to the production of drinking-cups, taking the form of men, animals, birds, etc., of the most grotesque design. Our engraving represents one surmounted by a windmill. It will be perceived that the cup must be held in the hand to be filled, and retained there till it be emptied, as then only it can be set upon the table. The drinker, having swallowed the contents, blew up the pipe at the side, which gave a shrill whistle, and set the sails of the windmill in motion also. The power of the blow, and the length of the gyration, were indicated in a small dial upon the front of the mill, and also in some degree testified to the state of the consumer. Among the songs of Burns is one upon a whistle, used by a Dane of the retinue of Anne of Denmark, which was laid upon the table at the commencement of the orgie, and worn by whoever was last able to blow it. The Dane conquered all comers, until Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwelton, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table.

#### ESCAPES OF MASERS DE LATUDE.

THE most interesting and exciting story of captivity in the Bastille is that of Latude, son of the marquis of that name, who, at twenty-four years of age, in 1749, was, for offending King Louis XV.'s worthless mistress, Pompadour, arrested and confined in the Castle of Vincennes. After he had been there eight months he began to think of escape. Strange to say, he succeeded in passing the sentries unobserved, and getting safe out of prison. He took up his quarters in Paris, and had the incredible folly to write to the king, telling him of his escape, and begging his forgiveness. The next day he was again in the Bastille. They promised him his freedom, if he would confess how he managed his flight, that such, in future, might be made impossible to other prisoners. Latude consented, and was at once placed in stricter confinement than ever. He was in despair, for he wrote in a book insulting verses against the king's favorite, Madame de Pompadour, who had originally caused his arrest

The book was brought to the authorities, and, five days later, Latude was locked up in one of the worst cells of the roof. The governor was a kind-hearted man, and granted him a companion, who, six months after, died raving mad. A new companion was stronger and more courageous; to him Latude communicated his plan of escape, which was to get up the chimney on to the roof, and from thence, by means of a ladder on the tower of the "Trésor," to descend into the trench.

Latude had discovered an empty space between the floor of their cell and the ceiling of the chamber beneath them. Here they hid their tools, made out of any pieces of iron they could get from their furniture or utensils; it took them six months to break away the bars from the chimney; they moistened the mortar by sprinkling water on it, and they labored at this till their knuckles and elbows often bled; when they were exhausted they worked at their ladders and ropes; the steps of the former were made of the fagots which they had for firing. The two ladders were, together. fifty feet in length. Besides these, the prisoners fortunately had in their possession a bundle of ropes 360 feet long, the materials of which were thirteen dozen shirts, two dozen pair of silk stockings, eighteen pair of drawers, three dozen napkins, a great many light caps and pocket-handkerchiefs. For letting down the ladders they had a quantity of thinner lines; in all, a length of 1,400 feet. Both worked for eighteen months.

We can scarcely imagine the fears and hopes of the prisoners, when, on the night of the 25th of February, 1756, they began their dangerous undertaking. Latude went first up the chimney, and reached the roof in safety. He then let down a string to Alègre, his companion, who tied the ladders and ropes, and Latude drew them up. Alègre soon came up too. They crept on to the platform. The night was pitch-dark and it rained in torrents. Latude fastened the rope-ladders to the end of a cannon, then tied the rope round his waist, and, swinging down in the dark night, began slowly to descend toward the abyss below.

"I was almost fainting," he says, "and feared to be dashed against the wall, so strong was the wind."

At last he reached the ditch, and Alègre soon after joined him. They plainly heard the pacing of the sentinel in the gallery, but went noiselessly onward up to their necks in the water of the trench. Just then the sentries made their rounds, and the light from their lanterns fell upon the water in the trench; the fugitives had to dip down, and keep their heads under water for the moment. To get out of the Bastille they now had to break a hole through the outer wall. They succeeded in nine hours. At five A. M. they were in the Charenton road. "We fell into each other's arms and wept," says Latude. Both reached Brussels in safety. Their escape excited immense sensation. Pompadour was furious.

Latude was again arrested at Amsterdam by order of the French Government, and taken to the Bastille. For forty months he sat in a dungeon. Light and air he received only through two little holes. He had become a pitiable object. Rotten straw was his couch; his food would not have been thrown to swine. But he did not die. His lips were split, his teeth had fallen out. At last, because the water rose in his cell, he was transferred to another. Here, with fish-bones for his pens and blood for his ink, he wrote a treatise for the king on an improved postal arrangement, and a new way of infantry attack. These were adopted by the Government with advantage, but Latude still remained in prison. Madame de Pompadour was called to her account in 1764, but Latude was not released. He was removed at last from the Bastille to Vincennes. Hence he escaped for the third time. He thus relates it:

"On the 25th of November, 1765, I was walking at four in the afternoon, the sky being perfectly clear. Suddenly a dense fog arose; the idea of escape flashed across my mind; but how to escape my guards, to say nothing of the sentinels who stopped the way? I had a sergeant on each side of me. I would not fight them nor elude them, as their orders were not to leave me an instant. So I turned to one of them, and said: 'How do you like this weather?' 'It is horrid, sir.' I at once replied carelessly, 'I find it capital to escape in; and, striking each one aside with my elbows, ran at full speed, calling out, 'Stop him! stop him!" and as the guards ran up he pointed ahead in the fog, and kept on. The last sentry, however, knew him, and prepared to run him through: "Your orders are to arrest me, not kill me," said Latude, walking up as if to surrender, but suddenly springing on him, and hurling him in one direction and his musket in another. He was at last free. He easily concealed himself in the park, and keeping away from the main road, cleared the wall, and at night entered Paris.

Two ladies gave him shelter; but the shrewdness displayed in escaping seemed to desert him when he got out.

Can we believe that from his hiding-place Latude wrote to the minister, Choiseul, and that he was again cast into prison? This time into such a dungeon, that in it Latude longed for the cells of the Bastille. There Latude won the compassion of a jailer, who took charge of a letter in which the unhappy man begged for mercy. This letter, fortu-

nately for Latude, was lost. A woman, named Legros, found it. She was only a washerwoman, but she had the courage and endurance of a heroine. She took it whither it was addressed; she did all she could for her unknown prisoner. For three years the little woman worked on; she won over great men to the cause which she had at heart, and on 22d March, 1784, Latude was set at liberty. He had passed thirty-five years in prison, and a poor washerwoman obtained his release. Latude died in 1805. The Republic gave him an indemnity of 60,000 francs.

#### MAZARIN.

By the Author of "Mirabeau," etc.



HERE are not two biographers that agree as to the parentage of Cardinal Mazarin: a Jew, a fisherman, a banker, a Sicilian gentleman, have in turns been accredited with his progenitorship. It is generally understood, however, that his father was an artisan of Sicily, who, coming to Rome to seek his fortune, attracted the notice of the Constable Colonna. This nobleman appointed him to be his steward, and held him in such high favor that he gave him his niece and goddaughter Ortensia Bufalini in marriage.

Giulio Mazarini—such is the correct form of his name, and the one in which he always wrote it until his naturalization in France — was born in the year 1602, while his mother was journeying in the Abruzzi. He was educated in the Roman College. which was under the control of the Jesuits, and rendered himself so remarkable by his talents that, when he was only sixteen, Grassi, the astronomer of the college, selected him to sustain public theses, in the presence of the cardinals and the most eminent literati, upon the great comet which appeared in that year; and he acquitted himself with an eloquence and strength of argument which won universal applause. The sons of Colonna were the companions of his studies and his intimate associates. Strikingly handsome, gifted with a marvelous power of insinuation, and a natural aptitude for intrigue, received on terms of equality in the palace of his patron, he acquired at the same time the distinguished manners and the vices of the great. While yet a youth, he was a confirmed gambler; Fortune-some say finesse-usually favored him, and filled his pockets with gold; but sometimes a reverse turn of the wheel left him without a sou: "The free-handed has Heaven for his treasurer," was a favorite saying of

The young Colonnas being sent to Spain to complete their education, his parents, hoping to divert him from such evil courses and evil associates, solicited that he might accompany them; which he did, ostensibly in the capacity of a valet de chambre, but in reality as a companion; no menial offices were ever performed by him, he had separate apartments, and studied in the same college. In all learning and accomplishments he made rapid progress, and won the heart of every person with whom he associated. Upon his return to Rome he took the degree of Doctor of Laws.

But, in 1624, we find him a captain in the Pontifical army stationed in the Valtelline, and employed in several political negotiations, his skill and address in the conduct of which won him the favor of Pope Urban.

"He was," says his biographer, Benedetti, "a veritable Proteus, speaking Spanish with the Spaniards, French with the French, and agreeable to all by his politeness and

engaging manners; he seemed gifted with ubiquity; he was everywhere, according to the need of the service, at Turin, Venice, Milan, in the Valtelline."

But always observant, always studying the situation, always, as it were, instinctively divining the proper course; under the patronage of the powerful Cardinal Barberini, he played an important part in Italian politics.

In 1629 he was attached to the legation sent by Rome to mediate between France and Spain. The conference took

place at Lyons, and it was here that he came to the turning-point of his career, his introduction to Cardinal Richelieu. "I have just been speaking to the greatest statesman I have ever seen!" Such was the great minister's emphatic declaration after his first interview with Giulio Mazarin. These words were probably a sincere tribute to an intellect whose subtle power he could peculiarly appreciate; but at the same time they expressed the satisfaction of the speaker in having found a valuable instrument for future use. There seems to have been an immediate rapprochement between these two men, who had something in common. Mazarin saw in Richelieu a patron, who, above all others, could advance his fortunes, and, by skillful flattery, to which no man was ever more susceptible than the cardinal, at once won his favor; while Richelieu discov-

COURT SCENE IN THE DAYS OF MAZARIN.

ered in the young diplomatist a clever, unscrupulous adventurer, whose services might prove of incalculable value to him.

From that time Mazarin's French sympathies were gradually manifested. The treaty between France and Savoy (1630), which detached the latter from Spain, was the first result of these proclivities; after this he cajoled the Spaniards into restoring Pignerol on conditions, not fulfilled, of corresponding value on the other side. Upon his return to Rome he was accused of having betrayed the cause of Spain; but Cardinal Barberini defended him from all attacks, and Richelieu wrote the Pontiff a letter teeming with his praises, and soliciting that he should be appointed Nuncio to the Court of France. This recommendation was not complied with until 1634, although he was named Vice-Legate of Avignon two years previously. His mission was to demand the reinstallment of the Duc de Lorraine in his possessions. Orléans had, without the king's consent, secretly married his sister; for which an army was sent against him, and

Nancy seized. Soon after Mazarin's arrival in Paris he was attacked by a severe illness; Richelieu overwhelmed him with benefits and attentions, installed him in his own château at Ruel, solicited for him a cardinal's hat, and sent him as his own representative to the baptism of the dauphin. The hat was refused. and Spain, which could not be blind to this diplomatic comedy, was so loud in her complaints that the Pope determined upon his recall.

Although his family now held very distinguished positions in Rome he himself had been created Monsignore—his mother being dead, his father had remarried into the noble house of Ursins, and his sisters had formed alliances almost equally distinguished - he resolved to renounce the service of the Papal Court, return to France, and place himself at the disposal of Riche-

lieu. It was doubtless a prearranged affair; at all events, he was quite certain of being received with open arms; and it so happened that the cardinal's alter ego, Père Joseph, died about this time, thus leaving the field entirely clear for the new favorite. In 1639 he was naturalized a French citizen, "on account of the praiseworthy and important services he had rendered in divers negotiations." From that time he was employed in various diplomatic affairs, and in 1642 was created cardinal, the hat being placed upon his head by the king's own hands.





ANNE OF AUSTRIA AND CARDINAL MAZARIN.

In the last month of that year died the great Richelieu. On his death-bed he strongly commended his protégé to the king; his commendation was not neglected—a circumstance as much owing to Mazarin having already secured the royal favor as to respect for the dead servant's request—he was at once admitted to the council; and, as a further honor, was selected to stand godfather to the dauphin, whose christening took place about this period.

The sinking state of Louis's health, and the extreme youth of his su-cessor, turned all men's thoughts toward the inevitable regency, which lay between the queen and the Duc d'Orléans; the respective claims of the two candidates divided the court into opposing parties. Although the ser-

vant of Richelieu, Mazarin had never taken part either against Anne of Austria or any of her favorites, and too wise to lean upon the arch-traitor Gaston, he now turned toward her, and used every means to win her confidence. This he compassed through her most trusted counsellor, the Bishop of Beauvais, an imbecile old man, whom it cost him little pains to overreach. About the expiring monarch gathered the two cabals, with fluctuating hopes. Louis had never truly pardoned the queen her supposed share in Chalais's conspiracy—never fully exonerated her from the dishonoring suspicions of the Buckingham affair; yet, whatever might have been his prejudices, he could scarcely have decided in favor of his infamous brother; and besides which

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since the birth of her two sons, Anne had become highly popular. So at length, after long hesitation, he finally determined to appoint her regent after his death; but the opposite faction obtained for Orléans the presidency of the council, with the Prince de Condé for deputy; upon which Mazarin prevailed upon the king to appoint him second deputy. These restrictions upon her absolute authority were viewed by the Parlement, which was wholly devoted to her, with great disfavor, and from the moment that the decree was recorded upon its registers, it busied itself with the consideration of how it could be formally annulled. For some time the king fluctuated between life and death one day he was seemingly in extremis, the next he was playing the guitar, and apparently recovering. of his approaching end brought the exiles flocking into Paris; news of the favorable change drove them out again faster than they came. At length, on the 14th of May, 1643, the long-expected, hoped-for event came to pass. Under the protection of the Duc de Beaufort, the young king and his mother started immediately from Suint-Germain, and proceeded to Paris, where they were received with the utmost enthusiasm. So overawed was the poltroon Orléans by these demonstrations, and by the attitude of the Parlement, that he voluntarily resigned all power into her hands. Mazarin, finding himself in the background, resorted to a ruse; he begged permission of the queen to return to Italy, but mingled his request with the strongest protestations of devotion to her person. Greatly concerned, and taking his request in a literal sense, the queen laid the matter before the Count de Brienne, who, having a better understanding of the cardinal's motives, replied that if she offered to restore to his Eminence what he had lost by the annulling of the late king's will—namely, the deputypresidentship of the council, there was no doubt that he would gladly remain in her service. She followed this counsel with the result foretold.

From that day Mazarin's star rose rapidly: he was appointed superintendent of the king's education, and began to gain that absolute ascendancy over the mind of Anne of Austria which terminated only with his life.

"His wit and gentleness," says Madame de Motteville, "pleased her from the first conversations she had with him, and frequently, speaking to those in whom she confided, she had testified that she was not displeased to see him in order that he might instruct her upon foreign affairs, of which he had a complete knowledge, and in which the late king employed him." After he had obtained an authority, "when those who were believed to possess it entirely did not imagine that he dared even to think of, he became in a little time master of the council, and the Bishop of Beauvais ciminished in power as his competitor augmented; this new minister from that time used to come to the queen in the evenings and have great conferences with her."

Mazarin was now in the prime of life, strikingly handsome in person, graceful in demeanor, insinuating in manners, and court and city were soon rife with scandals upon this close intimacy.

Were we to implicitly accept the testimonies of Madame de Motteville and La Porte, we should content ourselves by ascribing every doubtful passage of the queen's life to that excess of gallantry, which still stopped short of crime, that distinguished the Spanish manners of the period. But, valuable and authentic as are the memoirs bequenthed to us by those faithful servants, we must regard them, where their mistress is concerned, as partisan; they were both her devoted friends, and would certainly, even if they had ladd proofs of her guilt, which is by no means probable, have declined blackening to posterity the name of one whom they regarded as the most amiable and injured of women. Yet, notwithstanding, they have recorded many suspicious

facts, and much indirect evidence, against her. Whether she merited the cruel doubts and persecutions with which the king her husband harassed her throughout his life, is a problem that it is not the object of this paper to solve. If we are to believe a certain passage in De Retz's "Memoirs," suppressed in the first editions, her guilt with Buckingham is beyond dispute. But if she were guilty, few could ever plead more excuses. Young, beautiful, reared in the most gallant and romantic court of Europe; married to a man whom, if half the scandals of the time be true, she could not but loathe as well as despise, and who from the first treated her with profound indifference; licentiousness all around her; tyrannized over by an imperious mother-inlaw; her every action spied upon by the malignant eyes of Richelieu or his creatures, and subjected at times to indignities that would have debased the meanest scullion of her palace—strong, indeed, must have been the rectitude or pride of her nature did it pass immaculate through such circumstances and temptations. But these things belong to a period anterior to the events with which this article is concerned—it is simply the question of her relations with Mazarin that I propose to examine, and I will begin with an extract from De Brienne's "Memoirs," in reading which it must be borne in mind that he was a believer in the queen's innocence. His mother, in a private interview, has informed her of the scandalous rumors which are rife in Paris:

"When she had finished, the queen, her eyes suffused with tears, replied to her: 'Why, my dear, hast thou not told me this sooner? I confess to thee I love him, and, I may say, tenderly. But the affection I bear him does not go so far as love, or if it does it is without my knowing it, my senses have no part in it; my mind alone is charmed by the beauty of his. Would that be criminal? If there is even in this love the shadow of a sin, I renounce it now before God and before the saints whose relics are in that oratory. I will speak to him henceforth, I assure thee, only of affairs of State, and I will break off the conversation when he speaks to me of anything else.' My mother, who was on her knees, took her hand and kissed it, and placed it near a reliquary which she had just taken from the altar. 'Swear to me, madame,' said she, 'I beseech you, swear to me upon these holy relics, to keep forever that which you have just promised God.' 'I swear it,' said the queen, placing her hand upon the reliquary, 'and I pray God to punish me if I am conscious of the least evil."

"This is very strong," says Victor Cousin, in commenting upon this passage, "and would altogether persuade us if we did not remember that in 1637, leaving the communiontable, Anne swore upon the holy Eucharist, which she had just received, and upon the salvation of her soul, that she had not once written to Spain, while later she made confessions quite contrary to her first oaths." Here, at all events, we have a distinct confession of her love, and an admission that Mazarin did not always confine the conversation to State affairs. It was impossible for so acute an intellect as his to be ignorant of her disposition toward him, and it is almost equally impossible that so unscrupulous an adventurer, and one notorious for gallantry, should not have availed himself of her weakness to enhance his influence. Those who believe in the possibility of platonic affection under such circumstances are beyond the reach of argument.

The deaths of Cardinal Richelieu and Louis XIII. had opened the prisons and frontiers of France to all the great cardinal's enemies and to all the queen's old adherents, who now swarmed upon the court like locusts, greedy to devour all favor. Chief among these was the Duc de Beaufort, son of the Duc de Vendôme, and grandson of Henry IV., le roi des halles, as he was called, from his great popularity among the market-women, whose manners and

language he was pleased to imitate; the Duchesse de Chevreuse, the remarried widow of Albert de Luynes, the most intriguing and licentious woman of her age; Madame de Hauteville, whom Richelieu had banished because his royal master had looked upon her with eyes of favor; these, and many others, who called themselves the queen's party. formed a cabal, which was nicknamed the Importants. Upon their arrival at court they had believed that hatred of her old enemy the cardinal and the memory of old friendships would give them the first place in the regent's confidence and counsels. At first there seemed every probability that their expectations would be realized; they were received with open arms, and Mazarin, who, unlike his predecessor, always temporized with an enemy, while secretly undermining their influence, openly courted their friendship. To Madame de Chevreuse he was most profuse in his offers of service; but she, over confident in her power, treated his advances with mockery and contempt, and resolved upon his destruction. One of the means adopted for this end was to repeat to the queen the sayings of every scandalous tongue in Paris, hoping thereby to force her pride to his dismissal. This course produced the very opposite effect to what had been intended: it only strengthened the ties which united Anne and her minister, and as their insolence increased so did her friendship for them cool. The arrogance of Beaufort exceeded all bounds, he abused and threatened the cardinal and grossly insulted the queen, and to bring affairs to a crisis, the cabal formed a plot for the minister's assassination. The conspiracy was detected, and on the 2d of September, 1643, Beaufort was arrested, and Madame de Chevreuse, and the other leaders of the Importants, banished from the court and capital.

"It is in the last days of the month of August," says Cousin, "that we must place the certain date of the declared ascendancy, public and without rivals, of Mazarin over Anne of Austria. . . . Those attacks to which the minister had just been exposed precipitated the victory of the happy cardinal, and the day after the last nocturnal ambuscade, in which he was to have perished, Mazarin was the absolute master of the heart of the queen, and more powerful than Richelieu had been after the Day of Dupes.

"On the 19th of November she represented in council that in consequence of the indisposition of M. le Cardinal Mazarin, and of his being obliged, with great pain, to pass daily across the garden of the Palais Royal, and seeing that at all hours he had new affairs to communicate to her, she found it necessary to give him accommodation in the Palais Royal in order that she might conveniently converse with him upon affairs." The Princess Palatine, many years afterward, used to point out the secret passage by which Mazarin gained access to the queen's chamber.

From that time he was only an occasional visitor to his

own magnificent residence, "The National Library," to again quote Victor Cousin, "contains enclosed in a chest, called the chest of St. Esprit, numbered upon the back 117,826, divers papers relative to Mazarin, among which are some letters under this title: - Tettres originales de la propre main de la Reyne Anne, mère du Roy Louis XIV., au Cardinal Mazarin.' The authenticity of these letters cannot be for a moment contested; we undoubtedly recognize in them the hand of Anne of Austria, her bad writing and bad orthography. There are eleven letters, all autograph. It seems that formerly there must have been more, from the great space of time over which these letters extend, from 1653 to 1658, and we know that during those five years the queen and the minister were several times separated, and would have much to write about. The first of these letters is at the end of 1652 or the commencement of the year 1653, when Makarin with Louis XIV. was with the army, and Anne of Austria remained in

the centre of the Government, at Paris, Fontainebleau, or Compiègne. The intimate connection, commenced in the middle of the year 1643, had already existed ten years at the commencement of this correspondence; it had then lost its early vivacity. On the other hand, Mazarin was all but victorious over all his enemies both within and without; his dangers, which had animated and sustained the queen, were dissipated. She was also obliged to express herself with a certain circumspection, her couriers running the risk of being intercepted. In fine, according to the fashion of the age, she employed a jargon only intelligible to Mazarin and herself, and of which the key has not been found, so that all which related to private affairs escapes us entirely, as there are also lines which cannot be read. Notwithstanding, however, the time, which would have deadened them, notwithstanding the circumstances which restrain expression. notwithstanding the mysterious cyphers in which they are vailed, the sentiments of Anne of Austria yet appear impressed with a profound tenderness. She sighs for Mazarin's return, and impatiently endures his absence. There are words which betray the trouble of her mind and almost of her senses. It seems, too, almost impossible to misunderstand the language of an affection very different to simple friendship and an attachment purely political."

I have not space to present extracts from these eleven letters, which the reader may consult himself in the appendix, pp. 471-482, of Victor Codsin's 'Madame de Hautefort'; but will give instead a letter that speaks volumes, and which M. Valckenaer has subjoined to his 'Mémoires sur Madame de Sévigné,' the original of which he asserts to be in the Bibliothéque Nationale:

"SAINTES, June, 1660.

"Your letter has given me great joy. I do not know if I shall be happy enough to make you believe it, and if I could believe that one of my letters would have pleased you as much I would have written it with a good heart, and it is true that to see the transports with which they were received and read brought strongly to mind another time of which I am almost always thinking. Although you may believe or doubt, I assure you that all my life shall be employed to testify to you that there never was a friendship more true than mine, and, if you do not believe it, I hope in justice that you will some day repent of having doubted it; and if I could as easily make you see my heart as what I write upon this paper, I am assured you would be content, or you would be the most ungrateful man in the world, and that I do not believe."

The licentious press of the Fronde period teemed with scandals against the queen and her favorite; several paniphlets more than hint that there had been a marriage between them, and one or two even go so far as to name the priest who performed the ceremony. Michelet favors this supposition; nor does it appear at all improbable that Anne of Austria, who was much of a devotee, should have resorted to such a means of quieting her conscience, more especially as, according to all the memoirs of the period, she had more than once been taken to task by the religious sisterhoods whom she was constantly in the habit of visiting. It will be objected that Mazarin, being a churchman, could not marry, but it is extremely doubtful whether he was ever ordained a priest-at least, he never officiated as one.

Whatever might have been the relations which subsisted between queen and minister, it is certain that his control over her, the young king, and the government of the nation, was, throughout his life, absolute. While he lived in the pomp and luxury of an Eastern potentate, Louis was kept in a state of absolute penury; he was suffered to grow out of his clothes, even the sheets upon his bed were in rags, and his carriages were moldering with age. The civil wars which desolated the capital and many of the provinces for years were wholly directed against Mazarin, and these, together with all the odium which throughout that time the nation cast upon her, might have been suppressed by

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dismissing him from her councils. Of his brutal rudeness toward her during the latter years of his life, and even upon his death-bed, where a scene was enacted which can bear but one explanation, all contemporaries bear witness, and, to conclude with a most significant fact, although previously notorious as a man of intrigue, from the commencement of his close relations with Anne of Austria, not even the most scandalous pamphlet ever accused him of an amour.

With the overthrow of the Importants commenced that period which is known in French history as "the fair days of the regency." Never, even during the reign of Richelieu, had France held so dominant a position in Europe. At Rocroi the young Condé had crushed the power of Spain, and, together with Turenne, marched from victory to victory, until the culmination at Lens and the peace of Münster. But while the war raged without, all within was peace and tranquility, taxes were repealed, largesses bestowed with a liberal hand, and the popularity of the regent attained such a height that a courtier one day remarked that the whole French language was reduced to five words -"The queen is so

good!"
In the days of his advancement Mazarin had sought by clemency and a humility of demeanor to

win popular approbation, and the

change from the stern and pompous Richelieu was so striking that the very contrast secured his success. But from the fall of the *Importants* and the consolidation of his power all this was altered. He sent for his nephews and nieces from Rome and placed them in high positions about the court; he raised a guard for the protection of his person, and began to assume a style of regal splendor; he reduced the Council of State to two persons besides himself—the Prince de Condé, father of the great general, and the Duc d'Orléans—and between these he craftily sowed the seeds of dissension by opposing their

interests; by the aid of cajolery, large promises, and small fulfilments, and a fostering of selfish jealousies, he contrived, for a time, to preserve perfect tranquility and hold the balance between all parties. De Retz gives an admirable description of this state of things in the following paragraph:

"Monsieur (Orléans) thought himself above taking warning; the Prince de Condé, attached to the court by his

avarice, was willing to believe so likewise; the Duc d'Enghien was just at the age to fall asleep under the shadow of his laurels; the Duc de Longueville opened his eyes, but it was only to shut them again: the Duc de Vendôme considered himself too happy only to have been exiled; the Duc de Nemours was but a child; the Duc de Guise, newly come back from Brussels, was ruled by Madame de Pons, and believed that he ruled all the court; the Duc de Bouillon fancied every day that they would give him back Sedan: Turenne was more than satisfied to command the army in Germany; the Duc d'Epernon was enchanted to have got into his post and his government; Schomberg had been all his life inseparable from everything that was well with the court : Grammont was its slave. and Messrs. de Retz, Vitri, and Bassompierre be-



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT—" LE BOI DES HALLES."

lieved thems wes to be absolutely in favor, because they were no longer either prisoners or exiles. The Parlement, delivered from the Cardinal de Richelieu, who had kept it at a very low ebb, imagined that the age of gold must be that of a minister who told them every day that the queen would be guided only by their counsels."

But this contemptible and temporizing policy could not succeed forever. Posts promised to doubtful friends were treacherously bestowed to mollify certain enemies; no favor was granted without some pecuniary equivalent being wrung from the recipient; every man's pride was



MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ.

outraged by the sense of being befooled, and sullen murmurs swelled into howls of execration from every class of the community. There was no lion's hide beneath the fox's skin. Mazarin was a coward; when cunning failed him, he was lost and had to yield; he never dared to boldly dare his foes, and, conscious of his impotence, foes soon began to swarm around him in ever-increasing numbers.

During "the fair days" Anne had emptied the treasury

in bestowing largesses upon her friends; the effects of an empty exchequer soon began to be felt: magistrates, governors of towns and fortresses, officers, and even soldier were unpaid, and but for loans from the commanders of the army it would have been impossible to have sustained the war then raging. The finances were under the superintendence of Emery, a name which even his contemporaries have sent down to posterity loaded with executions. Bussy Rabutin

describes him as "harsh, proud, clever, intelligent in matters of business, ingenious in the creation of new subsidies to provide for the expenses of the war; he exercised a rigorous inquisition upon property of all kinds, and was never tired of trampling upon the subjects of the king."

He had a difficult task to perform, and he performed it iniquitously: he created new offices of the most extraordinary character, such as the Comptroller of Fagots, the Criers of Wine of the King's Counsellors, and sold them to the highest bidders; he plundered the public funds, and granted the most infamous monopolies of public food. In 1548 there had been passed a law for limiting the growth of the capital within certain bounds, and this toisé, as it was called, he now revived, exacting from those who had built beyond the prescribed limits a heavy fine to redeem their property from demolition; the people rose in riot against the surveyors, who could earry out their orders only under the protection of a body of troops. This oppression was succeeded by another still worse—a new and exorbitant tariff upon all articles of food brought into Paris. The outcry of the people aroused the spirit of the Parlement, which had been crushed by Richelieu and cajoled by Mazarin, and it refused to verify the edict without certain modifications. Too timid to force an open rupture, Mazarin withdrew the tariff, but through his agent Emery revived a number of ancient imposts, which, although obsolete, having been sanctioned by former Parlements, could not be rejected. Six new edicts, however, which the king placed before Parlement at the opening of the year 1648, were so violently opposed that Mazarin, in an access of cowardly fear, yielded everything.

Perceiving its own power and the weakness of the minister, the legislative assembly from that time took the upper hand, disputing even the just and reasonable demands of the Government; the provincial Parlements followed the example of the metropolitan; De Retz was stirring the people to revolt, and, to culminate the confusion, the leader of the Importants, De Beaufort, was suffered to make his escape from Vincennes. Ere the disturbances assumed dangerous proportions, Mazarin, the queen, together with the young king, contrived to get out of Paris and take shelter at St. Germaîn.

Briefly noticing the Fronde period, it may be said that throughout that memorable struggle Mazarin was a passive rather than an active person, a quintain at which all parties tilted; De Retz was the real hero of the civil war, and after him Condé and Beaufort, Madame de Chevreuse and Madame de Longueville, played the principal parts. A full description of the innumerable and tortrous intrigues of this extraordinary revolt would fill a whole number of the magazine, would prove exceedingly dull to the general reader, and would throw very little additional light upon Mazarin's character; his policy throughout was but a repetition of that which had gone before—it was false, temporizing, and cowardly. Three times was he obliged to quit Paris, and twice the kingdom, to save his life; once the Parlement declared him guilty of high treason, placed him beyond the pale of the law, and commanded all persons to put him to death wherever he might be found, offering one hundred and fifty thousand livres for his capture alive or dead. And yet, notwithstanding, upon his return from his third and last exile, on the 29th of March, 1653, he was received with every mark of enthusiastic affection; the great nobles, many of whom had been his most virulent enemies, cast themselves at his feet, and jostled each other for the distinction of being first to crouch there; a grand festival was given in his honor at the Hôtel de Ville, and the mul-

air with acclamations whenever he appeared at the windows. Such is the value of popular hate—and popular favor.

titude gathered about the building in crowds, and rent the

De Retz was in prison, Condé and Beaufort were in exile, the party of the Fronde was shattered, the populace were weary of civil strife, and Mazarin still remained master of queen and king. There is something marvelous in the tenacity with which through years of discord, hatred, rebellion, and exile, this man clung to power; France could nomore shake him off than could Sinbad the Old Man of the Sea. "I and Time," was a favorite expression of his, and the two certainly wrought wonders for him. He lived down all hate and all enemies, and that with little or no assistance from the headman's ax, and passed the latter years of life in tranquility, absolute authority, and a general This it is toleration almost amounting to popularity. which has given to posterity an exaggerated estimate of his talents.

His rule from first to last was a vicious and unhappy one for France, the success which attended her arms was due to her great commanders, Condé and Turenne, and these were her only off-sets against the oppression, exaction, and the wretched condition of her people which marked the whole period of his administration. Nothing could be more deplorable than the management of the finances. What it was under Emery has been already referred to; Fouquet appropriated and squandered the national money with a magnificent generosity that half-blinds us to his faults; it was reserved for the great Colbert to redeem the crimes and errors of his predecessors. While commerce was almost extinct, the people famishing, and justice dead, Mazarin had but one thought—the aggrandizement of his power and the increase of his enormous wealth.

"Sire," said Fouquet to the king, "the exchequer is empty; but his Eminence the Cardinal will lend you what you want."

The magnificence of his state far surpassed that of royalty itself. When he left Paris for Spain to arrange the Treaty of the Pyrenees and the King's marriage, he took in his train sixty churchmen and nobles of the first rank, accompanied by their retinues; his household attendants were 300 in number, besides a guard of 300 foot and 100 horse; his baggage was conveyed in eight wagons, each drawn by six horses; in addition to these were twenty-four nules, and a great number of led horses. His re-entrance into the capital with Louis and his bride is thus described in one of Madame Scarron's letters:

"The household of Cardinal Mazarin was not the ugliest. It began with seventy-two baggage-mules, of which the first twenty-four had housings, simple enough; the others had more beautiful, finer, and more brilliant housings than the finest tapestries you have ever seen. The last were of red velvet with gold and silver embroidery, and silver bits and bells, all of such magnificence as caused great exclamations. Then passed twenty-four pages, and all the gentlemen and officers of his household; after that, twelve carriages with six horses each, and his guards. In short, his household was more than an hour in passing."

Although usually grasping and avaricious, Mazarin could be magnificent at times. It is related that at one of his great feles he led his guests through a suite of apartments, in which they were shown furniture, mirrors, cabinets, candelabras, plate, jewels, and other costly articles worth five hundred thousand francs, and that, when they had done admiring these riches, he informed them that he intended to put them all into a lottery for which each person should be presented with a ticket.

The means by which he had accumulated his riches were various, and mostly base: sales of offices, fines, peculations, gambling, plunder of all kinds. Gambling was the all-pervading vice of the age, and the especial favorite of the minister, who, probably, to draw men's minds from State affairs, carefully fostered and encouraged it at court. The king was

early initiated into the custom, and staked and lost the little money he was allowed most royally in the cardinal's or Madame de Soisson's salons. Every mansion was a gaminghouse, where scores of thousands of francs were lost and won every few minutes. From the court the passion descended to the city, and spread universal corruption.

Nevertheless, Mazarin did much to soften and polish the manners of the nobility, rendered rude and savage by generations of civil war. He introduced a taste for music, and brought singers and operas from Italy. Until his time the royal orchestra was limited to violins; he brought into use various other instruments till then unknown in France. Dancing was also greatly cultivated, and the ballet, which assumed such magnificent proportions during Louis XIV.'s reign, became a principal entertainment in all the court festivities. In fine, he initiated all the huxury, splendor, and refinement which ultimately degenerated into the sybaritism that distinguished the second half of the seventeenth century.

In the meantime he carefully excluded the young king from all State affairs, inclining him to frivolous and vicious pursuits, keeping from him all good books, and diverting his mind from all studies of an ennobling character, or which would instruct him in the art of government. In consequence of this training, the future Augustus grew up very ill educated. La Porte, who was the king's personal attendant during his boyhood, has, in addition to this, brought an accusation against the cardinal too terrible to he repeated in these pages, the verscity of which is seemingly confirmed by the fact that, although banished on account of the assertion during Mazarin's lifetime, he was afterward recalled and taken into favor, which would scarcely have come to pass had his story been false. After all, there must have been something truly great in Louis's nature that it could emerge so well from suchen training.

Mazarin had married one niece to the Prince de Conti, and a second to the Duc de Mercœur; two others, Marie and Olympia Mancini, were unmarried; these the cardinal kept at court, and threw constantly into the young monarch's society. Madame de Motteville tells us, when Olympin first arrived in France, she was remarkably plain, but as she grew to womanhood a great improvement took place in her personal appearance. Her eyes were always fine, but from being exceedingly thin, she became plump; her color was high, but delicate; her cheeks were dimpled; her hands and feet small and exceedingly beautiful, and she possessed wit, talents, and grace. Such charms, thrown constantly in his way, could not fail to make some impression upon theheart of a boy of seventeen. They read, sat, talked, danced together, and Louis studied Italian for the express purpose of conversing with her in her own language. But the impression was not lasting; a rival her own sister, Marie, who has been described as being positively ugly, after a time usurped her place in the king's affections, and took a far firmer hold upon them than Olympia had ever possessed. She reciprocated his tenderness with an all-absorbing passion. Madame de Motteville relates that Mazarin notually entertained the idea of raising his niece to the throne.

"I very much fear," he said to the queen one day, "that the king too greatly desires to espouse my niece.

The queen, who knew her minister, comprehending that he desired what he feigned to fear, replied haughtily:

"If the king were capable of such an indignity, I would put my second son at the head of the whole nation against

the king and against you."

"Mazarin," writes Voltaire, "never pardoned, it is said, that response of the queen, but he adopted the wise plan of thinking with her; he assumed honor and merit in opposing the passion of Louis XIV. His power had no need of a queen of the blood for its support; he feared even the char-

acter of his niece; and he believed that he strengthened the power of his ministry by avoiding the dangerous glory of elevating his house to too great a height."

Mazarin now resolved to at once remove Marie from the court; upon his declaring this intention, and forbidding any further intercourse between her and the king, her grief and despair was so heartrending that Louis offered to break off the marriage then negotiating with the infanta, and make her his queen. How admirably the wily cardinal could act a noble and self-denying part is manifest in the reply he made to this offer: "Having been chosen by the late king, your father, and since then by the queen, your mother, to assist you by my councils, and having served you up to this moment with inviolable fidelity, far be it from me to misemploy the knowledge of your weakness, which you have given me, and the authority in your dominions which you have bestowed upon me, and suffer you to do a thing so contrary to your dignity! I am the master of my niece, and would sooner stab her with my own hand than elevate her by so great a treachery." In two of his letters he threatened the king with resigning his office, and quitting France for ever, unless he relinquished all thoughts of his niece. There are historical writers who have held these heroic effusions to be the expression of his real sentiments, and have praised them accordingly; but such a judgment is in direct contradiction of the whole life of the man. He who could systematically endeavor to debase a boy's mind, and to unfit a young monarch for all the duties of good government, must have Been wholly destitute of the nobility of character pretended to in that speech and those epistles. Besides which, the concluding gasconade about stabbing his niece with his own hand is so opposed to his cold and timid nature, that it would alone suffice to throw discredit upon the whole. It all meant what Voltaire says it did—he found it wise to think with the queen.

Orders were given that Marie should be placed in the convent to which poor Olympia had been already consigned. With tearful eyes the young Louis conducted her with his own hand to the carriage which was to take her away. "You weep, and yet you might command," were her parting words.

There had been several brides proposed for the young monarch—Henrietta of England, Marguerite of Savoy; but, as both countries were desirous of cementing a piece, policy determined the Spanish alliance, and at the end of February, 1660, after several months of negotiations, the Treaty of the Pyrenees was signed, which gave France Alsace, Roussillon, and a large part of Flanders. "Mazarin has one fault," remarked Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish ambassador—"he suffers his design to cheat to be constantly apparent."

Although Louis was now twenty-two years of age, Mazarin still held absolute power over the State; the king presided over his councils, but his was but the shadow of authority; and those who would obtain favors from him must solicit them through the cardinal. The queen mother was a mere cypher, who could obtain nothing for herself or her adherents without his permission. A painful and fatal disease, however, was hurrying him fast to the grave; anxious to conceal its ravages from strangers, when he received foreign ministers, he had his cheeks covered with rouge. Death found him seated in his chair, dressed in his full cardinal's robes, and his beard carefully trimmed, as if for a levee; he continued to sign despatches while his hand could grasp a pen; power passed away only with life. To the last he was consistent with his old hypocrisy; a few hours before his decease he sent a message to the Parlement, in which he declared that he died its very humble servant. The event took place on the 9th of March, 1661.

The character of Mazarin is fully portrayed in the events of his life; how poor it appears beside the Satanic grandeur of his predecessor! it is all mean and mediocre. "Eight years of absolute and tranquil power from his return until



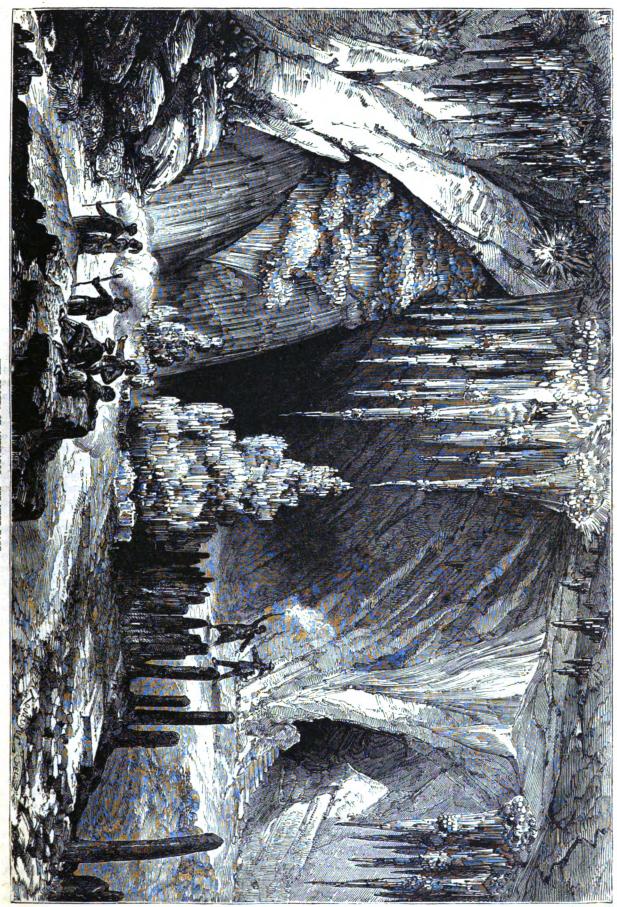
MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE.

his death were marked by no establishment, either glorious or useful," remarks Voltaire.

Mazarin possessed one amiable virtue—elemency. His whole career is unmarked by one vindictive or sanguinary act; never had minister caused so little blood to flow by the

ax, and never had minister enemies more numerous and bloodthirsty. This is rare and unique praise for a man of that age. But we must remember that the Italians were at least a century in advance of the French in civilization. Let us not, however, begrudge him this virtue, for he had few others.





Vol. I., No. 4-28.

#### THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

Few caves have been longer or more justly famous than the grotto in the island of Antiparos, one of the Cyclades, an island so insignificant in itself that its very name makes it a mere appendage to the neighboring island of Paros.

An old tradition affirms that some conspirators, who failed in an attempt on the life of Alexander the Great, took refuge in this grotto, and a tablet still exists, with traces of an inscription, said to have been the names of these men.

In modern times, we find the island long ruled by Venice, from whom it was wrested by the Turks in 1714, but when the new kingdom of Greece arose Antiparos became its great natural curiosity.

A curious stalagmite, not far from the entrance, and which, in form, somewhat resembled a colossal human figure, long prevented the superstitious from entering or exploring.

This entrance is on the side of a hill, a sort of natural pillar dividing it, and similar pilasters making a sort of rude colonnade, all crowned with creeping plants.

As the cave yawns below you, the pillar forms the support for a rope to enable you to descend. You thus reach a platform with a deep chasm on either side. Mounting an almost perpendicular rock on the right, the traveler begins a longer and much more perilous descent, practicable only by a rope-ladder, and bringing the lover of the picturesque to a mossy rock, whose treacherous surface slopes to caverns deep.

A long, low, narrow, winding passage to the left leads to the main chamber of the grotto.

Monsieur Olier de Nointel, French Ambassador to Turkey, visited it during the Christmas holidays in 1673, and one of his party thus describes the scene:

"Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering or a more magnificent scene. The whole roof hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the sides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices, upon speaking, or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and, upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverbations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we caused Mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this rite."

To give brilliancy to the scene, five hundred tapers and lamps were lighted up.

The altar will be noticed in the centre of our illustration, and, like all the concretions that adorn this wonderful cave, is of inimitable beauty in form and in purity of its snowy material.

#### MONKEY HUNTING.

MONKEYS seem hardly fair game, yet some of them are said to be good eating, though it looks like cannibalism to dress one for the pot. In Central America and New Granada they are so numerous and so destructive to crops that hunting them becomes a matter of necessity. They

must be kept in bounds. The Barbary ape is equally destructive in Northern Africa, from Bona to the Grand Kabyle; and the Kabyles especially make war on these predatory bands. A lion is well enough for the honor of the thing, but killing monkeys is a contribution to the food supply.

When a band of these marauders, after plundering a cocoanut-tree, are squatted down, divesting them of husk and shell, and drowning the noise of an approaching foe by their chattering, the Kabyles steal up and pour in a volley that generally finishes a band. There is, too, a wonderfully simple kind of trap sometimes used for the capture of these creatures. It consists of a moderately wide-mouthed bottle, of clear glass, secured firmly to a stone, or the root of a tree, or any other convenient base. This is baited with a nut placed inside. The ape, perceiving the nut, presently discovers, by the inductive process, that it is only to be got at by putting his hand down the neck. As soon as he grasps it, however, the hand becomes a fist too large for the mouth of the bottle. And now that passion, which in the more highly developed animal, is called avarice, comes into play. Having got the nut, he objects to giving it up, and, without giving it up, he cannot take his hand out of the bottle; so there he remains, holding on to his property, till the trapsetter comes and takes him into custody.

Monkeys are pretty common, yet, as all the family are remarkably cunning, has it ever occurred to the reader how they are taken? Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch of the forest will, after a few days' starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The ape family resemble man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall.

In Darfour and Sennaar the natives make a fermented beer of which the monkeys are excessively fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forests frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as a monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attract comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication.

Then the negroes appear. The few monkeys who come too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust the natives, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these immediately begin to weep and cover their captors with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavor to go off also. Another will grasp at him, and thus in turn till the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys.

When finally got to the village they are securely caged, and gradually sober down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

In a diluted form the wourali poison merely benumbs or stuns the faculties without killing, and is thus made use of by the Indians of South America, when they wish to catch an old monkey alive and tame him for sale. On his falling to the ground they immediately suck the wound, and wrapping him up in a strait-jacket of palm leaves, dose him for a few days with sugar-cane juice, or a strong solution of salt-petre. This method generally answers the purpose, but should his stubborn temper not yet be subdued, they hang him up in smoke. Then after a short time his rage gives way, and his wild eye, assuming a plaintive expression, humbly sues for deliverance. His bonds are now loosened, and even the most unmanageable monkey seems henceforward totally to forget that he ever roamed at liberty in the boundless woods.



#### A SEA-FIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BETWEEN MONE, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, AND ADMIRAL DE RUYTER.
AN ENGLISH FIRE-SHIP DEFEATED.

In the naval war between England and Holland, in 1666, the fleet of the former country was commanded by General Monk, now Duke of Albemarle, who had been ennobled for his share in restoring Charles II. and Prince Rupert, who had fought so gallantly in the civil war.

They were not navy officers, but they had splendid commanders under them. For two months, from the beginning of June to the end of July, the adverse fleets sought each other's destruction, and, in a series of actions, displayed on either side the greatest courage and seamanship, victory favoring each at times, and sometimes mocking both.

In actions of that time fire-ships played a conspicuous part. A vessel sometimes as large as a frigate was loaded with powder and shells, and was steered or towed alongside an enemy's vessel, grappled to her, and the train fired so that she should blow up, destroying the vessel to which she clung. She was, in fact, an immense torpedo, the latter being our modern substitute for the old-fashioned fire-ship.

In the action of July 31, 1666, between De Ruyter and his English antagonist, off the North Foreland, De Ruyster's own flag-ship nearly fell a prey to an English fire-ship. Our illustration shows the splendid rescue, and the defeat of the dangerous companion sought to be forced upon him.

Seeing a fire-ship bear down upon him, escorted by menof-war, with wind astern, he lowered four long boats, with forty-eight picked men, four being young French noblemen who had come to take part in a stirring battle against the English. These were to attack the fire-ship, and prevent her grappling. The deadly craft, a fine frigate, was so near that her crew took to the boats, leaving only two on board—one at the helm, the other to fire the train. De Ruyter suddenly bore up to leeward, leaving the fire-ship behind; and her crew, in their boats, were suddenly attacked by the Dutch so vigorously that the men on board fired the train, and leaped overboard.

No longer directed at her helm, the vessel, in flames, drifted on an English ship, which, endeavoring to avoid so uncomfortable a partner, ran near the flag-ship of Admiral Van Ness, who poured in such a broadside that she struck, and the fire-ship, left alone in the midst of the fleet, burned fiercely on till she exploded, sending hull and masts and spars aloft in a blaze of fire.

#### THE BURGLARS OF MACON.

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of "St. Leger."

T was on my first visit to Geneva that I met with the following adventure:



I had been a pretty close student through the Winter and Spring, in the famous Latin Quarter of Paris, and felt the need of a vacation. It was already the middle of June, and the passes of the Alps were open. I determined to visit Mont Blanc, the Oberland, and the Tyrol. I was nineteen years old; an age when we not only enjoy much, but anticipate much. I had dreamed all my life of romantic excursions through the Alps, and, now that I was wearied of the

Sorbonne, the Hotel Dieu, the Hospital of Our Mother of Pity, the Cliniquez of Velpeau, and the Lectures of Majendic, I looked forward with an indescribable zest to the fulfilling of my day-dream.

My chum, Charley Felton, was three or four years older

than I. He had taken his degree in medicine, and, if I must confess it, was not only more sedate but a harder student than myself. We had been over a year together, and got along admirably with each other. I admired his gravity of demeanor and his application. He liked my free-and-easy manner and my love of fun. He served as a sort of balance-wheel to me, while I could always stir him out of his gravity into a hearty laugh.

Felton was to be my companion on this trip. We purchased two small traveling-bags—for travelers over the Alps must not be encumbered by luggage—and sauntering across the Pont-Neuf one afternoon, we went to the office of the Messageries Royal, and engaged seats Numbers 2 and 4 in the interieur of the Lyons diligence, for six o'clock the next morning. I say diligence, for at this period (1837) there was not a single railway in operation in all France.

We were punctually on the spot at the famous rendezvous of Laffitte, Caillard & Co.'s lines, which, at the aforesaid time of six o'clock, started for every part of the kingdom, from their immense courtyard, Number 4 Rue de Grenelle St. Honoré.

I cannot tell you how independent we felt as this nondescript vehicle lumbered slowly out of Paris, amid the cracking of the whips of the postillions over the five horses, and the sacres of the conductor.

We were not tied to trunks and boxes. We could carry our little bags on two fingers, and, if we liked, could quit the diligence at any moment, and proceed in any way our fancy might suggest. The world seemed "all before us where to choose," and Lyons was the first principal stopping-place. There we should strike the Rhone, and the Rhone flowed from the Glacier.

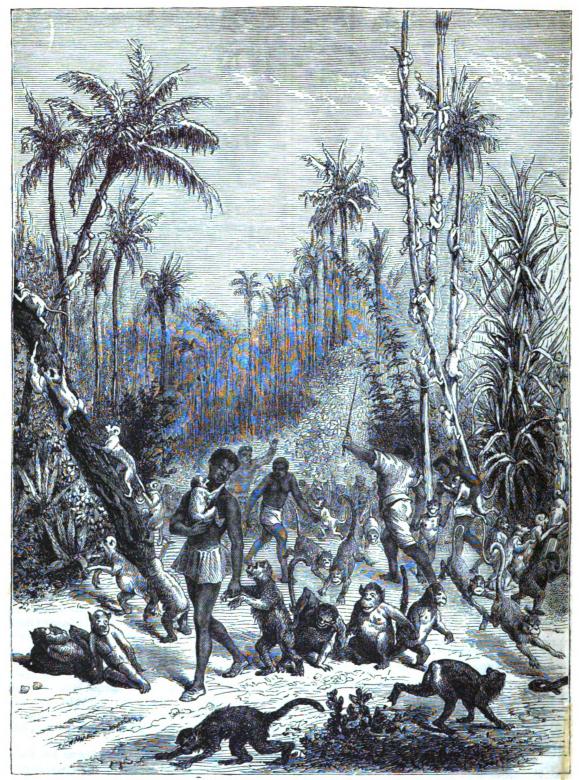
We had corner seats vis-à-vis, which was some comfort, for the six places of the interieur were all taken. Two besides ourselves were going through to Lyons. These, I recollect distinctly, were an old gentleman and his wife, on a visit to their son, who was a manufacturer of silks. There was a military man on his way to Dijon, and a rather nice-looking woman who was going as far as Chalons. The rotonde, the coupé, and the banquette were also full, so that, when we stopped for refreshments, an odd, motley group met our eyes, descending from this Noah's Ark.

Our route lay through a most charming portion of France, but we had little opportunity to see its beauties. The diligence kept on its monotonous course by day and by night, stopping only for the passengers to take their meals and for change of horses. At Dijon we struck the famous district of Burgundy, and between that place and Chalons passed Clos de Vougort, Nuits, and Beaune, well-known names to the lovers of these favorite brands of wine.

I do not propose to give any account of our excursion, only of the adventure to which I alluded at the beginning of the chapter. An interesting article might be written on the great changes which railways have introduced, by which a journey of four days is shortened to twelve hours, but it is foreign to my present purpose.

It was the night of the third day after we left Paris that we entered Macon, an old town of considerable importance in the wine trade, and which is known as the birthplace of Lamartine.

It was one o'clock at night as we rattled through this solitary place, heralded by shrill blasts from the conductor's horn, to which the cracking of the postillion's whips formed a discordant second. We drove pell-mell up to a dirty-looking tavern in the main street, called, as I now remember, the Hotel Sauvage, where we could either amuse ourselves on the pavement or go into a desolate-looking room without furniture, except a table and a few chairs. It made little difference, I thought, for we should leave again in ten minutes; but, as fresh horses were being yoked, it was



MONKEY HUNTING .- HOW MONKEYS ARE CAPTURED IN DARFOUR .- SEE PAGE 434.

discovered that one of them had cast a shoe, and we were told that this would detain us an hour.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, so bright and clear that we could see objects almost as distinctly as in the daytime. I proposed to Felton to take a little stroll about the town. He would not listen to it.

"I am going on no fool's errand," he said. With that he opened the door of the diligence, got in, and fixed himself snugly in his place.

"If you are wise," he continued, "you will do as I do.

We shall have a good hour's sleep while those Frenchmen are chattering over a lost horseshoe."

I felt no disposition to follow his example. The beauty of this midsummer's night was too attractive. The weather was warm, without being oppressive, and the air was loaded with the fragrance of flowers.

First, I inquired particularly which street the diligent of would pass through, and received for answer that it would keep the main street which we were now in, until nearly at the River Saone, which ran along one side of the towu. It



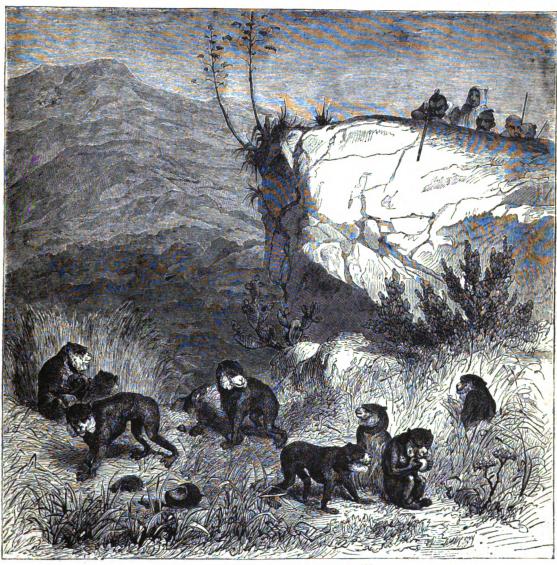
was a frequent occurrence for passengers to walk on in advance of the diligence during the day, so that the conductor only shrugged his shoulders when I told him what I proposed to do.

"I want to breathe the fresh air," I said, in reply. "I shall not go very far."

"As monsieur pleases," answered the conductor; "but I advise monsieur to be sure and keep the main road, which turns sharp to the right, about a third of a league from here."

I thanked him and started on. It was with a sense of romantic freedom that I passed along the streets of this old

As I came near the building, the casement was thrown open, and a face appeared from the window. The moonbeams fell directly upon it, and disclosed the most horribly repulsive countenance I ever beheld. So dangerous did it appear, that I shrank instinctively in the shadow of the wall. I had frequently seen desperate fellows on their way to the galleys. I had looked at the portrait of Dumourier, "the fiend," and Lamouin, "the murderer," to say nothing of several visits to Madame Tussaud's "chamber of horrors," but I never saw in person, in painting, or in wax, so horrible a face as this. The man looked cautiously out, turning his head, as if listening. Presently the face disappeared, and the case-



MONKEY HUNTING IN ALGERIA.—SEE PAGE 434.

town, venturing occasionally to turn aside a short distance to look at an old church or ancient fountain.

As I advanced down the main street, and thus put myself still further from my "base," I experienced a sense of vagabondism which was perfectly delightful. For the moment I would not have cared had the diligence driven by and left me to my wanderings. . . . . Just then I had come opposite a very narrow street, which proved to be a cul-desac. At the very end of this street I saw a light from a window in the second story of a house, which was built directly across it, and which formed this cul-de-sac. In the vagabond spirit I have just spoken of, I turned into this alley and directed my steps toward the light. I took intuitively the dark side, the moon shining brightly on the other.

ment was closed. What possessed me? I do not know. But, impelled by some strange impulse, I passed stealthily along the alley, reached the house, and pushed the door, which was ajar, softly open. Leaving it so, I mounted the stairs, which were partially lighted by the rays of the moon shining through a small window at the top of the first landing. The stairs creaked under my footsteps, but the door was open below, and I could retreat at will.

At the top of the first flight I stopped, and, applying my eye to an immense keyhole, saw an unexpected sight.

On a table in the centre of the room was a closed coffin, with two tall wax lights burning at the head. The apartment was scantily furnished, and the two candles made its gloom conspicuous. The man I had seen at the casement

was seated near the window. He had the attitude of a person waiting. His features were even more brutal and repulsive near by than they first appeared. His hair was very long, and hung matted over his forehead, his beard and whiskers were black, and his eyes had an expression so vindictive, that when at times he turned them toward the door I shuddered involuntarily.

I was so well satisfied the man was expecting some one to arrive, that I turned as noiselessly as possible to descend, when I heard a step on the pavement, and immediately after in the entry. Then I heard the door close and a bolt drawn. Next, a heavy tread up the stairway! What should I do? Attempt to rush by the unknown and make my escape into the street? He would, doubtless, turn, and before I could get the door open, would, with the fiend inside, be upon me. Should I ascend another flight, it would only be complicating dangers by adding new features. To confront the unknown was impossible. Even if he were well disposed, how could I explain myself? He was not well-disposed. I was sure of it. I thought of my friend Felton, and the diligence, and our companions; and a pang such as I never experienced before shot through me.

All this passed in the quarter of a minute wherein the new-comer was stepping heavily up the stairs.

I moved to the further side of the landing, quite into the shadow, crowded myself into a niche constructed to admit a statue, and held my breath.

The creature appeared. It was a man. I could see him distinctly. He bore on his back a large sack, which he carried with difficulty. He was older than the one inside, but, though hideous in aspect, was not so repulsive and terrible. Fortunately, he was too much occupied to look about him. He stopped at the door, knocked, and was speedily admitted.

You would think my first impulse would be to cautiously descend and make my escape; but, the immediate danger passed, I felt an intense curiosity to know what was going on inside.

Once more I applied to the keyhole.

They had already commenced business. The last comer produced a screwdriver, and began to unscrew the lid of the coffin. As he did so, I had full opportunity to peruse his face. Notwithstanding its ruffianly appearance, there was about it an exhausted, hopeless, despairing expression, which made me feel sorry for him. He worked away mechanically, drawing the screws one by one, and laying them on the mantelpiece. At length all were out.

The other now came forward and took hold of the lid to assist in raising it.

"Laissez-mot!" exclaimed the other, stepping in front of his companion, and pushing him aside. The wretch grinned hideously, but took his seat again. The other then proceeded to remove the lid, and, bending down with tenderness, took in his arms from the coffin the body of a young girl, who could not have been more than eighteen. She was arrayed for the grave. Why was she now to be disturbed?

He placed the corpse on the bed in the most gentle manner, just as a parent would lay in its little cradle a sleeping child. Next, the bag was emptied of its contents. These consisted of various tools, odd-looking instruments, such as I never saw before, two small crowbars, some masks, two caps, a couple of blouses, a quantity of false hair, false whiskers and mustaches. All these were carefully packed in the lower end of the coffin. The corpse was then replaced in it with the same tender care. A quantity of loose paper was laid in at the side, probably to make the packing tight.

After carefully arranging the lid of the coffin, the screws were adjusted and turned down. All this time the fiendishlooking wretch was sitting by the window watching the street. When the one who was working at the coffin-lid had fin-

ished, he turned to the other, and in a tone of intense bitterness, exclaimed, "C'est fait."

"Il y a encore un" (there is still one), cried the fiend, pointing to a single screw which had escaped his companion's attention.

At this moment I raised my head, and, glancing out of the window, saw, to my horror, the diligence driving past at the bottom of the street. Without an instant's hesitation, I dashed down the stairs. It was not difficult to find the bolt and to draw it. I rushed along the alley into the main street with the greatest possible speed, bawling at the top of my voice, "Arrêtez! Arrêtez!" mingled with cries of "Felton, Felton—stop the diligence!" We all know the old diligence was not a fast institution, but being behind time the conductor was pushing on with considerable speed. I think the rascal heard me all the while, and was unwilling to stop. I had this consolation—I was gaining on him, and my endurance was good. Suddenly I saw Felton's head thrust from the window, and heard him also crying "Stop! Stop!" The conductor could not be deaf any longer. The diligence was brought to a halt. I got in and resumed my seat, "a wiser and a sadder man," without saying one word. Felton knew something had happened, but was discreet enough not to question me. It was not till we reached Geneva that I told him my adventure.

Two days later, while we were still at the Hotel de l'Europe, Felton handed me a Lyons newspaper, and pointing to an article, said, quietly: "There is the explanation." I took the paper and read as follows:

"THE MURDERERS OF MONSIEUR DANOIS ARRESTED .- Day before yesterday screams were heard proceeding from the blind alley (cul-de-sac) Vouteuil-my cries to stop the diligence, doubtlesswhich were continued so long, that they attracted the notice of two gens-d'armes, No. 18 and No. 31, who were crossing Rue Vernot. They saw a light burning in the house No. 20, which forms the culde-sac at the end of the alley, and known as a rendezvous for some desperate characters always under surveillance. The gens-d'armes were joined by Sergeant Ducros, and, proceeding to the room where the light was, found it occupied by two brutal-looking wretches. One was standing, when the officers entered, at the head of a coffin, with a screwdriver in his hand, and gave himself up without resistance. His companion made a desperate fight, wounding all three of the officers before he could be secured On examining the coffin, it was found to contain the corpse of a young girl, and, horrible to relate, a double set of burglar's tools, masks, and various disguises; also two blouses, which were covered with blood. These men proved to be Antoine Loeuze and Pierre Marrin, two of the most notorious characters in the Department, and are the murderers of Monsieur Danois of Fontenay, whose house was entered and robbed about two weeks ago. The criminals had been hunted so close that, to conceal their implements and all traces which might lead to their detention, they had recourse to this shocking expedient. The man Marrin has confessed all, while Loeuze refuses to speak one word. The corpse is that of Marrin's daughter-his only child-but sixteen years old, of unexceptionable character, and who, it is believed, lived in complete ignorance of her father's terrible trade. He himself declares that, since his child's death, he has no desire to live. Both men are lodged in prison to await their trial at the next court."

The following day we left Geneva for Mont Blanc.

I was for a time fully cured of my romantic propensity for exploring dangerous localities after midnight, and for watching the doings of burglars through a keyhole up a crazy flight of stairs. The incident, so said Felton, had made me quite rational in this respect. I dare say it did. But it took a long time to put aside the remembrance of that innocent face, and I used to imagine a thousand circumstances in what must have been her unfortunate life. In fact, now, after more than thirty years, I often recur to it.



## "THAT HOUSEKEEPER."



UT Tom," said I, "don't you think it is odd?"

"Yes, very," replied my husband, swinging my little King Charles in an anti-maccassar. "Very odd, indeed! What is it, my dear?"

I had positively been talking to that provoking man for half an hour, and I don't believe he had heard a word. But, of course, I knew scolding would not fix his attention. I had been married two years, and knew better, so I strategized. "Oh, my goodness!" I exclaimed, in a

little terrified scream.

Jip dropped on the carpet with a bang that made him run up the whole gamut of yells.

"What in the world is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, serenely. "I swept your meerschaum off the table with my sleeve, and I thought I had broken it, but I see it is not hurt."

It was quite a master-stroke of domestic diplomacy; he turned quite pale. I knew I could manage him. He had been "coloring" that meerschaum abomination, and I verily believe valued it above all earthly possessions. "Coloring" a pipe, means smoking it before meals and after meals and between meals, very early in the morning, and very late at night; smoking it when you are happy, smoking it when you are miserable, smoking it when you are well, and smoking it when you are sick, and after you have finished smoking it, beginning again. The rest of the time you keep it wrapped up in crape, and nearly drive people crazy by constantly telling them not "to touch that meerschaum." If you persevere long enough, and make a point of smoking in bed, you will probably succeed in setting your house on fire, giving your family dyspepsia, and making your pipe look very nice and dirty. But how far I have wandered from the original subject!

"Tom, dear," I said, after a silence, "I was talking about that housekeeper."

"'That housekeeper,'" caressing the meerschaum. "I suppose you mean that late domestic acquisition of yours who acts as your brother's nurse?"

"Well, yes. I was saying that I thought she was very odd."

"Define the term 'odd,' said Tom.

"That housekeeper,' as you insist on calling her, strikes me as being a very respectable, unobtrusive, young old lady, of a somewhat eccentric turn of mind, said eccentricity being marked by a predilection for green spectacles, and a white crape cap, otherwise. I regard her as useful if not ornamental."

"She takes very good care of John."

"But her dress is not all that is peculiar about her. She has such strange quiet ways! Why, I don't believe I ever heard her speak above a whisper. And then, the first night she came (the night after John was taken so ill, you remember), she seemed so terribly agitated, I declare I was quite nervous. Then another circumstance impressed me so strangely, on returning to the room after having left her for a few moments, I actually found her kneeling by the bedside, resting her face on the pillow, and sobbing as though her heart would break. Now don't you think it is odd, Tom?"

"It does sound rather singular, said he. "But perhaps John reminds her of some lost son of hers. She is just the nervous, sensitive creature to be deeply affected by such a thing."

"It may be so," I replied, meditatively, "but I always feel as though there were some mystery about her. She is very attentive to John, though. Poor Jack! if he only had a wife."

"Why, Alice," exclaimed my husband, "what are you talking about?"

"I do not understand you."

"Whe-e-w," whistled he. "Do you mean to say you never heard the history of John's marriage?" My work dropped from my hands on to the floor in my astonishment.

"You must be dreaming," I said, almost indignantly.

"No. It is true, too true, for poor Jack's happiness, I fear. You see, Alice, it happened when he was down South. I can't tell you the particulars, but I believe he married the daughter of some broken-down merchant. The rest is an old story; the poor fellow found too late that the girl's heart had never been his, and that she had been dragged into the marriage by her father. How he discovered it I don't exactly know, but Thorpe said that one day a man was found lying all crushed and mangled on the track, after the cars had passed, and the people took him to your brother's house. I fancy the wife recognized him as the lover from whom her marriage had separated her, for they say there was some scene in the very room where the dead man lay. How it ended, no one could tell, but the next week John came North, leaving his wife behind him, and since then they have never met. She was very young, a mere child I hear, and he loved her to adoration. Poor old boy! he deserved a happier lot!"

The tears were in my eyes. Poor Jack! and this was the cause of his sadness—a weary life, his broken health and crushed spirits. How he must have suffered!

"Oh! Tom," I said, "and we can't help him."

He shook his head.

"No; but—I don't know how it is, but I have such firm faith that it will all come out right. I do not see how a woman can live, and not appreciate his goodness in the end."

I could not understand how it could come to pass, but Tom always is in the right, and I have learned to trust him so, that in spite of the seeming improbability his words comforted me.

The story made me forget all about that housekeeper; indeed my mind was so full of it, that I believe I should never have thought of her oddity again, if a curious circumstance had not recalled it to my mind.

Since the failing of his health, my brother had made our house his home, and I had constituted myself his chief nurse. Going into his room I found he needed scmething which it required the housekeeper's services to procure. Being told by the servants that she was in her room, as I wished to speak to her about the matter myself, I stopped there on my way upstairs, and knocked for admittance. I received no answer to the summons, so I opened the door and looked in.

She was standing before the glass with her cap off, her face resting on her folded arms, her hair falling about her. The utter dejection of her position struck me as almost terrible; but this was not all—her unbound hair, instead of being gray and scant, as would have been expected in a person of her age, was glittering and luxuriant, sweeping in a mass of soft blonde coils to her very waist.

I started back in amazement. I felt as if, in some unaccountable manner, I had broken upon a secret. I turned to leave the room without disturbing her, but at that moment she raised her head, and her eyes met mine. Until then I had never seen them unless beneath the disfiguring spectacles; now they shone upon me in strange discordance with her withered face.





A SEA FIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME.—SEE PAGE 435.

Beautiful eyes they were, large and amber-brown, timid as a frightened fawn's, tender and soft as a girl's. Her face flushed crimson, and she trembled from head to foot.

"I beg pardon," she said, "I did not know you were here."

I could not tell what to say, she was so evidently agitated, that I was filled with pity, and so tried to pretend that I had not noticed her appearance. I am afraid I did not succeed very well, but at least my manner reassured her,

"It is I who ought to ask pardon for my intrusion," I said, pleasantly. "Pray excuse me, but Mr. Kenyon wanted you," and, having explained my errand, left her.

I wonder if women really are more curious than men? Do you know when I told Tom of my adventure, as I called it, he did not seem as anxious, and actually laughed at my excitement. He said that she might have glass eyes, and then told me some frightful stories about old ladies with remarkable hair. I don't like to doubt Tom, but really





THAT HOUSEKEEPER.—"I RECEIVED NO ANSWER, SO I OPENED THE DOOR AND LOOKED IN."—SEE PAGE 439.

when he begins to descant on female centenarians with—

"Chignons à la Chinoise
And chignons à la Grecque,
With chignons à la bushel,
And chignons à la peck,"

I must say I feel rather dubious; but then Tom will always make fun. He says I am such a confiding innocent, that he likes to "yarn" to me. (Query? What is "yarn"? can it possibly mean fib?)

But how that housekeeper did trouble me! Troubled me with her soft step and whispering voice, troubled always and horribly with the thought of the star-eyes in the withered face, with the memory of the golden hair hidden in the widow's cap. She haunted me even in my dreams, always connecting them strangely enough with the story of my brother's loved but unloving wife, she grew upon me like a nightmare, always surrounded as she was by an unfathomable mystery. No one but myself seemed to have noticed her particularly. True, John had one day spoken praisingly of her, and wondered at the extreme grace and youthfulness of her figure, as compared with the rest of her appearance, but that was all. Under the influence of the constant sense of watchfulness, I grew nervous and restless. I began to lock my door carefully at night, and excite Tom's delighted mirth by looking into the wardrobe and under the bed before retiring. The provoking man was in ecstacies, and once when I thought I saw something and started back, exclaiming: "Oh, Tom, there's a man under the dressing-table!" he actually had the cruelty to answer me in the words of that dreadful Jones: "Is there, my dear? You don't say so! Well, I am very glad you have found him at last; you have been looking for him long enough." But one night, being awakened from my sleep by a dream of unusual vividness, I could control myself no longer, and, under the influence of an almost irresistible impulse, took a taper and went upstairs to the woman's room.

A light was burning dimly, and she lay upon the bed, her soft hair shining like an aureola as it floated upon the pillow, her hands clasped upon her bosom. I bent over her, smothering a little cry which rose to my lips. The wrinkles were gone, the dingy tinge upon her skin had disappeared,

her face was almost snowy in its whiteness and freedom from color, her lips were delicately carmine, her folded hands fair and blue-veined as a baby's. It was no elderly person who lay before me, it was a girl—a girl who could not possibly be more than eighteen years of age—a girl wonderfully beautiful? What did it mean?

A thought whose wildness startled me darted across my mind.

"It cannot be," I said, the next moment. "It cannot be," and moved by a feeling of pity, I stooped and kissed her softly. She moved uneasily.

"My darling," she murmured. "My darling, forgive me—love me."

I turned away with tearful eyes, content to let the poor child's secret rest, whatever it might be. I was too thoroughly excited to sleep again that night, but I determined not to tell Tom.

After breakfast the next morning, I went to John's room, and found the housekeeper there before me. I dared hardly trust myself to look at her, and she too seemed to avoid my eyes. All the day she was passing to and fro, with the soft step and low whispering voice, obeying my orders, yet hardly addressing a word to me.

I felt a curious sense of foreboding that something unusual was going to occur. I waited for it, and watched for it, yet so unconsciously, that when at last the *dénouement* came, it might have been a thing of which I had never dreamed.

It was late in the evening, John had fallen asleep upon his couch, and I was seated beside, watching him, when suddenly, without any previous summons, the housekeeper entered. The eye-shades were over her eyes, the cap upon her head, but, beneath, her face shone out star-white and pure.

She took a seat near me, and drawing from her pocket a blue satin rosette, handed it to me. I had missed it from my slipper when I dressed in the morning, and now I knew that I must have dropped it in her room the night before.

"I have a story to tell," she said, not in the low whisper, but soft and clearly. "If I tell it to you, will you listen?" I bent my head silently for answer, and she began:

It is a sad one. The history of a woman's heart, sad



THAT HOUSEREEPER.—"CLAIRE," HE SAID, HUSKILY. "MY POOR CHILD! AND I HAVE WRONGED YOU SO!"

enough to be true, for I think the truest of such histories are those which are most sad.

Two years ago there lived in one of the Southern States a broken-down merchant whom an unlucky speculation had plunged from wealth and luxury into poverty and debt. I will not say that he was a bad man, but at least he was not a good one—such a one as would sacrifice a pure emotion before a golden shrine.

He had one daughter, a girl of passionately warm heart and naturally good impulses—a girl such as a tender hand might lead into a path of noble womanhood, or a rough one blight into deformity. In the days of her prosperity she had met with a man who professed to love her, and at whose feet she poured out the whole treasure of her soul. She thought that his coming had been the perfecting of her imperfect life, that in loving her he had raised her above earth and earthly things. She was very young—not more than sixteen years old. Blame her for what I am going to relate if you will, pity her if you can.

Time passed, bright Summer months in which day by day her life grew into a sweet, tender idyl. Then came the downfall, and—the ending of her love-poem is so dully commonplace that you will guess it before I speak. With the lost wealth the lover was lost, the idyllic life fell into dreary prose, the music and the rhythmical measure dropped out of her heart, leaving it dark to a wild terror. I think, under the first crushing weight of her misery, this girl was mad—she must have been—for then at her father's tempting she gave herself as a curse to a man who was as far above her old lover as heaven is above earth.

She did not think of the wrong she was doing in her reckless despair, she thought of nothing but the one pitiful motive of revenging herself upon the man who had been false to her.

She had not been married long before she awoke to the full sense of the sin she had committed, to the full revelation of the misery she had entailed upon her husband and herself.

In his strong tender way this man loved her to adoration, revered everything she had touched or worn, bore with her faults and coldness as no other man on earth would have borne, loved her, and was gentle in spite of all.

She saw this when the first sting of her pain was dulled, saw it and began to try at least to do her duty toward him, as but a poor return for his affection. I think she might have succeeded—I think she had succeeded partly—but just as her heart was being drawn toward him her lover returned; came with specious tales and tender words, came and knelt at her feet, praying for a word of forgiveness as a coward might pray for an hour of life.

I told you that she was but a child. If you blame her at all you must blame her now, for, as he knelt there pleading, all the old passionate yearning came back, all the old passionate love went out to him in a bitter cry.

"I love you," she said. "I love you. God forgive me for what I have done!"

Then he pleaded with her for a proof of this, and then, in her girlish weakness and despair, she promised to forsake her husband and follow him wherever fate might lead. She was going to a ball that night, and it was agreed that on her return he should be in waiting for her, having made arrangements to leave the country.

"I will be here at all risks," he said. "If I cannot come alive I will come a corpse."

He left her, and—can you guess the rest?—that night came back again. How? Oh, merciful God!

In spite of her misery she had kept her engagement with her husband; when she returned—(the woman was bending toward me, and her voice had sunk into a horrorstricken whisper)—when she returned and entered the hall her gorgeous dress trailed in a horrid pool that lay upon the marble floor—a pool that dabbled and stained it with scarlet. The servants gathered together in awe-struck groups, told her that a dead man had been brought to the house—a man who had been crushed by a passing train.

Urged by a mad impulse, in spite of her husband's detaining hand, she rushed into the room where the corpse was laid. The rich carpet was spotted with great gouts that dripped, dripped and splashed from the covering thrown over the awful figure—a figure crushed and mangled, slashed and cut by the tons of iron that had torn it from all semblance of humanity.

She stood beside it struck with fierce terror, listening to the dull drip, drip of the slippery drops; gazing stonily at the curls of fair hair matted and stiff with blood, at the perfect hand extended starkly from beneath the covering as if to clasp hers—the marble hand with the ring upon its finger.

He had said that he would come to her alive or dead, and so he had come!

It seemed to her as though she watched the fearful thing for years. At last she became conscious that her husband stood beside her.

"Come away, darling," he said, tenderly. "Poor fellow! I wonder who he is?"

She did not know what possessed her, but she turned to him, feeling rigid and emotionless as marble.

"This is the man I love," she said, slowly. "The only man whom I have ever loved. The man for whose dear sake I curse the day that made you my husband."

(There was a slight movement at my side, a sound as of a groan, and turning I saw that John's eyes were open and fixed on the woman's face. She stopped for a moment as though to collect her strength, and then, with both white hands wrung together on her lap, went on low and monotonously):

A weaker man might have despised her for the avowal, a harsher man hated her; but he was neither weak nor harsh, and in his tender, mightful love he pitied her. She saw the bitter pain creep up into his eyes, but he did not flinch under it.

"Claire," he said, huskily. "My poor child! And I have wronged you so!"

He did not say, "You have wronged and deceived me;" he did not say, "Yours was the sin, let yours be the blame." In his brave strength of pity he took the burden upon himself. Holding the dead man's hand, standing by the crushed mass of hideousness, she told him the whole story from beginning to end, hiding nothing, and even then he did not reproach her. He gave up his claim to her in the face of his misery, and then with a tender prayer upon his lips left her—false, cruel heart that she was—never to return.

There was another pause here, then, with eyes meeting my brother's, she went on very slowly:

I wonder—I have often wondered if the rest of this story would be trusted. However that is, I must tell it.

After he had left her, after she knew that he was indeed gone forever, this girl found out the treasure she had cast aside, learnt to see the contrast between the man who would have drawn her to shame and sin and the man who would sacrifice life and love for her; who for her sake would root up from his deep heart all that made life fair to him.

Slowly it grew upon her. Slowly the truth broke in upon her mind. Passing about her home she saw that all his thoughts had been for her, that while she had wronged and tortured him he had lived but for her happiness.



In her dreams he stood before her, brave and loyal as of old, grand and lion-hearted; in the day-time he haunted her in every room, in every passage. Every hour she longed for his kindly smile, for but one of the loving caresses which he had lavished upon her. The time came when she started from her slumbers sobbing out his name, when the thought of him would send her groveling upon the floor in her grief and self-abasement, when a scrap of his writing was dimmed with her tears and worn with her passionate kisses.

For almost a year this went on, and then the agony became too much. She would go and seek him, search for him everywhere, if when she found him she might only be his servant, might only be near him, see him, sometimes perhaps touch him. For some months her searching was in vain, then she discovered that he was far away-sick and almost dying. The day after she heard the news she was on her way to his adopted home. The sister with whom he lived needed a person to act in the capacity of housekeeper and nurse to her sick brother. She reached the place one night, when her husband was supposed to be on his deathbed, and was received into the house. She was allowed to wait on him, to serve him, to be with him always. No one seemed to penetrate the disguise she used, and she made up her mind, when the sick man was strong enough to bear the excitement, to tell him the whole pitiful truth, and ask his forgiveness.

Would he forgive her? Dare she hope that he would take her to his heart again? She did not deserve it, but she dared to hope he would, he had been so true and gentle in the olden days—so pitying and tender!

The day came when the story was told, when the erring wife stood before her husband pleading for but a little place in his heart.

"I love you!" she said. "I love you now. My darling. My darling!"

She had risen from her seat and fallen upon her knees before him, sobbing like a weary child. The cap was off, the eye-shades lay upon the carpet, her face was hidden upon his pillow.

Oh, how tenderly he drew her to his broad breast, as stooping he kissed the golden-shadowed hair!

"Claire, my love," he whispered. "And has my wifemy wife-come home to me at last?"

Dear, dear old Jack, the reward of his patient waiting had been given to him indeed!

I watched them for a moment with the tears streaming from my eyes, and then jumping up left them to themselves.

Of course I ran straight to find dear Tom. He was in the hall preparing to go out, but I took him by the button and pulled him into the breakfast-room, and shutting the door, set my back against it.

"Oh, Tom!" I said, almost breathless with excitement, and with the tears running down my cheeks. "She has come back to him."

He actually didn't know who I meant.

"Come back? Who?"

"John's wife," sobbed I. "And she does love him after all, and—and she is up-stairs, and guess who she is? Oh, Tom, she's 'that housekeeper'!"

#### CURIOUS AND USEFUL CROW.

J. Surder, of Virginia, owns a crow which serves as a substitute for dogs, cats, and all other domestic sentinels. He destroys every frog about the well; allows a mouse no chance for his life; drives hawks from the poultry, and bids

fair to act as the best squirrel-dog in the country. Hereadily spies the squirrel, either upon the fence or on the trees, and with a natural antipathy to the squirrel tribe, his shrill, keen note is readily detected by his owner, accompanied by rapid darts up and down, and the owner is thus led to the game. The most remarkable feature about the crow is that he invariably keeps five or six days' rations ahead of time, well concealed.

#### THE GREY-BEARD, OR BELLARMINE.

The manufacture of a coarse, strong pottery, known as "stoneware," from its power of withstanding fracture and endurance of heat, originated in the Low Countries in the early part of the sixteenth century.

The people of Holland particularly excelled in the trade, and the productions of the town of Delft were known allower Christendom.

During the religious feuds which raged so horribly in Holland, the Protestant party originated a design for a drinking-jug, in ridicule of their great opponent, the famed Cardinal Bellarmine, who had been sent into the Low Countries to oppose in person, and by his pen, the progress of the reformed religion.

He is described as "short and hard-featured," and thus he was typified in the corpulent beer-jug here delineated. To make the resemblance greater, the cardinal's face, with the great square-cut beard then peculiar to ecclesiastics, and termed "the cathedral beard," was placed in front of the jug, which was as often called "a grey-beard" as it was "a Bellarmine." It was so popular as to be manufactured by thousands, in all sizes and qualities of cheapness; sometimes the face was delineated in the rudest and fiercest style. It met with a large sale in England, and many fragments of these jugs of the reign of Elizabeth and James I. have been exhumed in London.

The writers of that era very frequently allude to it.

Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling, 1653," says of a formal doctor, that "the fashion of his beard was just, for all the world, like those upon Flemish jugs, bearing in gross the form of a broom—narrow above and broad beneath."

Ben Jonson, in "Bartholomew Fair," says of a drunkard, "The man with the beard has almost struck up his heels."

But the best description is the following, in Cartwright's play, "The Ordinary," 1651:

——"Thou thing!
Thy belly looks like to some strutting hill,
O'ershadowed with thy rough beard like a wood;
Or like a larger jug, that some men call
'A Bellarmine,' but we a conscience,
Whereon the tender hand of pagan workman
Over the proud ambitious head hath carved
An idol large, with beard episcopal,
Making the vessel look like tyrant Eglon!"

The term "grey-beard" is still applied in Scotland to this kind of stoneware jug, though the face of Bellarmine no longer adorns it.

About 1770, there flourished a Mrs. Balfour, of Denbog, in the county of Fife. The nearest neighbor of Denbogwas a Mr. David Paterson, who had the character of being a good deal of a humorist.

One day when Paterson called, he found Mrs. Balfourengaged in one of her half-yearly brewings—it being thecustom in those days, each March and October, to make as: much ale as would serve for the ensuing six months. Shewas in a great pother about bottles, her stock of which fellfar short of the number required, and she asked Mr. Paterson if he could lend her any.

"No," said Paterson, "but I think I could bring you a

few 'greybeards' that would hold a good deal; perhaps that would do."

The lady assented, and appointed a day when he should come again, and bring his 'greybeards' with him.

On the proper day, Mr. Paterson made his appearance in Mrs. Balfour's little parlor.

"Well, Mr. Paterson, have you brought your 'grey-beards'?

"Oh, yes. They're downstairs waiting for you."

"How many are there?"

"Nae less than ten." "Well, Ihope

they're pretty large, for really I find I have a good deal more ale than I have bottles for."

"I'se warrant ye, mem, ilk ane o'them will hold twa gallons."

"Oh, that will do extremely well."

Down goes the lady.

"I left them in the dining-room," said Paterson.

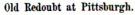
When the lady went in, she found ten of the most bibulous old lairds of the north of Fife. She at once perceived the joke, and entered into it.

After a hearty laugh had gone round, she said she thought it would be as well to have dinner before filling the greybeards; and it was accordingly arranged that the gentlemen

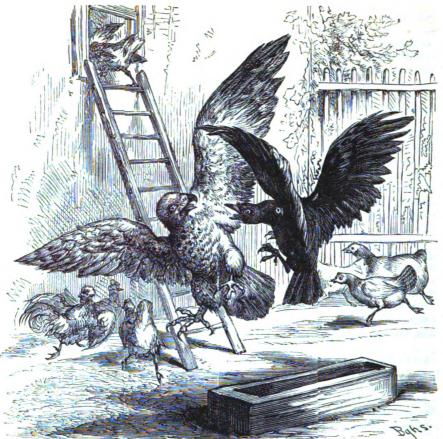
should take a ramble, and come in to dinner at two o'clock.

The extra also is understood to have been duly disposed of.

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The only remaining vestige of Fort Pitt, that, more than a century ago, occupied the place where the city of Pittsburgh now stands, is the old redoubt represented in our engraving. It is very heavily built of stone, and was erected in 1764. This ruin, associated with the memories of the Revolution-



A CURIOUS AND USEFUL CROW.—SEE PAGE 443.

ary struggle, was last used as a dwelling-house. It is now, we believe, tenantless, but still stands a venerable monument of war in the midst of the busy city.

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# THE JAR OF PEACHES.

THE soft May winds were tossing about pink waves of appleblossoms in the orchard, wafting little gusts of perfume upon the air; the Spring sunshine lay in patches of gold across the oldfashioned porch, where a clinging wistaria was already opening its purple clusters; the

canary was singing shrilly at one of the tiny latticed windows, and the little cottage looked as pretty a place as heart could wish, as Lilian Brentford walked up the box-bordered path, and, with a little sigh of weariness, entered the cheerful parlor. A trim, compact figure, with dainty feet and hands, clear dark skin, bright brown eyes with long lashes, and a pointed chin, with a dimple coming and going as she spoke or laughed, no wonder the "Widow Brentford" looked up with fond admiration in her eyes as her daughter entered her presence.

"Well, Lilly, what's the news?" she said, cheerfully, pushing a pile of unfinished work from a chair, and making room for the girl to sit down.

"No very good news, mamma; Sarah Lent is going to boarding-school, and her mother says it isn't worth while for Mary to go on with her music alone, so there go two of my best scholars. It's hard work trying to make both ends meet, isn't it, mamma dear? and my poor old dress gets shabbier and more rusty every day;" and Lilian glanced ruefully at the well-worn suit that had done good service, and showed it, too.

"I am sorry, Lilian, of course; but then you're not very strong, and the Summer is coming on, so, perhaps, it's all for the best; you might have overtaxed your strength. I don't see, just this minute,"







she added, with a puzzled air, "where we are to get money tor our rent—but we can manage it somehow, I don't doubt"—and the widow smiled bravely up into her daughter's saddened face.

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking of, for ever so long, mamma," said Lilly. "I knew all along I ought to do it, but

"I haven't any home-pupils now, mamma," Lilian answered, "and may not have; and, as for myself, we can bring the little spindle-legged one down-stairs, and I'll get Frank to tune it for me. Of course it won't be so good as this one, but it would be simple extravagance to keep this, when we are suffering for so many more necessary things.



I dreaded, and put it off day after day, hoping things would look brighter. But now I've made up my mind. I'll sell my piano! Frank told me last evening there was a lady at the store wanting to buy one, of Sandolini's make, and they hadn't anything that suited her."

"Sell your piano, Lilian!" remonstrated Mrs. Brentford. "Why, what would you do without it?"

So, you see, mamma," she added, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "that the old piano that poor old Uncle Silas used so to delight in, and we have always laughed at, will do us a good turn yet."

Mrs. Brentford did not answer, but took up her work with a regretful sigh, and began once more the weary task of stitching.



"Mamma," began Lilian, after a few moments of silence, during which the canary-bird executed a series of trills, and the clock ticked monotonously on, "if only Uncle Silas had been as rich as people said he was, I needn't have been parting with my piano now. What do you suppose he meant by that mysterious will of his, which would have made me an heiress if he had any money to bequeath?"

Mrs. Brentford smiled sadly.

"I have long ceased to ask myself that question, Lilly. I remember too well what a search we all had for an imaginary treasure, turning everything upside down and downside up!"

"Was it thought that anybody had stolen it, or did they believe that Uncle Silas had only imagined he possessed wealth? Sick people have had such vagaries before, you know!"

"Well, my dear, it was a weary time, and I don't like to remember it; but I believe they thought he had hidden money somewhere, and forgotten about it. I watched with him the night he died, and I think he was trying all the tinfe to tell me something. He pointed down to the parlorceiling, and said, 'There! there!' over and over again, with a never-varying persistency that I can hardly account for now. But we searched every nook and corner, we even had the flooring taken up, but nothing was ever found. Perhaps he made away with the remnant of his fortune in some of his delirious fits. At any rate, I never got anything but the old furniture, though I believe he died thinking he had provided handsomely for you and me."

And the widow gave a sigh as her thoughts went back twenty years into the past, when the old gray-headed man had been used to smooth her bright hair lovingly with his big brown hand, and tell her how she should be rich when he was gone.

But Lilian, who had no such memories of the past, was busy with projects for the present.

"Mamma!" she burst forth, "may I ask Frank to tea to-night? You know, if he tunes the piano, he'll have to stay some time, and I should so like to have him!"

"Well, dear, if you like," demurred Mrs. Brentford; "but you know that our teas are no very great affairs. Bread and butter and radishes, although they do well enough for us two, are scarcely tempting fare to offer a hungry young man."

"Now, mamma, I'm sure our tea is very nice, and I might open that jar of preserves Mrs. Loring sent me when I was sick, if you wouldn't mind. I think we might afford to treat ourselves a little, once in a while. Frank so seldom comes to tea, and, if I sell my piano, we shall be ever so rich;" and Lilian having mounted, with great agility, upon a chair, took from its retreat upon the closet-shelves a small glass jar of peaches, whose roundness and juicy contour she admiringly examined, with her pretty head on one side, and her lithe, graceful figure balancing skillfully on its rickety standpoint. "One, two, three," she began to count. "Here are seven; two a piece all round, and one for manners. Isn't that glorious?" she exclaimed, as, tightly clasping her treasure in her plump hand, she gave a spring, and, landing lightly on the carpet, found herself face to face with a tall young man, who, evidently feeling himself quite at home, had walked straight into the parlor without the previous ceremony of a knock, and now stood looking, with amused eyes, at the housewifely little figure before him.

Tall and straight, with a manly grace that suited well with the honest blue eyes and sunburnt skin, with the laughing mouth and bright, sweet-tempered expression, surely this Frank Alden was not an unpleasant person to look upon.

"Of course, it's glorious, little one!" he said, in a cheering voice; "but I don't quite know what it's all about. If you mean it's glorious that I'm here an hour earlier than usual,

I am sure I echo the sentiment; and if you mean to say that I'm to be asked to tea, and have some of those precious peaches you are holding so fondly, why, then, I'm the luckiest fellow in the world, and I'll stay with all the pleasure in life! Let me help you set the table," and he went busily to work, tossing Lilian's hat and cloak away with so much alacrity, as he prepared to lift the table into the middle of the room, that Lilian, with a despairing glance at the confusion he created, set down the jar hastily, and came to the rescue.

"Frank! Frank!" she cried, "what are you doing? Look at poor mamma, half-smothered by the things you've thrown upon her!"

At this timely remonstrance, Frank became extremely penitent.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mrs. Brentford," he apologized; "but, you see, I'm not accustomed to being invited out, and I don't quite know how to behave, and having an extra hour at my own disposal has rather turned my head."

"I'm so glad you came early, Frank," said Lilian, when quiet was at last restored, and they were sitting cozily side by side on the little sofa. "You're just the very one I wanted."

"You're just the very one I've wanted for a long while!" interrupted Frank, saucily.

But Lilian paid no attention, and went on, demurely:

"To tune my piano, I mean. I've been thinking over what you said about that lady wanting one of Sandolini's manufacture, and I've made up my mind to let her have mine. So, you see, I want you to put the old one up-stairs in as good order as you can for me."

"I'd tune fifty pianos for you, if you asked me, Lilly," responded Frank, sobered instantly by her last words. "You know that; but do you think that it is exactly right for you to give up your beautiful new Sandolini, when you depend upon it for so much of your enjoyment?"

"But we need the money so much, Frank, and I think"—she lowered her voice as he followed her up-stairs—"that I should be more than ungrateful if I allowed mamma to want for anything while I kept that useless piece of extravagance for my own selfish enjoyment. Don't oppose my plan, but help me all you can!"

"Help you!" echoed Frank, as he looked admiringly down into the depths of the earnest, loving eyes, filled with tears. "Why, I'll work till I turn the little old rattle-box into a first-class piano, with all the modern improvements, as the advertisements say. Just sit down and keep me company, and I'll take it to pieces in no time at all."

And the young giant went to work with a will, taking apart the queer little old-fashioned instrument, and examining its curiously shaped proportions with a comical mixture of contempt and amazement.

"Lilian," he said, as he pulled out the front board, with the maker's name in tarnished gilt letters inscribed on its face, "what do you suppose Mr. Stoddart said to me to-day?"

"I'm sure I don't know," responded Lilian, touching the worn yellow keys softly, and playing noiseless tunes upon them. "Some ridiculous nonsense about your being useful, or reliable, or something of that sort, I suppose."

"Better than that, Lilly dear! Don't put your hand in there—you'll get it dusty. Let me lift up this board first. He said he was thinking of taking me into partnership. What do you think of that?"

"Think? I think it's splendid! Just to fancy the firm being Stoddart & Alden! Only it would be better if it were Alden & Stoddart!" joyously exclaimed Lilian, as she dropped the duster, which she had been elaborately whisking around the cobwebs on the inside of the key-board.

"It can't be either yet awhile, my darling!" sadly re-

sponded Frank. "The trouble is, Mr. Stoddart wants me to supply five thousand dollars capital, and that's just what I can't do. So I am as far off from being in the firm as ever, for anything I can see. Five thousand dollars don't grow on every bush, unfortunately, and—halloa! what's this?"

In the same breath he drew out from the recesses of the rickety old piano an oblong roll of yellow, time-stained papers.

"Some of Uncle Silas's love-letters, I declare! 'Findings is keepings!" he shouted, as he held the paper high above the little outstretched hands that the girl held tremulously out to receive it.

But Lilian had turned deadly pale. Quick as thought her mother's words, spoken not an hour ago, flashed across her mind. In that one brief moment the whole scene seemed to stand out before her bewildered eyes—the quaint little chamber, with its corners full of indistinct shadows—the shaded night-lamp, the high four-post bedstead, with the pale, wan face of the dying man looking forth with eager eyes, and trying with outstretched hand to point to the hidden wealth below. And it had been lying there all these weary years, under her very hands, as it were, vibrating to each touch of her fingers, thrilling with every chord she had struck!

"So near, and yet so far!"

"Lilian and Frank, come down to tea!"

It was the familiar voice of her mother, and, with its tones, her vision faded away, and she found herself in the bright, sunshiny room, with her lover supporting her in his strong arms, and his anxious face bending over hers, while, as she slowly opened her eyes, the neglected package of precious bills lying on the floor at her feet, wrapped in its yellow old newspaper, was the first object that met her eye.

"My darling, I thought you had fainted. Let me lay you here on the lounge, and call your mother to bring some water. I should not have let you stay here in this hot room so long."

When Mrs. Brentford came running up-stairs with the camphor and hartshorn, and half a dozen other restoratives that she had caught up in her hurry, she was told the wonderful story of the finding of the long-lost treasure, and taken to look upon the exact spot where it had lain concealed during all the years of her unavailing search.

"So uncle Silas was right, after all, and this little piano has kept his secret till the time when we needed the money most;" and, with reverential touch, and fast-falling tears, given to the memory of the generous old man, the widow gathered together the scattered bills that were to raise her from poverty to wealth, and, placing them in her daughter's hands, she murmured:

"My own darling, it was your generous resolve that brought us the sunshine of good fortune!"

An hour later, when the first freshness of the joy had a little subsided, and the roses had crept back to Lilian's cheeks, they descended to the pleasant little parlor, where everything looked just as bright and homelike as ever. The purple wistaris was wafting heavy perfume from its dew-laden clusters, and the canary had closed sparkling little eyes, and converted himself into a golden ball of down; the moonlight was streaming in at the lattice-windows upon the tea-table, which looked delightfully inviting, with its snowy cover, its shell-like china, the plates of delicately thin bread and golden butter, while the radishes, shining pink through their garland of green leaves, made a brave show, and the jar of peaches, crowning the feast, fairly made Frank's mouth water with their globes of rounded sweetness.

"If it hadn't been for those beauties," he enthusiastically exclaimed, "I shouldn't have been invited to tea, and if I

hadn't staid to tea, I shouldn't have tuned that charming old piano, and if I hadn't taken that all apart, I should never have found 'the treasure-trove.' And so, if you both insist that I shall borrow that five thousand dollars, and buy myself into the firm of Stoddard, Alden & Co., and as I insist that Lilian shall become my wife this very month, I dont see why we mustn't thank that delicious-looking jar of peaches for bringing it all about! And Lilian, dear, when you and I are married, we'll have peaches for tea every day of our life!"

And Lilly laughed, and blushed, and looked very happy, but said neither Yes nor No.

So they were married, and the old piano that had held their fortune so long and trustily was tenderly put together again, and placed in the middle of the new drawing-room; and often and often, in the Summer twilight, Mrs. Brentford would touch its time-yellowed keys, softly playing some tender melody of long ago, and sit dreaming of the old, old days when the dear, quaint strains were played for other ears—when Uncle Silas would come in and listen to her music, and Lilian's father would praise her skill, until brought back by the touch of baby-fingers and the ring of fresh young voices to the reality of wealth and happiness, that had been raised, as by magic, from the hollow depths of the old piano.

# Attacked by Wild Asses: A Scene in the Desert of Khiva.

THE Kiang or wild ass of Thibet inhabits the high tablelands, and is wonderfully fleet and active. It has the neigh of a horse, so that by some it is called a wild horse. It inhabits the wild table-lands, and generally goes in bands of eight or ten, but is sometimes seen in large herds. It is rather a large animal—a full-sized animal measured fourteen hands high at the shoulder. It can stand great cold, and is supplied with a warm furry coat to endure a low temperature, and how low it can stand may be seen by the fact that where it ranges the thermometer often falls below zero. In Summer the fur is a light reddish-brown, and the legs strawcolored; but in Winter the coat is light-grey and the legs white. Down the back it has the black stripe common to asses, but lacks the cross-bar. It is a swift and wary animal, and not easily approached by the hunter, for it is regarded as excellent game.

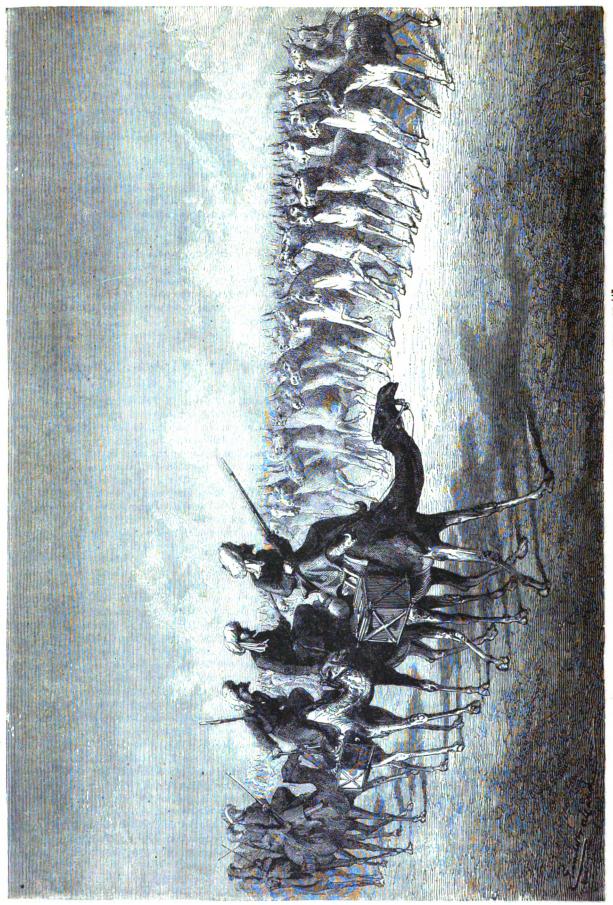
Vambery thus describes his encounter with a herd:

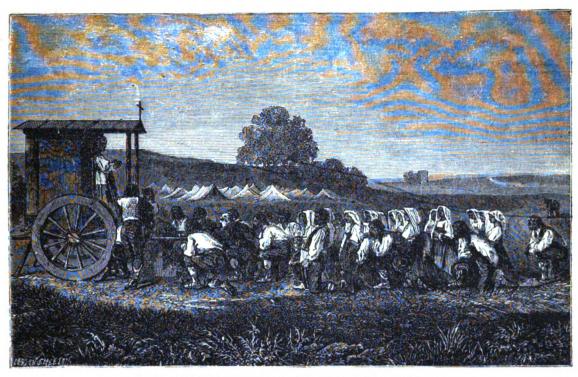
"It was, I think, in the course of the second day passed by us on the Kaflanker, that we descried, toward noon, an immense cloud of dust rising to the northward. The Kervanbashi and the Turkomans flew to arms. As the cloud came rolling on, our anxiety became intense. At last we could make out the outline of the moving mass-a series of squadrons ready to charge upon us. Our guides laid down their arms. True to my assumed Oriental character, I restrained my curiosity, but my impatience grew feverish as the cloud approached. When it was but fifty paces from us, a shuffling sound was heard, as of a thousand horsemen suddenly halted at a word of command; but no sound came forth from the mysterious cloud. We were not long in suspense; the cloud fell, and we found ourselves face to face with some hundreds of strong and vigorous wild asses that had halted in an ordered line. They regarded us for some moments, till doubtless they were satisfied that we did not belong to their category, when they resumed their gallop and vanished in the west."

Why is a blush like a little girl?—Because it becomes a woman









PEASANTS OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA HEARING MASS IN HARVEST TIME.

### THE PINK COUNTESS.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

#### CHAPTER XV.

DRIFTING TO THE SHALLOWS.

is better sail boldly on in almost any direction than drift without any direction at all. You had better sail in the maddest storm that ever troubled your sea of life than lie on the sea and drift with any wind that chooses to blow.

Murietta was utterly alone in Rome as far as anything like real friends were concerned, although he was petted and patronized and courted by the kind artists here; and many an old woman, and young one too for that, had made ineffectual efforts to draw and corkscrew him into their

special clique and circle where weak tea and strong scandal was dealt out with prodigal liberality.

He seemed to have lost his spirit somehow. He was drifting. He was not waiting for anything to turn up. He was not wanting anything to turn up. It seemed to him rather that there was now nothing else to be done. He felt that he had come to the end of his road of life, and was perfectly satisfied, too, with the thought, that he should never live to leave Rome.

The warm, soft wind was in again from Africa as the artist opened his window next morning. The cats were on the wall asleep just as they were before. Possibly they had not left their posts on the battlement all this time. It was as warm and sweet as middle Spring. Even the beggars affected the shade of the wall, and the people as they passed by sang low and dreamily if they sang at all, and all seemed languid and half-asleep.

The artist passed out of his room and crossed the little white hall, and looked away to the hills beyond the Tiber and above the dome of St. Peter's. Monte Mario, in almost Vol. I., No. 4.—29.

a single night, had mounted himself in green. He lifted his glass and saw that the side of the mountain turning to the sun was in places red with roses, and in other places white with flocks of sheep.

"I can almost hear the songs and the pipes of the skinclad shepherds," said the man as he lowered his glass and turned back to the lonesome room. "I can almost hear the movement of Spring. The country seems to call to me across the mossy walls of Rome, and invite me to come forth and be glad."

He was walking slowly across the room asking himself what he should now do, for, despite his promise, he had more than half resolved to see the beautiful pink countess no more for ever, when his eyes fell upon the picture half hiding away in the shadow of the door. He approached, lifted it tenderly to the light, and sat down before it in silence. What could he have been thinking of? At last he rose up with a sigh, set it back in its place, and then shook his head and shrugged his shoulders violently, as if he would shake off and throw off the load of thought that encumbered him.

"I will go upon the Campagna." He took his hat as he said this, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and hastened down the narrow stone steps. He had been looking at Annette, loving her, worshipping her, talking to her, taking her into his heart. Therefore he almost hated the countess as he began to remember his promise the day before, to be with her at the hour of twelve, which was now near at hand.

"There is truly a bad atmosphere about that palace of the pink countess, and what have I done that I must condemn myself to perpetually inhale it? She is in the meshes of some great grief and trouble," mused the man, "and now why, or what reason there is that I—I of all men—should take it upon myself to champion her, I cannot understand. I will not! There!"

He snapped his fingers as if he had sundered the cord that bound him to her, and then threw back his head and began to whistle as he went on down the street, like a country ploughman.

Carriages were pouring past, up, and down, as he reached

the Corso, and they were full of beautiful women, and fragrant with bouquets and enormous baskets of roses.

Sometimes these roses would be thrown in a perfect shower from carriage to carriage, and now and then some beautiful woman, in these little battles of the roses, would be almost covered with red and white and pink as she sat in her carriage. This to Murietta seemed to be the most beautiful and innocent thing of all the Carnival.

His spirits rose as he saw so much levity, such innocent diversion, and so many light-hearted and happy people, and he began to despise himself for a morbid and a discontented man.

"I will join them," thought he. "I can get a carriage there around the corner. I can get a carriage there under the palace around the corner; but where can I get a beautiful woman to sit by my side and challenge the volley of roses?"

The carriages rolled by as if they were innumerable. There were mounted cavaliers throwing roses and bantering the beautiful women, and lifting their hats and leaning from their horses to talk in whispers. All the air was full of the breath and fragrance of the country, and all things seemed as beautiful and full of life as if Rome was one great ballroom hung with flowers and filled with the beauty of the earth, and all were moving down the mazes of the dance.

The man lingered here a long time. He looked and peered into every carriage with an engerness and concern and anxiety on his face that was not to be mistaken. Had he been asked what he was looking for he would have been angry even with his best friend. Had he asked himself what he sought there, he would have said, "Nothing." He was looking for Annette. She was not there.

At last he began to wonder if the countess was out in this glorious air and occasion, so full of life and health and happiness,

Did she come because he was thinking of her? Or was he thinking of her because she was coming? Possibly he was thinking of her all the time. At all events, there she sat in the carriage, smiling sadly, sweetly, tenderly.

"You will come to the palace at twelve to-morrow," she said, but was gone before he could refuse or remonstrate or explain.

"It is fate," said the man to himself. "Chance has again thrown us together. The responsibility is with chance. I will not resist fate, but will drift on the sea of life whithersoever the tide may flow." Then he turned home. He would see the countess to-morrow.

The restless horses had stamped so long and so hard on the stones of the court when the artist arrived, next morning, that the doves had all fluttered and flown away and up to the sun on the niches and arches of the palace, and Little Sunshine had muffled himself up, and was sitting all a shiver on the front seat; for nothing is more tantalizing and chilling and cheerless than the courts of these damp, dismal palaces.

"You are so very fashionable!" smiled the beautiful countess, as she half rose and drew her pink-and-rose robes to one side to give place to the artist.

"A thousand pardons, lady, I feel very guilty. But then," he added, as he sat down by the rustling robes of pink and silk and lace, "you know it is always twelve until it is one in law."

"Yes, in law, but in love?"

The artist was glad the carriage and the horses' feet on the cobble stones of Rome precluded a reply, for he felt certain the countess used the last word in the remark, not with any significance, but simply because it fitted in there and was a pleasant word, and in that place made a pretty alliteration.

This very often happens in conversation. Words do not always have the same weight and importance.

There was a beautiful but silent scorn of the gaieties of Rome on the part of the countess that day, which now more pleased the moody Murietta than anything that she said, or could have said. She had chosen this day, this "Feast of Flowers," in quite another sense.

Turning down the Via Angelo Custode they passed the fountain of Trevi, reached the Corso, passed the resurrected and exhumed Forum of Trajan, and crossing the old Roman Forum, soon touched the Tiber under the steep and north side of Mount Aventine, and were on their way out to the gate of St. Paul.

The countess never questioned Murietta as to whether this drive would please him or whether that would displease him. "Whatever she may be," mused the man to himself as they sat silent all the time, "whatever she may be now, or whatever troubles encompass her, she is a lady who, once in her time at least, has known no will or whim or humor but her own."

As they rolled between the yellow Tiber to the left, and the steep Aventine covered with old ruins and new woods to the right, the lady looked up, and lifting her little pink hand to the top of the mountain, and following it with her great hazel eyes, said:

"There is a shrine up there; would you care to see it as we return?"

"Well, there are so many shrines in Rome," answered the artist, "that one must be a little particular, else one will never get through with them all."

"But this one is very old."

"And pray what is it?"

"The Tomb of Remus. It was there he watched the flight of the birds, and there, says tradition, he was buried."

"No, I do not care to see it," said the artist, "it is an old affair at best; besides, I am not in a mood to visit tombs to-day."

"Not in a mood to visit tombs to-day? But you must be," said the lady, looking the least bit troubled; "do you see that little mountain down the Tiber there with the great cross at the top?"

" Yes."

"That overlooks the Campo Santo. We are going there; it is the prettiest place in all Rome. We are to visit the graves of Keats and Shelley."

After passing down a long avenue of elm and locust trees, they turned to the right through a broad gate and passed on to the south, toward the great marble pyramid built in the wall of Rome, and, when almost against the wall, stopped before a deep moat that runs around the old Protestant burying-ground.

The sexton led across a little arched bridge, and there in one corner of the little island, as it were, with its few trees and many flowers, lifted a flat faded stone without any name whatever. For that name has been "writ in water."

A few roses were blossoming pale and feebly on a few sickly bushes that had struggled ineffectually with the thick carpeting of grass, and here and there a bright margaretta starred the green covering, but the place was cheerless and lonesome and cold from the shadows of the trees and the walls. The grave and the little stones had been restored but a few years before by an artist of Rome who had come from the New World (Rhinehart), and the strange and mournful inscription on the head-stone without a name had been made once more legible.

That artist lies buried now up yonder, under the tall dark cypresses in the new ground against the wall of the city, and not so very far from the ashes of Shelley.

Murietta on first taking his seat in the carriage had thought that the countess contemplated a revel in the Carnival of Flowers on the Corso, for there in charge of the foot-



man were two broad and splendid baskets of roses. They were destined for a better purpose, these flowers, than to be trodden under the feet of revelers.

The countess moved about the grave of the great boypoet as silent as the stone that stood nameless above his head. She turned to her footman at last, and made a sign. He brought the basket of flowers, and while he held it in his hand she scattered the roses above his dust, and then departed in silence. She had not spoken one word.

It is but a stone's-throw from this burying-ground—which is now full and closed up—to the higher and more beautiful ground where Shelley has his last resting-place.

They passed through a great iron gate, and stood at once in one of the most beautiful flower-gardens to be found in all that land of flowers.

The keeper knows perfectly well what the stranger wants who enters that iron gate. His hat is in his hand, and he leads at once slowly up through the garden of flowers, up the little hill between the long row of tall, dark cypresses, right against the very top of the wall of Rome. The old man knows full well that but two classes of people come to him there, and but for two purposes: one is the traveler who comes to visit the grave of Shelley, and the other is the man who has finished his travels and has come home to his own grave.

Whatever beautiful things Shelley may have said of the grave of Keats, it is not so beautiful now. It is beautiful, it is true, but it seems so very, very lonesome.

But here, by Shelley's grave, the birds sing. The sun is always here when it is anywhere in Rome; and then the spot is lifted so high and so much above all the other world that it really seems nearer to heaven than any other place. Even the dark and mournful trees look pleasant, for all about their feet are flowers of every clime and color, and birds are in the bushes.

The flat stone that lies above the sacred ashes, with its well-known inscription, is nestled in blooming roses that nod and toss in the wind that blows in and softly around the wall from the Campagna.

Others had set flowers there that day. Ladies had come and left their little tokens, and their gifts lay still fresh and unwithered on the white stone.

The earth is almost level here with the top of the wall. The grave of Shelley looks over the Campagna, and you can, on a day of singular clearness, see the Mediterranean Sea from the port-hole in which the grave is very nearly placed.

The silent countess, after scattering the roses on the ground and around the stone, taking care not to disturb the gifts of those who had come before her, lest they should be from nearer and dearer hands, passed through the little half-open door that had been placed there at the mouth of this port-hole, and stood there and looked away to the south on the mighty edifice of St. Paulo, and on to the spot where the apostle perished, but spoke no word.

The little room that had been cut off by this door, and improvised out of this port-hole by the sexton, was a dingy little place full of flower-pots and spades and mattocks. It was the place, in fact, where the gravedigger kept his tools.

Birds and flowers and sunshine, and the songs of peasants bore in from the fields and over the walls; dark sweeping trees and pilgrims coming and peering from under their shadows the whole year through. Surely this is the grave, if such a grave there be, to make a man "in love with death."

The artist followed in silence this silent and incomprehensible woman, and lifted her in the carriage and took his place by her side with a feeling almost akin to reverence. She seemed to him now to have something of that soul and sympathy which he had ever in his heart demanded that

every one should have before they entered his soul. Here was a woman cradled in the lap of fortune, a beautiful woman, too, the most beautiful woman in her way in all the wide world, one not without her worshipers, who had turned in contempt from the follies of the Corso, where all the world had met to bandy wit and challenge and mingle in the Battle of Flowers, and had gone aside in silence to scatter roses on the graves of strangers.

The sun was dropping down behind the great gold ball of the dome of St. Peter's, as the countess drove, with a thousand others, up the Pincian Hill.

It looked as if the whole world had climbed the Pincian; as if there had been a deluge and every one had come up here out of the dark shadows, to stand in the last bright rays of the sun and escape.

What a gregarious people these Italians are! They are like a flock of sheep; wherever the leader goes the rest will follow and not give it a thought or make any question. But this was the season, and the full blossom and flower of the season, on this little hill and around this little drive among the figures and around the fountains.

The music played under the great palm-tree, as the sun settled behind St. Peter's, with a melody and sweetness that Murietta had never known before.

A thousand handsome men, the handsomest men by far in all the world, were there in their gorgeous uniforms glittering in the sun as they moved to and fro, mixed with the crowd, or passed from carriage to carriage lifting their hats to the ladies.

The band stopped playing for a moment, and the mass of carriages moved on, one, two, three, four abreast, and fast as the gay horses could whirl and spin about the little circle. The whole hill was blossoming with carriages, and every carriage was blossoming with beautiful women clad in every color of the rainbow.

Then the band began to play again, and again the crrriages drew up on the broad gravel before the great palmtree, and their occupants listened and looked at the sun hiding down behind St. Peter's, or laughed and talked and made love with their eyes.

The carriage of the countess, either by accident or ly quiet and unobserved direction, was kept well out on the edge of the immense crowd, and but few acquaintances were encountered; and these few the silent countess dismissed with well-directed monosyllables, as if they had been little single-handled encounters and she the most cunning fencer in all the world; she was therefore left much to herself. As for, Murietta, probably he had not spoken ten words all day.

There was a hat fluttering in the air in the face of the countess, as if to attract her attention, for she was looking dreamily away toward the gold and fire of the falling sun.

She caught her breath as she saw this hat, and her little hands clutched in her rose and pink and lace, and her face was deadly pale.

The hat, however, was replaced, and the man with his old gesture, as if he would say, "I am a blunt but honest sailor who carries his heart in his hand," passed on and joined the count and Prince Trawaska, and a group of other gentlemen who stood beneath one of the little sycamores talking and watching the gay whirl of fashion in the carriages.

The countess was suffering terribly. The old admiral knew this too, for as he passed on he threw a glance over his shoulder, looked hard and steadfast for a second in her pale and pitiful face as if to be perfectly certain that his arrow had gone to the heart, and then passed on with a swing and flourish of his cane, and a leer of satisfaction on his iron face.

The lady put her hand to her throat, she clutched at her clothes, and was for a moment in great agony, and for a time

it seemed doubtful if she could rally without assistance. Murietta caught her hand, tore off the little pink glove, and began chafing it, and tried to coax the frightened blood back and out from her heart and into her hands and face again.

As he did this the old admiral again elbowed his way through the crowd near the carriage, and led the count and his friends, or followers, whichever they may have been, in his wake.

The admiral looked hard into the carriage at Murietta, half-stooped, whispered to a man at his side, spoke to the count, who lifted his hat very civilly and respectfully to his wife, and so went on.

This time the countess was almost utterly overcome. She bit her lips till they bled. She sank back into the carriage, and it was with the greatest effort that she could be restored.

"He will murder me yet!" She whispered this to herself, and, when Murietta asked her if she really feared this man would harm her, she would not answer, but looked away again at the sun dying in a sea of blood, and was very silent and very pale.

At last the carriages in front began to move. It would be but a few minutes till the carriage of the countess also must move on and give room.

She turned to the artist and looked at him with the same sad longing, the same lonely and pitiful expression he had seen in her face at Genoa, and said:

"I may be imprisoned before I see you again. It may be impossible for me to see you more. Will you do me one favor?"

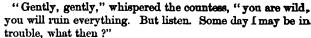
"I will do anything in my power to serve you, lady, even though it risked my life," answered the artist, with all the earnestness and determination of a nature now fully aroused and ready for action.

"No, not that much now," answered the lady, half-smiling at his earnestness; "not that now; it is only this: I am so situated that I am worse than alone. I must drive out, and dare not go out alone. That man will not murder me with a knife. He will not spill one drop of blood, but he will kill me as certainly as I live, and he will do it deliberately and by inches. Listen. I have found the ring—my dead brother's ring. This man the admiral has it. I must have that ring at the risk of my liberty—even of my life."

"But, my dear lady, I do not understand."

"No, you do not understand, and you do not promise."

"I do not understand, I do promise. If you are in danger, or if any lady is in danger, or if you even imagine you are in danger, what better can I do, what else have I to do, in this sullen, weary world"—the man was almost on his feet—"than to stand up and protect you?"



"Send for me," replied the artist, firmly and emphatically.

"I may be imprisoned," she began again, in a low voice. Do you understand? They may put me in prison."

"I—I think I——"

"No, no, you do not understand. Look here. If a lady should send to you—send her maid—could send nothing like a note or letter, or other message, and tell you she was a prisoner and required your help, what would you do?"

"Well, I suppose the correct thing to do would be to go to the consul representing the country from which the lady came and——"

"And get laughed at for your pains," put in the countess, sharply.

The carriages were moving off. The countess, at last, laid her little hand on the arm of Murietta, and again looked in his face.

"If I some day send my maid to you, will you come to me, and at once, and contrive to get a message from me to my father?"

"Come to you? I will come to you for that purpose if I have to come through fire!"

She looked at the man's passionate and determined face, and seemed satisfied. She took her hand from his arm as the carriage whirled down the serpentine road between the rows of sycamore-trees, and, looking once more into his face, said softly:

"You will remember?"

"I will remember."

"No? You will not dine with me to-day? Then to-morrow you will be sure to be with me by twelve, and we will find a new drive in the gardens of the Dorias."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### A MARCH HARE AND A HATTER.

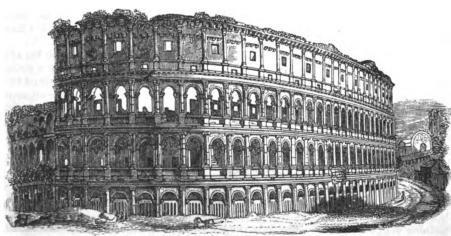
MURRETTA kept his promise to drive with the countess across the Tiber to the grounds of Prince Doria, very reluctantly, next day. He hardly knew why, but he really dreaded to go. He had, in fact, made up his mind not to go at all, and when the footman came up the narrow stone steps and tapped at the door, he found him sitting there before the torn and pierced picture of the One Fair Woman, moody and ill at ease, and quite unprepared for the drive.

The artist was not well used to the convenient and fashionable lies by which men and women daily escape the responsibility of promises, and so, sending his compliments

to the countess, he hastily arranged his toilet, and was soon descending the steps by the little blue Madonna with the undying lamp at her feet.

The morning was warm; the artist had made some haste, and was descending the steps and approaching the carriage with his cloak thrown back loosely over his shoulders, and his frock-coat unbuttoned and pushed back, so that it exposed the rich red silk sash that wound about his waist, and hung in tassels on either side, after the fashion of the Mexican at home.

The countess started back in her seat as if in terror at sight of



THE COLISEUM AT ROME-EXTERIOR VIEW.

this rich red sash about his tasseled waist, and cried out like a frightened child:

"It is blood! It is a sabre-cut, a dagger's gash! It means death!

She hid her face in her hands and shuddered, while Little Sunshine looked at her in amazement.

After a moment she lifted her face and smiled sad and sweetly as before, and pulling in her rose and pink robes with her dimpled pink baby hand, that still trembled like a leaf in the wind, she made room for Murietta, and made no more mention of the red sash again.

They crossed the Tiber Bridge, and at the Island

were soon climbing the tortuous road towards the Via Garibaldi.

Gardens to the right and gardens to the left, wi h a splendid fountain pouring out here and there, as if it was large and generous enough to water the whole thirsty Campagna in a middle Summer's day.

Palm - trees, sycamore, locust, and trees of every name and clime, and flowers of every color on this sunny hillside, sloping down and overlooking Rome.

This is the most delightful as well as the most pect of any in the world, here and look-

dreamy proscity to be seen for, sitting ing east and against the high white mountains above Tivoli, and twenty miles away across the Campagna, the city seems to touch the base of these mountains. The towers and the spires, and the mighty structures of every age and elevation, standing there on the half-leveled Seven Hills, seem to have their base against the mountains twenty miles away, and the city seems to be built all over the vast plain from the Tiber to Tivoli.

Pass through this gate, with all the walls to the right and left, inside and out, battered and riddled and torn by cannon balls; this gate through which little armies have been coming in and going out, victorious and defeated, fighting like dogs, dying like men, for the last ten years, and you come in a little while to the highest spot and the most beau-

tiful on all the banks of the lower Tiber. Here you drive through long avenues of oak, and the oak-trees are seared, and split, and splintered by shot and shell. You drive through an old cemetery with pagan inscriptions and sarcophagi, with Greek traditions and stories pictured out in marble, and the dead man's battles told in bold and bloody relief by the lid of his coffin, now set up and made bare for the contemplation of the curious barbarian from the far Northwest.

Drive on through and under the dark and overhanging oaks, and you see close to your right a little white monument, with its little story, in French, about the men who

fell fighting down yonder for the Pope in the other oak avenue, and among the other tombstones.

Here are great pinetrees as tali and graceful as those of the Pacific, only they are set with awkward regularity, and have been put down in order, and in line. and in rows like soldiers, as if everything on this hill of beauty meant battle and discipline and death.

There is a great square in the centre of the open grove where princes and even kings come to walk and talk, and revel on the grass, in a sort of royal picnic, every Summer season.

There were but few people there, and the

BEATRICE CENCI.

countess drew a long breath of relief as she saw the green plot but sparely sprinkled with people, and but few carriages in the long, eight-mile drive over the beautiful lands of the great and good Prince Doria.

Perhaps the countess had been thinking of that ugly face that rose up before her on the Pincian, and that came as if from under her own carriage but the day before, and feared a repetition if she should here fall into a crowd of people.

They drove round to the little lake, with its swarms of water-fowl, with its border of water-lilies, and there drew up, and Little Sunshine and the artist descended and gathered flowers from the banks, or threw bread at the swans, or fed the gold-fish that came up to the surface, almost on to the bank, to take the food from the hand.

The countess sat in her carriage more silent and sad than before. She had remarked to Murietta, as they climbed the hill up out of Rome, that they should have but few more drives together, perhaps but a single drive more; and he was thinking of this, and also thinking of her strange and unreasonable terror at sight of the red sash as he came to the carriage that day.

Suddenly through the green trees, below him, yet on a crest of a lower little hill, between him and Rome, he saw a tall and dark and a wonderful figure move and then stand, turn, and, plucking at a flower, look directly down on to the rolling Tiber and on Rome.

The artist let go the little boy's hand, dropped his own flowers, and almost fell upon his knees in the tall strong grass through which they had been wandering.

The little boy looked up to him with all the wonder of his mother's matchless eyes, put back his hair with a hand halffull of flowers, and stood there waiting while the artist looked away at the wonderful woman slowly plucking the flowers to pieces and looking down upon Rome as if she dreamed. It was Annette!

The little boy picked up the fallen flowers and handed them back to the artist, and then the two went on as before, picking up and plucking flowers from out the grass; only the artist could not see very clearly; and once, when the little boy caught a flower of singular beauty and held it up under his eyes, he pushed back his hair and looked around and up at the sky, and asked the artist if it was not going to rain, for he felt a drop on his hand.

The lady was quite alone. Murietta did not dare approach nearer. He even went aside and drew a clump of wood and vine between the lady and himself, as if it had been an impenetrable curtain and he wished to keep it there forever.

At last she had plucked her flowers to pieces, and then looking over on the dreamy and beautiful scene before, turned a little to one side and joined her father, a tall and iron-faced soldier, who stood against a great pine close at hand, smoking his cigar.

The father lifted his hand after a moment's consideration, and then a black man came forward and then returned, and then a carriage came down the avenue with two black men on the box, and father and daughter entered and drove rapidly away.

The artist led the little boy down and on to the crest of the hill where the tall dark woman had stood between him and Rome, as she had ever steed before him, lifted up, exalted between him and all things else, and there he stooped as if gathering flowers (while the little boy looked on and wondered), and picked up the bits of flowers that had fallen from her hand and placed them tenderly between the leaves of a book that he wore in his breast.

Then the little boy ran down the hill and plucked some special flower that he had discerned from the distance, and as he ran, the artist, looking quickly around and making sure that no one saw him, kneeled, fell upon his face, and kissed the earth where she had walked. Then he rose up, found the little boy, led him back, and as he entered the carriage and again sat down by the silent countess, he felt somehow inexpressibly happy and intensely sad.

The few carriages were fast rolling away toward Rome, for beautiful as is this place is it is very damp, and a dangerous place to remain in after sunset, and our party speedily followed. Little was said on either side. The countess was thinking of the future, the artist of the past.

"No, no, lady, another time," said the artist, resolutely, as she stood on the steps of her palace above him, urging him to join her at dinner, "I cannot to-day."

"Well, then, you will drive with me to-morrow?"

The artist hesitated. He had gone back to the worship of

his old idol. The countess had driven him a thousand miles from her in a month. He had gone back to her feet in a moment, and he wished to remain there.

"You will come but this once, but this once more?"

The countess came down the steps and laid her little hand on his arm and looked in his face with a troubled and an appealing look. "You do not understand; you are a man and do not think of a woman's weakness and her wants."

"I should be a boor, a brute, lady, to allow you to ask me twice after all the peace and pleasure you have given me. I certainly will be with you to-morrow."

He raised his hand, she ascended the steps, and he passed out and down to the Caffe Greco, a bohemian head-quarters, where he sometimes fell in for an hour's pastime and a lunch, or a glass of indifferent wine.

Yet he had not been here much of late, and remembered, as he passed in, that he had not dined from under the roof of the countess for days together.

Some old friends sat there, and he felt that they were a little cold and chilly in their behavior. Away down in a corner, two artists sat at a little marble table together, and laid their heads close together as if they were whispering. One of them was stroking and patting the large round head of a great spotted dog, as he alternately sipped his wine and laid his head over toward the head of his companion, and then looked up at Murietta.

Over to the left, on the other side, an American artist spoke to a French artist and looked at Murietta. The French artist shrugged his shoulders, and then sat still, and left the American artist to translate that remark as he chose.

Carlton arose and came forward, as the one particular friend of the artist, but even he was a little stiff and ceremonious, as Murietta threw off his cloak and sat by his side at a table, and ordered wine for both.

"You have been away from us so long, so very, very long; why, we hardly know you!"

"So very long? Why, I have seen you, my friend Carlton, nearly every day for the last month."

"Yes, from a splendid carriage by the side of a mad countess, and another man's wife, and——"

"Good God!" The artist sprang to his feet and almost upset the wine that had just been brought. "What do you mean?"

"Sit down! The whole caffe is noticing you!"

The artist sat and filled a glass to the brim. Then, tossing it off, after the fashion of the American, said:

"But tell me, what do you mean?"

"Mean? Really, I mean nothing. Not I, but the world—that is, the little meddlesome, mischievous American world here—is talking of you and the countess, and the countess and you, and nothing else, and it has been doing so for the last fortnight. Can it be possible that you do not know it?"

"Know it? I did not dream of it! Besides, look here!" He caught the man half-savagely by the breast of his coat. "You know me, you know my affections lie in another field, Carlton. You knew when you heard people use her name and mine that it was utterly impossible that I should do, nay think, an improper thing in this connection!"

"Yes, I knew it."

"And what did you say to these meddlers?"

"What should I have said?"

"You should have told them they lied, and you should have driven the lie down their throats! Not for my sake, Carlton, not for mine! my name will take care of itself, and in the teeth of the world I shall pass unstained like a polished stone, but for her sake, for her, knowing what you knew of me, for you have broken bread at her table. Whatever a merchant may do or a politician may devise, a



man—a man, mark you!—who takes my hand and holds friendship with me, takes on himself the responsibilities of a man, and stands between an honest woman and the world!"

The artist had risen up, gathered his cloak about him, and was about to pass out. He had leaned his head and almost hissed his last words in the ears of Carlton between his teeth.

"Hear me, one word! Heaven knows my friendship for you, and I know your simplicity and your sincerity. Pray sit one moment, and let us not part thus, for you wrong me now, as you are always wronging yourself."

Murietta muffled his cloak closer about him and sat down.

"Look here. You are too impetuous. You know as little of the world as you do of women. You bring with you all the freedom and movement of the Plains. You would tomahawk a man as if you were a Comanche."

The artist tapped the stone floor of the caffe flercely with his foot. "All Rome then is talking of that gentle and unhappy lady! All Rome is also talking of me. And the fair Annette! What has she heard, and what will she say?"

The world looked black to Murietta. He was almost blind with passion and tumultuous thought. Suddenly he turned to Carlton.

"Well, my politic and most civilized friend," began he, sharply and bitterly, "what would you have me do?"

"With the present state of affairs, nothing," answered Carlton, gently. "I should simply employ my own carriage, let the kind and gentle Count Edna, who has the sympathy and respect of all Rome, ride with and take care of his own wild wife, while I took care of my own reputation."

"I shall drive with the countess to-morrow!"

"Yes, perhaps you will drive with the countess to the end!" Then, assuming an air of the philosopher, Carlton said, "No, you will reform to-morrow. To-morrow, my boy, is the day of all days to reform in. To-morrow; always to-morrow."

"Mark you!" Murietta leaned over and wagged his finger in the face of his cool and prudent friend, "mark you, if ever any man, even though that man be her husband, dares open his lips against that woman, he dies, by heaven!"

"No, no, no, no. That is not the way to live; that is not the way to get on. If you will insist on your war-dance, put on your war-paint and go back to your Mexican border."

Carlton had reached and taken the artist by his arm, and half-forced him back again into his seat.

The cool half-humor of his friend did more to pacify him than had a dozen sermons, and, sitting still a moment, he leaned over to Carlton and said, "I am not curious, or at least I hope not vulgarly so, but please tell me what some of these meddlesome gossip-mongers have been saying?"

"Well," began Carlton, quietly, "do you remember the little fairy story in the 'Child's Primer,' about the March Hare and the Hatter?"

"No; and what the devil has a March hare and a hatter to do with me and the countess?"

"Listen, and you shall hear."

Murietta again tapped the stone floor with his foot, and biting his lips, sat eager to listen.

Carlton filled his glass, drank it off, filled that of Murietta, waited for him to empty it, or at least sip it in the old Italian fashion, and then he deliberately began:

"Well, this fairy tale runs after this fashion: Once upon a time a little girl was lost in fairy-land, and she did not know her way out. At last she came to the forks of the road, and there in the way sat an old woman with a short pipe in her mouth.

"' Madam, can you tell me which road I shall take to find my way home?" "'Well, my child, if you turn to the right and follow that road, it will lead you to the house of the hatter. But, mark you, the hatter is mad—mad as a March hare!"

"The little girl shuddered, and turned and looked down the other road, and then timidly asked if she should not, then, take that road.

"'Take it if you like, my child, take it if you like; but mark you, down that road there lives the March hare, and the March hare is mad—mad as a hatter!"

Carlton stopped, laughed a little, and then filled his glass and drank it off at a gulp, for he was an American, and did not know how to drink wine.

"Well," said Murietta—"well, well!" His foot tapped in a terrible tattoo on the stone floor. "What, in the name of all the saints—what, in the name of all the saints, has this mad hatter and this mad March hare to do with me, or this gentle and beautiful lady, the countess?"

"Nothing whatever, nothing at all," answered the other, slowly; "only this morning or yesterday, as you drove through the crowd in the great drive as usual, I heard a remark as usual, and that remark—"

"And that remark-" Murietta was again on his feet.

"Sit down, sit down," half whispered, half hissed Carlton as he tried to laugh, and as he reached up his hand and laid it on the arm of Murietta, and tried to gently drag him again back to his seat; "will you not sit down?"

"No; I am wild; I am sick and disgusted. I want the air. I can't breathe here; it suffocates me. I want to go out; I want to go outside the walls of Rome. There is not room here; it is too close!"

"Come! come!"

"I am going out. Good night."

"But the story?" said Carlton.

"But what?" asked Murietta, turning around and drawing his cloak closer about him.

"The story, or rather the sequel after, the fairy tale of the hatter and the March hare."

"Yes; that remark—what was it? You would provoke the devil," said he, again tapping a tattoo on the stones as he stood there with his hat down over his eyes and his cloak drawn close about him.

"Sit down, and I will tell you what it was, lest you think it something either very wicked or very witty, but I assure you that it was neither."

"Well, I am listening," said the artist.

"Really it is nothing," laughed Carlton quietly, "worth repeating; a man in the crowd simply said, as you and the countess passed by, There goes the hatter and the March hare."

As the two men parted, Carlton called back over his shoulder, "To-morrow we will reform."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

#### WITH THE ONE PAIR WOMAN.

It is very hard indeed to write a romance altogether out of facts. The facts refuse all the time to adjust themselves. They are all the time in the way. The unimportant facts refuse to lie down and lie still, and be passed over as they should be, and the important ones often stand up tall and white and cold, and ghostly, as if they had just risen from a grave-yard, and did not want to be disturbed. And then these grave-yard ghosts all want to be described so minutely. They keep introducing themselves and sitting down before you like Italian models, ever falling in position as they sit, and saying all the time, "I am So-and-so, and not This-and-this."

People, too, are tiresome. These real people are hard to handle. They are not exactly what you want. They some-

times persist in being intolerably dull and uninteresting, yet all the time and withal they will insist on being put down just precisely as they appeared, and will determinedly insist all the time in saying exactly the same stupid things they said on the occasion described without one redeeming variation. Better to break up your work, root and branch, scatter it to the four winds, and begin with stage, scene, actors—all from your own brain.

Murietta called at the palace of the pink countess in the

afternoon of the next day, as he had promised.

It was not, perhaps, absolutely necessary that he should call, but he did so in a spirit of defiance, and wanted to show to himself and the world that he proposed to do as he pleased in this matter so long as he harmed no one, and kept his heart and his conscience clear.

He was glad, very glad, when he was told that she was not in; and went down the great broad brown tuffa steps with a lighter heart than usual.

"The spell is broken," he said to himself almost gaily as he gained the street, and tapped his boot with his cane. "The spell is broken, the charm is over, and I am again free, and well escaped from a love that I could never understand in the least."

Then suddenly he stopped and began to think, and then his brow gathered with concern. He knew perfectly well that she was not out, and he knew just as certainly that she would have seen him, that she wanted to see him, and he knew that something was wrong at the palace of the beautiful lady in pink.

He began to despise himself again for having only thought of her in the most selfish manner, and for that selfish satisfaction which he felt when he found she would not see him, and he walked on gloomy and full of conflicting thought.

As he slowly sauntered on along the Via Felice with his head down, a hand reached out before him, and looking up he saw the pleasant face of the Secretary of the Spanish This gentleman was a threadbare author and a friend of the artists. He gloried in the title of Secretary of Legation, for it gave him an admission into society.

"I am going"—then the secretary rustled and fumbled in his vest-pocket and drew out a little piece of paper and a little piece of tobacco, and these somehow rolled themselves together between thumb and finger, as they only can between the thumb and finger of a Spaniard, and putting the end of this little wisp between his teeth, he found a match in the same sudden and mysterious manner, touched it to the end of the wisp, and instantly fired himself off, while the smoke poured from his mouth as from the mouth of a cannon—"I am going to one of the Afternoons of the amiable Miss D-, an ancient but most honored lady; that is just as much as a Secretary of Legation should say, though if I was again writing novels I might say a great deal more, and would be more than honored if you would accompany me."

Murietta was just in the mood to do anything, go anywhere. He turned, took the kind, good secretary's arm without a word, and went on silently up the street. He was wondering what in the world had become of last month. He saw that the deciduous trees which had been quite bare when he last passed that way were in full leaf, and casting cool and pleasant shadows over at least a hundred happy peasants asleep in the open street.

"What in the world have I been doing?" he asked himself; "what have I done all this pleasant and dreamy Summer month? Then he thought of what Carlton had said the night before, and was sorely nettled. "Where am I going now?" He said this to himself almost audibly, and suddenly stopped and turned to the good-natured secretary.

"Pray tell me where we are going, and whom I am to see

"You are going with me to one of the social afternoon gatherings of the amiable and ancient Miss Dvery proper lady, I do assure you, else a Secretary of Legation would not be found there, I will be sworn."

"But whom will we meet there?"

"Artists and poets, literary and scientific people from all parts of the world. The best people, I assure you, the very best place in Rome for a man like you and I; lots of brain and not many clothes."

"And not many ladies, I hope?"

"Ladies! no; no ladies to speak of. Yet there are the tall, long people from the States, a sort of flag-staff species, that vibrate and flutter between the two sexes and belong to neither, yet claim all the privileges of both-I mean the special correspondent in gold-rimmed spectacles, usually from the city of Boston; but further than these, and an old imbecile and superannuated princess or two, you will find nothing much in the shape of woman."

Murietta was amused, and was also glad to know that there was no probability of meeting the One Fair Woman at this gathering of bohemians on the hill.

On reflection he began to see that he had really been keeping out of society, or at least had lacked courage to go to more than one pleasant gathering, for fear he should come face to face with Annette. Therefore, he was well pleased to know that in this company, at least, which had been so humorously pictured by the good-natured novelist and secretary, he should be quite certain to not encounter her.

They climbed the longest, steepest, narrowest stone stairs in all Rome, perhaps. It was a perfect corkscrew, and went round and round in the dark till they both grew dizzy-headed.

Then at last they pulled at the red tassel of a rope that hung there like a little red lamp trying hard to make itself seen, and then they entered a very pleasant ante-room, and leaving their hats and canes and cloaks, they passed the door which opened into a most pleasant place, and out of which poured a murmur of most pleasant voices, as of a great multitude talking in all the tongues of Europe.

They were met by a busy, bustling little woman who kept fluttering about and catching her breath, and coughing, and flipping her fan, and introducing everybody to everybody, and bumping against people, and all the time keeping the part of the saloon which she was in, and that was nearly every part at the same instant, in a perfect state of excitement and turmoil.

This little lady's name should have been Mother Bunch, for she was so fat and so good-natured and so delightfully stupid. She had corkscrew curls all about her ears and shoulders. In fact, nearly every woman there had, more or less, corkscrew curls about her ears. Even the little brown poodle there, which seemed terribly jealous of every attention to his mistress, and which pretended to sleep all the time and yet never slept at all, unless he did it while he was snapping at somebody, even this little poodle had little corkscrew curls hanging from and about his little flossy, brown-tan and leather ears.

There were a great many tall, bony, and lonesome women in corkscrew curls moving mournfully about behind a teacup

These women were gold-rimmed spectacles, and nearly every one there had at least once in her life mounted the stump, and in the face of the world uttered unintelligible philippics against man and in behalf of her downtrodden

These tall, bony, hungry-looking women from Boston towered above the other sex assembled there, like flagstaffs above the procession in a Fourth of July Celebration.



They went round, behind their gold-rimmed spectacles and teacup and saucer, thrusting their long lean necks right and left, and looking like the giraffes in a menagerie. You would almost expect them to turn their heads to one side, reach up and nip off the ivy leaves that had been frescoed around the border of the ceiling.

What an odd assemblage it was to be sure! There sat the man in the centre of an admiring group, who had devoted his life to prowling through the catacombs and dragging up Christian bones to the vulgar gaze of the curious, and re-

moving their simple tombstones to the museum of Rome.

This was the man who had torn the ivy and the old fig-trees from the Coliseum, and he was now telling, with a flourish of triumph, what he expected to find when he excavated the very foundations of the Coliseum. This was the man who had renovated the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla and made the place vile with asphalte and the smell of tar and turpentine. Yet this man set himself up for quite a hero, and was certainly quite a centre here.

There were good and great men too standing away here and there in the corners. And now and then you stood before a man, as you wandered around and wedged yourself through the crowd, whose name had been familiar to you even in your childhood. After awhile Murietta began to fall in love with this place and the puffy, fussy little woman, who had come and set up a little kingdom on the Seventh Hill of the Cæsars, and, in spite of his determination at first to retreat as soon as possible, he now found he was loth to go away.

There were some pretty flowers there, too. The violet looked up from the base of the wall to the tall sunflower that tossed its head and lorded the

land, and the daisy peeped out from under the thorn and the thistle with its sweet soft eyes, and gave the place a charm and a perfect freshness. It was a sort of human garden.

But then the tall, long, lonesome woman kept wandering around, and kept suggesting the idea that the place was, after all, a menagerie.

The menagerie was complete. If the giraffe was there, then the mild-eyed gazelle was there also. Beautiful young girls sat there as silent as if they were painted on the wall against which they sat, as they watched the tall and terrible women moving to and fro upon their various missions in Rome. These beautiful children made one in love with Silence.

The lion was there also, the shaggy Numidian lion, and he moved about and shook his mane and roared in a voice and manner that made you feel very certain, and also very sorry, that the lion is and ever will be a beast in spite of his strength and dignity.

The elephant and the hippopotamus waddled and toddled

about the grounds, and overgrown boys with guide-books, who had just been let out from school, snapped and snarled at each other from behind their wires, and talked art and disputed with a zeal that was equaled only by their ignorance.

Good-natured old gentlemen, dukes, princes, consuls, and Secretaries of Legations went about feeding the pretty animals, and the plain animals too, in the menagerie, with tea and cakes and buns and bread and butter; and pretty innocent Mollie stood back in the corner by the side of Paolini, looking as happy as possible and eating as fast as an old general could feed her. She was playing the part of a little pet grizzly bear of California, standing on his hind legs and eating nuts from the hand of a Californian.

Such was American society in Rome, or at least the busy, the active, the accessible, the working wing of it, for be it known that the majority of the people present who contributed to make up this pleasant little menagerie were Americans, although the bustling little Mother Bunch of a hostess was English.

The party was thinning out and melting away. Murietta had found the modest little Secretary of

modest little Secretary of Legation, and the two together were seeking for the amiable little hostess to say good-by.

There was a flutter about the door, and she was not to be found. Then in a moment there was a murmur of admiration just audible all around the saloon, and Murietta sank back behind the little secretary and close against the wall, and as well out of sight as possible.

The crowd parted before her as she passed on. Never yet did woman move with such perfect grace, such quiet power, and such noble presence, as did that lady then and



THE CELEBRATED STATUE OF MOSES, BY MICHAEL ANGELO, AT ROME.



there, as she crossed the saloon with her father, the ironfaced soldier, and sat down dreamily on a lounge by his side.

Murietta, by accident, had settled back against the wall in this very same direction. He was standing now almost in reach of her hand. He hardly dared breathe. He was wondering if she did not hear his heart beat, and then he began to look in vain for an opportunity to steal away unseen.

Just then the kind little hostess, who had led Annette and her father to the seat, caught sight of the artist. There was no escaping; there was no time for excuse or explanation. He came forth from his retreat as the little woman called his name, and an informal introduction, a simple, sudden introduction, passed in a moment.

The lady did not rise. She sat perfectly still and composed all the time; yet she was neither disdainful nor indifferent. She was simply perfectly at home, and by her easy manners and careless off-hand conduct did more to make Murietta satisfied with himself and at rest than anything that she could have said or done.

The artist settled down in a chair at the head of the sofa with his arms thrown carelessly over the head of the covered settee, and in a moment was talking on the old and easy topic of all travelers in that sunny land—art and the future of Italy.

Gallant and graceful men would come, pay their compliments to the belle of Rome and pass on, looking regretfully back on leaving, as one might fancy Adam looked on leaving Paradise; but the artist, to his intense delight, was specially favored by fortune, and sat there and talked as if he had known this lady all his life.

Now and then the scarred and iron-faced soldier would say a word or two, but his mind seemed above and beyond the tame surroundings. His soul was riding on the smoke of battle. The old commander was marshaling his regiments and fighting over again the battles that had been lost. It is a dangerous thing for a man to engage in great contests and stretch his mind to its utmost tension in the accomplishment of herculean tasks. His soul becomes keyed to that high place, and he cannot come back to earth and be satisfied any more with common things.

Yes, he, the artist, had been to Naples, and he detested Naples!

"And do you like Naples?"

"To me," answered Annette, "Naples is a dream of Paradise. I think it perfectly lovely."

"Well, yes," answered Murietta, "now that I think of it, I, too, like Naples above all the world."

Then the lady paused a moment, and lifting her great, dark, sweeping lashes, so full of poetry and passion held at will, she said:

"And I ascended Mount Vesuvius, I and father together, and found it delightful. And what do you think happened? Ah, it was so touching and so beautiful!"

Murietta leaned forward to listen. He could not guess.

"Well, then," laughed the lady, quietly, "I will tell you. As we rode up the broad carriage-road winding above the sea toward the hermitage there was a party of two in advance of us."

"A party of two. Nothing remarkable in that, unless perhaps they were brigands or lovers."

"No, nothing remarkable in the number or in the men, so far as I know, for I did not see the faces of either of them. But this is the pretty little romance of it. The pretty, winding, natural road began to be strewed and strown with little leaves of pink and crimson."

"And then?"

"Why, that is all;" and the great lashes lifted and the fair and beautiful woman looked at the man a moment, and then let her eyes fall to the carpet, and said softly, and as if

in a dream, and as if she was remembering something very pleasant and telling it over only to herself and not to a stranger, "the man, this man before me who rode up the mountain of fire in the sun, was scattering roses in my path!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

#### BREAD ON THE WATERS.



HE man who is miserable is also the man who is happy. He is, in fact, the only man who is really happy. A man may not reap till he has first. plowed.

No one can understand joy till hehas first felt misery. Nature seems tobe a vulgar commercial shopkeeper. All things seem to have a price. Thereare a few men, however, who are soformed that they are sometimes able-

to get a little happiness, or at least pleasure, in advance of payment—on credit, as it were. But then, when these men come to pay for it, they have to pay such enormous interest that they are ruined.

Then there are other men who come to their full estateand fortune with the ruddy hue of youth on their faces and full of sunshine in their hearts. No, no! these men havenot suffered. Therefore they cannot enjoy. They arechildren still.

You may follow this idea down till you come to a stone standing placid and still, and always serene and peaceful, but in the form and expression of a man; and this form of a man, this stone, has not suffered at all. It cannot enjoy at all.

Fire in the eye and furrows on the face. Let these things come when they may, they have their meaning. A man may crowd forty years into forty days and nights of his impetuous life, if he be large enough of soul to hold them, and may die an old man at thirty.

Nature keeps her own books and baptismal records, and all that, herself. It would be interesting if we could sometimes manage to have her books and man's compared. We would be startled at the discrepancies.

Well, let no man murmur, or woman weep, in vain. The storm is only the prophet and forerunner of fair weather. The peasants know perfectly well that they are going to-have a warm and an early Spring when they have had a hard and unhappy Winter.

If a pendulum swings far to the left, it must swing just exactly as far to the right when it returns. All things are pretty evenly balanced. The law of compensation is exact and unalterable. The great store of Nature is indeed a big vulgar shop. You must pay for everything you get. And what is very interesting to know is the fact that the peasant has just as much of Nature's currency in his pocket as the prince.

Murietta had been doing a large business in this line from the first. From the very first he had felt and suffered much. Standing on a peak of the Cordilleras when still a boy, with the sun and wind of the Pacific in his yellow hair, he had dared to question why he had been born. Such revolutions, rebellions, never go backward. Ask this question, and sometime the answer may come to you when you are tired and want to rest. Then you cannot rest.

When you are suffering intensely you can safely say toyourself, "I am heaping up money, I am putting it in the bank of Nature, and some day it will all be paid back with interest."

But now it seemed to Murietta as he sat there so perfectly full of calm delight, that there never any more could be even



the breath of a storm. His roses in the road on the path of the strangers who followed had been bread upon the waters.

He did not say one word when she told this. He did not even look at her, for fear of he knew not what. He did not speak or answer her, or even lift his eyes to look at her. He was satisfied. It was enough.

Now, for the first time, he liked Naples. He even was certain that he loved Naples and all her motley wretched people. He liked all Italy and all the people of Italy; the beggarly princes of the old Jew quarter of Rome, and the princely beggars on the Spanish steps. He loved them all. For had not she said she liked Italy, and was not that enough? He was willing—he wished to be blind. He wanted henceforth to see only through her eyes.

Murietta did not dare remain long in her presence. In fact, for all that he had thought, and said, and felt, he had been before her but a very few minutes! But such minutes! They were bricks of gold. They were great big bank-notes that Nature had handed him, and bade him go and take a glorious holiday.

The good old commander came down from out his cloud of battle-smoke as the artist rose to say good-day, and, in a dreamy and indistinct way, said something of wishing to see this young man at his own house; and then, to the unutterable delight of Murietta, Annette took up the tangled thread and laid it straight and made its meaning intelligible by means of dates and numbers and names on a card which she now got from the dreamy old commander, who had gone back to ride on his battle-cloud; and then, by means of a pencil and a few bold, clear words in a hand as clear and strong as if it might hold and control a world of its own, she blazed out the future path of the artist's mind for many and many a day.

She had simply written the day, or evening, in which her house was open and they were at home. But this to him was more than all the wealth of banks, than all the world beside.

Poor deluded boy, self-deluded! He did not know, he did not think, could not think, that she had said nothing, done nothing whatever that she might not have said and done to any one, even the most humble and least favored in all that house.

Then he retreated from her presence, and found the good secretary hidden away in a corner where the light would not fall too heavily on his clothes, and then, turning to the good Mother Bunch, they bowed themselves away, and were gone.

Down the corkscrew steps, and down and down, and around and around and around. Murietta laughed as he descended, and he knew not why he laughed. His heart was so full of happiness that it jostled and spilled over and on to the steps as they made their unsteady descent.

"We have been up in heaven," he said to the good secretary, as they shook hands at the great portal, and then turned and gave to the beggars who crowded around all the money he could find in his pockets.

"Ha! ha! A pretty figure that," laughed the secretary, as he said his good-by, "a figure that might be used by a novelist. It was indeed heaven, and, like heaven, it was very hard to attain. Let us hope that we have not descended into hell." And so saying the novelist and secretary bowed very low, and then, waving his hand, went on his way.

The artist again stood alone in the street, but he did not feel alone. If all the hundreds of millions who have laid down and died in Rome, who have made the very roads and streets, even the soil of Rome for many feet deep out of their dust, had risen up, he could not have felt more in the presence of and in sympathy with his kind.

It is a bad sign if you feel lonesome in a city. And yet it is no uncommon feeling. And, too, if a man does feel lonesome in a city he feels it terribly. There is no man so lonesome as a man who is lonesome in a crowd.

This man was not a bit exalted. He gave away all his money to beggars. He could have taken the little urchin, clad in sheepskin even in Summer, who ran by his side and asked for a sou, into his arms and kissed him, yet when he saw Carlton coming down the street on his way to the popular and populous Greco, he turned up a court and escaped him.

Why had he done this? He did not know. Perhaps he did not wish to speak to him? Possibly he was offended with him? Not so. He could not have shaped the reason into expression, or have given it utterance. But the truth is he felt that this day was sacred. It was to him a holy day. He felt that it would be profanity to speak. He wanted to think, to dream, to drift. He did not want to speak to Carlton, because he wanted to think of Annette.

And now that he was happy, he did not stop to think that this would end some day. He felt that henceforward he should for ever walk on in the sun. It seemed to him just as if it would never be night any more in figure or in fact. His soul was drifting away into and over a great sea of light that knew not any shore. How could he then think of shore, or shipwreck, or anything that had a dark side or any disaster in it?

There are three things, at least, in art worth seeing in Rome, outside the Vatican. One of these, possibly the first, is the Dying Gladiator. Then there is the Moses of Michael Angelo, out in the rich old church near the Coliseum.

It is an ugly figure, with horns on its head. It sits there right before you as if it had come down from some high place to get close to you, and control you, and awe you, and absorb you into its awful self. It sits there lifting its wrinkled brows all day to God.

That figure seems as full of life, of husbanded strength, of suppressed power, as the Nile when flowing dark and full of flood, and lapping the topmost limit of its stony embankment.

Whatever you may be, standing before this awful form of deified man, be you Papist, Protestant, or Jew, or Pagan, you feel somehow that from out of a man like that, and only that, there could have flowed a stream and tide of people with all their laws and ceremonies intact—even from this fountain-head before you, sitting there with all the sad majesty and desolation of Sinai in the desert, that should flow on forever to the eternal sea.

The third and last, if it is not the first, is a little face thrown back over the shoulder, looking at you from under the careless brown hair, with the lips half-parted as if she had a story to tell you and you were bound to stand there, and look and listen and look till you made out all the story yourself.

Murietta went and stood before this picture, and alone. Whenever any one with a red book, who had the good taste to find the little treasure on the walls of the Barbarini Palace, would stop before the sad face of the Cenci, he would pass on a moment, and only a moment, until the disappointed visitor shrugged his shoulders, shut up his book as if disgusted with the laudations heaped upon this little picture of poor Beatricia, and then he would return.

There he stood and listened and listened, and stood and watched the light come and go from the great sad eyes; even fancied he could see the blood flow and fall and pulsate through the neck; looked at the parted lips till the soul seemed passing through them, and then the sun went down, and the story was finished. He knew her now, and all her awful sorrows. Their souls stood close together. Lawless and terrible both of these, and mighty for good or

ill. How singular it is that all beautiful things are sad! Every great face seems to be a flood-gate of tears that is about to burst. This face of the Cenci is so, the Moses of Angelo is so; the face of the Gladiator would be so, only it is the face of a soldier, and is weeping blood.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU."



FEW days after this, Murietta, with the secretary and Carlton, sauntered out of Rome for a walk in the Borghese. They passed through the Porto Populo, turned to the right, and passed under the extended wings of the great eagles that sit above the massive gates of the roads under the northeast wall of the city.

This was the season for such a walk. It was just the thing to do. All Rome was daily pursuing the same thing; with the exception that half of Rome rode in carriages, and a portion still

were on horseback, including the King of Italy, the Crown Prince, and a small army of officers of their suite.

The woods were in full leaf, the grass grew long and strong, and leaned in the soft wind that blew through the trees, and there was the sound of bees in the white blossoms of the locust boughs overhead, and birds and butterflies moved and wound through the air, and all things seemed full of life and tranquil life and rest and peace.

Away out yonder on the lawn, under the wall, were a lot of monks in long red gowns playing at ball, and shouting at each other like children. Some of these red monks were black kinky-headed negroes.

Carriages were coming and going by hundreds. People passed on foot in light and airy dress, and horsemen galloped past in pairs, and men lifted their hats in silent respect as the royal party rode on under the waving boughs, and on by the many fountains.

Our friends reached the heart of the lonely wood, and there leaving the carriage road, went down a stair of stones together toward a little valley of deeper wood, with dark and mysterious walks, and fountains playing at every cross of the many interwinding walks through the silent and most romantic wood.

Some swans were floating idly around under the plash and fall of the fountain, and children were feeding them from their little hands whenever they could induce them near enough to the brink of the great stone-basin in which they swam.

"Ah! this was a land to battle for!" said Carlton, swinging his cane in the air, and catching a glimpse of the blue skies through the boughs and blossoms overhead.

"When Rome was Rome," said the secretary, "and there stood on every hill a new Jerusalem as it were, what wonder that men gave soul and body for the hope of holding her reins in hand but a single day!"

"The skies are the same," said Murietta, "the woods are the same, the birds and the butterflies they blow about us the same as they did around the golden chariots of the Casars. Ah, my friends, it is not the city that thrills you this morning! It is the wood, the air, the sky—Nature. There needs to be no new Jerusalem on a hill to challenge your admiration this morning. This is perfection. Man will never make it finer, build his cities as he may!"

Thus admiring, talking carelessly, walking slowly on, they came soon to the carriage-drive on the other side of the wood, for the place is limited, and the road makes a circuit

around the little valley with the deep, dense wood. Our friends had crossed the valley, and, coming now out of the thick wood, they saw a number of carriages drawn up under the trees on the grass at the side of the drive by a plashing fountain. They drew near this fountain, for some tall dark men, in the costume of the desert—Arabs they were—had dismounted, and, oddly enough, were leading their supple horses up to drink at the fountain. Just as if they were out on a great desert, and had suddenly come upon a well.

Murietta's admiration for the horse was always great, but now to see these children of Nature, here in this old civilization, dismount and devote their first care to their supple and sinewy friends, whom they talked to and treated as brothers, he was quite carried away, and noticed no one, nothing but these tall dark men, these Ishmaelites, with their strange history and wild life of the desert and their beautiful horses. He left his companions and passed at the back of the party of Arabs, and, under the deeper-hanging wood, where there were but one or two carriages, half-hidden away, to get a better view of the splendid steeds as they stretched their necks and gratefully drank from the fountain.

"I have escaped from my prison, you see—ha, ha, ha!"

"Good heavens!" The man threw up his hand to his face like a child that is frightened, and took a step backward.

"Are you well? How are you? And how does it happen that you are on foot, when the king and all his court are so gaily mounted to-day, and riding through the woods?"

The lady laughed a little as she spoke, and, raising her head, looked to the left down the wood as if she was expecting some one, and was in fear that he would come too soon.

The artist stepped forward mechanically, touched the little pink and pearl hand, and then, as it fluttered about and finally settled, as it always did settle, on the bed of rose and pink before the beautiful countess, he extended his fingers; then, lifting his hat, passed the compliments of the day, and was stepping back and away into the crowd.

The lady lifted her hand, leaned forward, looked very serious at the artist, and then glancing suddenly over her shoulder, as if to be sure she was not watched or overheard, she turned her great brown eyes, now half-full of tears, full upon the artist, and said:

"I have something to tell you. Come here. \_ For heaven's sake do not leave me! This may be the last time I shall be out. I only managed to escape this morning from my prison by the skin of my teeth. Come!"

The man stepped back, and stood by the carriage very awkwardly, and very much concerned; for the lady seemed wild and excited beyond any reason.

She looked once more over her shoulder, nervously. "They are down there." The little pink hand fluttered in the direction of the deep wood.

"They will be back in a minute. You see I cannot shake them off for more than a moment. They have got my little boy; my Little Sunshine, as you call him."

The artist caught a feeling of nervous fear from the lady as if it had been a fever; and he, too, began to look down the wood and feel a dread that they would come. Perhaps this was in sympathy for the lady, who really seemed to suffer with terror at the thought of seeing them.

"Do you know," she lifted her finger to her lip—"do you know they are trying to get my little boy away from me, trying to turn him against me, and make him hate me?"

Murietta did not answer. He began to feel a sympathy that was tearing his heart out.

"Well, they are," she continued, still glancing now and then over her shoulder, and once more lifting her finger to her lips; "they are doing everything to turn him against me, and get him away, and to make him hate me. And that





"SPEAK, SIR!"-FROM A PAINTING BY AUGUSTE TOULMOUCHE.

is not all, nay, that is not half. Half! that is nothing—that is nothing at all. But do you know—what fearful thing they are trying to do?"

The artist again looked blank, but did not answer, save with his eyes.

"I will tell you. Look here. Lean your head a little further."

The artist stepped close, and she reached out her face, now all aglow, and once more looking over her shoulder, she said excitedly:

"They are trying to make him a Cutholic!"

Then the lady's face grew suddenly white, and she settled back in her bed of pink and rose, and the little pearl hand lay on her lap as dead and helpless as if it was to never rise up any more.

If there had been a grain of selfishness in the make-up of this man, he now would certainly have lifted his hat and turned away. There are men who suffer more from the nervous fears and concerns of others than from their own. Murietta was such a man as this. He was a man who had suffered terribly and intensely all his life; yet he despised suffering when that suffering was his own. When the affair was a matter of his own, he would rise up, take the bit in his teeth if the occasion was great enough to demand it, and right things and revenge them, or else bear and be satisfied. But when it was another who suffered, a fair and a beautiful woman, full of soul and sentiment, and one whom he could not assist, then he, through this sympathetic nature of his, suffered too, and even more terribly than she.

Standing there before her, all the sunshine of the day was driven away. The day became utterly overcast. A cold moist wind seemed blowing on him, and rusping his nerves with a chill and damp that went to the marrow.

He wanted to get away, and yet his unselfish, sympathetic nature bade him stand there and suffer while she suffered.

He lifted his eyes and looked from under the boughs over and across the fountain, for the Arabs were now leading their horses away and mounting them in the edge of the open road. Watching these men, for want of something better to do, while he stood there, his eyes met the eyes of Carlton. He had been looking at him all this time. Glancing around the crowd he saw that others, too, were noticing him, and frowning or half-sneering, as if he had been caught in a crime.

It was his turn now to turn pale. The whole thing flashed on his mind in a moment. "Then they saw me put down my face to hers to hear her tell her trouble. They saw her reach her hand, saw her fall back in the carriage as if something terrible had been said or done." He pulled his cloak about his shoulders, for he was growing chill, even in a Roman Summer.

The countess half-straightened in her seat, and looking up under the sweeping boughs down a sloping walk toward a fountain, she said, "They are coming," and then she smiled in the old half-sad fashion, as if nothing had happened, for she caught sight of her little boy sailing along with his hat in his hand and his hair on the morning wind, as he ran in chase of a butterfly.

"How beautiful he is this morning!" said Murietta.

"Do you know," said the countess, as if quite recovered, "that I am perfectly certain that children come to us directly and immediately from among the angels?".

"And pray," smiled Murietta, "how came you by such pleasant knowledge?"

"Oli, I know it by the way they behave, by their actions. See—look at my little boy there as he runs in chase of the butterfly. How light and airy he is! His feet take uncertain hold of the world. Even his child-language is new and strange to all men. He is hardly yet of the earth. Then you see he can almost fly even yet. He is more of heaven

than earth, even though he has already been here for some years. He is much more like an angel in his movements than like a man."

The old admiral was glorious in his Summer sailor's clothes and low-crowned hat, with its immense band, just as we have seen him at Genoa. He walked with the same swagger through the beautiful avenue by the musical fountains as he did at the first. Beauty, melody, nature, had nothing in common with him, and took no hold on his hard and uncompromising soul.

"Oh, that monster! Must I forever remain in the power of that beast?" The lady hid her face as she said this, and shuddered and trembled.

Murietta's blood was in his face once more. He was about to speak, about to throw back his cloak and ask permission of the countess to fly at the throat of this man who was persecuting her, whomsoever he might be, and strangle him on the spot, when she went on kindly, as she uncovered her face:

- "You made me a promise."
- " Yes."
- "You promised that when I should send word to you that I needed you, you would come."
  - "Yes," he said, emphatically.
  - "Lift your hand."

He lifted his hand from out his cloak and in the air above his head.

- "You swear to keep your promise."
- "I swear to keep my promise."
- "There, that is well," and she sank back again as the men drew near. Then suddenly rising up and leaning forward, she said, "Here is a secret. My father is coming. My old, old father. He is old and he is dying, but he is coming to take me out of Italy, and away from these people who hold me here, or die with me. He is coming. They will try to keep him from coming; they have kept him from me for years, but he will be here soon. They will try to keep him from seeing me when he comes. But you—"

The men were passing through the trees, but a few steps distant. The old admiral had his hat in his left hand, and was reaching the other to Murietta.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Murietta. You know I am a blunt but honest sailor."

The countess leaned forward, and almost hissed between her teeth, "Don't touch his hand, he is a murderer! I have something to tell you! He it was who murdered my brother!"

#### CHAPTER XX.

#### WHAT THEY SAY.

THE count was not at all wanting in politeness this morning. Italians never are, except it be to their wives or their servants, but it seemed to Murietta, who stood there quietly on his ground and also on his guard, that he was just a little over-anxious to get in the carriage and get his wife away.

"That man," said the artist, after lifting his hat to the countess as the carriage whirled away, "that man simply has a property in that woman, and makes the most of it. Whatever they may say, he is either a knave or a fool."

"Beautiful horses!" said the secretary, looking in the direction the Arabs had just taken down the drive.

"Yes, and beautiful men those fellows of the desert," answered Murietta, as the three friends once more fell in together and sought the deeper shade, for the sun was now high and hot where they were not protected by the wood or the plash of a fountain.

"Ah! but my friend Murietta," laughed Carlton, "has a better eye for beautiful women than for beautiful horses, or beautiful men either!"

"So I fear, so I fear; and if a secretary may be permitted to say as much, all Rome is perfectly well aware of the fact."

"Gentlemen," said Murietta, earnestly and emphatically, "that for what all Rome may say!" and he snapped his fingers in the air with an expression not to be mistaken; "but as for that lady, the lady to whom I spoke, and of whom you speak, she is a stranger here in a strange land, and in trouble."

"Ah," said the good secretary, quietly, "that is a good beginning for a novel!"

"Come, come, Murietta, you are indeed stating it strong! The lady may be a stranger, and also in a strange land, but she is hardly among strangers."

"Please to explain," said Murietta, as they walked on through the wood together.

"Well, a lady who is with her husband and has her children or her child about her, and has besides an income that supports a palace and a small army of servants, can hardly be said to be among strangers!"

"And then the count is so very, very kind; why, do you know," sighed the secretary, "he can scarcely speak of her or her malady without tears?"

"Her malady!" exclaimed Murietta, stopping short in the road between his two friends.

"Yes, her malady. The countess—did you not know it?—is mad."

"Then so am I mad!" answered the man with earnest-ness.

"Not at all unlikely!" laughed Carlton, "only your madness, my dear boy, is a sort of innocence that makes us like you all the more, and not afraid to be with you; while that of the countess is of a dangerous nature, and the poor count has no alternative but to put her in a mad-house, or keep a constant watch over her."

"And how noble it is in him to give up his life to taking care of her," said the secretary, zealously. "Why, the old admiral tells me that the count scarcely sleeps from one week's end to another."

"The admiral!" said Murietta with a sneer, as he thought of what the countess had just whispered in his ear.

"Ah! I see," returned the secretary, "you are disposed to laugh at the rough but honest old sailor, but he is just the man for the place. You could not expect a prince or a man of an over-sensitive nature to consent to become the guardian or boly-guard, as it were, of a mad woman. No, no, it takes pluck, and patience, and gentleness, and a great deal of good sound sense and firmness; and all these qualities the old admiral possesses, I am sure."

"I am bound to say I never liked the old admiral," added Carlton. "He is either a very flat old fool, or a very deep knave, and I do not know which, and, besides, I do not know that it is any of my business."

"No, no; he is neither the one nor the other. I know the mm, and I know human nature. We novelists must study human nature. We must make it a specialty in order to succeed. That is my specialty. Well, this man, the admiral, is simply an honest, happy-go-lucky old seaman, who is honest to the core himself, and of course thinks everyone else so. For my part I should like first-rate to put him in a novel as the hero of a great humanitarian enterprise, and a man who went about in a blunt, honest way, doing good to every one and not asking or expecting any return."

"I am afraid there would be but little good done in the world if it was left for that man to do it," said the artist, "and I should be very sorry to fall in with your hero on the highway of a night, I assure you!"

"Why! good heavens! do you fear that he would rob you?"

"He would either rob me or run away."

"Ha! you painters, you study only nature generally. We novelists study human nature. If we did not we would not get on. You can give me the tints and the bloom and the beauty of that bank of rose and briar to a nicety and precision that I would despair of. But you cannot tell one man or one man's motive, where I, as a novelist, can tell a hundred."

"Well, well, whatever there is in the old admiral, either good or bad, it matters little to me; but I do pity the poor count from the bottom of my heart, for he has a hard time of it, and all Rome sympathizes with him most deeply," said Carlton.

"And the lady?" said Murietta, stopping suddenly again and looking Carlton in the face inquiringly.

"Well, yes; I pity the lady, too, I suppose. At least I had not thought of that. She somehow never seemed to challenge my sympathy. She is always smiling, always bantering, sometimes saying very wild and often very pointed things."

"While he, her lord, who sits in watch and judgment over her," said Murietta as they moved on, "does ask you for pity, does pose and profess, and bend down and keep himself all the time in favor with the world, like a hound as he is, winning the world's good will at the risk of his wife's good name."

The party had passed through the valley of close wood and climbed the stone steps before the fountain.

"We will meet this evening," said the secretary, reaching his hand as if glad to break off the unpleasant subject of the unfortunate countess; "this evening, at the palace of the cloudy old general, who is all the time dreaming and drifting away on his battle-cloud."

"And may we meet in peace!" smiled Murietta. He shook his hand and said good-by, as if he had just now thought of this approaching evening for the first time, when it had been in his heart, been standing there as the one great coming event of his life, every hour since he had met her in that little heaven at the head of the long and tiresome corkscrew stairs the week before.

How cunning is Love! He deceives everyone. He will be frank with no one. He deceives the heart he dwells in most of all.

The two artists walked en down the slope toward the gate with great stone eagles over it in silence. The red monks had finished their game of ball, and were now gathering together in groups in the long grass and out of the sun. The king, too, had gone back with his suite from his morning ride, and the many carriages were gradually finding the gate that led out of the wood and back to Rome.

Carriages were passing down the drive toward the gate in hundreds as our friends kept on under the locust-trees that were white and fragrant with flowers and full of the drowsy sound of bees.

Murietta was thinking, and he was thinking too of the countess with the deepest concern. He was conscious that he had done nothing, said nothing, nay thought nothing whatever that could possibly have been construed either by the world or by her into an improper act or word or thought, or anything but the highest and most holy motive.

And yet Rome was loud with her name and his, if the not over-sensitive Carlton and the very stupid but good-natured secretary were to be believed. What could he do? He turned this over and over in his mind, and then feeling still helpless and at the mercy of the many idle tongues, he found relief in the fact that he had promised to stand by her side if ever she needed assistance, and the further fact that her father was on his way to Rome, and so with an effort dismissed the subject from his mind.

(To be continued.)



William Penn and the Settlement of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM PENN, the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, was born in London in 1644. He came of a family celebrated in the annals of England for martial spirit; his father won great renown as a bold and successful naval commander, attained the rank of vice-admiral and received the honor of knighthood for his distinguished services, and subsequently held several important civil offices.

That the scion of such a family, the son of so gallant an officer, should adopt the tenets of the despised sect of "Friends," or, as they were styled in derision, "Quakers," was strange indeed, and it is not difficult to imagine the state of astonishment, indignation, and disgust into which this event threw the old admiral.

It was while a student at Oxford University that Penn became a convert to the doctrines of Fox, and his violent advocacy of his new belief resulted in his expulsion. His father sent him at once to Paris, in the hope that he might forget the soberness of Quakerism amid the gaieties of the

French capital, but he had no taste for dissipation, and turning his back upon the pleasures of Paris he engaged in theological studies at Saumur.

The admiral soon recalled him, and in a futile effort to overcome these tendencies sent him to Ireland, where he was placed in charge of two estates, which he managed to the entire satisfaction of his father.

He persevered, however, in his adherence to Quakerism, and in 1667 he was arrested for attending a Quaker meeting at Cork, and imprisoned for a short time. On obtaining his release he returned to England, and soon became involved in

a serious quarrel with his father, who, finding him determined to adhere to his peculiar belief, at length turned him out-of-doors.

From this time Penn identified himself with the Quakers in everything but dress, soon became prominent as a preacher at Friends' meetings, and wrote several treatises in advocacy of their doctrines. He became partially reconciled



PENN STATUE FOR FAIRMOUNT PARE, PHILADELPHIA.

with his father, but on the publication of a tract, in which he attacked the doctrine of the Trinity, they again quarreled, and Penn was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower for nine months.

After his release he resumed preaching, and between 1668 and 1672 he was several times arrested, and once sent to Newgate for six months.

He married in 1672 the daughter of Sir William Springett, and took up his residence in Hertfordshire, and although continually preaching, and defending by his pen, the doctrines of the Quakers, he seems to have been comparatively unmolested for several years.

It is probable that his attention was first turned to colonization in the New World in 1674, when he was called upon to arbitrate between Fenwick and Byllinge, both Quakers, in a dispute which had arisen over their proprietary rights in New Jersey. Penn decided in favor of Byllinge, and the latter, being too much embarrassed to improve his property, soon afterwards transferred it to Penn and two of his creditors as trustees.

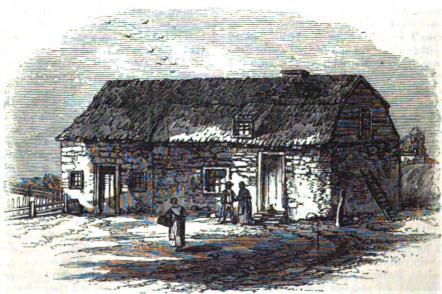
Penn at once entered upon the work of colonization, and obtained from the crown, in lieu of a claim for £16,000, due his father, a grant or patent for the entire territory now forming the State of Pennsylvania.

The perpetual proprietorship of this vast region was vested by the charter in him and his heirs, the only condition attached being the annual payment of two beaver-skins.

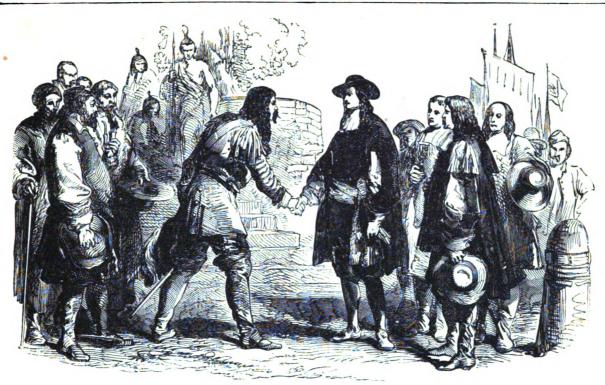
Penn at first proposed to call his territory "New Wales," and afterward suggested "Sylvania" as a suitable designation for a land covered with dense forests, but the king declared that the name should be "Pennsylvania," in honor of his old friend the admiral, and although Penn protested

against this decision, fearing to be accused of vanity and vainglory, the grant was so entitled in the royal charter.

With the assistance of Sir William Jones and Henry Sidney, he drew up a scheme of government and laws for his colony, and, in 1618, sailed for the Delaware. where he landed in October of that year. He was received by the colonists with



PENN'S COTTAGE, NEAR CHESTER, PA.



PENN'S LANDING AT NEWCASTLE, PA

much enthusiasm, and at one proceeded to organize his government.

On the last day of November, 1682, Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, beneath a large elm-tree at Shackamaxon, now called Kensington. The Delawares, Mingoes, and other Susquehanna tribes met on this occasion, and formed with the Quakers a treaty of peace and friendship, of which Voltaire said that it was "the only treaty never sworn to and never broken."

The elm-tree was blown down in 1810, but its site is now marked by a monument. Having purchased the land where Philadelphia now stands from the Swedes, who had bought it of the Indians, Penn laid out the plan of the city, and named it in the hope that brotherly love might characterize the inhabitants.

Devoting himself zealously to his duties as governor, he made treaties with nineteen Indian tribes, which remained unbroken as long as the aborigines remained in Pennsylvania or its neighborhood.

In 1684 Penn entrusted his government to a council, and sailed for England, leaving a prosperous colony of about seven thousand people.



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

The accession of James II., soon after his return, increased his influence at court, for the monarch had been the pupil in naval affairs of Penn's father, and was his own intimate friend.

In 1686 he prevailed upon the king and council to release those imprisoned on account of religion, and more than twelve hundred Quakers were set free. \

This was the period of Penn's greatest prosperity, but evil days soon came upon him. Shortly after the revolution of 1688, which resulted in the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, Penn was brought before the council on a charge of treason, but no evidence appeared against him, and he was immediately released. Subsequently he was again arrested on a similar charge, based upon a letter sent to him by the exiled king, James II., but, after a long examination before King William and the council, he was discharged.

In 1690 he was a third time arrested, and tried for conspiracy, but acquitted. This charge was renewed in 1691, and Penn concealed himself to avoid arrest.

Meanwhile his colony had been greatly disturbed by civil and religious quarrels, and, in 1692, Penn was deprived of his authority as governor and the administration of Pennsylvania entrusted to Governor Fletcher, of New York.

The Duke of Buckingham and other powerful friends now interceded in Penn's behalf with the king; he was granted a hearing before the council on the charges against him and honorably acquitted in November, 1693. In 1694 his government was restored to him, and, in 1699, he again visited his colony.

His first wife dying in 1694, two years later he married a Quaker lady, Hannah Callowhill, who accompanied him on his second visit to America. He found the colony prosperous and was well received. He immediately set about the accomplishment of various reforms, and strove earnestly to ameliorate the condition of the Indians and negroes.

The introduction in the English House of Lords of a measure for bringing all the proprietary governments under the crown, necessitated his return to England after a stay in the colony of about two years. Previous to his departure he constituted Philadelphia a city, by a charter, dated, October 25th, 1701. Soon after his return to England the attempt to abrogate the proprietary rights was abandoned.

For several years Penn was involved in great trouble by the affairs of Pennsylvania, owing to the misconduct of his son, whom he had sent to the colony as his representative, and the dishonesty of his agent in London—Quaker named Ford—who died leaving to his executors fraudulent claims against Penn to a very large amount.

To escape extortion, Penn allowed himself to be committed to the Fleet Prison, in 1708, where he remained until his friends compounded with his creditors.

In 1712 he made arrangements to transfer his proprietary rights to the crown for £12,000, but, before the negotiation was completed, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and, although he survived for several years, he never regained his mental vigor, and was for much of the time deprived of memory, and rendered physically helpless.

He died at Ruscombe, Berkshire, July 30th, 1718, and was buried near the village of Chalfont, St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire.

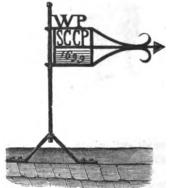
The extrordinary mingling of Quaker simplicity and powerful court influence which marked the life of William Penn has given rise to many imputations against his character. Several writers have stigmatized him as a hypocrite, a bribetaker, and a corruptionist, and the severity of Lord Macaulay's estimate of his character is well-known; but a careful examination of the evidence adduced by Penn's detractors fails to discover adequate ground for such sweeping charges.

As has been well said by a contemporary writer," William Penn will always be mentioned with honor as the founder of a colony who did not, in his dealings with a savage people, abuse the strength derived from civilization, and as a law-giver who, in an age of persecution, made religious liberty the corner-stone of a polity."

Of the views herewith presented, two illustrate events already referred to—Penn's Landing at Newcastle, on the shores of the Delaware, and his Treaty with the Indians. The ancient building, shown on another page, is an historical relic of no little interest. It is an humble cottage, constructed of rough stone, and is the original dwelling built by Richard Townsend, for the accommodation of his family, while he was tending the first mill erected in the colony of Pennsylvania. It is situated about a mile and a half northwest from Chester, Pennsylvania, on the left bank of Chester Creek. The mill stood some forty rods above the cottage. The original mill is all gone, but the rocks around bear traces of its former existence, and the log platform still remains under water, at the place where the original ford was, on the road to Philadelphia.

The owners of this mill were William Penn, Caleb Pusey, and Samuel Carpenter, and their initials are inserted in the curious antiquated iron vane, which was formerly fixed on the roof of the mill, and is now placed on the top of Mr. Flower's house, where it still does duty after a continuous service of one hundred and seventy-seven years.

In this rude cottage, no



VANE ON TOP OF MR. FLOWER'S HOUSE.

doubt, Penn, Pusey, and Carpenter, often met to count their gains and to devise plans for the future good of the colony.

The lower counties of Pennsylvania were almost wholly settled by the Quakers, whose high character and steady energy made this one of the most flourishing of the American colonies. It became the seat of learning, wealth, and refinement long before the Revolution. Here the independence of the united colonies was proclaimed, and the whole colony took a prominent part in the struggle for freedom.

The doctrines of the Quakers inculcate the utmost simplicity of dress, manners, and living, and condemn all things designed for show, for ornament, or for pleasure. The construction and interior arrangements of their meeting-houses are the simplest possible. They have no pulpits, as they believe that no one is authorized to speak in a religious assembly unless moved thereto by an immediate divine inward impulse.

A row of benches, slightly above the rest, is provided for the more venerable members, and especially for those who are oftenest impelled by "the Spirit" to address their brethren. The men sit upon one side of the house, and the women on the other. Upon entering, all take their seats in silence, without uncovering their heads. Persons of either sex are alike entitled to speak, if they feel impelled to do so. If no one manifests this divine impulse, each individual, when he or she chooses, arises and departs in silence. They have no ceremonies whatever, no stated form of prayer, no liturgy, and no regular preaching. It is said that, in some places, they have thus met in silence for several years in succession without any one speaking a word.

If the sturdy founder of the Quaker commonwealth could "revisit the glimpses of the moon" in this Centennial year of the republic, he would find his infant colony, with its sober population of seven or eight thousand souls, developed into a mighty State, whose inhabitants number nearly 4.000.000.

In his "city of brotherly love," now grown to the dimensions of a great metropolis, with a population three times greater than the London of his day, he would find the nations of the earth represented at a celebration of the completion of a century of free government, founded upon those principles of civil and religious liberty on which he established his colonial polity 200 years ago.

### WHY.

### By JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

You saw her dead in her rosewood case, That was frosted with silver and lined with lace, A pillow of satin, with tassels of silk, And silken fringes whiter than milk, Folds of linen like snowy drift Over the bosom no breath might lift, White hands crossed, and pomp and show, Hiding the heart that was broken below.



Had I but known that the little hands
Held fateful dower of gold and lands,
I could have worshipped and walked aside,
Content in loving, my love to hide—
For their palms had touched me, and evermore
Life would have brimmed with the ectasy o'er,
As the Nile's love-valleys, caressed from sleep,
With tropical fervors the memory keep.

As star answers star in the twilight of earth, 80 a love in her bosom like my love had birth. I kneel to recall it, the love of that girl—For the gift was an ominous, sad sea-pearl; All of the wealth of her womanly soul, Of her tenderness all, of her life the whole; For how could they give her to such as I? For my darling is dead, and that is why.

## ENIGMAS.

By Miss L. M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," "The Eight Cousins," Etc., Etc.

I BOUGHT my roll that day of the quiet woman who kept the bake-shop near my poor lodging. I liked her ways; she always folded my purchase in a tidy paper, received my three cents with a little bow and a softly spoken "Thank you," which dignified the paltry transaction and cost my pride no pang. At the corner I paused to decide where I should dine. A simple process, one would fancy, for the bread composed my meal. But, not being a Franklin, I objected to consuming the roll in public, and had two free dining-rooms to choose from—the Park in fine weather, a certain reading-room in stormy. A drop of rain decided me, and I strolled leisurely away to the latter refuge, for hunger had not yet reached its unendurable stage.

The room was deserted by all occupants but the librarian and one old gentleman, consulting a file of foreign newspapers. I slipped into an alcove, devoured my dinner behind a book, and then fell to brooding moodily over the desperate state of my finances and prospects: the first consisting of a single dollar, the last a slow starvation or manual labor, if I could bring myself to it. An abrupt exclamation from the old gentleman roused me, for it had a hopeful sound.

"Page, who copied this? I'd like to secure such a penman."

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir," responded Page. "Among so many clerks it's impossible to tell. I'll inquire if you like."

"No; I couldn't have him, if you did. But if you happen to hear of any good copyist who, for a moderate sum, would do a job for me, let me know, Page."

"I will, sir."

The old gentleman put down the list of newly-arrived books which he had been examining, and drew on his gloves. As he approached my alcove a sudden impulse prompted me to step out and address him.

"Pardon me, sir, but necessarily overhearing your request, I venture to offer myself for trial."

"Have you any references or recommendations to offer, eh?" asked the old gentleman, pausing.

I had an excellent one which I had vainly offered to many persons for the last month. He read the very flattering letter from a well-known scholar whom I had served as secretary for a year, and seemed inclined to try me."

"Hum—quite correct—very satisfactory. Give me a sample of your writing; here's pen and paper."

I obeyed, and laying a sheet of paper upon the open book I had been reading, dashed off my signature in several different styles.

"Very good; the plainest suits me best. What's this? So you understand Italian, do you?"

"Yes, sir; perfectly, I believe."

The old gentleman meditated, and while doing so scanned my face with a pair of keen eyes, in which I could discover nothing but curiosity. I gratified it by saying, briefly:

"Mine is the old story, sir. I am a gentleman's son, poor, proud and friendless now, in want of employment, and ready to do anything for my daily bread."

"Anything, young man?" asked the old gentleman, almost startling me with the energy of his emphasis on his first word.

"Anything but crime, sir. I am in a strait where one does not hesitate long between almost any humiliation and absolute want."

I spoke as forcibly as he had done; it seemed to please him, for the stony immobility of his face relaxed, and a curious expression of satisfaction crept over it.

"Come to me to-morrow at ten. There is my address."

And, thrusting a card into my hand, the old gentleman

walked away.

Precisely at ten o'clock on the morrow I presented myself at Mr. North's door, and was speedily set at work in his very comfortable office. The whole affair was rather peculiar, but I liked it the better for that, and the more eccentric the old lawyer appeared, the more I desired to remain with him, though copying deeds was not exciting. He seemed to take

a fancy to me, engaged me for a week, kept me busy till Saturday evening, and then astonished me by informing me for what secret service I was next intended.

As the clock struck five, Mr. North wiped his pen, wheeled about in his chair, and sat waiting till I finished my last page.

"Mr. Clyde, I have a proposition to make," he began, as I looked up. "It will surprise you, but I have no explanation to give, and you can easily refuse. I have not intended keeping you from the first, but desired to test your capabilities before offering you a better situation. A certain person wishes an amanuensis; I think you eminently fitted for the post. You wish independence, agreeable duties, and the surroundings of a gentleman. This place will give you all of these, for the salary is liberal, the labor light, the society excellent. One condition, however, is annexed to your acceptance. If you will pledge me your word to keep that condition a secret, whether you accept it or not, I will mention it."

"I do, sir."

"For reasons, the justice and importance of which you would acknowledge if I were at liberty to divulge them, I desire a reliable report of what passes in this person's house. I think you are fitted for that post also. A week ago you told me you were ready to do anything for your bread which was not a crime; this is none. Do you accept the place and the condition?"

"I am to play the spy, am I, sir?"

"Exactly, to any extent that your interest, ingenuity, and courage prompt you. It is necessary that I should have a daily witness of the events that occur in that family for the next month at least, perhaps longer. I know the task I offer you is both a mysterious and somewhat difficult one, but if you will rely upon the word of an old man who has little more to expect of life, I assure you that no wrong is meditated, and that you will never have cause to regret your compliance. Let me add that at the end of your service, be it short or long, you will receive five hundred dollars, and be subjected to no questions, no detention, no danger or suspicion of any kind."

"But, sir, am I to work utterly in the dark?"

"Utterly."

"Am I never to know what mysterious purpose I am forwarding?"

"Never."

"Can I, ought I to pledge myself to such blind obedience?"

"I believe you can and ought; it is for you to decide whether you will."

Not a feature of the old man's face had varied from its usual colorless immobility; his keen eye searched me while he spoke, and when he paused he sat motionless, with no sign of impatience, as I rapidly considered the strange compact offered me. I rebelled a little at the dishonorable part of it, yet I was conscious of a secret interest and delight in the mysterious mission. The place seemed a tempting one, the bribe a fortune, the security reliable, for Mr. North was as much in my power as I in his. As if cognizant of the doubt and desire between which I was wavering, he said, abruptly:

"You are well-born, well-bred, comely, discreet, and acute. Too proud to bear poverty, too poor to be over nice. A man exactly fitted to the place, though others may be found as competent, less scrupulous, and more eager for both the enterprise and the reward."

"Hardly, sir. I accept."

The only sign of satisfaction which he gave was a closer pressure of the long thin hands loosely folded on his knees.

"Good! now listen, and bear these instructions carefully in mind. This place is ten miles out of the city, here is the

address. On Monday evening go there, ask for Mr. Bernard Noel, and present your letter of recommendation. On no account mention my name or ever betray that you have any knowledge of me. Another thing remember: use your Italian as far as the comprehending of it when spoken by others, but deny that you possess that accomplishment if asked."

"Am I sure of being accepted, sir?"

"Yes, I think so. You have only to say that you saw and and have answered an advertisement in last week's *Times*. Such a one appeared—stay, put it in your letter. Now look at this and give me your attention."

He turned to his table, produced a small locked portfolio, and explained its purpose as I stood beside him. Several quires of peculiarly thin smooth paper lay within, a package of envelopes directed in a strange hand to A. Z. Clyde, a seal with a skull for its device, and a stick of iron-gray sealing-wax completed the contents of the portfolio.

"You will record upon this paper the principal events, impressions or discoveries of each day, beginning with your first interview on Monday. Every Saturday you will send me your weekly report in one of the envelopes directed to an imaginary relative of your own. Secure each carefully with this wax and seal, and post them as privately as possible, without attracting attention by too much precaution."

"I shall remember, sir."

"You are to ask no questions, show no especial interest in what passes about you, and on no account betray that you keep this private record. You have wit, courage, great command of countenance, and will soon discover how to use these helps. Let nothing surprise, alarm, or baffle you, and keep faith with me unless you desire ruin instead of reward. Now go, and let me hear from you on Saturday."

He rose, offered me a check, the portfolio, and his hand. I accepted all three, and with our usual brief but courteous adieux we parted: the old man to brood doubtless over his strange secret, the young one to hope that in the unknown family he should find some solution of this first enigma.

June 1sr.—Having received no directions as to the form

into which I am to put my record, I choose the simple one of the diary as the easiest to myself, perhaps the most interesting to the eyes for which these pages are written.

According to agreement I came hither to-night at nine o'clock, being delayed by an accident on the way. A grave, soldierly servant ushered me into a charming room, airy, softly lighted, and exquisitely furnished, yet somewhat foreign in its elegant simplicity. It was empty, and wandering about it while waiting, I discovered a lady in an adjoining room. As she seemed unconscious of my presence, I began my surveillance by taking a careful survey. Leaning in a deep chair, I only caught the outline of her figure; for over her silvery gray dress she wore a large white cashmere, as if an invalid, and forced to guard herself even from the mild night air. Gray hair waved away on either side her pale cheeks, under a delicate lace cap, which fell in a point upon her forehead. A deep green shade concealed her eyes, leaving visible only the contour of a rounded chin and feminine mouth. She was knitting, and I observed that her little hands were covered nearly to the finger-tips with quaint black silk mits, such as ancient ladies wore. There was something melancholy yet attractive about this figure, so delicate, so womanly, so sadly afflicted, for I felt that she was blind.

Absorbed in watching her, I was rather startled by a rustling among the shrubs that grew about the open French window behind me, and turned to see a young man entering from the garden. Somewhat embarrassed at being discovered peeping, I hastily inferred that the new-comer was a

son of Mr. Bernard Noel, and introduced myself rather awkwardly.

"I came in answer to an advertisement in the *Times*, sir. I sent my name to Mr. Noel; but it is late—your father, perhaps, is not disengaged?"

What a singular look flashed upon me out of the dark eyes that were scrutinizing my face, and what a singular smile accompanied the words:

"I am Bernard Noel."

I murmured an apology, presented my letter, and while he read it sat examining my future patron, wondering the while that such a lad should need an amanuensis. I say lad,

for at the first glance he looked eighteen; a second caused me to suspect that he was some years older. Every inch a gentleman, for high - breeding makes itself manifest at a glance. Of middle height, slender and boyish in figure, yet with no boyish awkwardness to mar the easy grace of his address or attitude. The light shone full upon his face, and in that momentary pause I studied it. Dark curling hair framed a broad, harmoniously rounded forehead; black brows lay straight above those Southern eyes of his, now vailed by sweeping lashes; the nose was spirited and haughty; the mouth grave and strong, perhaps rendered more so by a slight

moustache that

ENIGMAS .- THE AUTHOR AND HIS AMANUENSIS .- SEE PAGE 467.

shaded it. Even his dress interested me, as if I were a woman, though nothing could have been simpler or more becoming. A black velvet paletôt, dark trousers, collar turned over a ribbon; an aristocratically small foot, perfectly shod, and a single ring on a handsome hand that held the letter. An almost instantaneous impression took possession of me that this youth was both older than he looked and wiser than his years. Whether some deep experience had matured him, or the presence of genius thus manifested itself, I could not so soon decide, but felt instinctively attracted and interested in the unconscious person whom I had been set to watch.

Presently he looked up, saying in a peculiarly clear and penetrating voice:

"This is entirely satisfactory, Mr. Clyde; let me hope that the situation may prove so to yourself, for Mr. Lord has conferred honor in allowing me to secure the services of a 'fine scholar and an accomplished gentleman.'"

He bowed with a glance that turned the quotation to a compliment, then continued with a gracious gravity that was very charming, from the contrast of youth with the native dignity which sat so gracefully upon this boyish master of a household:

"It is too late for the return train; you will remain to-

night, and perhaps send for your luggage to morrow. I am impatient to see my work begun, for time presses."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Noel."

"Thanks. You will find us a quiet family: we see no society just now, for my cousin is an invalid, and my present pursuits require solitude. I hoped to have finished my task myself, but my health will not permit of such close confinement, therefore I shall leave the pen to you, and take a holiday."

Anxious to discover what my duties were to be, I put the question in the form of a surmise.

"I shall be doubly glad to take it up if, as I infer, it is to be used for the transcribing of some maiden work, perhaps."

A slight flush rose to the young man's cheek, colorless before; his eyes fell like a shy girl's, and his lips broke into a sudden smile, seemingly against his will, for he checked it with a frown, and answered, with a curious blending of pleasure, pride, and reserve:

"Yes, it is my maiden work, but, as we shall both be heartily tired of the thing before we are done with it, let us drop that subject for the present, if you please."

"Sensitive and shy, like most young authors," thought I, apologizing, with an air of contrition. Setting the topic aside with a little wave of the hand, Mr. Noel said, more cordially:

"Your rooms are in the east wing, and I hope will be agreeable to you. Madame Estavan's health and my own wayward habits prevent much regularity in our daily life, but this need not disturb you. We breakfast in our own rooms, lunch when we please, and dine at five. You will oblige me by ordering the two first meals at whatever hours suits your appetite and convenience, and by joining us at dinner; for in so small a family ceremony is unnecessary, and social intercourse better for us all."

"What hours do you prefer to have devoted to my duties, sir?" I asked, finding no difficulty in uttering the respectful monosyllable, for my six-and-twenty years seemed to give me no superiority over this stripling, not yet out of his teens, perhaps.

"I am in my study early these Summer mornings, finding an hour or two then more profitable than later in the day. Let us say from eight to four, or half after, with a recess at noon for rest and refreshment. The garden and west wing are sacred to madame, but the rest of the house and grounds are open to you, and the evenings at your disposal, unless you prefer to write. When not otherwise engaged, we are usually in the drawing-room after dinner, if you care to join us."

Another singular expression passed over his face just then, reluctance and regret, audacity and pain, all seemed to meet and mingle in it, but it was gone before I could define the predominant emotion, and his countenance was like a cold, pale mask again.

I expressed my satisfaction at these arrangements, and while I spoke he watched me intently, so intently that I felt my color rising—a most unwonted manifestation, and doubly annoying just then; for, conscious of my secret mission, a sense of guilt haunted me which was anything but tranquilizing, with those searching eyes full upon me. I think the blush did me good service, however, for, as if some doubt had disturbed his mind, my apparent bashfulness seemed to reassure him. He said nothing, but a slight fold in his forehead smoothed itself away, and an aspect of relief overspread his features so visibly that I made a mental note of the fact, and resolved to support the character of a simple-minded, diffident scholar, rather than a man of the world, as by so doing I should doubtless secure many opportunities which might otherwise be denied me.

Here madame called "Bernard!" and he went in to her. Without leaving my seat I saw him bend over her more like a son than a cousin, heard her ask several questions in a lowered voice, the answers to which she received with a silvery little laugh as blithe as any girl's. Then she rose, saying aloud in a slow, mild voice, with a pleasant accent in it:

"Take me in, cherie, and present monsieur, then ring for Pierre, that we have coffee."

Drawing her arm through hers, Mr. Noel led her to the larger room, established her in an armchair, and presented me, with the anxious look again apparent. Madame was very French, pensively courteous, and so gracefully helpless that I soon found myself waiting upon her almost as zealously as her cousin, who watched my compassionate attentions with that inscrutable smile of his. The soldierly servant handed coffee, and the slight constraint which unavoidably exists at the beginning of an acquaintance was fast wearing off when an incident occurred which effectually broke up our interview.

I was approaching madame with her ball, which had rolled from her lap, when Mr. Noel, who stood beside her, suddenly bent forward, as if attracted by something that alarmed him; for, dropping his cup, he whispered a single word and threw her shawl across her face. It sounded like "paint" or "faint," was probably the latter, for with a slight cry, more expressive of alarm than pain, madame fell into his arms,

and without a word he carried her away, leaving me transfixed with astonishment.

He was back again directly, looking quite composed, and with the brief explanation that madame was accustomed to such turns, he presently asked if I would like to write the order for my luggage, that it might be dispatched early in the morning. Accepting the hint, I bade him good-night, and was soon installed by the old servant in two charming rooms on the ground floor of the west wing, where I now sit, concluding first report.

June 2D.—Breakfasted in my room, and punctually at eight o'clock tapped at the door which Pierre had pointed out the night before as belonging to "master's study." Mr. Noel bade me enter, and obeying, found him busied in a deep recess, divided from the room by damask curtains. These being partially undrawn, discovered a wide windew, looking on the garden, a writing-chair and table, a tall cabinet and couch, and a literary strew of books, MSS., ponderous dictionaries, and portfolios. The room itself was plainly furnished, quiet, cool and shady, while the same atmosphere of refinement and repose pervaded it that had impressed me elsewhere, and which seemed rather some peculiar charm of its possessor than the result of taste or time. Mr. Noel bade me good-morning with a chilling courtesy, which would have instantly recalled the relations between us had I been inclined to forget them. Pointing to a second writing-table, whereon all necessary appliances were laid ready, he handed me a pile of MS., saying, as he half-reluctantly loosed his hold upon it:

"Many freaks and whims are permitted to young authors, you know, Mr. Clyde. One of mine is to leave my book unchristened till it is ready to be dressed in type. I will not impose the first chapters upon you, but you may begin where my patience gave out. Copy a few pages as a sample. I will come and look at them presently."

He returned to his nook, and employed himself so noiselessly that I soon forgot his presence. The instant his back was turned my eye ran down the page before me, and what I read confirmed my fancy that Mr. Noel was a genius. That one sheet amazed me, for it gave evidence of a power, insight. and culture hardly credible in one so young. The book was no romance, poem, satire, or essay, but a most remarkable work upon Italian history and politics. A strange subject for a boy to choose, and still more marvelous was his treatment of it. I was fairly staggered as I read on at the learning, research, and eloquence each fine paragraph displayed. No wonder his cheeks are colorless, his eyes full of fire, his air both lofty and languid, when that young brain of his has wrought such sentences. No wonder he is proud, knowing himself endowed with such a gift, and the power to use it. This explains the fascination of his presence, the charm of his manner, the indefinable something which attracts one's eye, arrests one's interest, yet restrains one's curiosity by an involuntary respect for that attribute which is "divine when young."

I should have gone on reading in a maze of admiration and incredulity, had not the recollection of his request set me writing with my utmost celerity and elegance. Soon I became absorbed and forgot everything but the smoothly flowing words, that seemed to glide from my pen as if to music, for the theme was liberty, and the writer was a poet as well as patriot and philosopher. Pausing to take a long breath, I became aware that Mr. Noel was at my side. He saw my excited face, my evident desire to break into a rapture. It seemed to touch and please him, for he came nearer, asking, wistfully yet shyly:

"Do you like it?"

"I have no words to express how much. It is well that you laid an embargo on my tongue, for otherwise I should never be done praising."

His face glowed, his eye shone, and he offered me his hand with that enchanting smile of his.

- "I thank you, I shall remember this." Then, as if to check me and himself, he examined my copy of his own hastily written MS.
- "This is beautifully done. I hardly know my pages when freed from the blots and blemishes grown so familiar to me. Do you find it very tiresome?"
- "On the contrary, most delightful yet most tantalizing, for I long to read when I should be writing. Mr. Noel, I am utterly amazed that such a book should be produced by so young a man."

"I might say I did not write it, for my father bequeathed me his spirit; and if these pages possess truth, eloquence, or beauty, the praise belongs to him—not me."

Softly, almost solemnly, he spoke, without confusion or conceit; pride unmarred by any tinge of vanity he probably showed, but seemed as if he had entirely forgotten himself in his work, and would accept no commendation but through that. He appeared to fall into a little reverie, and I sat silent, my eyes fixed on the shapely hand resting against the table as he stood. I was not thinking of it, but it annoyed him; for, with an almost petulant gesture, he flung down the pages he had held, thrust both hands deep into the pockets of his paletôt, turned sharply on his heel and went into his alcove. I heard him stirring there for several minutes, as if putting his papers under lock and key; then reappearing, he said, gravely:

"You will find lunch in the dining-room whenever you like it. I must take madame for her drive now; we shall meet at dinner."

He went, and soon after I saw a pony carriage roll down the avenue. I wrote till noon, when feeling hungry I set off on an exploring expedition, as Mr. Noel had forgotten to mention where the dining-room was, and I did not care to ring up a servant. A wide hall ran the whole length of the house, opening upon the garden in the rear. Four doors appeared: the two opposite were open and belonged to the drawing-rooms; I was standing on the threshold of the third, and the fourth evidently led to the dining-room. I chose to ignore that fact and satisfy my curiosity by prowling elsewhere. I might never have so good an opportunity again: the master and mistress were away, no one would suspect a stranger, and if I met the servants, ignorance would be a fair excuse. Having assumed the part of a spy, I wished to play it well, and being forbidden to question persons, must gain information from inanimate things, if possible. Two cross passages led from the main hall: one to my rooms, the other to the west wing. This, of course, I took, softly opening the first door that appeared—madame's apartment, for the gray silk dress and white shawl lay across a chair. A rapid survey satisfied me, and I passed to the next-Mr. Noel's, though I should scarcely have guessed it but for the hat upon the lounge, the pistols beside the bed, and the gentleman's dressing-case on the toilette. The windows were heavily curtained, the furniture luxurious, and an air of almost feminine elegance pervaded it. Two things struck me: the first was a dainty work-basket in a lounging chair, so near me that I could see the exquisitely fine stitching on the wristbands that lay in it. Madame was blind, no other woman appeared-who did it? The second discovery was more important. Opposite the door where I stood appeared another half open, showing a flight of thickly carpeted stairs winding upward. A blaze of June sunshine streamed down them, the odor of flowers came to me with a balmy gust, and in the act of stealing forward to see what was above, I was arrested by a soft voice, exclaiming in Italian:

"Ah, I am so tired of this; devise some new amusement, or I shall die of weariness."

"My darling, so am I," replied a deeper voice; "but

remembering our reward, I can have patience. Come to me and let us talk of our next letter; it is due to-day."

- "No; it makes me sad to think of that unless I must, and Heaven knows I need all the cheerfulness and courage I possess."
- "Poor little heart, you do. Sing to me while I work, and so forget imprisonment and trouble."
- "That is my only pleasure now. But I am thirsty, I want a draught of wine, and Pierre has forgotten me," murmured the female voice.
- "No love, he never will do that. I was obliged to send him to the St. Michaels, that they might be told of this man's arrival, and conduct matters with double discretion," answered the man.
- "Poor Pierre! he has to serve us now as butler, gardener, errand-boy, and sentinel. His life must be almost as wearisome as mine," sighed the other.
- "Now you are growing sorrowful again. Kiss me, Clarice, and let me find a happier face when I return; I am going for the wine."

There was a rustle, a murmur, and a pause, but I heard no more; for gliding like a shadow down the hall, I bolted into the dining-room and began to devour the first viand that came to hand. Here was a discovery! the deeper voice I heard was Mr. Noel's, and the softer one not madame's. Hers was sweet and slow; this youthful and vivacious, plaintive and petulant by turns. Noel's was unmistakable, though now it varied from passionate melancholy to an infinite tenderness, a caressing tone that would have soothed and won any woman by its magic. I had barely time to compose myself before he entered, started at seeing me, then laughed, and explained:

"Pardon! I have lived so much alone that I had forgotten the addition to my household for the moment. Let me fill your glass."

I had opened my lips to reply when a strain of music floated past the window, and involuntarily I paused to listen.

"Ah! Casta Diva, and exquisitively given."

As I spoke I saw Mr. Noel's hand tighten round the decanter he held, and again that peculiar glance flashed upon me as he said:

"You understand Italian, then?"

"Yes," was on my lips, but the recollection of my promise checked it, and I answered with an accent of regret, "I wish I did."

Mr. Noel raised his glass to his lips, as if to conceal the smile that parted them, a smile which doubtless signified, "So do not I," but he said aloud:

- "You recognised the air rather than the words, I fancy."
- "Yes; madame possesses a wonderful voice."
- "Madame is an accomplished woman."

With which unsatisfactory reply he strolled to the window, plate in hand, and stood there listening. I ate in silence, but watched him covertly, recalling what I had lately heard, and finding in his appearance further confirmation of the suspicion which had come to me. His eyes had met mine but once; on his cheek burned a color not born of the Summer heat; his grave mouth was soft and smiling, as if the kiss he asked for still remained upon his lips, and the music of that sweeter language seemed to linger in his voice. He looked a lover, and I felt that he was one, for genius rapidly matures both head and heart, unhampered by restraints of customs, age, or race. How else explain the presence of the unknown singer, upon whom I had heard him lavish such tender names with more than brotherly affection? I confess the fancy charms me, for my own loveless life has been so bare of romance, I am ready to find interest and pleasure in another man's experience, while the mystery which surrounds the strange youth and my



relations with him make it doubly alluring. As I rose to return to my work the act seemed to rouse him; approaching the table he carefully selected a cake and fruit, filled a glass with iced claret, and arranging them on a silver salver, added a handful of flowers from a vase near by, and carried it away, saying, with a half-sad, half-mirthful look:

"Madame likes me to wait on her, and is as fond of delicate attentions as a girl."

Till nearly five I wrote, then dressed for dinner, and when summoned found my host and hostess waiting for me. A well-appointed table, a well-served meal, and one occurrence at its close are all that is hecessary to record of this episode. Noel sat beside his cousin, waiting on her with a quiet devotion beautiful to see. Pierre hovered about both with a respectfully protective air, which became the venerable servant who seemed to eye me rather jealously, as if he feared a rival in his young master's confidence. It was a silent meal, for Noel was not loquacious, and madame seemed sad. I did my best, but the role I had taken was not one to allow of much conversation, and long pauses followed short dialogues.

We were just rising when Pierre entered, bringing a basket of hothouse flowers, which he delivered to his master, with the message:

"For madame, with Mrs. St. Michael's compliments."

Madame uttered no thanks, made no gesture of pleasure, but every particle of color faded from her face as she seemed to listen for Noel's answer. He too was paler, and the hand extended for the basket trembled visibly, yet he answered with unwonted animation:

"She is very kind; cousin, I will take them to your room for you. Mr. Clyde, I have an engagement for this evening; but drawing-room, library, and lawn are at your service."

"The last shall be first, thank you, and I will enjoy the sunset out-of-doors."

With that I took myself away; Pierre closed the door behind me, and as I turned into the passage to my rooms I fancied I heard the click of a key turning in the lock. I got my hat, passed out at one of the long windows of my little parlor, and strolled toward the lawn along the terrace which lay close before the house. My steps were noiseless on the turf, and as I passed the windows of the dining-room I snatched a hasty look, which showed me the basket overturned upon the floor, madame with her shade at her feet and her face hidden in her hands, Mr. Noel reading a letter



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aloud, and Pierre listening intently, with a napkin still over his arm.

They did not see me, all being absorbed, and with my curiosity still further piqued, I wearied myself with conjectures as I surveyed the exterior of the house, the occupants of which already inspired me with such interest.

A rambling English cottage in a nest of

verdure. A lawn slopes to the road in front, a garden lies behind, a lane runs parallel with the garden-wall on the right, and a grove of pines rises soberly against the sky upon the left.

Curious to locate the room of the unknown, I struck into the lane, scrutinizing the left wing as I walked. To my surprise, no upper windows appeared. An ancient grape-vine covered the western wall, trained away from the lower casements, but completely masking the space above and wandering over half the roof. Looking closer, I soon discovered a large aperture in the roof, half-hidden by the leaves; the sash evidently lowered from within, and this explains the flood of sunshine and the odorous gust that floated down the stairway which I now long to mount. Having looked till my eyes ached, I roamed away into the fields which lie between the solitary cottage and the town.

As I came up the avenue on my return Mr. Noel passed me, driving rapidly; he did not see me, for his hat was pulled down low upon his forehead, but his mouth looked grim, his whole figure erect and resolute. I watched him out of sight, went in and read for an hour, then to my room and secret diary. It is past midnight now, but Mr. Noel has not yet returned.

JUNE 3D.—Found the young gentleman in his alcove, and my work laid ready when I went to the study this morning. He looked up and answered my salutation as I entered, then seated himself behind his curtain, and I saw no more of him for an hour. At the end of that time the perfect silence that reigned in the recess arrested my attention, and caused me to suspect that he had slipped away through the window. I was just meditating a peep, when accident supplied me with a genuine excuse. A little gust of air blew in from the garden, rustling the papers on his table; one was wafted beyond the curtain, and almost to my feet. I waited a moment for him to reclaim it, but nothing stirred, and quite sure that he was gone, I examined it. A closely covered sheet, written in Italian, it proved to be, and a moment's inspection showed me that it was a part of the work I was copying, though in a different and bolder hand. Stepping to the recess to restore it, I was startled by discovering Mr. Noel asleep in his chair. Very worn and tired he looked, though younger than ever in his sleep; on the page upon his desk lay drops that looked like tears. Seeing that his slumber was deep, I ventured to look well about me. The half-written sheet on which his pen still lay, as it dropped from his drowsy hand, was a translation of the very page I held. Others lay on the table, and in the cabinet which now stood open I spied three piles of MS. A hasty glance showed me the missing chapters copied in his graceful hand, a heap of blurred and hasty translation, and a worn, stained MS. in the same bold writing, the same language as the truant leaf. Farther I dared not look, but crept back to my seat, and fell to wondering why the boy wrote in Italian, and suffered no one to translate it but himself. Were he other than he is, I should suspect him of a literary theft, or some double dealing with another's work. But Bernard Noel seems incapable of deceit, and his look, his manner when speaking of it, assure me that it is rightfully his own, whatever his reasons may be for so laborious a process. My reflections were suddenly interrupted by hearing him rouse, and seeing him pull aside the curtain to ascertain if I was there. He looked half-bewildered by sleep, but began to collect the papers, carefully arranged them in the cabinet. locked it, and stepped out into the garden, where I saw him pacing thoughtfully to and fro for half an hour. That was the last of him for to-day, for he and madame dined at the St. Michaels, as Pierre informed me when five o'clock found me the sole partaker of an excellent dinner. They returned at nine, and the invisible musician has been singing for an

June 6th.—For four days nothing has occurred worth recording, as I have been almost entirely alone. Mr. Noel hands me a chapter or two each morning, receives my copy at night, and only the necessary directions are asked and given. Madame has not been visible, ill I am told, yet her cousin looks tranquil, and no nurse or physician has been summoned to my knowledge. Very brief and silent are our interviews at dinner, and not once have I found the drawing-room occupied of an evening. No one calls, but Mr. Noel drives out often and returns late. My days have been spent at the writing-table, my evenings in my own room, or solitary walks about the country. Returning from one of these, I

saw the window under the vines brilliantly lighted, and resolved to satisfy my curiosity the first moonless night. This ends my first week's record; I trust it is satisfactory; and that out of my own darkness I have given light.

JUNE 7TH.—
To-day, being Sunday, Iasked Mr. Noel, when I met him at lunch, in which of the three churches, over the hill, I should find his pew.

"In none; I go nowhere just now. My cousin cannot, and I join her in a little service here at home." he said, slowly; adding instantly, as if afraid I should expect to be included in that domestic service: "My friend, Mrs. St. Michael, will be happy to do the honors of her husband's

chapel. I have spoken to her, and she expects you." I thanked him, went to church, found the pastor a dull preacher, though apparently an excellent and pious gentleman; his wife a grave, motherly lady, who received me with courtesy, examined me with interest, and, as we came out together, asked me how I liked her neighbors.

"Mr. Noel seems an eccentric but most charming young man, and madame a wonderfully cheerful sufferer," I replied.

"Genius has many privileges, and eccentricity is one, you know," replied the lady, adding, rather guardedly: "Madame Estavan is younger than she seems, and man-

ifold afflictions cannot wholly darken her bright spirit. May I trouble you to give my regards to her, and tell Mr. Noel I will see him to-morrow?"

At dinner I delivered the messages; Mr. Noel turned graver than before on receiving his, and madame turned gay. I was glad to see her so, and did my best to interest her, observing that her cousin often took the word from her lips, and that Pierre's usually expressionless face wore an aspect of uneasiness. In drawing out her handkerchief madame dropped an ebony rosary. No one heard it fall, for it slipped noiselessly through the folds of her dress, and no one saw it but myself. Pierre was busy at the side-

board, and, stooping, I lifted and returned it to her. She received it with the exclamation:

"Ciel! How careless I am grown! I thought I put it by after mass."

"Madame is a Catholic, one sees."

The words slipped from me involuntarily, her answer seemed to do the same.

"Oh, yes; in truth I am, and so is——"

A heavy silver fork clanged down into Mr. Noel's plate, and madame started at the clatter, leaving her sentence unfinished.

"Pardon, cousin; if you are forgetful, I am awkward. You were about to say, 'and so is Pierre.'"

Noel spoke quite naturally, but I suspect madame caught some warning from his tone.

for the color mounted to her forehead as she eagerly assented.

"Surely, yes. Whom else could I mean? Not you, my

"Surely, yes. Whom else could I mean? Not you, my too-Protestant and English Bernard."

Poor lady, she overdid the matter sadly, and that anxious emphasis upon the words "Protestant" and "English" convinced me that Noel was neither, though but for this I never should have suspected it. As if anxious to banish it from my mind, he led the way to the drawing-room, and, as all madame's spirits had departed, exerted himself to entertain us both. In conversation I found him witty, earnest, and frank, but in the midst of an animated description of



ENIGMAS.—THE EAVESDROPPER WATCHING THE TWO SISTERS.—SEE PAGE 467.

foreign life he checked himself, and going to the grand piano, gave us fragments from the sacred music of the great masters, with an ease and brilliancy that captivated me. I was heartily enjoying this treat when, as if doomed to make scenes, madame suddenly gave a loud cry, and darted out upon the lawn, exclaiming:

"He has come! Mon père! Mon père!"

For an instant Noel stared aghast, then sprang after her, looking as wild as she. I followed to the terrace, and standing there, heard, through the stillness of the twilight, madame sobbing and her cousin chiding. He spoke Italian, but low and rapid as were his words, I caught them brokenly.

"I cannot trust you—you have no control of face, voice, mind or manner. You knew it was impossible—he cannot come for weeks yet—I will have no more of this."

"Forgive me. It is this life which destroys my nerves; it unnatural. I cannot bear it. Let it end for me," sobbed madame.

"It shall," almost sternly answered he. "Rest content, I will ask no more of you; it is selfish, unwise. I can bear and do alone; you have suffered enough."

"It is not that; it is the suspense, the deceit, the danger that dismays me. I can act no part. Send me away for a little; you will be freer, happier, safer, without me, as you know."

"I shall, and so will you. To-morrow St. Michael will receive you and a few weeks will end all. Now compose yourself, go to your room, and leave me to explain your flight to Clyde."

"I slipped round to the hall door and met him there with, I flatter myself, well-acted concern. Madame passed me with a murmured:

"Monsieur, I have known loss, it haunts me; forgive the malady of a broken heart."

Noel gave her into the charge of a grave, elderly woman, whom I now saw for the first time, and who came hurrying up with Pierre. As she departed the old servant hastily explained that it was he who had peeped and startled madame.

"Then madame is not wholly blind?" I asked, quickly, for there he paused and looked confused. Noel answered, tranquilly:

"It is only a partial loss. You may go, Pierre; you are forgiven. But let us have no more of this, for madame's sake."

The old man gladly withdrew, and his master added, as I bade him good-night:

"My cousin needs change. I shall take her to town tomorrow. We have friends there, and her state demands better care than I can give her. We shall leave early, but I will prepare matters for you, as I shall not return till late."

A long sigh of relief broke from him as he turned away, and, on my soul, I pitied him; for it is my belief that madame is not only a little mad, but some refugee whom he is befriending, and who, in spite of gratitude, finds it hard to lead a life of concealment under the same roof with some fair, frail lover of this fascinating boy.

JUNE,8TH.—Found the house silent as a tomb, and fancy the sound of carriage wheels which half-woke me at dawn was the only farewell I shall receive from poor madame. A long, quiet day. Noel returned at dusk, and went straight to his room. I seized my hat, concealed myself in the lane, and watched the leafy window. Presently it blazed with light, and but for the appearance of Pierre in the garden I should have been tempted to execute my resolve at once. Hearing the rattle of the chain that holds the gate, I sprang into the footpath which turns into the lane from the fields. Pierre showed small surprise at meeting me, as these meadows are my favorite walk, and my assumption of simplicity has quite blindfolded this old watchdog. Anxious

to see how he would explain it, I asked, as if just discovering the window:

"What is that light among the leaves? Does the roof burn?"

"Oh no, monsieur, it is my master's studio. He paints as he does everything else—divinely. For that room he took the cottage; an artist built it, and though he does little now, he often lounges there at night."

The answer came so readily, and seemed so natural an explanation I could not but believe it, and, saying I should go in and read, I left him. From my window I watched him far along the avenue, he and the maids chatting in the grove, knew that madame's nurse had gone with her from a word Pierre dropped at dinner, and felt that my time had come. It was a moonless evening, fast deepening into night; a light wind was blowing that filled the air with rustling sounds, and the house was quite deserted for the time. I had no fear—excitement is my element, daring my delight, and I desired to earn my liberal reward for this dishonorable but alluring service.

Leaving my hat behind me, I crept to the western wing, with every sense alert. Not by the vines did I ascend, but by a slender Norway pine, whose stem, being branchless for many feet above the ground, seemed to forbid approach by that means. Practice made me agile, and I was soon upon the first bough which touched the roof. With catlike steps I picked my way, crouching low and making no sound louder than the whispers of the wind. The window was closed, and all I heard was a murmur of voices, but parting the leaves at one shaded corner I lay flat and looked down.

A long, lofty room was below, full of light, soft colors, lovely shapes, but how furnished I cannot tell, for its occupants absorbed me instantly. Stretched his full length on a couch lay Noel, looking like a luxuriously indolent young sultan, in crimson dressing-gown and Turkish slippers. He was laughing, and till then I had never seen the real beauty of his face; some cloud of reserve, distrust, or melancholy had vailed it from me, but at last I saw the boy's true self, and felt that nothing was impossible to such as he. His white throat was bare, his black curls tumbled, his hands clasped above his head, and as he laughed he hummed a sprightly air, in which a softer voice joined fitfully.

At first he alone was visible, but soon down the long room came a woman dancing like an elf. Great heavens! how beautiful she was! She wore some foreign dress, brilliant and piquante, a lovely neck and arms shone white against the gold and scarlet of her bodice, and bare rosy feet scarcely seemed to touch the carpet. Dark eyes glittered through a stream of rippling gold hair, a sweet, red mouth was smiling, and as she danced the bloom no art can give deepened beautifully on her cheek.

With a deep obeisance and a ringing laugh she ended her pretty part of Bayadere, and dropping on a cushion beside the couch, talked vivaciously while gathering up her hair. Noel caressed the bright head which presently leaned against his pillow, sobering slowly as the thoughtful look stole back into his face. Clarice—for this was doubtless she—seemed to chide him, to try and win the gay mood back again, but vainly; for rising on his elbow he began to speak earnestly, so earnestly that his companion soon grew as intent as he. I would have given worlds to have caught a word, but not one reached me, and but for the emphatic gestures of the pair should have gathered nothing of their meaning. He evidently urged something from which she shrank, yet in the end acceded to with tears and eloquently sorrowful eyes. Noel seemed satisfied, and with the fondest gestures dried the tears, consoled the grief, and endeavored to make light of it. A deep lounging-chair stood before an easel, on which shone the image of this sweet-voiced girl. A dainty

little supper was spread beside the chair, and drawing his model—for such I now suspect Clarice to be—into the velvet nest beside him, Noel made merry over it like one content, and yet not heartily at ease.

It was a prettier picture than any he will ever paint; both so young, so blithe and beautiful, so loving and beloved, so free and rich in all that makes life pleasant. I felt like one shut out from some sweet Paradise as I lay looking from the dimness of the night upon this happy pair, while they nestled there together, drinking from the same glass, eating from the same plate, serving one another with such charming zeal, and forgetting all things but themselves.

Utterly oblivious of the outer world, Pierre's voice nearly caused me to betray myself, so suddenly did it break the hush.

"Catherine, has Monsieur Clyde come in?"

"Yes, long ago; his light is out."

The speakers were in the garden, and waiting till the door closed upon them I crept to the pine, half-slid, half-fell in my haste, and safely regained my room.

June 9th.—Mrs. St. Michael came, had a brief interview with Mr. Noel on the lawn, which was prudent but unsatisfactory to me, for I learned nothing from it. Saw no more of him till dinner, when he told me he should pass the evening out. At eight he drove away, and, curious to know when he returned, I amused myself with a book till nearly midnight; then, wearying of it, put out my light, and sat musing in the dark. The night was cloudy, close and warm, and, finding all still, I presently went out into the lane, wondering if Clarice, too, watched and waited for his return. The window was dark, but just as I turned from it, I was alarmed by the sound of wheels close by. I recognized the light roll of the pony carriage, though it was deadened by the turf, for to my dismay it was evidently coming not up the avenue, but along the lane. Fearing to be seen if I attempted to get in, I sprang behind the hedge, and, holding my breath, saw the carriage pause before the door in the garden-wall. A man leaped out, seemed to listen, then admitted himself both to the garden and the house, as the sound of a cautiously lifted window suggested. breathless with interest I waited, and sooner than I expected the man reappeared, not alone now, for a slender female figure clung to him. I could just see the outline of their figures, the white gleam of their faces, but I knew them at once by the few words rapidly exchanged in Italian.

- "How still it is! Have you no fear?"
- "I have done with fear, Clarice."
- "And I with captivity, thank God!"
- "I shall miss you sadly, dear."
- "Not for long, your wife will comfort you."

A little laugh accompanied the words, and, like spectres of the shadowy hour, house, carriage, man, and woman vanished in the gloom.

Here is a clue at last: Noel will marry, and for this purpose clears his house of all encumbrances; poor madame and the lovely model must give place to some woman whom he unwillingly marries—if his face and manner are to be relied on. Why he does so is a mystery like himself, but I will yet fathom both.

JUNE 10TH.—It is well that I was prepared beforehand, else the announcement made to me this evening would have filled me with uncontrolable surprise. Mr. Noel wrote steadily all day, was unusually taciturn at dinner, and amused himself at the piano till twilight fell. I had been pacing up and down the hall enjoying his music, when it ceased abruptly, and coming out he joined me in my promenade. The hall was not lighted, except by the softened gleam of shaded lamps in the drawing-room. I instantly observed the anxious look I have learned to know, and by the slight embarrassment of his usually easy manner I

inferred that he both wished and feared to speak. Presently fixing his eyes full upon me, he said slowly, as if weighing every word and marking its effect:

"Mr. Clyde, as an inmate of my house, I feel that it is but right for me to tell you of an approaching event, which, however, will not materially change my mode of life nor your own—I am about to marry."

He so evidently expected me to be surprised that I instantly feigned what I should yesterday have really felt.

Stopping in my walk, I exclaimed:

- "Married! you are very young for that experience;" there I checked myself and began the proper congratulations. He cut them short by asking:
  - "How old do you believe me to be?"
- "You look eighteen; your book says forty," I answered, laughing.
- "I am of age, however, and though young to marry, have neither parents nor guardians to forbid it if they would."
- "It will be soon I infer, as you do me the honor of announcing it to me?"
  - "On Saturday."
- "You mentioned that this event would make no change in my present mode of life—I am then to continue my copying as usual during your absence?"

"I shall be absent but a day. It will be a very private affair, and my—Mrs. Noel will return with me at once."

A little pause fell between us. I was contrasting his cool, quiet manner now with the loverlike expression he had worn when with Clarice, and felt more than ever convinced that for some weighty reason he was doing violence to his own heart. He seemed conscious that, having said so much, he should say more, and presently added, still in the same measured tone:

"Madame's departure leaves me lonely. My attachment is no sudden one, for I have loved Hortense from her babyhood. She, too, is an orphan, and both being solitary, we see no wisdom in delaying to secure our happiness. Mrs. St. Michael is a mutual friend, and at her house we shall be married in the quietest manner, for the few relatives we possess are far distant, and Hortense dreads strangers."

Here Pierre came in, bringing a dainty little note, which he delivered with a smile. Noel took it eagerly, wished me good-night, and hurried away to the west wing. I wish that I, too, were a lover.

JUNE 12TH.—Since our conversation in the hall I have scarcely seen Mr. Noel, and therefore I have little to record. For an hour or two he has sat in his alcove, then dressed and driven away to the St. Michaels, where I suspect the bride-elect has already arrived. To-day the wedding-day, and I waited with intense impatience for the coming of the young pair. Not that I expected to be invited to join them so soon, if ever, but because I was burning with curiosity to see the woman for whom he had discarded poor Clarice, and had no scruples about gratifying myself in any way that offered.

At five I went to my dinner, found Pierre polishing the plate, but no appearance of food.

- "Master will dine at seven to-day, and hopes monsieur will not be incommoded by the change," he said.
  - "Am I to join them as usual, then?" I asked, surprised.
- "Oh yes; the arrival of young madame will alter nothing but Monsieur Noel's spirits, I believe."

At half-past six o'clock a carriage rolled up the avenue, and from behind a group of larches on the lawn I watched the arrival. Pierre came smiling to the door as Noel led a lady up the steps. A slender, dainty little lady she seemed, but her face was hidden by the white vail which covered her blonde bonnet, and all I could discover of her figure, under a flowing white burnous, was that it was slight and graceful.

She was evidently very young; for as she entered the house she clapped her hands and danced down the long hall, as if overjoyed to be at home. Noel stood an instant talking with his old servant, and I caught a glimpse of his face, and very little like the countenance of a bridegroom did it look.

As both went in I returned to my room, and half an hour afterward was summoned to dinner.

Twilight had come on and lamps were lit. The table shone with damask, glass and silver, flowers glowed everywhere, and the lustres filled the room with a festal breadth of light. But none of these things caught my eye on entering, for standing in the deep window were Noel and his bride. His arm was about her, and leaning there, as if content, he looked down at her as she held out an almost childishly lovely hand, and seemed laughing blithely at the wedding-ring upon it. Both turned as I came in, and, with the color mounting to his very forehead, Noel said:

"Mr. Clyde, allow me to present you to—to my wife."

Well for me that a bow was all-sufficient, and that my command of countenance was great, or I should have betrayed myself beyond repair, for Mrs. Noel was Clarice! There could be no doubt of it. The face was peculiar even in its beauty, and not easily forgotten. There was the rippling, golden hair, dark eyes, sweet red mouth, and blooming cheek—even the smile was the same, brilliant and brief, the voice unchanged, vivacious, yet musically soft. The dress was simple white, yet above the flowers in the bosom shone the fair shoulders I had seen, and the round arm that lay on Noel's wore the very bracelet that had flashed upon Clarice's but a little while ago. Noel eyed me narrowly, but I believe my face was impenetrable, as I uttered my congratulations after the surprise of that first glimpse had passed.

Half-shyly, half-daringly, Mrs. Noel glanced at me, and as I paused she drew her husband toward the table like an impatient child.

"Come, Bernard, Pierre is waiting, and I am so hungry! That is a sadly unromantic admission for a bride to make, but it is true. Besides, I want to play mistress, and begin to realize that I am free from all restraints but yours, mon ami."

We sat down, and a most charming mistress did she prove herself. So gay, so graceful, so frankly fond of her husband, so courteous to me, and now and then, as if the novelty of her position overcame her, so sweetly shy and blushing, that before the meal was over I found myself forgetting all the past and full of admiration for this most cap-



ENIGMAS.—THE SPY'S REVENGE.—SEE PAGE 467.

tivating little crea-Noel seemed to own the charm as well. The cloud lifted, and again I saw the beautiful blithe nature which he seems to hide and hold in check. He laughed as gaily as his young wife, drank her health more than once, and was more cordial to me than I believed it possible for him to be. Both seemed to forget who and what I was, to make me one of them, and freely to shed the light of their new happiness upon the lonely stranger.

My heart re-

proached me for my treachery, yet I did not repent, nor shall I till my mission ends. Strange as all has been here, I am fast learning to respect and love this gifted boy, to look leniently upon his peculiarities, and even commend this last act, whatever its causes and consequences may be. It is evident that he loves his wife passionately, and she loves him with a confiding tenderness which will not be concealed. I felt like one in fairy-land, and when they went into the drawing-room longed to follow, yet dared not, till Mrs. Noel, looking backward, beckoned me with an imperious little gesture that was irresistible.

"There is no need of you deserting your old haunts because I have come, Mr. Clyde," she said, looking up at me with eyes that seemed to read the desire I felt. "Bernard and I have known each other for so many years, have been together so much, and loved each other from our childhood, that the putting on of this ring seems to make no change in us. We care nothing for the world's ways, and rule this little kingdom as we will. You are a gentleman, you like my—"she paused, laughed delightsomely, and added, "my husband's book, and help him as he would be helped; therefore you are our friend, as such you must live with us, and let two children profit by your age and wisdom."

This friendly speech, so warmly, gracefully delivered, quite touched and won my heart, and I at once accepted both the offer and the hand outstretched to me. Hardly waiting till my thanks were spoken, little madame danced away to the piano, and broke into a song. If anything were needed to convince me of her identity with Clarice, this would have done it, for the marvellous voice could not be feigned. With a malicious fancy to see how Noel would bear an allusion to the falsehood he once told me, I said, carelessly:

"Although I heard but indistinctly at the time, Mrs. Noel's voice reminds me strongly of Madame Estavan's when she sang 'Casta Diva.'"

Smiling the smile that makes his face so young, he answered, with a mirthful look at the golden-haired, whiterobed figure at the instrument:

"Well it may, for madame is a near relation of my little wife's, whose voice was trained by her. Hortense, come out upon the lawn, I want to show you your nest by mocnlight."

She came to him with the airy motion that seems habitual to her, and, hanging on his arm, went out, along the terrace, looking a fit inmate of this enchanting and enchanted place.

JUNE 14TH.—I take the liberty of noting only such events as seem important or mysterious, and therefore when my days are solitary leave them blank. Yesterday the young couple fully proved themselves "a pair of children," for they danced and sang all through the house, haunted garden, grove and lawn, drove, walked, and rested, always together and always happy. Mrs. Noel seemed like a bird let loose, her husband enjoyed her joy, and gave himself a holiday, for mind as well as heart; for he never came into the study, but leaned in at the window, giving his directions while his wife stuck roses in his buttonhole. Perhaps my eyes looked wistful; I suspect they did, for suddenly she stepped in and came to me, saying, as she put a flower on my desk and then tripped away again:

"You, too, shall have one, because you are the wise and busy man. See, I give you this fully opened rose; it suits you best. Bernard must have the little white ones, because they are like me."

As I waited their coming in the dining-room, a few hours later, from the window I saw Mrs. St. Michael's servant come up the avenue and hand a packet to Noel, who was loitering there while madame dressed. The man went back. Noel read a brief note, hastily unfolded the newspaper which

composed the packet, and seemed to dart at once upon some particular passage. I saw him stand motionless and intent a moment, then drop the paper, turn as if to enter, and fall, face downward, on the grass,

Darting out, I raised his head to my knee, loosened his collar, and, while wondering at the smile still lingering on his pale face, I snatched a glance at the note, for the paper was still crushed in his hand. Only three lines:

"I go at once to London. Be prepared at all times. Another week and your long task is over, my brave child."

It was Mrs. St. Michael's hand. I had seen it on sundry notes of invitation, but whatever clue I might have found by searching the paper was lost, for Noel opened his eyes the instant I touched his clenched hand. To my utter amazement his face grew almost fierce as he staggered to his feet and thrust me off.

"Have you read it? What have I done? How came you here?"

He spoke as if hardly conscious of what he said; yet, through all the agitation of his manner and the incoherency of his speech, some strange happiness was plainly visible.

"My dear sir, I have read nothing. See, the note lies under your feet and the paper is in your hand. I saw you fall and ran to help you. Should I have left you here to startle Mrs. Noel.'

The composure of my manner reassured him, but, as if wonders would never cease, he clasped his hands before his face, and great tears fell between his slender fingers as he wept like a woman for a moment. I involuntarily put my arm about him, for he trembled, and, as if the act were comforting, he leaned against me till the paroxysm passed. Presently he was himself again, and looked up half-grateful, half-ashamed. His eyes fell before mine; he saw the note at his feet, and, as if self were forgotten in some returning thought, he caught it up, saying, slowly, and with still down-

"Forgive my folly and my harshness; I am not strong, and sudden tidings overcome me. Let me explain, for I hate mystery."

So, eager to learn, I did not refuse; and he added, after reading the note aloud, much to my surprise:

"This is from my kind neighbor; she goes to London about my book. I am to be prepared to deliver it at any moment, and that is the long task that will be ended in another week."

Nothing could be simpler, and yet I did not believe the explanation. Why? Because I have learned to know this young man's face so well that its expressions are familiar now, and not once did his eyes meet mine while speaking, nor did he once allude to the paper still crumpled in the hand behind him. I could not accept it, however, and as Mrs. Noel was seen coming out to us, her husband started, thrust both note and newspaper into his pocket, hastily smoothed his disordered locks upon his forehead, and said, fixing on me a look that was almost stern:

"Oblige me by saying nothing of this to my wife at present. I will tell her later. Give me your arm, please, and be so kind as to attract her attention from me for a little."

I obeyed in all things, but Mrs. Noel was not deceived; her first glance at her husband caused her to turn as pale as he, but some look or gesture unperceived by me restrained her, and she endeavored to appear unconscious of anything amiss. Pierre also looked expectant, was unusually awkward in his duties, and evidently eager to get me away. The instant dinner was over all three vanished, yet not together, and with every appearance of anxiety to be unobserved.

for the last three days, and that has been the book. genuine interest and haste cannot be feigned, and I must believe that Noel spoke the truth. The study is no longer deserted, for not only has he written steadily himself, but merry little madame labors also, staining her pretty fingers with ink, flushing her sweet face with energetic struggles to keep up with our swifter pens, and making the once quiet room a bright and busy place.

"It must be done before the week is out, if we give our nights as well as our days to it. Help me through this task, Clyde, and ask any recompense when it is done.'

Never had Noel spoken to me with such energy, such familiarity; his eagerness seemed to put new strength into my hands, his confidence to warm my heart with an almost brotherly affection for him. We did work, silently for the most part, but how rapidly you may understand when I say that to-night the book is done. I have just left the study very weary, yet heartily sorry that my share of the work is over, for Mr. Noel tells me he may not need me but a little longer. This unexpected note of Mrs. St. Michael's seems to have precipitated matters, and my task ends before the month is out.

JUNE 25TH.—The clue is found, and the mystery solved. Last night, being weary, I slept unusually sound, but woke suddenly, sure that some one called me. The moon had set, a slight shower pattered on the leaves, and a fresh wind blew in. While drowsily thinking that I must rise and close my window, there came a light tap on the glass of the one nearest me, which was already shut. I sat up and listened; cautious footsteps brushed across the turf, and, as if my movements had assured some one of my presence, a voice breathed softly:

"Pierre! Clarice! Bernard!"

"Who's there?" I cried, but nothing answered, and again the stealthy footsteps caught my ear. I sprang to the window, strained my eye and ear, waited and wondered for nearly an hour, but no sound reached me, and I reluctantly compelled myself to think it all a delusion, for these names had been sounding through my dreams.

This morning I stepped out upon the terrace early, as I often do, but took only a single step, for there in the black mold under my closed windows were footprints not my own. Peculiar footprints were they; one large, but shapely, the other smaller, and evidently made by a foot deformed in some way. Long I looked at them, but could find no solution of the matter, so strolled on looking for more. None appeared, and I was just turning back to ring for breakfast, when Mrs. Noel came flying down the hall, her hair loose upon her shoulders, her muslin wrapper half on, and terror in her face. Seeing me, she cried:

"Where is he? Bernard? Have you seen him? He is gone!"

"Gone! How? When? What has happened, Mrs. Noel?"

"I want Pierre," she cried, beating her hands distractedly together. "He too is gone, the maids tell me. What shall I do? Help me, Mr. Clyde! Look for them-oh, look for

"Where shall I look?" Tell me more; I cannot help you till I understand."

"It was so warm last night that I left Bernard and went to madame's room. I heard nothing, knew nothing till I awoke and found him gone; I looked and called, I sent for Pierre, but he too had deserted me, and now I have no hope but in you."

Her white face dropped upon my arm as the last words left her lips, and she clung to me, sobbing like a frightened

"Let us go to his room, he may have left some paper, JUNE 17TH.—But one thing has absorbed the household some trace that will serve us. Be of good heart, dear Mrs.



Noel; I will help you with all my wit, strength, and soul."

"You are so kind! Come, then—stay, I must go first—the room is in sad disorder."

Hurrying before me, she ran into the west wing; I followed when she called me, and looked vainly for some trace to explain Noel's absence.

"He never walks so early, never till now has gone even to the grove without telling me. Why did I leave him? Oh, my darling, what has happened to take you from——"

There she paused abruptly, for I beckoned. The long window was opened, and glancing out, I had seen upon the newly graveled walk footprints like those I had seen before. Others were beside them now, slender and small. Noel looked, rushed out regardless of her disarray, dropped on her knees and scrutinized the prints, then rose, and carefully compared the smaller one with her own pretty foot thrust stockinglessly into an embroidered slipper. It seemed to satisfy her; a long sigh of relief followed, yet she began to tremble as her eye wandered far beyond the garden walls. I said nothing of my nocturnal visitor, and waited for her to speak. In a moment she recovered her self-possession, brushed away the larger footprints with a rapid gesture, and gathering her wrapper closer about her, she turned to me with a gentle dignity I had never seen in her till now.

"I have no longer any fear for him," she said. "These tracks show that Pierre is with him. They plan some surprise for me. Thank you, Mr. Clyde, and let me apologize for my foolish fright."

More mystified than ever, I was turning away, when Noel sprang in at the window, rosy, radiant, and wonderfully altered. Wherein the change lay I could not tell, but I felt it so strongly that I stood staring dumbly, while his wife explained my somewhat embarrassing situation, and chid him for his flight.

"My dearest, I only went to the St. Michaels. The good gentleman had one of his sudden attacks near morning, and sent for me; Pierre would not let me go alone; I feared to distress you, so we slipped away, hoping to be back before you awoke."

This statement, like several others, sounded probable, yet I doubted, and observed that while he spoke he looked steadily at his wife, who looked as steadily at him. Of course, I retired after that, and nothing more was said, even when we met as usual.

All day I wrote, copying several fine poems, which I suspect have been lately written, as they are of love. Something was expected as I left them. I heard Noel say to his wife:

"Wait a few hours more, darling. It will not be safe for him to come till twelve."

That was enough for me; out went my light, and, having carefully tumbled my bed that it might appear to have been occupied, I sat down by my window, waiting till the house was quiet. At half-past eleven I crept out, and looked to see what windows were still lighted. None but the studio showed a ray. There, then, this joyful meeting was probably to take place. Up I crept, but before I could set foot upon the roof the wind brought me the sound of steps coming to the gate. Motionless I sat, hidden in the sombre verdure of the pine, as two tall figures entered, crept to the window of Noel's room, and disappeared. One was Pierre I knew, by a suppressed "Hem!" the other was almost gigantic, seen through the pale mist that rolled up from the river. An unequal motion in the gait suggested a limp, and, as they vanished, I caught the faint echo of a voice very like Noel's, but far deeper and manlier than his.

Fearing that Pierre might stand guard, I remained where I was for some time, then crept to my former loophole, and looked down.

A magnificent old man was sitting in the easy-chair with Clarice upon his knee, both her arms were about his neck, and tears of joy were streaming, for she smiled as they fell, and seemed to have no words to express her happiness.

Another woman knelt beside the chair, her face uplifted, tearless, but how nobly beautiful! As I looked my heart stood still, then leaped with an excitement almost uncontrolable, for with a shock of recognition I knew that this was Noel, and that Noel was a woman. The black locks were parted on the forehead now, the dark moustache was gone, the loose paletôt was replaced by some flowing dress, from whose deep purple sleeves came arms whose white grace would have convinced me had the face been hidden.

Dizzy with bewilderment and a strange satisfaction I could not analyze, I stared down upon the three, seeing, hearing, yet scarcely comprehending for a time. stately man was their father; it needed no words to tell me that, for Clarice's eyes were dark and lustrous as his; Noel's-I can call her by no other name-Noel's grave. sweet mouth was a perfect miniature of his, and the features of both have a strong though softened resemblance to those finer ones whose reposeful strength was beautifully touched by tenderness. An Italian evidently, for though his figure far exceeded the lithe slenderness which usually characterizes this race, there was the olive hue, the Southern eye, the fire, the grace which colder climates seldom produce. Gray-haired, worn and old, he looked; yet suffering, thought, and age seemed to have aged him more than years, for his voice had a youthful ring, his gestures the vigor of a man still in his prime. The right foot was smaller than the left, and slightly deformed, as if by some accident, and one of the daughters had laid a cushion for this weak and weary foot, the sight of which confirmed my suspicions that I saw the midnight visitor whose tracks I had found beneath my window.

The first words that reached me after a pause were Noel's, and I held my breath to hear, for the flutelike tenor I had learned to love was softened with a womanly tone, and now I knew why the seeming boy had been so silent when I was by. As if continuing some subject dropped for a momentary overflow of emotion:

"Paulre mio, I will tell you how it has fared with us since they drove us from your prison doors. Good old Annunciata took us home, but remembering my promise to you to fly at once to your old comrade Pierre, in Paris, we went. He was all you believed he would be—father, friend, counsellor, and guard. He feared to keep us there, begged us to come to England, and in some safe disguise wait here till you could join us, if your captivity did not end in death.

"As we planned what would be the easiest, safest disguise for each to assume, I bethought me that if we were searched. for when it was discovered that the proscribed book had disappeared with us we should be described as two Italian girls; if we separated each might be found, and apart, our apprehension for each other would be unbearable. Now, if we could lose our identity altogether, and appear in a new land exactly opposite to what we had been in the old, we should be doubly safe, and could help you without fear. I recalled our wandering life before you knew Clarice's mother, when you and I roamed over Italy and France as a peasant and his little son. I made so excellent a boy, and liked the part so well, you know, I cried when forced to give it up; but in my strait I remembered it, and resolved to be, not a little lad, but a half-grown youth, and train myself to dare all things for your sake. Clarice could not if she would, having neither courage, stature, nor voice, poor timid darling as she is! therefore she should personate Aunt Clotilde, whom she used to mock, and her French accent would serve her well. Show papa how perfectly you looked it, naughty girl."

Clarice ran below, and in a moment, to my surprise, Madame Estavan appeared. Let me finish speedily. The three happy souls within laughed gaily as the mock invalid repeated her graceful helplessness, and deplored her sufferings with the pensive airs with which madame had won my sympathy. Soon Noel, or Monica, as I should now call her—ah, the sweet Italian name!—continued her narration, leaning on the high back of her father's chair, caressing his gray head with a fond reverence that was beautiful to see.

"Pierre was unknown, circumspect, and the dear soul insisted upon coming with us. He knew the St. Michaels, and had done them a service when they were in Paris years ago; he wrote to them, for they were true as gold; they prepared all things for us, and in this quiet nook we have lived through these weary months."

"But this young man, to whom I nearly betrayed myself what of him? how came he here? You would only hear my story then, now finish yours, my man-hearted girl."

How her face glowed at that, half with pride at the praise, half with shame at the part she had played, as if with her woman's garb she had assumed her woman's nature!

"Papa, see what we have done while waiting for you. Here, translated, fairly copied, and ready for your last touches, is the dear book, written with such enthusiasm, lived for, suffered for, and now to be enjoyed in this free land when all danger has gone by, and honor, fame, and love are to be reaped at last."

What passed below for a few minutes I shall never know, for my own eyes grew too dim for seeing, as the daughter who had dared and done so much laid her gift in her father's hands, and her head upon her father's knee. When next I looked the precious gift was at his feet, the beloved giver in his arms, and, with the two fair faces looking up into his own, the happy man was listening to that chapter of the romance in which I played a part. Clarice spoke now:

"This dear Monica nearly killed herself with working at it all last Winter, and, when the Spring arrived, Mrs. St. Michael and myself began to pray and urge and work upon her to consent that we should either put the copying out, or have some person here. At length we prevailed; she would not part with her charge even then for a time, but having grown bold through many successful trials, she consented to have a clerk at home. We were dying for society; we dared not go out much, because I could not play my part well, and made sad blunders by forgetting that I was blind and ill. She might have gone anywhere in this dull place, for none would guess her, but she would not do that for fear of mishaps. Both longed for some change, and, when we advertised, were wild to see who would come. This Clyde appeared; Monica liked him; he seemed well-bred, simple, unsuspecting, and sincere. In time we found him accomplished, assiduous, and a most agreeable inmate."

Infinitely mischievous and merry looked Mrs. Noel, as she glanced up at her blushing sister, who half-averted her face, and answered, with a traitorous softness in her tone:

"Yes, too agreeable for our peace of mind, perhaps. Now let me finish, for I have ill things to tell of you and of myself. Papa, Clarice forgot her part continually; she never would be careful, but kept me in a fever of fear. The first night he came a lock of her bright hair nearly betrayed her, another time she dropped her rosary, and calmly owned that we were Catholics. I took refuge behind her, for in a Frenchwoman it was nothing strange, but in me who desired to pass for an English youth it was not to be allowed. Mrs. St. Michael often tried us by her over-anxiety, and sent your letters in all manner of strange ways, till I bid her do it simply, for Clarice was always in a tremor when anything arrived from them, lest a letter should appear when least expected. I, too, was more than once on the point of telling all, for Clyde was very faithful, very kind, and oh!

papa, I longed so for a wiser, stronger friend than either my good Pierre or the St. Michaels. When the paper came which announced the release of those who suffered for Italy, and your name was among them, I could not bear it. Clyde helped me, and was so patient, so unsuspicious, and so tender that it broke my heart to tell another of those falsehoods. But till I knew how free, how safe you were, I would not breathe a whisper of the truth."

"Poveretta! it was too hard a task, too heavy a burden for your loving heart. You shall be rewarded, my daughter, in this world if your old father can do it, and in the next where your mother waits to receive you into paradise." A little pause, then the proud father asked with a smile so like his daughter's I seemed to see an elder Noel, "Tell me why this mock marriage was performed?"

"It never would have been had we known how soon you would arrive. But Clarice endangered all things; I could not send Clyde away when that part of my venture failed, for the book was not done; she would not leave me, yet pined here in confinement after madame's shadow had departed. Nor could she appear as my sister, for I had said to various persons when I came that I had no family. Neither could she stay openly with me as a friend, because I would not have a breath of scandal or the faintest blemish on her maiden fame. We were in despair, when it occurred to me, that, as I assumed the rôle of a wayward genius that I was forced to do, owing to the book and the secluded life I led-I might marry and play a little game of love and matrimony. It was foolish, perhaps hazardous, but I won them all to it, and brought my wife home, as happy as a bird when the cage is open and the sky cloudless."

"Lean nearer, my daughter, and answer truly. Did this shadow of love arise from any longing in your own heart for the substance? Have not these quiet Summer days, passed in the society of this young man, been hazardous to something more valuable than my safety? Will you not find the same longing to lean upon, to confide in, the new friend lingering under the woman's robe as warmly, as strongly, as when this gentle bosom hid itself behind a man's vest? Tell me, Monica, do you love this Clyde?"

There was no answer, but her face was hidden, and before the mute confession could be accepted she sprang up, as if pride struggled with maiden love and shame, and came toward me. Then I saw her face, and knew that the strange sentiment of affection, reverence, and admiration I had felt for her when I believed her to be a singularly gifted and noble boy was unsuspected love; that the blushes, the anxiety which I fancied arose from other causes, in truth, proceeded from a like suddenly upspringing, swiftly growing passion, whose chief charm lay in its blindness. These thoughts whirled through my brain as I listened, and when I saw that familiar yet sweetly altered countenance unconsciously betraying to me what it struggled to conceal from those nearer, yet not dearer, I could scarcely contain myself, and some half-audible exclamation broke from me. She caught it, looked up, seemed to see my face as vanished. No sound betrayed that she had recognized me, and so brief was the glimpse that I flat tered myself she could scarcely think she saw a human visage through the thickest growing leaves. Like a guilty yet most happy ghost, I swiftly, silently regained my room, and dashed into bed. Not a moment too soon, for barely had I got my breath when a light step drew near and paused at the door. My heart beat as if it would betray me, when the door opened, and the invisible being evidently paused upon the threshold listening. I bore the suspense till I could bear it no longer, and stirred noisily in my bed. Then quietly as it had opened the door closed, and the steps

Mr. North, I am your spy no longer, and the record which

I now dispatch is the last you will ever receive from me, for I break the compact and relinquish the reward you offer.

that morning after the discovery, for I was eager to be done with my now insupportable task, and as Monica had said

that her father was past all danger, I feared no harm would follow the delivery of that final record. I had waited impatiently for the first ray of light that I might make it, and when it was written paused for the page to dry. That pause was fatal, for worn out with a sleepless night and the excitement of the preceding hours, my eyes closed, my head fell on my arms, and I lost all consciousness in a deep slumber, which must have lasted for an hour, and when I awoke the sun shone in upon me. Intent on posting my letter unobserved as usual. I looked for it, and seeing it wished that I had never wakened. There it lay with its infamous purpose clearly, confessed in its closing lines, and on it a bank-note, a slip of paper, all three stabbed through by the tiny dagger that pinned them to their place. I knew the dagger, had seen it on Mo-

Those last words were written in the hush of dawn on

BURNT CORK .- SEE PAGE 483.

nica's study-table, and admired its dainty workmanship; I knew the sharp Italian writing on the paper, for I had seen it day after day; I knew whose eyes had read my words, whose hand had stabbed the treacherous sheet, whose contempt had spared me for a remorse sharper than any pang of death. The slip held these words:

"We are gone for ever, leaving despair for the lover, wages for the tool, a friend for the traitor.'

How long I sat there I cannot tell. The sun came up, the world woke, and life went on about me, but mine seemed to have ended.

A dull hope woke at last within me, and I went wandering through the house, looking for that which I shall never find.

Every room was deserted, but that of the grim maid, Catherine; and from her I got no help, but a curt request to breakfast go, as she had orders to close the house, and return to her former mistress. Mrs. St. Michael. "Were they there?" I asked. No, they were miles away now, and she would have no questions put to her. My one refuge was Mr. North, and to him I hurried. His office was closed. I knew his house, and ran to it. Crape shrouded the knocker, and when I was admitted it was to find him dead. The day before a strange gentleman had called, had a long interview, and when he went Mr. North was found speechless in his chair. He never had revived, and died at dawn. His secret had died with him, and through all these weary years I have never gleaned a hint of it: never seen Monica; never re-

gained my peace of mind, nor found rest from pondering miserably over these unsolved Enigmas.

A coquette is a rose, from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns are left for her future husband.



The Chimney-Corners of the Olden Time.

THE ways and means of firemaking, like most other branches of household economy, have changed greatly since the days of "good Queen Bess." Stoves, furnaces, steamheaters, and other modern machinery of discomfort, have superseded the great open fireplaces of the olden time, but whether the change is an improvement or the reverse is a matter worth consideration. The accompanying engravings illustrate the old way, and the reader is probably sufficiently familiar with the new to decide the question.

Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, England, with all its | romantic history, with its celebrated Elizabethan pageant, when Dudley so royally entertained his queen, but for the genius of Sir Walter Scott would have been long forgotten, I to lay it upon; their fronts are usually carved, with a round

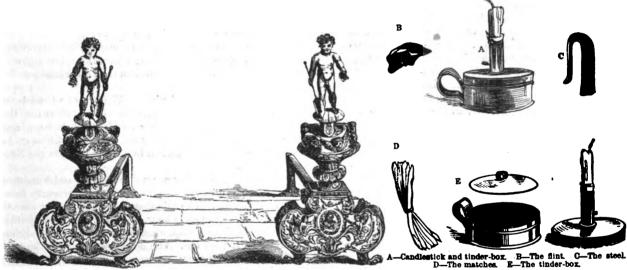


A CHIMNEY PIECE IN THE BUINED CASTLE OF KENILWORTH.

plowshe the gras century at the North" vi bling ruins, and a of desolation was the arrested. The torch of gon again lighted up "every room so spacious"; they were ever after to be associated with the recollections of their ancient splendor, and now Kenilworth is worthily a place visited by travelers from all lands.

Save in old country houses andirons are now rarely seen. The illustration, from a set preserved at Knowle, England, shows the elaborate ornamentation sometimes displayed on these "fire-dogs," as

they were commonly called. Strutt, writing in 1775, says: "These awnd-irons are used to this day, and are called cob-irons; they stand on the hearth, where they burn wood,



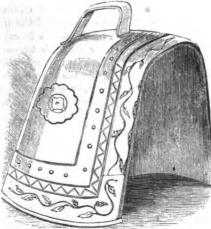
OLD ENGLISH ANDIRONS .- FROM A SET PRESERVED AT KNOWLE.

OLD-PASHIONED FLINT AND STEEL.

language. An old fresco and a ground-plan were preserved, but, even with these, Kenilworth would only appear to us a

mysterious mass of ruined gigantic walls; deep cavities, whose uses are unknown; arched doorways, separated from the chambers to which they led; narrow staircases, suddenly opening into magnificent recesses, with their oriels looking over cornfield and pasture; a hall, with its lofty windows and its massive chimney-pieces, still entire, the most beautiful being illustrated by us; but without roof or flooring; mounds of earth in the midst of walled chambers, and the hawthorn growing where the daïs stood. The desolation would probably have gone on for another century; the stones of Kenilworth would still have mended roads, and have been built into the cow-shed and the cottage, until the

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THE CURFEW

instead of being now a name familiar to every reader of our | knob at the tob; anciently many of them were embellished with a variety of ornaments." In giving an inventory of the bed-chamber of Henry VIII., which included "awnd-

irons, with fire-forks, tongs, and firepan, Strutt adds: "Of the awnd-irons, or, as they are called by the moderns, cob-irons, myself have seen a pair which, in former times, belonged to some noble family. They were of copper, highly gilt, with beautiful flowers, enameled with various colors, disposed with great art and elegance."

At Hever Castle, in Kent, once the seat of the Boleyns, and afterward the property of Anne of Cleves, is a pair of elegant andirons, bearing the royal initials H. A., and surmounted with a royal crown.

Shakespeare, who overlooked nothing, thus minutely describes a pair of andirons belonging to a lady's cham-

cupids

h on one foot standing,

on their brands nicely."-Cymbeline.

od was piled in the wide fireplace, all
this genial blaze, it was first necessary to
t, "and in this particular we are certainly much
at than our ancestors.

Young people nowadays who take a match and in an instant get a light, have no idea of the mode in which people fifty years ago went to work to get fire; and of a cold, frosty morning, in a dark kitchen, it was no trifling matter. Many of our readers—some young mothers, perhaps—will look at the array of articles in our illustration as much perplexed as though they were some outlandish importation.

To produce fire has been the great want of man. The various savage tribes resort to curious modes—rubbing two smooth pieces of wood, or spinning a hard stake in a hollow of softer wood, till electricity was excited to give sparks enough to kindle the dead wood or similar stuff ready to receive it. The friction of a belt on a wheel in machinery will, on the same principle, give out sparks, and sometimes set a building on fire.

Our grandmothers used the implements represented in our cut, the flint and steel, with the appendages which we now proceed to explain.

Every kitchen had a tinder-box: a tin candlestick, set in a round tin cup, rising about an inch in the sides, and fitting closely around the bottom of the candlestick. In this the housewife placed rags and set them on fire, smothering it with the candlestick. Her matches were curled shavings from the carpenter's planing-board, tipped at both ends with brimstone. To strike a light they used the steel (C), which was held in the left hand by the long arm, and the flint was struck rapidly on it with the right. When sparks came they were caught in the open tinder-box, the brimstone-tipped match was applied to this dormant fire in the tinder, and the result was a blaze. The candle was then lighted, the tinder smothered down, and off jogged the housewife to light the kitchen fire with her treasure.

Great credit is due to the inventor of the modern lucifermatches—locofoco matches as they are sometimes called, meaning fire on the spot; although when it was at one time applied to a political party, from their use of these matches to replace the lights at Tammany Hall, extinguished by their rivals, a Spanish gentleman was much puzzled to explain the word. The dictionary did not help him, but he saw the politicians huzzaing in the streets in a way to make him doubt their sanity. It let in a ray of light. "Oh!" he said, "I see it now. Loco in Spanish is crazy; foco is your word, folks. Locofoco means crazy folks."

Common lucifer matches are tipped with a composition of chlorate of potash and phosphorus mixed with ground glass, coloring matters, and a little gum. The so-called noiseless matches consist of phosphorus, four parts; nitre, sixteen parts; red lead, three parts, and strong glue, six parts.

It is, however, very desirable that the matches we at present use should be superseded by others having no phosphorus in their composition. In the first place, nearly all the processes involved in the manufacture of our present lucifers are deplorably deleterious to the workmen—they are, perhaps, the only industrial processes more detrimental to health than needle-grinding—the inhalation of the vapor of phosphorus bringing on that terrible disease of the jaw-bones which is known as phosphonecrosis. In the second place, while phosphorus is one of the most important elements of the food of those plants which furnish mankind with the staff of life, it is an element of which the supply is so limited that as little of it as possible should be diverted from agricultural use; and at present many thousands of tons of bones, which ought to go on our fields, are consumed

in the preparation of free phosphorus for the manufacture of matches.

Dr. Hierpe proposes to make the heads of matches of a mixture of from four to six parts of chlorate of potash with two parts each of bichromate of potash and oxide of iron or lead, and three parts of strong glue. Matches so made require a special igniting surface, for which Dr. Hierpe employs a mixture of twenty parts of sulphide of antimony, with two to four parts of bichromate of potash, four to six parts of oxide of either iron, lead, or manganese, two parts of glass powder, and two to three parts of strong glue or gum.

Another German chemist, Dr. H. Poltzer, proposes to make match heads of a mixture of chlorate of potash with a peculiar salt, which he describes as a compound of hyposulphurous acid with soda, ammonia, and oxide and sub-oxide of copper. Match heads so made ignite when rubbed on any rough surface, even more readily than our present lucifers.

The practice of extinguishing the fire before retiring is still in vogue among careful housekeepers, and a brief description of the means employed for that purpose in ancient days, together with the origin of the custom, may not be uninteresting:

Everybody has heard of the curfew bell, at the sound of which our ancestors put out their lights and quenched their fires. But the popular notion respecting the curfew is altogether erroneous, as to its name, its author, and its object.

The curfew is a vulgar corruption of couvre feu—that is, French for "cover the fire." The kind of instrument used for the purpose is shown in the accompanying engraving. Curfew is as much a corruption as beef-eater for buffetier, bull and mouth for Boulogne mouth, and kickshaw for quelque chose.

It is more than doubtful whether William the Conqueror introduced the curfew into England. It is certain that the practice prevailed in most other countries of Europe, and there are incidental allusions by old writers, which seem to intimate that it was well known in England before the Norman invasion.

The object of the curfew was not to degrade and humiliate a vanquished people, but to preserve life and property from destruction by fire. The rule that fires and candles should be extinguished at an early hour, was no more arbitrary than the same rule aboard ship, when we consider the condition of society as it then was. The houses were chiefly built of wood, and were far more combustible than they are now; the accidental outbreak of a fire often ended in the destruction of half a city and the loss of many lives. There were no engines to put out the fire—no water supply to be at once obtained—no fire-escapes to rescue endangered lives—no fire offices to make good the losses. The curfew was simply a useful police regulation, and, if it was sometimes barbarously enforced, it was merely characteristic of the barbarity of the times.

No doubt Norman William was rapacious, tyrannical, and arbitrary, but no censure can attach to him on account of the curfew. The custom was, in all probability, practiced before his time, and it was certainly continued for six hundred years afterward. Even now the ringing of a bell is still continued at the appointed hour, when

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

A CELEBRATED French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.



## BURNT CORK.

AN ACTED CHARADE.

THERE you see Bella Smith—de la belle on raffole!

Making up Arthur Brown, who's a swell of Broadway,
With a piece of burnt cork for the principal rôle
In an acted charade. The word chosen's——

Scene the First—In the Alps (over chairs and the horse Sheets and table-cloths hung) with Mount Blane in the distance. (A loaf of white sugar.) On each hand, of course, A pine forest (brooms) a precarious existence Maintains on the crest of the mountain, and hide, A band of flerce robbers, who, hearth-broom to shoulder, Springing out on a traveling party that rides Through the valley, strike terror to every beholder. However, the chief one fair traveler they've stopped Regards with a feeling that's warmer than pity; Declares it at once, and gets snubbed when he's popped. So ends the first syllable act of—

Scene the Second—A garden (some plants ranged in pots).
The moon (moderator) in heaven is beaming,
In the distance of a sentinel—armed to take shots,
R. a casement (that's "off") where the damsel is dreaming.
L. U. E enter Brigand, who bears a guitar.
Soft music (in Greek)——

With a ditty to show what his sentiments are

Toward her, who of hope will not grant him the least ray,
The sentinel taking the chief for a cat,

With treacherous tones cries, "Puss, puss! Kitty, kitty!" Then fires—shoots the singer, exclaiming, "Take that!" So ends second syllable act of—

Scene the Last—Open plaza. A large crowd (of four).
Two soldiers drawn up—each one bearing a rifle.
The Brigand brought out from the juil (drawing-room) door,
With his arm in a sling, looking damaged a trifle.
"Make ready! Present!" but before the word "Fire."
At a stamp from their chief, or a nod, or a less cue,
The Brigands rush in and the soldiers retire.
The populace cheer at so timely a rescue.

The chief, proved a lord in disguise, weds his love;

And so ends the charade, which the shrewd and the witty

Have found out, from the lucid description above,

No doubt long ago, to be simply——

# SOMETHING ABOUT A SONG.

THE representative song-writer in America of nautical themes, or songs of the sea, is, undoubtedly, Epes Sargent, of Boston. It is very certain, however, that what are known as sea-songs possess, after all, very little more of the flavor of salt-water about them than their name. Dibdin—the most noted of his class-wrote some exceedingly clever nautical songs that were extremely popular with landsmen and black-eyed Susans and Marys, but which never were sung by sailors. A midshipman or two, possibly, may have compromised himself and his profession by singing "Poor Jack" or "Sweethearts and Wives"; but your regular old tar, believe us, never was guilty of so doing. Sailors have their songs, however, which they hoarsely shout in the very teeth of a gale, as they round the Cape, or sing while their vessel lies becalmed off some sunny island in the Pacific. The songs, though, which they sing are mostly unwritten ones; and, like the ancient ballads, are transmitted, orally, from crew to crew and from ship to ship. Any one who may choose to loiter about the piers of a seaport town, when ships are breaking cargo, or the anchor is being weighed, will be able to hear, without venturing upon the ocean, the songs which sailors sing. They are rude, hearty, often coarse, but musical withal. To the accompaniment of certain airs sailors do certain kinds of work. To slow, low,

and monotonous tunes they perform heavy labor; and to quick, lively strains they do their lighter toils.

Of Sargent's songs of the sea—which number some twenty-five—the most popular one is the "Life On the Ocean Wave." On board the steamer, within the cabin, and by the passengers—after they have recovered from seasickness, and are nearing port—this song may, perhaps, be sung; but it is not probable that a sailor down in the fo'castle ever heard of it, though it is a g'orious song, and its musical notes roll forth with a majestic swell that reminds one of the waves of the ocean, as they roll on to some such pebbly shore by which, doubtless, many of our readers have whiled away a Summer morning, or loitered through a moonlight night.

The history of this song is simply this: Some thirty years ago, Mr. Henry Russell, the celebrated musical composer, being in America, asked Mr. Sargent to write a song for him, leaving the subject to the author's selection. In a walk on the Battery, in New York, the sight of the vessels in the harbor, dashing through the sparkling waters in the morning sunshine, suggested the "Life On the Ocean Wave"; and the poet had finished it in his mind before the walk was completed.

Upon showing it to a friend, himself a song-writer, his criticism was that it was "a very fair lyric, but was not a song." We draw from this the conclusion that, though a man may be able to indite clever songs himself, he may not be able to judge correctly of the merit of another's songs.

Sargent, somewhat disheartened, put the verses into his pocket, concluding that they might do to publish, but not to set to music. A few days afterward he met Mr. Russell at Hewitt's music-shop, and showed him the piece, informing him, at the same time, that it would not do, but that he would try again.

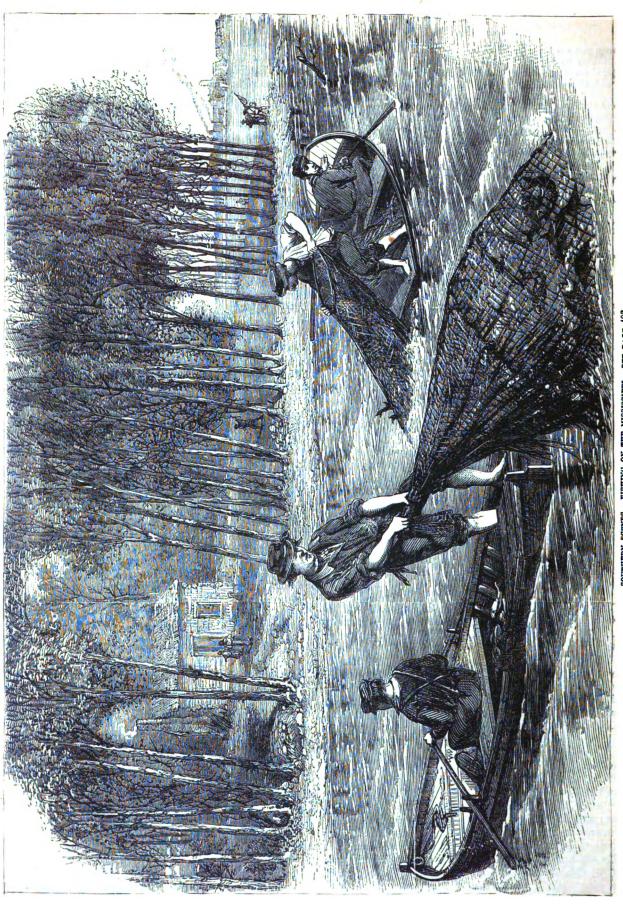
"Let us go into the back-room, and try it on the piano," said Russell. They went. Russell sat down before the instrument, placed the words before him, studied them attentively for a few minutes, humming a measure as he read, then threw his fingers over the keys; tried once, twice, thrice, and finally exultingly struck out the present melody to which the "Life On the Ocean Wave" is set. He certainly was not more than ten minutes about it, though he gave a day afterwards to scoring and writing out the music. The song, as all are aware, became immensely popular, and many thousands were sold before the year was out. In England three different music-publishers have issued it in various styles. The parodies that have been made on it are almost innumerable.

## SOUTHERN SCENES.

ALTHOUGH the "Father of Waters" may not be so attractive to the fastidious angler as some of those quiet mountain pools where the shy trout disport, still beneath the turpid bosom of the rushing stream the finny tribe are plentiful enough, and possess many qualities fitting them for the cuisine. The puffing and snorting of steamboats and the plash of paddle-wheels has, it is true, scared many of the "native population" into the adjoining lakes and bayous, but there is good fishing still on the Mississippi. For a national dish, a catfish chowder, such as can be served up at Memphis or Vicksburg, or thereabouts, is something that our epicures need not be ashamed of, and for the facilities of which many a poor household on the banks of the big river has reason to be thankful.

A Mississippi catfish, correctly done into a chowder, is certainly no "sardine." It is an institution belonging to those parts, the same as roast opossum stuffed with sweet potatoes. It is not unusual to get up catfish dinners, at





which the P. furcatus is served up in every possible shape, the menu ranging from catfish soup to roast, boiled, baked and fricasseed catfish. When the times are hard many of the inhabitants along the river-side find no other occupation than with line or seine to seek for their dinners in the water. A trap made of wicker-work is often used, being a large conical basket, with a funnel-shaped mouth, into which the fish, swimming down stream, rush unawares, and rarely find the way out again, except into the fisherman's pot. Our engraving represents a fishing scene on the Mississippi, opposite Memphis, in Tennessee.

The illustration, entitled "The Itinerant Cobbler," is from

a sketch made by our special artist in New Orleans - and depicts a favorable specimen of a large body of public characters who are to be found in that Southern city. They take up their stations on the street corners, and may be seen busily plying their various crafts during all hours of the day. The system has at least the advantage of cheapness, and as the season will soon become propitious and the rent question is still threatening, it would be well perhaps to introduce it into this city. Such an innovation would give variety and life to the monotonous respectability of our streets, and why a shoemaker has not as good a right to the sidewalk as an applewoman for the

display of her wares, or a drygoods dealer for the packing of his cases, it would be difficult to say. This individual scene was sketched at the corner of Toulouse and Chartres streets, from an old Frenchman with a night-cap on his head, and afflicted with a club foot; who, despite his age and infirmity, hammered away with right good will, maintaining, meanwhile, a dignified aspect, befitting a "Knight of St. Crispin."

To keep up your spirits—Place the decanter on the roof of the house.

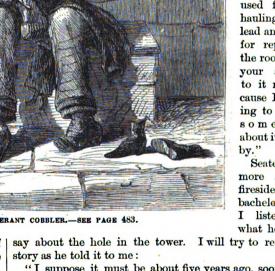
## WESTCHESTER TOWER.

Some years ago, I had occasion to make a short trip from London, to visit my old college friend, Maitland, who had settled down as a clergyman in connection with the cathedral of Westchester. It was a pleasant excursion, chiefly by railway, and I was hospitably entertained. After dinner, my friend and I walked out in the dusk of the evening, to look at the antiquities of the place. In the course of our ramble, the moon rose, and threw a charm over the scene. With the moonlight streaming through the colored windows, we sauntered through the ancient cathedral, enjoying the

solemnity of the edifice. As we approached the gates of the choir, Maitland. though accustomed to the place, became singularly silent. All at once, he called on me to notice that we were standing under the main central tower, and that in the vaulted dome overhead was a round black spot.

"You see that dark spot," said he, "it is a covered hole opening up into the tower. It sometimes is used for the hauling up of lead and timber for repairs on the roof. I call your attention to it now, because I am going to tell you something about it by-andby."

Seated once more at the fireside of my bachelor friend, I listened to what he had to



SOUTHERN SCENES .- THE ITINERANT COBBLER .- SEE PAGE 483.

say about the hole in the tower. I will try to repeat his

"I suppose it must be about five years ago, soon after I came to the cathedral, that I was engaged one evening in this room, writing, when I had occasion to refer to a book not in my possession, but which I knew to be accessible to me in the cathedral library. To procure the work, I sallied out with a lantern; and I had not gone very far when I was assailed by a cheery shout from Symes-Geoffrey Symesan Oxford man, who had been my junior at Oriel. Symes was a little eccentric. He had taken a fairish degree, and might have done well, but, being passionately fond of music,

lie took to studying the organ; and this had brought him to Westchester, as a professed pupil of the organist. As such, he was allowed to have constant access to the instrument—one of wonderful compass—in the cathedral.

"Symes would not, perhaps, have been called a scientific musician; but he had a wonderful gift of expressing thought and feeling on the organ, which he almost made to speak, so extraordinary was his power in bringing out effects. When engaged in this way, he seemed to be lost in an enthusiastic ardor. He wildly revelled in musical sounds. On this occasion, he seemed to resolve on a display of his powers. Rushing away for a few minutes, he brought little Jim Oxley, son of the verger, to blow the bellows; and, with this necessary aid, he set to work, and produced a voluntary that was altogether marvelous, and the effect of which was enhanced by the dark. Well-known passages from great masters were skillfully wedded with harmonious links into one another. One, however, a favorite of his as I knew, was complete, and alone -the 'Quando Corpus,' from Rossini's Stabat Mater. I could compare it to nothing but the strenuous forging together of solid bars of melody, so severe, so nervous, so weighty, was the working out of the theme. And last of all, with most ravishing sweetness, came the exquisite duet and chorus from Mendelssohn's Lobgesang, 'I waited for the Lord,' and as those delicate silvery strains of patience and thankfulness streamed into one another, and melted at last with the chorus into the great tide of praise, I was unconscious of anything but the music, and could have stayed there without further thought till the morning.

"I was aroused from my ecstasy by little Jim, who had been blowing the bellows all this time, asking me if he might go home, as his father did not know where he was. I let him out; and as the door fell behind him, I heard the low, dying wail of the organ, as Symes struck one or two ineffectual notes, and exhausted its last breath. He came down and joined me; and as I was taking up my book and lantern, previous to our departure, he suddenly cried:

"Hollo! that tower-hole is open. Just fancy looking down through there into the nave.'

"'Yes,' said I; 'I daresay it would be very pretty; in the meanwhile, I am going home, however.'

"'All right,' said Symes. 'Lend me your lantern, and I'll bid you good-night.'

"'Why, what are you going to do?' I said.

"Going up into the tower,' he replied.

"In vain I tried to dissuade him, using every argument to represent to him the folly, the uselessness, the danger of such a proceeding. Good-humoredly, but obstinately, he threw aside my remonstrances; and when at last I found him resolved, I made up my mind reluctantly, and not in the best of humors, to accompany him on his fool's errand. Thank God, that I didn't leave him alone, as I had intended!

"I was little disposed, however, to respond to his lively sallies, as I followed him into the staircase which led to the tower. The lantern was of little use to us as we climbed the worn steps. A cold strip of moonlight came through an open slit in the wall now and then, but otherwise we were in the dark. After some few minutes' ascent, we came to a doorway that led over the top of the transept arch under the leads of the roof. Begging Symes to look about him and to tread carefully, I passed after him through the darkness into the main tower. From where we stood, the upper side of the dome-like ceiling of the centre of the nave, between the two transepts, rose like an inverted cup before us; and at the apex of the dome, through the opening which had suggested this way ward undertaking, the moonlight streamed dimly up into the darkness of the tower. To carry out his purpose, Symes now proceeded to crawl up the dome, in order to look down through the orifice. I knew it was of no

avail to say anything, so I stood and watched him with anxiety, as he leaned over the verge of the chasm.

"As I gazed, I became aware that immediately above the opening a stout rope was swinging, to which was attached a large hook. I remembered that some repairs had been going on for a few days on the roof of the cathedral, and that I had seen one or two rolls of lead wound up through the hole on the previous day. These thoughts were passing through my mind, when Symes, catching hold of the rope jerked it, to ascertain that it was fastened above, and leaned forward with his weight upon it, as he looked downward with exclamations of delight. 'Come up, sir, and see; do!' he cried. 'It's worth all the trouble of a climb.'

"I was just about to creep up, that I might share his gratification, when a sudden whirring, grating sound of wheels above—a gasping exclamation—a scuffling snatch with his feet, at the edge of the hole, and, before I could move, I saw the poor fellow disappear rapidly through the opening, as the rope uncoiled itself with increasing velocity from the winch overhead. It flashed across me in a moment. The handle of the winch had been imperfectly secured; the jerk and the subsequent weight had overcome the resistance, and, trusting wholly to the rope, he had slipped from his footing. The hope occurred to me, that the evident resistance which still restrained the free revolulutions of the winch might prevent the descent being so rapid as to endanger life or limb; so that he would possibly land in safety with only a severe fright and shaking. These thoughts crowded pell-mell upon my mind at the first shock of surprise. But, conceive my horror, when, with a loud jar, the noise of the wheels ceased, and the rope no longer descended!

"How I started! He has let go, thought I, and listened breathlessly, in sickening expectation of the crash which I conceived must follow. But all was still; and mechanically I crawled up to the edge of the hole and leaned over, thinking to see his crushed body in a ghastly heap-below me.

"No! About five-and-twenty feet down, vibrating in sheer space, was suspended my poor friend, at a height of at least fifty feet above the stone-flooring of the nave. He was in the very midst of the stream of light that poured through the clerestory windows. In some way or another, he had relieved the strain upon his hands by getting his leg over the hook at the end of the rope. I called to him to hold fast for a while, and to keep up his courage; but I never shall forget his despairing eyes, nor the hoarse agonizing whisper that replied:

"I can't hold on! I'm numbed. Loose the winch! Bequick, for God's sake!

"Waiting for no further suggestion, I rushed back again to the staircase, and found in the darkness, almost by intuition, the steps which led still upwards, and hastened tomount them. Once or twice, as I panted in the ascent, I remember that I came to the edge of a sheer depth, and drew back, scarcely conscious of the danger. I listened intently for any sound from below, but heard nothing; and at length, in what must have been an incrediby short space of time, breathless and gasping, I emerged on the rough, uneven flooring of the higher story of the tower. Trembling. I crept carefully forward to the centre of the space. and found the winch standing over an opening corresponding to the one below. I eagerly looked down, and could just see that something was still suspended in the now partially obscured light. I shouted again and again words of encouragement and hope; but there was no reply. With a sickening thrill, I set to work to examine the winch, and found, as I supposed, that the handle had been entangled in the coils of a rope, from which I had some difficulty, in the darkness, in extricating it. But, once released, I allowed it

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to revolve slowly, until I felt that there was no further strain upon it. Scarcely, however, had the assurance of Symes's security dawned upon me as a possibility, when a deadly faintness crept over me, and I think for a minute or two I lost consciousness.

"How I succeeded in getting down without disaster through that perilous labyrinth, I can form no idea, nor have I any recollection. I remember devoutly thanking God, as I stepped out from the door of the transept on to the floor of the nave.

"'Here I am, old fellow!' I cried aloud to Symes, and sprang forward into the open space.

"There was no reply. My heart beat violently! Could he have gone home, and left me there? The moonbeams had sloped farther up the building, leaving the centre aisle in deep gloom. Creeping forward in vague terror, I almost stumbled over the body of my friend, apparently lifeless, but still clinging to the rope. With trembling haste, I disentangled his limbs, and drew him on to the mat beside the verger's bench, where I left him for a moment, while I rushed to fetch assistance. But conceive again my blank despair, when I found the door, which shut with a spring, locked, and the key—I couldn't tell where! I had probably laid it down in some forgetful moment, and I was locked in, with a man dying or dead under my charge.

"I shouted; I beat; I kicked upon the door, in the vain hope of being heard by some stray passenger; but there was no house within fifty yards, and I had heard the clock strike ten some time before. Wild with desperation, I ran back to my inanimate companion. By this time I had become so used to the obscurity as to be able to discern that, while I had been away, he had lifted his arm on to the bench, although there was still no further sign of consciousness. Such moments, my dear fellow, make one religious, if nothing else does. I do not know whether you have ever experienced the wave of relief that succeeds the unexpected deliverance from extreme peril; but I assure you that the conviction that poor Symes was not dead, brought me upon my knees, in thankfulness for the mercy that had protected us in such an awful crisis.

"I was overcome with weariness and weakness holding the hand of my unconscious friend, and I almost think that I was dozing, when I heard the sound of an opening door and friendly voices. I cried aloud, and we were at once surrounded with lights, and eager, frightened, inquiring faces, besieging me with questions, which for the time I was altogether unable to answer. Symes, still insensible, was carried to his lodgings on the other side of the green, whither I followed him, and waited for more than half-anhour, until the doctor came and told me that he was partly conscious, but must not on any account be disturbed or excited by seeing anybody. He said he would remain with him through the night; and I returned with anxious thoughts and an exhausted frame, but with a grateful heart, to my own home.

"It turned out that little Jemmy Oxley had been the means of bringing us the help that we had despaired of. My old housekeeper had come into my room here two or three times during my absence, and could not understand my leaving the light burning, if I had intended to be away so long. She went over to Oxley's, and mentioned the circumstance, on which the verger said: 'Why, my boy left them in the cathedral an hour ago. And you may depend upon it,' added he, 'that they've agone and locked theirselves in, and that 'ere young fellow has been and lost the key, and they can't get out!' Which turned out to be pretty nearly the truth. And now, let us have some tea."

"Well," said I, "that's an adventure, certainly, and not badly told either. It made me feel very shaky about the

knees when that poor fellow went down the hole. I suppose he got all right again?"

"No; poor man," said Maitland, with a sigh; "that is the saddest part of the history. He was dreadfully knocked down for some days, and then apparently recovered his general health, except that he had lost all his buoyant spirits, looked like an old man, and always seemed to avoid me. He has since gradually sunk into a state little better than idiotcy, which the doctors attribute to the shock to a highly excitable brain, and declare to be quite hopeless."

"Poor young fellow," said I. "I wonder how far he remembers the circumstances of that night."

"Very little, you may be sure," said Maitland.

And so we gradually floated away into the stream of friendly talk upon general subjects, until at a late hour we parted for the night.

I awoke in the morning from an eerie and weary sleepjourney, and soon gathered what had been the mischievous spirit presiding at my dreams! A bath set me to rights. And, after breakfast, Maitland drove me briskly out of the old city, through the frosty morning air, to the station.

"May I make use of your story?" said I to him, as we

"With all my heart," he replied. "And, if you like, I'll send you up my memoranda. Good-by."

And this is the use I have made of it.

### A TERRIBLE GAME OF LA CROSSE.

Our readers know this game, still a favorite with the Indians, and recently adopted in England and among ourselves. Few, however, may know how terrible a part this game once played in one of the most tragic scenes of the West.

On the 4th of June, 1763, the birthday of King George, the little fort at Michillimackinac was all astir. The morning was warm and sultry. The discipline of the garrison was relaxed, and some license allowed the soldiers. It was a time of peace. The white banner of France had been lowered from every post where it had so long floated, and the flag of England waved alone throughout the Northern continent, save where Spain's ancient flag still glittered around the Mexican gulf. At Michillimackinac all was repose; the French settlers and royageurs, the Western Indians, English traders and English soldiers, all mingled in harmonious intercourse.

Encamped in the woods not far off were a large number of Ojibways, lately arrived, while several bands of the Sac Indians, from the river Wisconsin, had also erected their lodges in the vicinity. Early in the morning many Ojibways came to the fort, inviting officers and soldiers to come out and see a grand game of La Crosse or Baggataway, which was to be played between their nation and the Sacs. In consequence, the place was soon deserted by half its tenants.

Within the square palisade were the houses and barracks—canoes and nets drying in the sun. Women and children were moving about the doors; knots of Canadian voyageurs reclined on the ground, smoking and conversing; soldiers were lounging listlessly at the doors and windows of the barracks, or strolling in the area, while a few were looking from the palisade at the scene without.

There the contrast was striking. The gates were wide open, and many stood there watching the game.

The plain in front was covered by the Indians engaged in the favorite sport of the red men. At either extremity of the ground a tall post was planted, marking the stations of the rival parties. The object of each was to defend its own post, and drive the ball to that of its adversary.

Hundreds of lithe and agile figures were leaping and

bounding upon the plain. Each was nearly naked, his loose black hair flying in the wind, and each bore in his hand a bat of the form peculiar to the game. At one moment the whole were crowded together, a dense throng of combatants, all struggling for the ball; at the next, they were scattered again, and running over the ground like hounds in full cry. Each in his excitement yelled and shouted at the height of his voice. Rushing and striking, tripping their adversaries, or hurling them to the ground, they pursued the animating contest amid the laughter and applause of the spectators.

others rushed into the fort; and all was carnage and confusion. At the outset, several strong hands grasped Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie, and hurried them away to the woods.

Within the area of the fort the men were massacred without mercy. Taken entirely unawares, they were cut down and scalped. On all sides were Englishmen struggling in the agonies of death in the hands of the furious savages, as they tore off the scalps and waved their reeking trophies on

One Englishman only escaped. Henry, a trader, had Suddenly, from the midst of the multitude, the ball been busily engaged at his correspondence, when the yells



TERRIBLE GAME OF LA CROSSE. "AS IF IN PURSUIT OF THE BALL, THE PLAYERS TURNED AND CAME RUSHING TOWARD THE GATE. THE SHRILL CRY OF THE INDIANS WAS CHANGED TO THE WAR-WHOOP."-SEE PAGE 487.

soared into the air, and descending in a wide curve, fell near the picket of the fort. This was no chance stroke. It was part of a preconcerted stratagem to insure the surprise and destruction of the garrison.

As if in pursuit of the ball, the players turned and came rushing, a maddened and tumultuous throng, toward the gate. In a moment they had reached it.

The amazed English had no time to think or act. The shrill cries of the ball-players were changed to the ferocious war-whoop. The warriors snatched from squaws, seated near the gate, the hatchets which the latter had kept concealed beneath their blankets.

Some of the Indians assailed the spectators without, while

and death-cries roused him. One glance into the area told him that the place was lost. He saw the Canadians unmolested, and hoped by their aid to escape; but fear or indifference controlled them. A Pawnee slave, more charitable, concealed him behind a pile of stuff in the garret. To him we owe the details of this terrible game of La Crosse.

The Tallegalla, or Australian Mound-building Turkey.

The engraving represents a very common scene in Australia, illustrative at once of the manners and customs of the people, and of one of the strangest anomalies in that land,



where all seems to have prepared to disturb our deep-seated ideas of harmonious arrangement.

In the foreground, a group of natives are resting after a successful hunt; the fur-clad woman is squatted there, with the head of an emu in her lap; a kangaroo, an echidna and a duck bill, show still further their good fortune. The

weapons which have done the natives such good service, the waddy or club, the boomerang, the spear, the wummerah or throwing stick, by which it is hurled with terrific force, the large wooden shield, show that they are on dangerous ground, ready to battle with an enemy, should he appear. The birds perched above are the Australian kingfishers, called by the colonists the laughing jackass, from its horrid cry.

But what is the old man engaged at, is he digging into an ant-hill to devour the busy thousands, as some of the debased tribes of California do? By no means, dear readers. That is not an ant-hill. It is a bird's nest, and he is in quest of eggs, that whites as well as natives appreciate.

The mound in which the eggs may be discovered, as the Australian has been some time at work, is the brush turkey, or tallegalla, one of a small series of birds, which scrape together great heaps of

vegetable substances, and lay their eggs in them, so as to be hatched by the heat given out during the process of fermentation.

The tallegalla has very large feet, and is generally found in very dense bushes.

The nest is very large, often containing several cartloads of material, and is enlarged from year to year. It is, as may

build a nest, they trace a large circle, and begin to travel around it, throwing inward, with their large feet, leaves, grass, dead twigs; as they go around, they narrow the circle, and at last form a rude conical mound. The hen then scrapes a hole about two feet deep, in the top, and there lays her eggs, setting them on end. She then covers them up,

leaving the sun and fermentation to hatch them, the cock keeping watch, and giving them more or less covering, as the temperature requires. Even after the young birds are hatched they retreat to these holes at night.

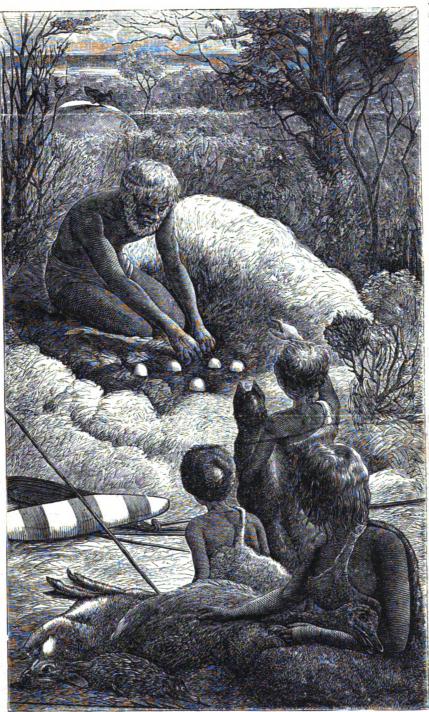
As several hens will use the same mound, a bushel of eggs sometimes rewards the finder; and we can, therefore, see with what interest the family has watched the old man's progress.

On the mound in the background, the reader will see a tallegalla.

-:0:-

# Catching an Alligator.

CORRESPON-DENT from New Orleans sends us the following: "A German, living near New Orleans, on one of the bayous where alligators are quite numerous, finding his chickens and ducks disappearing very fast, was unable to account for it, until one morning, about daybreak, he discovered an alligator of unusual size approaching the house, under



THE TALLEGALLA, OR AUSTRALIAN MOUND-BUILDING TURKEY.

which was kept the hen-roost. Creeping along through the long grass, in a few minutes the animal reached the house, and at once broke open the hen-coop and commenced his havoc, first with eggs and then with chickensat least with those that did not escape through the broken bars. The German, thinking it rather an expensive amusement, contrived a plan to capture the monster. Accordbe supposed, the work of several. When the birds wish to | ingly, he procured a long rope, and made at one end a noose

or slip-knot, and then, running the other through a block and tackle, attached it to a high pole which stood near the house. The next morning he set the trap near the chickencoop, and watched for the alligator to make his appearance. About daybreak along came the alligator, and as soon as he approached the place, and put one front leg through the noose, the German gave the rope a sudden jerk, and commenced pulling it with all his might. The alligator was, however, too much for him, and it was not until his son and two or three negroes came to help him that he succeeded in hauling him up to the pole. No sooner, however, did they suspend him in the air than he commenced lashing his tail to and fro, and the pole being near the house, it was not many minutes before down went the house, furniture, and all, under the heavy blows from his tail, scarcely giving the family time to escape.

#### NEW YORK.

ALL day long, without a moment's break, the trucks, omnibuses, cars, carriages, and vans roll lengthwise off Manhattan Island, and across it from river to river. You see no thinning out in the ranks of pedestrians, never for a moment miss the roar produced by wheels and feet and shouts and yells. Yankee, Briton, French, Russian, German, Italian, and Turk, pass in review, dodging and elbowing, and one wonders where all the people come from, and where they can disappear.

From dawn to dark New York is a maelstrom, never ceasing to whirl, and human beings are carried about on the circles like bits of wreck. The roar is a voice which speaks in its own strange way of ships sailing in and sailing out; of millions of bushels of cereals pouring into warehouses to be sent across the seas; of a mint of money passing from hand to hand; of muscle hammering at wood, iron, and stone; of minds planning humble homes and great edifices—of a thousand things spoken by no other voice.

When the lamplighter starts out New York feels his influence almost in a moment. The rolling vehicles are less in number, the roar is not so loud, and the police stationed along Broadway motion to pedestrians that the crossing is safe. The walks can hardly hold the multitudes which pass homeward when darkness shuts up the workshops, but by-and-by there is more room. The street cars come and go with great speed, and the Jehus on Broadway crack their whips and cry "Care, there!" in a voice showing relief. New York is going to sleep. Thousands are yet passing to and fro, and gaslight makes everything as light as day almost, but half a million are indoors for the night.

At ten o'clock Broadway looks thirty feet wider, the street cars wait a little longer to pick up passengers, and the 'bus drivers look around sharp. Iron blinds hide the gaslight, and the big stores put on a grim, forbidding look. You have room and to spare now to walk the length of Broadway, and a lone omnibus rattling over the stones carries but a single passenger. At midnight New York is asleep. A carriage passes now and then, conveying some reveler or belated traveler, and up or down the street you may hear a shout from some one who has been forced homeward by the closing of a saloon. Your footfall brings a strange echo, and the officer startles you as he steps out of a doorway after seeing that the door is secured against thieves.

No. New York is not asleep. She never sleeps. Along the wharves men work night and day, ships come and go, and trains arrive and depart. There are thousands who work when others sleep, and, under cover of darkness, a thousand bad men skulk from corner to corner, and come and go through dark alleys. But she is at rest as a city. The great balance-wheel of the mighty engine which drives her is still, and the fires under the great boilers smoulder

When day breaks the ragpicker moves, and the slamming of his door behind him awakens the ash-sifters and fagot-gatherers. For half an hour New York is in the hands of those who gain their daily bread by the humblest occupations, and whose homes are in the garret or under the ground. They swarm out of narrow, dirty streets, and pour from half-hidden alleys, and they hurry along beside the curb-stones, eyes on the ground, heads bent, and a painful look of greed on their faces, greed mingled with the fear that some one will secure something of value ahead of them. At full daybreak saloons and restaurants begin to open, store-porters remove shutters, workmen hurry along, and New York is shaking off sleep-the balance-wheel begins to tremble. The street-cars are running, the omnibuses roll along, the sidewalks teem with life, and, like the rumble of distant thunder, you hear the birth of the great roar which is to fill your ears till darkness comes again.

## NELLIE MARTIN.



AYSIDE was one of those numberless salt-water Summer refuges with which the shore of Long Island Sound is studded. It was a quiet sort of place, and the neighborhood was good; but the most remarkable feature of Bayside that Summer was the presence of Nellie Martin. Of course, there were other girls enough that came and went, but the steady possession, week after week, of even one undeniable beauty, is a windfall for a small watering - place. Old Bowers and his managing wife frankly admitted to each other that they could have afforded to board Nellie for nothing. "But not her mother," added the

good lady; "those tall, thin people are awful eaters."

"But I rather like the old gentleman," responded her spouse. "He's a good fisherman, and he brings home his fish; but I don't believe he's rich."

"If they ain't pretty well off," said his wife, "they've no business to spoil Nellie to that degree."

And, beyond all doubt, the willful beauty had been spoiled "to that degree," so that she frankly accepted all male attention and devotion, without the least idea that it could rightfully demand repayment more serious than her own smiling approval.

To do her justice, however, she seemed as happy among the veriest babies that came to Bayside as with the most persistent of her grown-up admirers.

Even when her pale-faced mother chided Nellie she could obtain no more than a kiss of peace and, "Nonsense, mamma; I'm sure it won't hurt either of them."

And Mrs. Martin shook her head lovingly, and held her peace, for when a young lady like Nellie could say "either of them," it was clear that there were two in particular.

She knew well which two, for Nellie's other worshipers were undecided whether Jack Loutrel or Murray Nesbitt were most deserving their bitterest resentment. One of the favored pair was sure to be in the way of anybody else who dreamed of aspiring to a tête-a-tête with Nellie Martin.

Fine, presentable fellows were they both, and old Mr. Martin knew all about them and their fathers before them.

"Either would do," he had said to his wife more than

"Yes; but, husband—"

"Oh, now, Nellie must choose for herself; and I ain't at all sure she fancies either of them."

No more was Nellie; but they both amused her in just the way she liked to be amused.

Jack and Murray gallantly maintained an outward semblance of personal good-will through all their doubtful rivalry; but who shall blame Jack if he experienced a keen sensation of triumph at finding Nellie Martin actually in his boat, one splendid July morning, when he felt sure he was bearing her away from corresponding devices on land? Alas, for Jack's triumph! If he could have known that the feeling in the heart of his companion was one of merry anticipation of the disgust of Murray Nesbitt, when he should drive up with his new turn-out, and find that she and Jack had "gone to sea."

Nevertheless, for she was fond of boating, she fully appreciated the skill and vigor of Jack's rowing, as the craft darted over the glassy water, for Jack Loutrel was an athlete of no mean order.

"It's splendid for a row," she said; "but we must not stay out long. The sun will be very hot by-and-by."

"Not too long, indeed," said Jack; "but I've a notion there's a storm brewing."

Perhaps there was; but Jack had made up his mind that some things should be attended to that morning, storm or shine.

"There's that desolate-looking little island, at the mouth of the cove," said Nellie. "Did you ever go ashore there?"

"Island," replied he. "Yes, desolate enough. It's dry now, at low water, but the waves go clean over it when the tide's up. Shall we land, and take possession, and make believe there's a chance of finding something?"

"I don't care," said Nellie, and in a few minutes more they were seated cosily on the low ledge in the centre, and Jack was silent as he looked dreamily out to sea.

When he turned again at Nellie, he had a look that almost frightened her, and she wished herself in the boat again.

"What is the matter, Jack?" she asked, with an attempt at banter. "Are you——"

"Hush, Nellie; don't laugh at me just now," interrupted Jack, in a voice that was deep, even for him, but very low and sweet; "I've something I want to say to you."

And so he had, and he said it all before Nellie could muster courage to stop him. It was hardly a fair advantage for Jack to take, away out there on the half-sunken rock, a good quarter of a mile from either shore. Perhaps Nellie herself had some such idea, or was startled and bewildered.

At all events, when her eloquent companion pleaded for an immediate answer, she sprang to her feet with a laugh that expressed a world of willful meaning.

"Do you mean to mock me, Nellie Martin? Do you not know—can you not feel that I am in earnest? It is a matter of life and death with me! Answer me!—oh, Nellie!"

"Mr. Jack Loutrel, will you have the goodness to pull me ashore, or shall I take the boat and go alone?"

"I want to be your oarsman for life, Nellie, but not just now."

Nellie was already standing by the boat, as it rocked gently at the edge of the little islet.

"Shall I wait for you?" she said, and there was half a tremor in her voice.

Jack Loutrel could not have spoken at that moment to save his life, and he sank down with his back toward the boat. He justly felt that he had said something worthy of more serious dealing.

Had he spoken, the result might have then been different; but he sat without voice or emotion.

A moment more Nellie waited. She would have given

something for an answer; but none came, and her proud will carried her into the boat, and seated her at the oars.

She pulled very slowly, and it was half a mile to the beach in front of the Bayside Hotel, but a curve in the land at last hid the rock from her sight, without her constant gaze discerning the slightest change of posture in the figure she had left sitting on the ledge.

It was a tremendous experience for Nellie, altogether unlike any she had ever had before; and it may have been the tumult and excitement of her feelings, even more than carelessness, that led her to accept so eagerly the offer of a drive with Murray Nesbitt, which waited for her acceptance as she stepped on shore. Little change was required in her simple seaside costume, and in a few minutes she was whirled away behind the new team.

Meanwhile, Jack Loutrel had remained, in almost sullen fixedness of musing, for a long time; he had risked much on one cast, and he had failed to win.

He was not physically uncomfortable, for the fast-rising clouds had now eclipsed the Summer sun, and with a good provision of fishing-tackle, perhaps, the rock would not have been so bad a place.

Not so very bad, with due allowance, for now the sorehearted watcher was suddenly aroused by the plash of little waves that were breaking at his very feet, and he felt the fresh wind of the sea upon his face.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "the tide coming in? Of course it is; and what am I to do now Nellie has carried off the boat?"

Black and heavy the clouds were gathering overhead, and a sort of mist had settled on the water away to windward.

"Looks like something rough was coming. Drown, sure, if I stay here. This is an awkward piece of business; but I've swam twice as far as that, and carried my clothes, too. They got wretchedly wet, though. Well, here goes!"

Jack Loutrel was a man of action, and his outer clothing was quickly enough rolled in a neat, compact bundle, and fastened at the back of his neck. Then, as he stood and watched the swift current of the tide sweeping into the cove, a thought seemed to strike him, and he suddenly snatched off his light chip-hat, and sent it spinning out upon the water.

"It's one of those varnished things, and I'm sure it'll float. I've got an awful pull to get ashore, and I'll see which'll be at Bayside first—I or my hat."

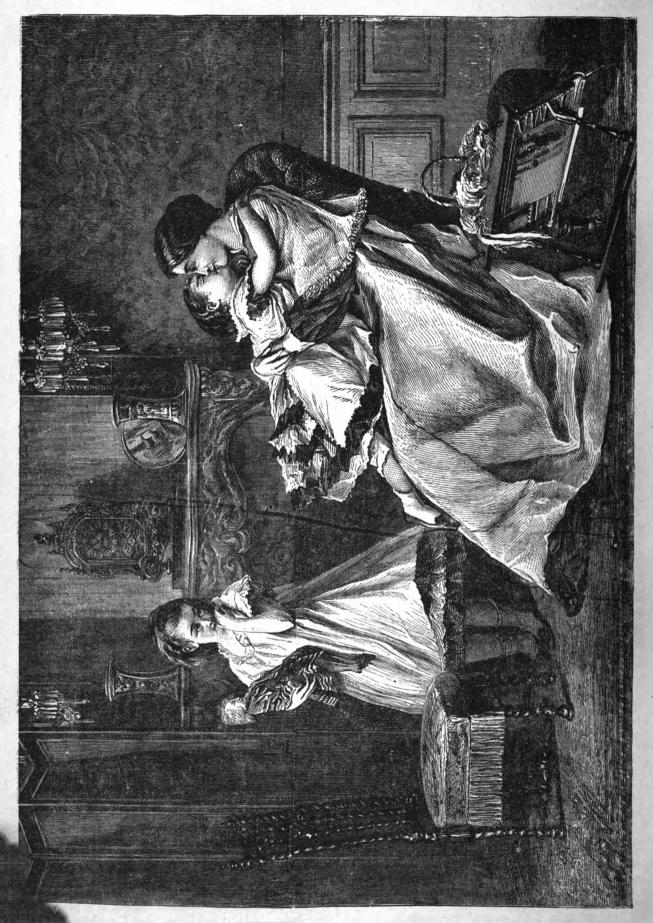
If he had any deeper thought, he did not put it in words, but dashed gallantly into the fast-roughening water.

And now the wind was beginning to be something more than a breeze, and Jack's work was all cut out for him, for he did not care to be carried too far into the cove by the tide.

Still, it was not impossible for a man like Jack; in due time, though pale, and dripping, and exhausted, he dragged himself out on dry land. And then he found it no contemptible job to coax himself once more inside of his watersoaked clothing.

Beyond him, at a little distance, rose the bald, weatherbeaten knob that they called "The View," and which formed a stock attraction of the Bayside "drive." The road itself passed near where Jack had landed, and he waited a moment in the thick bushes at its edge, for his ears had caught the sound of coming wheels, and he hesitated about making an exhibition of himself. It was a rising tide he had breasted, but within his own heart things were at a low ebb.

Nearer and faster came the rattle of the wheels, and then there swept past him, at their best gait, the new team of Murray Nesbitt, and Nellie Martin herself was sitting beside the handsome driver. She seemed to be looking up at him, too, with more of earnestness and emotion in her face than Jack Loutrel had ever seen there. True, it was but a glimpse



he caught as they flashed past him; but he cared no longer who might see him in his forlorn predicament, and sprang over into the road to make the best of his way to the hotel.

That had been an eventful morning for Nellie Martin. It was a long drive that Murray Nesbitt had planned for her, not without a purpose of his own. The swift motion aided amazingly in restoring the tone of her somewhat ruffled spirit; but, for all that, she was more silent than Murray had ever known her. How could he have given up so good and so hopeful an opportunity? At all events, he did not, and Nellie heard him to the end in such a half-humble quietude that Murray's heart throbbed quick and fast with a glow of coming triumph.

They were not driving very fast just then, but were coming out upon the seaward slope of "The View."

science-stricken haste; and she ran breathless from the carriage to the beach.

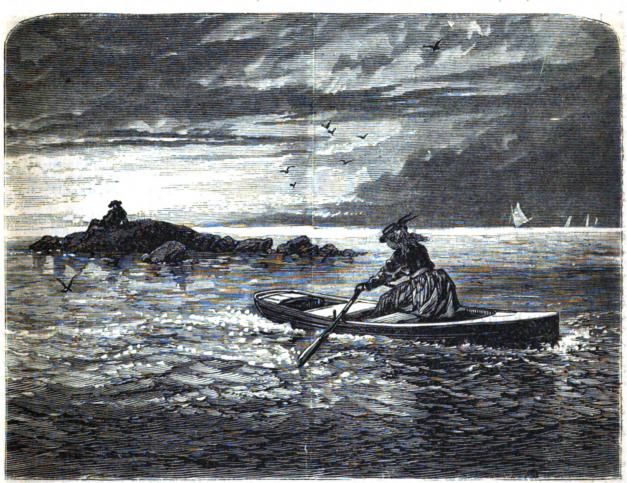
Careful hands had hauled the boats up high and dry, for the waves were chasing one another in a rough and tumble that was momentarily becoming more boisterous.

No one seemed at hand to help, and Nellie's own fair hands were quickly tugging vainly at one of the gaylypainted wherries.

"Wait a moment, miss!" shouted behind her the rough voice of the boat-keeper. "Why, yer into the water yerself. You don't want to row out in all that sea?"

"Oh! but we must save him. I left him on the rock!"

Just then a long wave died away at her feet, and left behind on the sand a round, water-soaked chip hat. Nellie



NELLIE MARTIN.—"SHE PULLED VERY SLOWLY, BUT A CURVE IN THE LAND AT LAST HID THE ROCK FROM HER SIGHT, WITHOUT HER CONSTANT GAZE DISCERNING THE SLIGHTEST CHANGE OF POSTURE IN THE FIGURE SHE HAD LEFT SITTING ON THE LEDGE."—SEE PAGE 490.

Nellie's face had been half-averted, and there was a dreamy look in her eyes that her companion did not see. Suddenly she exclaimed, with a sort of half-electric start:

"Where is the rock? Why, it is nothing but foam; and how the wind is blowing!"

Murray Nesbitt looked, with puzzled amazement, in the direction in which Nellie pointed.

"Oh, that rock," he said, coolly. "Why, that's nothing. The water has been over it this half-hour."

"Home! home! Drive back to the hotel instantly!" gasped Nellie. "Oh! if anything has happened to him! I left him on the rock without a boat!"

Even Murray's disappointment did not prevent his obeying, and on they sped, past Jack Loutrel's ambush, little dreaming what was striding on behind them.

It was a short drive, long as it seemed to Nellie's con-

covered her face; she knew that Jack Loutrel was not upon the rock.

Murray Nesbitt by this time comprehended the situation, and insisted on doing his uttermost to get boats into the water, to row all over the cove in search of his unfortunate rival; while poor Nellie, after a few moments, mechanically picked up the wave-tossed wreck of a hat, and turned back toward the hotel, without a word of explanation. So general, in fact, was the exodus that, when Nellie entered the veranda, she found it altogether deserted.

On she walked, like one in a dream; but at the further end, toward the road, a tall form, clad in garments that clung forlornly close to their wearer, passed stiffly by her, as if it had been one who knew her not.

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Nellie, and she grasped him hard by the arm as she spoke. "Jack Loutrel, is it you? Jack,



here's your hat." Jack had turned upon her a pale, reproachful, almost a stormy face; but Nellie's blue eyes were streaming with tears, and her lips, that had been so willful, were quivering as they never had before.

"Oh, Jack! if you had not come ashore, I should have died!"

"Nellie !-Nellie Martin!"

"Yes, Jack; I found it out all at once, when I saw there was nobody on the rock. And, then—oh! when I thought nothing but your hat——Please, forgive me, dear Jack!"

Alas for Murray Nesbitt! The glory of his new team had departed, for Jack Loutrel had got his answer.

# MY TRIP TO MARLEY.

By Annie Thomas, Author of "Dennis Donne," etc.



IKE the majority of girls, when I left school, at seventeen, my thoughts were pretty equally divided between the dresses and the lovers I should probably soon possess. I had experienced but few of the changes and chances of this transitory life, and the few I had known were all from good to better. I had gone from a happy, wealth-adorned home to a luxurious school, where learning was made so easy that the only lesson I learnt thoroughly was the one of pleasing myself. So now, at seventeen, when I was considered finished, I was as ignorant, as vain, and as

pretentious as only a boarding-school taught, self-willed girl can be.

The home I went back to welcomed me as a delightful addition to its circle, nevertheless. My father, a hard-working lawyer, who made the large income so lavishly spent, by incessant labors, was gratified at my appearance, full of faith as to the accomplishments I had acquired, and well satisfied with the perfect repose of manner which I had attained unto, in the firm belief that it was essentially aristocratic.

My mother, the best-hearted and most easy-going of women, was proud of my prettiness, of my taste in dress, and of that love of power which made me take the reins of household government off her shoulders at once, and save her all the trouble of directing the *ménage*.

My dear lenient ones! It was their gentle judgment of me that made me scrutinize my claims more closely, and finally find myself wanting in so much. For, I was their only child, and in time it came to me to feel that an only child owed it to her parents to be superior to little frivolous me.

But this light was not shed in upon me when I went home, at seventeen

My home was one of the fine old houses in one of the west-central squares which Fashion had deserted for a generation, but which is still the abiding place of much substantial wealth, and of much good blood.

At first I had a sense of grandeur in being the occupant of a house, the corridors of which were so long and wide, that echoes woke in them as I strutted through in my progresses to and from my own bouloir to the saloons below.

But, after a bit, the fatal pretentiousness of my nature developed, and I began to sigh to leave the grand but gloomy locality that was convenient for my father in all respects, and to aspire to a more western square, or even a western suburb.

It was after being at a ball in one of the palaces out on

the Exhibition Road, at Kensington, that this idea took root in my mind, and the next morning, at breakfast, I propounded it to my father with much enthusiasm.

A few whispered words from a guardsman, with whom I had waltzed half the night, had done the mischief.

I found that the west-central district was foreign soil to him, and in my girlish snobbishness I did long to leave it, and live in the regions where he, and those of his order, were at home.

So I put on my most winning, petting air, and tried to prevail upon papa to at least allow that it "was a pity" we lived here.

But he only laughed at me, and called me a "silly little Ella for preferring one of those studies in stucco" to this fine old mansion, "that will see them crumble into dust, after all."

"But, papa, they won't crumble into dust in my time," I urged, "and that is all we need care for. You see, they're within the pale, and we seem to be out of it here, and it is a pity to lose knowing nice people just for the sake of indulging a foolish prejudice in favor of firm foundations."

"Nice people can come here, my dear," he said, dryly.

"But, pape, the sort of nice people I mean have their caste prejudices, and we seem beyond them here," I said, blushing a good deal; and then my father said:

"Look here, Ella; I don't want to have any small butterflies fluttering in the direction of our home, wherever it may be. Talk to your mother about your trouble, if you have one, and be satisfied with your position, my child. Believe me, it is a very happy one."

Finding, after many other attempts to undermine his determination, that my father was resolved to maintain it, I began to crave for a riding-horse, or a carriage and pair of ponies, and permission to go to the park every day during the season.

Both the horse and the permission were granted to me, and then a new difficulty presented itself. I could not go there constantly with a groom only, and I had no male relatives with whom I could ride.

From this dilemma I was rescued by my friends in the Exhibition Road. "They rode in the Row daily, and I could always join their party." They were handsome little brunette daughters of Israel who made this proposition—the children of a firm that rolled in wealth, and, above all, they had been the means of my knowing Captain Turnour.

He was lounging over the rails the first day I rode in the Row, but the lounge was exchanged for an erect position, and the steady stare of indifference for a bright smile of recognition, as I passed him. The next day he was on horseback, and stopped for a moment to speak to the Sharam girls; and the following morning he joined our party, and rode by my side.

"He is the heir to one of the oldest baronetcies in England," one of the girls whispered to me. "One of his ancestors did some dirty work for James II., and that monarch rewarded him in the easiest way. Alfred Turnour is the nephew of the present baronet, so mind what you are about, Ella."

"Especially as he's one of—what shall I call it?—the broadest-moraled men in London," another Miss Sharam said, with a laugh. "He generally flirts with married women, because, whatever is said, he can't be led to the altar by one of them; so trust him not, he's fooling thee," she added, with a laugh.

I looked my sparkling little Jewish allies in the face with a cool smile on my lips and in my eyes, though my heart was burning in my bosom at these imputations.

"Don't be afraid for me," I said, lightly. "I'm fond of chess, and all games of skill——"



"So was the little boy who eventually sang the woeful ditty, 'Last night I played with Tommy, lighting straws,' Marion Sharam said, laughingly. "Take advice, Ella—the advice of one who is more in the world than you are—yet; don't light straws with Alf Turnour."

"You speak of him with the familiarity of great friendship, at any rate," I said, rather piqued at hearing her pro-

nounce my idol's name so glibly.

"Oh! all the women who have flirted with him call him Alf," she said, carelessly; "he'll be asking you soon to let him 'hear his name from your lips.' That's one of the first straws he lights, Ella, I assure you!"

I at once settled in my mind that Miss Marion Sharam had grossly deceived herself with regard to the handsome, courteous guardsman, and that now she was revenging herself for his indifference toward her by striving to poison my mind against him. But it was useless. In quite a fine fury of constancy and fidelity, I assured myself that it was useless, and that I would trust on, trust ever! Whispered words should not spoil truth in this case.

I need not depict every phase of the affair. It is enough to say that Captain Turnour soon condescended to explore the unknown region in which we dwelt, and to get himself introduced to my father. But when he had gone thus far, he stood still, as it were. That is to say, though I was convinced that he loved me, he did not tell me so.

Two years passed away, and still Captain Turnour was a frequent guest at my father's table, and an habitué of my mother's drawing-room for afternoon tea. He treated me with that peculiar manner—that sort of half-expressed and a good deal suppressed air of interest—which men do sometimes permit themselves to show to girls to whom they are not openly pledged.

He never missed an opportunity of seeing me—that I knew of. He never devoted himself to any one else while I was by. He never neglected to bestow a warm pressure on my hand when he could do so unobserved. He made me a slave, in short—made me a slave to the passion he so assiduously nurtured. Yet he never suffered me to wear my shackles openly in the sight of all men, as I should have been proud of doing. And, by a certain sort of moral force that he exercised over me, he caused me to guard our secret till the care with which I did so amounted to deception.

Now that these days are so very long passed, I may venture to say candidly what I was then. In very truth, if my fate had been as fair as my face, it would have been a beautiful one, indeed! At nineteen, I was as bright a specimen of womanhood as could be found in London. A radiant blonde, with forget-me-not eyes, and the health and figure of a Hebe.

How brilliantly I might have married had it not been for that ideal engagement to the tawny military Adonis, who hesitated so long! I "cast a cornet from me once," as penny-a-liners would express it. To be sure, the cornet covered the white hairs and weak brain of a man old enough to be my father.

But what of that? To the world my beauty was in the marriage-market, and I was a fool for letting such a chance slip by.

More than one of the men in my father's rank of life proposed for me. A young barrister, with a literary talent, wanted me for his wife.

"You're a jolly girl, and you see a joke," he said to me, while he was culminating toward a climax.

And that remark sealed his fate. I learnt that he was a burlesque-writer in embryo, and I declined the post of honorary audience.

But I was a girl of the period, inasmuch as two years seemed to me to be a very long time, and so at nineteen, I began to talk of the "past" more than of the "present" or

the "future"—a sign with young girls that they consider they have "gone through" something. And all this time my god never moved from his pedestal, and never seemed to consider that I had a hot heart burning itself out for his sake

At last, on my nineteenth-birthday ball, he spoke out. Shall I set the scene, and place the people for you, reader? Ah, well! many another actress in real life has had to suffer the agony that comes from playing this part, doubtless.

It was my birthnight ball, and I was very much the queen of it, in a dress of silver satin and honiton lace, with silvery pearls in my hair. What golden, glistening hair it was then! And now it is coarse and partly gray, and never admired; and I am only twenty-nine!

"Do you remember the first time we waltzed together?" he whispered to me, as he swung me round to the strains of of the Hilda Valse.

"Yes. What a long time ago it seems, Alf!" I sighed, for the climax that Miss Sharam had prophesied had come to pass; and he was "Alf" to me at his own request.

"That's because you're so young—such a mere child still," he said, encouragingly. "When you're my age, you'll think nothing of two years—they'll pass by too quickly, especially when they're such happy ones as these two last have been."

The exigencies of the exercise we were taking forebade my answering just then. And so I was glad when he counseled a pause, for I was longing to say something that should let him know that my heart had not been so entirely at rest as he seemed to think during the last two years.

But I found a great difficulty in breaking the silence that settled upon us, as we sauntered away from the ball-room into a conservatory at the back of the house.

When I saw that it was untenanted, I knew that, unless he had a purpose in bringing me there, he would at once make some movement toward returning to the ball-room.

But he made no such movement. On the contrary, he led me on to the most secluded corner, behind a blooming hedge of azaleas and camellias. And when he got me there, he placed his hand on mine, as it rested on his arm, and said:

"Ella, would you like to know my uncle and aunt, Sir Lewis and Lady Turnour?"

"Yes—at least——" I began blushing and trembling, and so speaking with the awkwardness of a schoolgirl.

"Do you think that Mr. and Mrs. Leyton will let you pay my people a visit?"

"I am sure papa and mamma will, if—I—if you——" I stammered; and he asked:

"If I, and if you-what?"

"If I am asked to go and see them properly," I said, trying to be dignified.

"My dear girl, do you want a deputation from them?" he asked, with a laugh. "My dear girl, my invitation is all-sufficient, I assure you. I am as a son to them. They have heard of you, my sweet little friend, and they'll welcome you warmly."

"Are they in London?"

"No; they're too old to care to be torn from their own roost; their place is in Norfolk. I should like you to see it, Ella; it will be mine some day."

"But I can't go without an invitation, and alone," I urged.

"Of course you'll have an invitation from Lady Turnour as soon as I tell her you will go; and as for going alone, can't your cousin, Mrs. Percy, go with you?"

"Do you know my cousin," I asked, quickly.

"Oh yes; Lady Turnour knows her very well, and she naturally occurred to me as a fit and proper chaperon for you, Ella."

"I have never been out to stay without mamma," I said, gravely, "and I don't think she would like me to go with Lina Percy."

"Are you not friendly? I never meet her at your house," he said, carelessly.

"How funny that all this time I should never have found out that you knew Lina!" I said, pursuing my own train of thoughts.

"A man can't proclaim the name of every lady he knows aloud upon the house-tops," he said, laughing. "I suppose I forgot her. Don't tell her that, though, or lovely Mrs. Percy will put me in her black-books, and punish me by refusing to chaperon you."

"Papa thinks her rather—" I hesitated, and he asked, sharply:

"What does your father think her?"

"Rather flighty, I stammered out. "She was so young, and Mr. Percy old, when they married, that she got into the way of going about alone a good deal, and papa didn't approve of it."

"I suppose, as old Percy is dead and she has no other natural protector, your father can hardly blame her for going about alone now," he said, dryly.

"Well, Ella, it would please me very much to get you down to Marley; I won't press you any more, but I will only tell you that it would please me."

He said no more about the plan then; but the longer I dwelt upon it, the more feasible did it appear. Before the ball was over, I told Alf that I would use all my powers of persuasion to induce my parents to let me do as he wished. And I was rewarded by his pressing my hand affectionately, and calling me his "dear little Ella."

The next morning, while I was sitting alone with mamma, I propounded our scheme to her. "Captain Turnour tells me his people want to know me, mamma; I am to have an invitation to visit them at Marley from Lady Turnour."

"My darling, I have never tried to force your confidence," she said, lovingly; "but I must ask you now, are you engaged to Captain Turnour?"

"No, mamma; but I feel sure he loves me, and that is why he wants his uncle and aunt to know me; and do let me go—do, my own darling mother."

"I am afraid it is rather a perilous thing to do," she said, thoughtfully; "it is, in fact, a trial trip that they want you to go upon. If he were your avowed lover it would be different; but as it is—"

"As it is! Oh! mother, dear, my going will be the means of its coming right all the sooner," I pleaded.

"But what reason can they give for inviting you?" she urged.

"They know Lina Percy very well," I said, "and I am to be asked to go with her." And then mamma shook her

head, and said the subject required grave consideration.

Mrs. Percy called on us that day, and as she rarely came near us more than once in a twelvemonth, I naturally thought that she had come to speak about the topic that was uppermost in my mind. But when I asked her about it, she professed utter ignorance of it, and laughed, and said it was very cool of Captain Turnour to try and use her as a cat's-paw.

"I didn't know till last night that he knew you, Lina," I said.

"In fact, until he thought he could make me useful, he forgot my existence," she said, laughing merrily. "Well, dear, though Marley is a dull



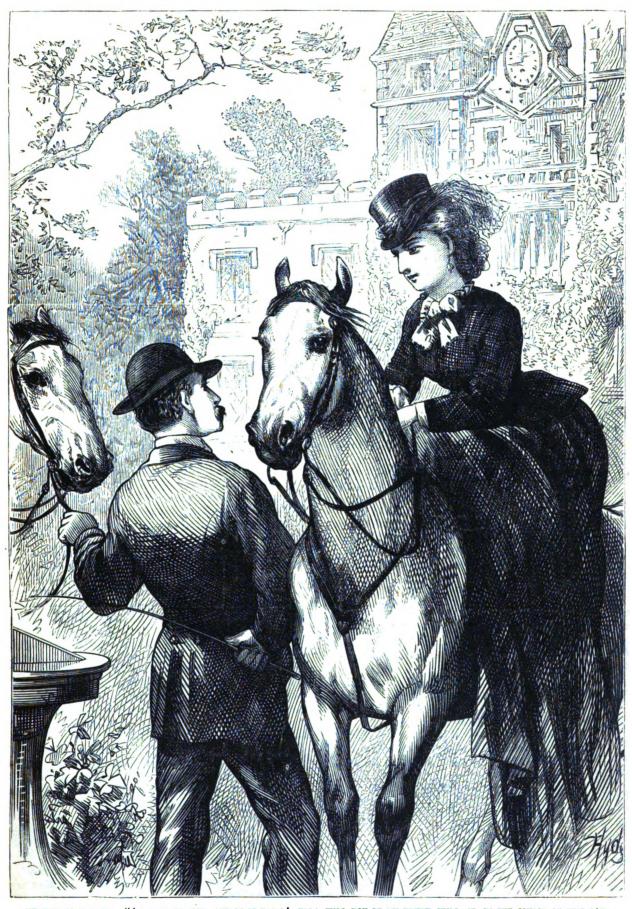
CATCHING AN ALLIGATOR .- SEE PAGE 489.

hole, and the two old people are the prosiest of the prosy, and look upon me as an imp of the evil one into the bargain, if they ask me, I'll go, for your sake."

"We should have asked you to Ella's birthday ball, Lina, if we had known where you were; but you were in Paris the last time we heard," my mother said, half in reproach, and half in apology.

"Yes," Lina replied; "and went on to Marseilles, meaning to go to Jericho, but funds ran short, as usual. Oh, Ella, whatever you do, don't marry an old man who'll reward you for your devotion to him by dying and leaving you a wretched hundred and fifty a year to starve upon."

"Poor child," my mother said, softly; and, to my sur-



MY TRIP TO MARLEY.—"'A LAST CHANCE—AND IF IT FAILS! ELLA, WILL YOU BE MY PRIEND STILL, IF, IN THE COURSE OF THIS DAY,
I LOSE FRIENDS AND FORTUNE, AS I MAY VERY POSSIBLY DO?"—SEE PAGE 494.

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prise, my lovely cousin, whom I had never known other than the gayest of the gay, burst into a passion of tears, and ran and fell on her knees by mamma's side, and buried her brilliant face in mamma's lap, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"What a wretch I am—what a wretch I am!" she moaned, and then she jumped up, and wiped her eyes, and said, "and what a fool I am to make so much ado about nothing," and laughed, and was herself again.

I can't stay to narrate every turn and involution of the affair. An invitation from Lady Turnour came in due course. She "hoped I would accompany my cousin, Mrs. Percy, on a visit to Marley." That was all. But Alf represented to me that his aunt was old and stiff, and that, therefore, that was enough.

My mother managed to put a hundred pounds in a handsome purse in Lina's hand a week before we left town, for the cry of poverty had touched her warm heart.

"Your uncle and I both feel that you are going on our child's account, and we wish you to go looking your best, my dear," she said. And Lina pleased them in this respect. She did go looking her best, and her best was very beautiful.

My heart palpitated strangely when I found myself at Marley—at the place of which I should surely be the mistress some day. Sir Lewis and Lady Turnour were both very kind to me in a hearty, cordial way, for which I was not prepared. They were kind to Lina, too, but after a stiffer fashion.

"You see," she said to me, bitterly, "I faced something in coming here for your sake."

Captain Turnour followed us in a few days, and the morning after his arrival, Lady Turnour startled me by saying:

"I was very sorry, my dear, that your mamma could not come with you."

"She was not asked," I blurted out in my surprise, and Lady Turnour seemed disconcerted for a moment; but she recovered herself, and said:

"I suppose Alfred wanted to have you all to himself. Will you allow me to speak on that subject, dear, or do you indorse the embargo that Alfred has laid upon it?"

"Lady Turnour," I began, in an agony of embarrassment. "I don't quite know what I ought to say. Captain Turnour and I are only friends."

"You are not engaged?" she said, kindly. "Well, dear, honestly, I am sorry for it, and the sooner you are, the better I shall be pleased. Delays are dangerous, especially when Lina Percy is in the way. My child, if I had suspected that the affair was still undecided between you and Alfred, I should not have allowed you to come here under her auspices."

I felt that I was in a perfect quagmire of misconceptions, and, as if to illustrate the text she had spoken, at this very moment I caught sight of the figures of Alf and Lina sauntering along a glade of the park.

Concealing my agitation as well as I could, I refrained from calling Lady Turnour's attention to the pair. But I was resolved to clear away as many of the mists as I could, and so I said:

"I have known Alf—Captain Turnour—for two years, and I never heard him mention my cousin till three weeks ago, when he proposed my coming here with her. Will you tell me how long they have been intimate?"

She shook her head.

"My dear," she said, "Lina Percy is a Circe. Now she is here again, I can't think anything but kindly of her; but how I wish she had never come!"

At luncheon that day, Alf proposed, with a show of devotion to me, that I should ride with him in the afternoon. And when I had somewhat sulkily acceded to his proposi-

tion, I noticed a meaning glance interchanged between him and Lina. Before I had time to conjecture even what it might mean, she was speaking in that dulcet voice of hers, which was one of her most powerful attractions.

"And as I am excluded by mutual consent from the ridingparty, will you let me drive you, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis fidgeted, looked pleased, glanced at his wife, and finally said:

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Percy, an old fellow like me mustn't monopolize you."

"Let me drive you, please do," she said, pleadingly.

"I thought you said you were going to have the carriage and make some calls, didn't you, my dear?" the baronet said, addressing his wife.

"Yes, and I thought Mrs. Percy would go with me; but if she prefers going with you in the pony-chaise——"

"Oh! I dread calls," Lina said, with a shudder; "down about here, too, where Mr. Percy was regarded with such pity for having married me. If Sir Lewis will not have me, I will ask leave to stay at home."

But Sir Lewis was far too gallant to allow her to do it, after that speech, and so we went up-stairs to dress together.

I soon had my habit on, and then I went into her room. I went in without knocking, and I was horrified at seeing her down on her knees, her face buried in her hands.

She seemed in pain—mental pain I judged it to be, for, as I came close to her, she was muttering:

"Heaven help me! it is a last chance."

Then I put my arm over her shoulder, and called:

"Lina, Lina! what is the matter?"

She dropped her hands, and raised her white, scared face to mine.

"How you would pity me if I dared tell you the truth!" she said; "and how you would hate me, too!"

"Tell me the truth—tell it to me—try me; I shall never hate you!" I said, impetuously, though I felt my own heart swelling with some undefined evil.

But she shook her head, and got up slowly, saying:

"No, not yet, Ella; go and have your ride, and—kiss me, Ella."

I kissed her, and felt her lips were icy cold, and again I begged her to tell her trouble to me as she would to a sister. But she would not.

"It was nothing," she said, "and would soon be over, one way or another."

And then, while I stood by, buffled and silent, she began to dress.

She had on one of those amber-colored Chinese silks, made like a Watteau sacque, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade. I thought as she put on a little Tuscan Tyrolean hat that matched it, and gloves of the same tint, that I had never seen that splendid, luminous, dark beauty of hers so becomingly arrayed before, and I told her so presently.

"I'm glad of it," she said, simply. "I need it all." Now don't question me, but go for your ride."

So we parted, and went on our respectful ways. Alf and I waited to see Sir Lewis and Mrs. Percy start in the ponycarriage, and as we watched them out of sight at the end of the avenue, he turned to put me up on my horse, with such a world of anxiety in his eyes, that I asked:

"Alf, what is it?"

"A last chance—and if it fails! Ella, will you be my friend still, if, in the course of this day, I lose friends and fortune, as I may very possibly do?"

"Your friend always and ever, Alf," I said, passionately, giving him my hand, as he looked up, after adjusting my foot in the stirrup.

He grasped it warmly for a moment, then mounted his horse, and we rode away.



"Alf," I said, at last, after we had ridden a long way in ominous silence, "my Cousin Lina used the same words as you did just now—'A last chance.' Tell me their meaning, will you?"

"I have brought you out for that purpose," he said.
"Bad as I am, Ella, I am not bad enough to deceive you any longer——"

"Deceive me, Captain Turnour!" I interrupted, trying to speak with some sort of composure and dignity, and failing, failing miserably.

"Call me Alf still, Ella—you may, dear, for I am your cousin's husband. There, I've blurted out the truth, abruptly, after all," I heard him add, as my brain reeled in my head, and my body quivered in the saddle.

I controlled myself presently, sharply as I was suffering; but I saw that he was in bitter anxiety and need, and so, loving him as I did, what could I do but control myself for his sake? And as I grew calm, he told me the story—in order to be able to ask for my aid when it was told.

"I knew Lina before her husband died," he said, "and I was awfully taken with her from the very first. Fools said that we were more than friends while the old man was alive; but they lied, Ella—on my honor, they did.

"However, my uncle and sount got hold of the report, and so, when Lina was left a widow, they set themselves against her, and so brought about all this mischief by their obstinacy.

"I was far too fond of her to trust her away from me unbound, and so at last I got her to agree to a private marriage. This was just a few days before I met you at the Sharams' party, two years ago.

"When I found that you were Lina's cousin, and that you had money, I behaved like a blackguard, I acknowledge it now. But what could I do? If I hadn't hinted to Sir Lewis and my aunt that I was thinking seriously of you, they would have bothered me about marrying some one else; and I always fancied that in time I might turn my intimacy with you to account for Lina."

"As you have done," I said, bitterly. "How could she do——" Then I remembered that she was his wife, and I would not say hard things of her.

"Well," he went on, dejectedly, "she bore the secrecy and the misery and the degradation of it all gallantly, until the other day. Then she told me that, for her honor's sake, I must acknowledge her as my wife, whatever it cost me. And then we put our heads together, and came to the conclusion that if she could only get hold of Sir Lewis, she might fascinate him into forgiving her. She is so marvelously fascinating, you know, Ella, that she can make a fellow do anything almost.

"The only way to get her here was to get her invited as your cousin—to get her here as your chaperon; and trouble enough I had about it, I can tell you. Lady Turnour was so absurdly punctilious, that she wanted to invite your mother, and I had to say that your mother never left her own home. Then, when I proposed that Mrs. Percy should be asked in your mother's place, they forthwith remembered all the scandal about our old flirtation; and I had to vow, before I could get her asked, that I would be discretion itself, and devote myself to—in fact, Ella, I couldn't stick at anything, things had come to such a pass!"

"And—and—your wife is to tell this to Sir Lewis this afternoon," I said, gallantly, gulping down a very big sob. Then, I pitied them both so deeply, pitied them so heartily, both for having been guilty of this deception, and for the consequences that might ensue from it, that I mastered my own emotion, in order to be able to give him as much comfort as I might be granted the powe to give him.

It was the hardest hour of my life—that hour that I rode with Alf Turnour, and heard from his own lips how false

and cruel he had been to me. False and cruel, and utterly regardless of me? And yet at the same moment that I knew him to have been these things, I felt that I could have died to serve him. When we got home, I tore up to my own bed-room at once, and threw myself down in a more bitter abandonment of woe and despair than can ever be my portion again.

But my first passion was over (I had loved him and believed in him for two years, remember). I recollected that there was one whose troubles would be heavier than mine, if this final appeal, this last chance, failed. If Sir Lewis proved inflexible, and Alf lost his inheritance, the woman he had married would have more bitter cause to rue her love for him than even I had.

My heart gentled toward her in the midst of my own misery. How she had been maligned, poor, pretty, loving creature! When we—her relatives—in our harsh, imaginary superior virtue, had been censuring her for some of her apparently flighty ways and unnecessary wanderings, possibly she had only been obeying a mandate of her husband's! How ill she had looked this afternoon, too! In spite of the deception that had been practised on me by them both, I forgave them in that hour from the very bottom of my heart.

At length I heard the rumble of the wheels of the pony-carriage, and I got myself to the window in time to see them come up to the door-steps. She had surrendered the reins to Sir Lewis, and was sitting with her head bent down very low. It gave me a pang and a pleasure to see that her husband was there to meet her. There was no word spoken by any one of the three, and they went in at once, and I waited in agony for the dénouement. That night a child was born at Marley, and, while the suffering, beautiful, rash young mother was hovering between life and death, the "old people" relented, and forgave the nephew, who was their heir. He had been weak, but she was so strangely lovely and charming, the old baronet allowed that there was no wonder in any man being weak.

"Alf had not been dishonorable." That was their great comfort.

He had not been dishonorable! No; he had only laid my life waste, and that fact being beyond their ken, they said nothing about it. Freely as I forgave them both, it did occur to me to think that they had a little undervalued me in using me so wholly and solely as a means to their end. He need not have made me love him so well! He might have spared me the crowning shame of bringing me away from home under false pretenses.

But the sting was taken out of this fact when I went back to "my own," for "my own" received me as if I were a glory to them still.

Ah! children who haven't needed it, yet, believe me, that the wound must be mortal that cannot be soothed by parental balm and oil. They never so much as adverted to the possibility of any other result having been anticipated than this one of Lina's being Alf's wife. They restored my self-respect, though they were powerless to restore my happiness.

It is ten years ago that I went down to Marley on that trial trip, which ended in my heart being wrecked, and though I am Ella Leyton still—though I have never tried the efficacy of a second love in removing all traces of a first—still I am not objectless.

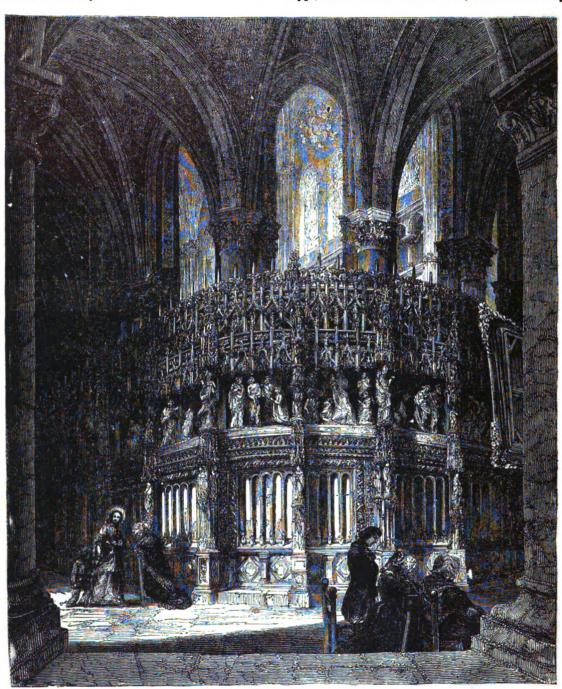
The little child who was born on the night of the day when Lina tried her last chance, and won it, is my godson and my darling, and his mother is my friend, and his father is good enough to say that if he hadn't been so awfully fond of his wife, he believes he should have fallen in love with me, while he was pretending to do so.

He does not know that I am Ella Leyton still for his sake;



and so often he expressed genuine sorrow that I should be letting Time slip by so. "It will be awkward for you, dear—Lina and I often say so—when you find your last chances gone," he says, little knowing that my last chance was gone when he told me the truth about the two years, that day I rode with him at Marley.

took three centuries more to complete. The rich portals, the stained glass windows, and the beautiful choir shown in our illustration, elaborate in its workmanship, and adorned with valuable works of art, make this church one of the most magnificent in the world. Beneath the church is a crypt, said to be the Druids' cave, and in it is a labyrinth



THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES, FRANCE.

# THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

The city of Chartres, built on the site of the ancient capital of the Carnutes, retains trace of its Gaulish name. The great object of interest to a traveler is its cathedral, one of the finest in Europe, built over a cave where the Druids in ancient times performed their idolatrous rites, and paid, tradition says, honors to the Virgin who was to bear a Son. The present cathedral was begun in the eleventh and finished in the thirteenth century, except one spire, which

which has excited the interest of antiquaries, and led to long discussions.

An American traveler will be somewhat surprised to find, among the curious relics in this ancient fane, wampum belts sent two hundred years ago by the Huron and Abnaki Indians from our own land to lay before the shrine of Our Lady of Chartres.

The church as it now exists replaced a previous cathedral which was burned in 1020. The present structure was dedicated in 1260.

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way, the latter gentleman gives many amusing particulars. Before proceeding, however, to look at the Wahabi at home, it may be well to define as exactly as possible who and what he is, more particularly as it is not uncommon to speak of him as a Mohammedan Protestant or Reformer, which, although true in some measure, conveys an entirely false idea of his actual doctrine.

A Mohammedan Puritan he certainly is, and something more. He is an extreme Dissenter, both religiously and politically; an Anabaptist, a Fifth-Monarchy man, so to speak, in matters of faith; a Communist and a Red Republican in politics. Following the example of other fanatics, he hates those near him in belief—the orthodox Mussulmans—with a much greater hate than he vouchsafes to the infidel. Revolutionist alike in politics and religion, he goes about his work less in the spirit of a reformer than of a destroyer, and is the terror of the obdurate Mussulmans who cling to the recognized form of faith, and the loaves and fishes which attend it.

The founder of this remarkable sect was one Mohammedcbn-'Abd-ul-Wahab, born in Horeymelah, somewhat before the middle of the last century. Descended from a powerful clan, he, like many Nejdeans of the better sort, began life as a traveling merchant. In the pursuit of business he visited Basrah and Baghdad, possibly also Persia and India, and at last made a considerable stay at Damascus, where he fell in with sundry shaikhs of great learning and bigotry. Listening attentively and thinking deeply, the young Arab learned from the lessons of these shaikhs to combine and crystalize, as it were, ideas that he had long entertained in a floating and unsystematized condition. He had learned to distinguish between the essential elements of Islam and its accidental or recent admixtures, and at last imagined himself possessed of a clear idea of primitive Mohammedanism—the starting-point of the prophet and his companions eleven centuries before.

As Mr. Palgrave puts it, "The Wahabi reformer formed the design of putting back the hour-hand of Islam to its starting-point; and so far he did well, for that hand was from the first meant to be fixed. Islam is in its essence stationary, and was framed thus to remain. Sterile like its god, lifeless like its first principle and supreme original in all that constitutes true life-for life is love, participation, and progress, and of these the Koranic deity has none-it justly repudiates all change, all advance, all development. To borrow the forcible words of Lord Houghton, the 'written book' is the 'dead man's hand'-stiff and motionless; whatever savors of vitality is by that alone convicted of heresy and defection." In his main conception of the doctrine of the prophet, the Nejdean merchant was, without doubt, correct; but he forgot that cast-iron creeds must either adapt themselves to human nature or drop out of history. The doctrine of Mohammed was itself a reaction against idolatry, but was quickly overlaid by a mass of those pleasant superstitions, to which the imaginative people of Southern climes cling with extreme tenacity. We recollect how the Jews, to whom was imparted the sublime idea of monotheism, found its awful grandeur too heavy for them to bear, and were for ever slipping back into worshiping the familiar, local, and, so to say, friendly gods, to whom they could address, as they imagined, their prayers with greater hope of success than to the sublime Jehovah so far removed from human thoughts and cares. Mohammedanism has undergone a similar fate. It is true that in great part of Islam no actual worship of stocks and stones has crept in, but the place of these has been supplied by an army of Muslim saints, . sumed, from their having themselves once been human, to be peculiarly fitted to act as mediators between distant, awful, unapproachable Allah and the true believer. All studen of Oriental literature—not being themselves

Mohammedans—have been lashed into fury by the constant references on the part of Arabic writers to legions of saints, dervishes, and wearisome holy men of all kinds, and it requires no library of theological treatises to prove that all this worship of mediators is completely foreign to the spirit of the Koran.

In the country of Wahab there was all this degeneracy, and worse. Central Arabia was, in his time, divided among innumerable chiefs. Almost every trace of Islam had long since vanished from Nejd, where the worship of the Djann, under the spreading foliage of large trees, or in the cavernous recesses of Djebel Toweyk, along with the invocation of the dead and sacrifices at their tombs, was blended with "remnants of old Sabæan superstition, not without traces of the doctrines of Moseylemah and Kermoot." The Koran was unread, the five daily prayers forgotten, and no one cared where Mecca lay-east, west, north, or south; tithes, ablutions, and pilgrimages were unheard of. From this slough of degradation the Nejdeans were rudely awakened by the voice of the Wahab, who, at first driven from spot to spot, at length found refuge with Ibn Sa'ud, the chief of Deraiyeh. Into this Bedouin leader he instilled his religious views, and a sense of his great wrongs. Moreover, he married his daughter, and made his father-inlaw's stronghold a focus of religious enthusiasm and political revolt against the Ottoman Lord Paramount at Constantinople. Calling in the aid of that great instructor and purifier, the sword, the Wahab leaders brought a "conscience to their work," and every year added strength to their fac-They preached against the Turks, their debased theology and brutal sensuality, and, moreover, smote the offenders with the edge of the sword, and spoiled their The Turkish caravan to Mecca had long been infamous for debauchery of the vilest kind. What exasperated the belligerent saints quite as much was the open use of wine, opium, and tobacco in the holy streets themselves, and it was at first against these practical and visible defilements that the warlike reformer raised his voice. By degrees, however, was elaborated a theological system which may be defined as a reduction of the faith of Islam to a pure theism. This faith is now held by the Indian sect, and consists of seven great doctrines. First, absolute rehance upon one God; second, absolute renunciation of any mediatory agent between man and his Maker, including the rejection of the prayers of the saints, and even of the semi-divine mediation of Mohammed himself; third, the right of private interpretation of the Mohammedan scriptures, and the rejection of all priestly glosses on the Holy Writ; fourth, absolute rejection of all the forms, ceremonies, and outward observances with which the medieval and modern Mohammedans have overlaid the pure faith; fifth, constant looking for the prophet (Imain), who will lead the true believers to victory over the infidels; sixth, constant recognition, both in theory and practice, of the obligation to wage war upon all infidels; seventh, implicit obedience to the spiritual guide. These principles, backed by the sword, spread rapidly.

In 1791 the Wahabis made a successful campaign against the Grand Shaikh of Mecca. In 1797 they beat back the Pasha of Baghdad with immense slaughter, and overran the most fertile provinces of Asiatic Turkey. In 1801 they again swept down upon Mecca with more than 100,000 men, and in 1803 the holy city fell into their hands. Next year they captured Medinah. In these two strongholds of Islam, the victors, after the manner of their kind, massacred those of the inhabitants who refused to accept their creed, plundered and defiled the tombs of the Mohammedan saints, and spared not even the sacred mosque itself. Every devout king and emperor of Islam had sent thither the richest oblations which his realm could yield, and the

accumulated offerings of eleven centuries were swept into the tents of the sectaries of the desert. The Wahabis next overran Syria, but were at last crushed by Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. In 1812 Thomas Keith, a Scotchman, under the pasha's son, took Medinah by storm; Mecca fell in 1813, and, five years later, adds Dr. Hunter, "this vast power, which had so miraculously sprung up, as miraculously vanished, like a shifting sand-mountain of the desert."

The Wahabis, crushed and scattered for a while, came

speedily together again in their ancient stronghold, Riad, described as being a veritable City of the Saints, in which purity of doctrine and a severe moral code are enforced by devices which almost put the early days of Massachusetts to the blush. Riad is the capital of Nejd, and Arabia's very heart of hearts. Here the Puritans rule the people with a rod of iron. They not only tax them to the full tenth, and exact strict obedience and punctual attendance at the mosque, but place over them certain "men of zeal," to take account of slight moral derelictions, such as burning a candle far into the night, smoking tobacco, taking snuff, or chewing,

wearing silk or

gold as ornaments, and so forth. These "men of zeal" are armed with a long stick, which serves at once as a wand of office and an instrument of punishment. There is no trial nor any appeal against the "men of zeal," who seize upon the culprit and belabor him unmercifullycalling, if need be, for aid on the bystanders, who afford it with cheerful alacrity. Neither age nor rank protect the Nejdean.

The theology of the Wahabis was imported into India a little more than half a century ago by one Sayyid Ahmad, who began life as a horse-soldier in the service of a celebrated freebooter, Amir Khan Pindari, afterwards Nawab of Tonk. On the extermination of the Pindari power, Sayyid

groove, and, giving up robbery, went, about 1816, to study the sacred law under a doctor of high repute at Delhi. Going forth, at length, as a preacher, he attacked the abuses which have crept into the Mohammedan faith in India, and quickly obtained a zealous following. A prolonged halt at Patna so swelled the number of his followers as to require the formation of a regular system of government. He proceeded to levy taxes, and appointed four khalifs, or spiritual

PIOUS PONIARDS.—THE ASSASSINATION OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 501.

Ahmad recognized that he had commenced life in the wrong vicegerents. Having thus organized a species of theocracy, he made, in 1822, a pilgrimage to Mecca, and, while in Arabia, became impressed with

the purity and

sanctity of the

Wahabi doc-

trines, especially those incul-

cating the Jihad

or Crescentade against the in-

fidel. Far too

wise to attempt,

at once, an attack upon the

English power,

he, after preaching throughout

Upper and

Lower Bengal, made his ap-

pearance among

the wild moun-

taineers of the

Peshawur fron-

tier, and then

preached a

Crescentade against the

Sikhs, whom he

accused of ty-

rannizing over

the Mussul-

mans. The Pa-

than tribes responded to his

asm, and, on the

26th December. 1826, the Jihad

against the in-

Sikhs

with frantic enthusi-

appeal

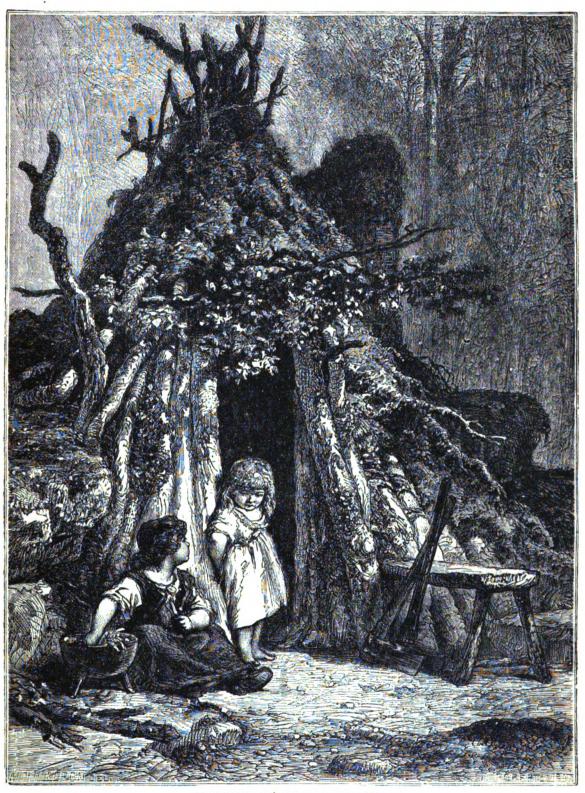
fidel

commenced. A fanatical war ensued, prosecuted with relentless cruelty on both sides.

General Avitubile, then commanding the forces of Runjeet Singh, checked the Mohammedan onslaught for a while, but, nevertheless, it seemed as if the Wahabi of India were about to emulate the successes of their Arabian predecessors, for, toward the end of 1830, the apostolic army took Peshawur. The prophet now proclaimed himself khalif, and struck coins bearing the legend, "Ahmad the Just, Defender of the Faith; the glitter of whose scimitar scatters destruction among the infidels." But internal dissension soon defied all control on the part of the prophet. His army, like all the rebel gatherings which have succeeded it,

on the northwestern border, was composed of two incongruous elements. His regular troops consisted of Hindustani fanatics, Mohammedans from the Indian provinces, notably Lower Bengal, who accepted his fortunes for good

principal object, and when this was satisfied their interest in the Crescentade cooled down. Finally, the prophet tried to reform the marriage customs of the highlanders, who sold their daughters in wedlock to the highest bidder, where-



THE WOOD-CUTTER'S CABIN.—SEE PAGE 506.

or for evil; but the Crescentading army was swollen by the Pathan mountaineers, who, although they had welcomed the prophet in the beginning, and were Mussulmans to the backbone, yet regarded the Crescentade as mountaineers are apt to regard all warlike enterprises. Plunder was their

upon they arose and fell upon his lieutenants, and the prophet himself only escaped their clutches to be killed in action against the Sikhs, under Shere Singh.

The spirit of Sayyid Ahmad survived. Two of his lieutenants were the grandsons of a notorious murderer, who,

flying for life beyond the Indus, established himself as a holy hermit at Sittana. The refugee ascetic was greatly venerated by the mountaineers, who presented him with the land on which his hermitage stood—as a sanctuary or inviolate asylum, a village of refuge from the avenger of blood. On this spot the fragments of the Crescentading army were gathered together under the hermit's grandson, who had served as treasurer to the prophet; while the religious head of the principality of Swat invited the other grandson to the Swat valleys and made him king. Thanks to this rebel camp beyond the Sikh—and the propaganda of Patna, provided, as we have seen, with a regular apostolic succession of caliphs—the embers of the Crescentade have never died out, and have, at times, blazed up into those "little wars" which have cost England so much blood and treasure to quell. It would be absurd to consider the perpetual troubles with the "hill tribes" across the Indus as mere campaigns against brigands. The Pathans themselves could do little beyond buzzing around Peshawur; it is the Wahabi centres in the British provinces who provide them with the money and arms which enable them, and the reinforcements sent them from Bengal, to sting upon occasion. Until the English annexed the Panjab, they troubled their heads very little about the Army of the Crescent. English gentlemen are not apt to care more for alien religions than Gallio, sometime pro-consul of Achaia, and nobody cared if, in the period between 1830 and 1846, the Mohammedan indigo bailiffs asked for a few months' leave, to take a turn at Crescentading as a religious duty. England has paid dearly for this remissness. Since the annexation of the Panjab the Indian Government has been compelled to undertake a score of campaigns against the Sittana host, who, accustomed to war, smoke Sikh and Feringhi with equal fury. The campaign of 1863 cost 847 men, killed and wounded, or nearly one-tenth of the army, when it was eventually raised to 9,000 regular troops; yet, five years later, it was again found necessary to occupy the country with an army-compelled to operate over and among the mountains 10,000 feet in height.

That the whole of this frontier trouble arises from the Wahabi organization in the heart of British India admits of no possible doubt. Money is raised and transmitted, and recruits are made by telling young Mussulmans that their soul is endangered by dwelling in the country of the infidel; that India is the country of the infidel; and that, if they wish for the paradise of Mohammed, their only path is out of India into some country of Islam. That these preachings are successful has been demonstrated by the bodies of dead Bengalis found, many a time and oft, in the cockpit before Peshawur; while the skill and secrecy with which supplies of men, arms, and money are forwarded to the frontier were abundantly proved at the Wahabi state trial at Umballa, in 1864, when persons of every rank in Mohammedan society were convicted of high treason. Among them were priests of the highest family, an army contractor and wholesale butcher, a scrivener, a soldier, an itinerant preacher, a house-steward, and a husbandman. "They had been defended by English counsel; they had had the full advantage both of technical pleas in bar and of able pleadings on the merits of the case; six of their countrymen had sat as assessors with the judge on the bench; and the trial ended in the condemnation of eight of them to transportation for life, and of the remaining three to the last penalty of the law. The conspiracy was only discovered through the devotion of the son of a Panjabi policeman, who, entering the fanatical camp as a spy, succeeded in bringing back the names of the men who had passed the Bengalis and their rifles up to the frontier.

Since the campaigns of 1863 and 1868, and the great trial at Umballa, the Wahabis have not made much noise in the

world; but they, their propaganda, and their focus of rebellion in the northwest still exist, to the irritation and apprehension of Indian statesmen. Their complicity in the murders of Chief-Justice Norman and Lord Mayo have, it is only fair to admit, never been brought clearly home to them; but confession from criminals of the fanatical stamp is not to be hoped for. At any rate, it is discomforting to know that among the discontented Mussulman populations of the British Indian possessions exists a dangerous sect, preaching, in season and out of season, the necessity of flying from the country of the infidel, and joining the Crescentade against their accursed masters; and it is productive of much anxiety in England that the heir to the crown should have been advised to visit a province where his life may hang upon the breath of the fanatical leader of a sect, having many points of resemblance with the ancient dynasty of Ashishin.

# THE WOODCUTTER'S CABIN.

This charming little rustic picture is from a design by Mouileron, and is instinct with vigor and poetry. This forest life is full of benefits for its hardy progeny, when the little lungs require fresh air, when a flower, a branch of a tree, agitated by the wind or the flight of a bird, when a golden beetle or a green lizard, a little rivulet, navigable by the smallest wooden boats, can chain and enchant the young attention, and afford continued and healthful amusement.

Happy, robust, cheerful little forest-wanderers, how you are to be envied by the fragile and delicate hothouse plants of the city nurseries!

# ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

IT was about the seventeenth century that it was tried with more or less success to imitate real pearls, and the most successful means to which recourse was had was with the aid of the "Oriental essence," or a pearly-white solution from the scales of the bleak, called guanine. In giving to this product the name "Oriental essence," it was with the intention of keeping the substance secret. In Anjon, although this industry (that is to say, the bleak fishery to obtain the "Oriental essence") is little known, it is no less certain that the fishermen of Ecoufflans and Ponts-de-Cé largely aid the manufacture of imitation pearls, and that they still use this name, or that of bleak white. The scale of the bleak is lubricated by a mucus which was for a long time considered albuminous, but it is not so. This essence is very abundant, and is difficult to mix with water. It coagulates by heat to a thick white deposit, and becomes black in time, if a proper remedy be not applied to prevent this deterioration, especially during the time of intense heat, during which period fishing is at its height in the Loire and the Mayenne. If the scales of the bleak are examined under the microscope, the smallest are found to be nearly round; and, if the surface of one of the larger ones is lightly pressed, this "Oriental essence," under the form of a small pearly drop, issues from one of the canals and sticks to the fingers. In this mucilage an infinite number of small, rudimental, pearly scales can be seen. The largest scales are square, nearly rectangular, four times as long as they are wide; each scale has three colorless cylindrical veins. It is to M. Joaquin that this invention is due, all the more fortunate as it remedied the difficulties and bad effects of the pearls made of quicksilver placed in a glass bulb.

In Anjou, in order to obtain this "Oriental essence," they only fish for the bleak; however, the scales of the dace furnish it also. The bleak (*Leuciscus alburnis*) is the only river fish which is not used for food; it is a white fish, well

known in the running streams, and on the flat sandy coasts of France, where the water is not deep; it is also found in the Seine, Marne, Moselle, Escant, etc.; never descending into the Black Sea, being principally found at the mouth of rivers. In Anjou they spawn on the sand in the months of May and June. For its propagation, in certain parts of France, artificial spawning places are made by the aid of heaps of sand, where they multiply. In Anjou recourse is not had to any artificial means; they breed under the shelter of the flat, sandy coast, thus avoiding becoming the prey of other fishes.

The fishermen use a mesh net, and catch the bleak by thousands as they travel in shoals in the current, taking care not to let them get entangled in the meshes, or wound themselves, or lose a part of their large scales; but, above all, not to stain themselves with blood. The following is the process of extracting the "Oriental essence": Men and children, provided with blunt knives, take the fish one after the other and scrape them over a shallow tub, containing a little fresh water. Care is taken not to scale the black or the dorsal part, as these scales are yellow, while the white scales are very valuable. The whole is received on a horsehair sieve. The first water, mixed with a little blood, is thrown away. The scales are then washed and pressed; the essence settles at the bottom of the tub, and it is then that we have a very brilliant, blue-white, oily mass. Warm water must not be used for the washing, as it would promote fermentation. It takes 40,000 bleaks to furnish two pounds of essence. The fishermen put this guanine in tin boxes, which they fill up with ammonia; the box is then closed, and sent to Paris. Others prefer to put it in large-mouthed bottles. If a drop of the essence is taken up by a straw and let fall upon water, the guanine floats, giving forth the most brilliant colors. The intestines of the bleak are thrown away. They are, however, covered with this mucus. There is here great negligence, and, in spite of all the advice given on the subject, the fishermen lose a large part of the produce. This guanine is insoluble in water, in ammonia, and in acetic acid, but combines with sulphuric and other acids. We know that the pancreas also furnishes this substance. There is no doubt that they are wrong to neglect that which covers the intestines. Although the yield would be small for each fish, it is none the less true that large quantities could be so obtained.

# SODA-ASH, ITS MANUFACTURE AND USES.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.



HERE are few chemical compounds which have such an extensive application in the arts as the Carbonate of Soda, commonly called Soda-ash. The antiquity of its use is manifest from the names by which it has been designated by various ancient writers. In the Bible it is called nitre, from the Greek word nizo, meaning to cauterize or wash; and it is evident from two passages—one from Jeremiah and the other from Proverbs—that the nitre of the Bibie was not our modern saltpetre. In Jeremiah it says: "Though thou wash thee with nitre"; and in Proverbs, "as vinegar upon nitre,"

referring to soda-soap in the first case, and to the action of rain of muriatic acid to fall upon the country, to the utter acetic acid on effervescing salts in the second, neither of which reactions would accord with the properties of nitrate of upon the soda-works, and they were driven to the islands of potash, now called nitre. The plains of Egypt abound in soda, and it was to obtain this article that the Greeks for catching all of the hydrochloric acid, and saving it for

conducted their early commerce with the East. The ships from Alexandria brought natron, and afforded a means of communication for travelers. These vessels also brought the science and civilization of the old races to the shores of Europe. It was on a ship freighted with soda that St. Paul took passage from Alexandria to Puteoli or Pompeii, and, nearly two thousand years after his voyage, the remains of a vessel were found stranded near a soap-factory at Pompeii, in the vats of which was a quantity of well-preserved soda-soap. Later, in the history of events, natron was found on the plains of Hungary, as it is now known to occur over a great area of country on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. In 1764 the presence of soda in plants became known, and it was found that sea-weeds and marine plants generally contained it in larger proportions than land plants. Along the coast of Spain an extensive commerce in the ashes of sea-weeds was carried on in little barils, and the trade name of the article was taken from the packages in which it was transported, and was called barilla. Pliny relates the very doubtful story that the Romans learned how to use the ashes in the manufacture of soap from the Gauls. He says: "Soap is an invention of the Gauls, and is used for imparting a reddish tint to the hair. It is prepared from tallow and ashes; there are two kinds of it, the hard and the liquid, both of them much used by the people of Germany, the men in particular more than the women." This unhandsome reflection upon the women of Germany might excite no surprise if it were to be made by a modern inhabitant of Gaul, but, coming from Pliny, it serves to throw some doubt upon the whole of his statement. The Romans must have known how to make soap long before they planned their expeditions to the North, as the early existence of a commerce in soda would conclusively show.

Soda-ash had become so important to the French manufacturers at the time of the wars of the first Napoleon, that the deprivation of it, occasioned by the English blockade, was a serious blow to many industries, and the Government was induced to offer a large reward to any one who would invent a method by which it could be made directly from common salt. No blockade could prevent the tides of the ocean from covering the low lands of the coast, and from the brine could be made plenty of salt by solar evaporation. (See fig. 1.) What was needed was a method by which the chloride of sodium could be converted into carbonate of soda. Various propositions were made by European chemists, but the process which found the most favor, and which was finally adopted, and has been carried on with trifling modifications down to the present day, was invented by Le Blanc. This consisted in converting the chloride of sodium into the sulphate by means of sulphuric acid, and the subsequent transformation of the salt-cake into the carbonate by aid of charcoal and lime. This simple invention of Le Blanc is probably the most valuable contribution ever made by chemistry to the arts. It opened up a way for the cheap production of an article that enters into nearly every branch of manufacture, and in its consequences has helped to discover new continents and suppress the slave trade, and largely contribute to the civilization of the world. Le Blanc's method consisted in mixing equal weights of common salt and sulphuric acid on a reverberatory furnace, and subjecting them to a high heat (see fig. 2); the sulphuric acid expels the chlorine in the form of hydrochloric acid, and takes possession of the soda. The hydrochloric acid, thus produced as an incidental product, was at first regarded as a nuisance. It escaped from the chimneys and caused a rain of muriatic acid to fall upon the country, to the utter destruction of trees and grass. Injunctions were served upon the soda-works, and they were driven to the islands off the coast, until at last a way was discovered (see fig. 3)

the many uses to which it is admirably adapted—these uses of the acid have become so numerous that its manufacture is now a necessity, and it would be made directly if it were not derived incidentally in the soda process. After the salt is converted into the sulphate, the result is called the salt-cake of commerce this salt-cake is mixed with charcoal and lime-stone, and reduced in a second furnace (see fig. 4) into what is called ball-soda. The ball-soda is dis-

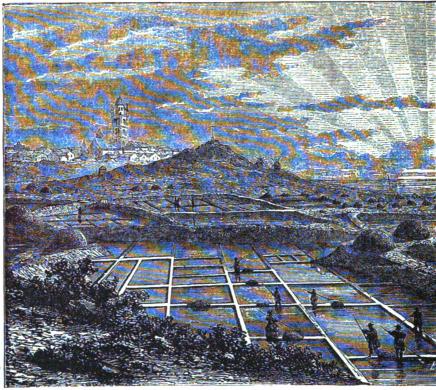


FIG. 1 .- MANUFACTURE OF SALT FROM SEA-WATER ON THE COAST OF FRANCE.

solved in water and crystalized, if sal-soda is required, or is dried and calcined into soda-ash.

Enormous quantities of soda-ash are now annually produced in England and France, the total product being estimated at 1,000,000 tons—its cheapness having occasioned a revolution in many industries. Glass, which was formerly made in limited quantities from potash, silica, and lime, is now produced on an immense scale by substituting soda for potash. (See fig. 5.) Cheap glass has given us cheap light. Many a dark place has been lighted up, which, without Le Blanc's invention, would have remained in darkness. The same glass has given us our optical instruments of all kinds, and has afforded a ready supply of chemical ware and physical instruments, and, in general, has added to the domestic comforts of families.

There is another industry in which the consumption of soda-ash is even greater than in the manufacture of glass, and in its consequences has exerted a more extended influence upon civilization than has been suspected by the world





FIG. 2.—SALT-CAKE FURNACES FOR CONVERTING CHLORIDE OF SUDJUM INTO SULPHATE OF SODA.

referred to the great number of industries which were closely associated with the production of soap, and necessarily implied a high state of commercial prosperity and of the culture that often accompanies wealth. The introduction of soda-ash into soap industry entirely changed the importance of that art. Enormous quantities of soap were manufactured; and as soda was abundant, in order to keep pace with it, it became necessary to resort to various expedients for procuring the necessary supply of grease and fat. The soap-dealers fitted out expeditions to all parts of the world. Droves of wild cattle were slaughtered in South America for their hides and fat, but still the demand increased. Palm-oil was found to be equally good, and the intrepid traders visited the coast of Africa and penetrated into the interior, where they did more to suppress

at large.

is the use of

soda in the

manufacture of

soap. (See fig.

6.) It was a

famous saying

of the late

Baron Liebig

that "Soap is

the index of

the civilization of a people,"

and he is gene-

rally supposed

to refer in his

aphorism to the

cleanliness of a people as indi-

cating their

higher civiliza-

tion. Such was,

however, not

the meaning of

the distinguished German phi-

He

losopher.

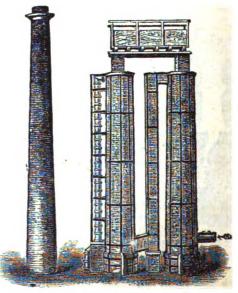


FIG. 3.—MURIATIO ACID TOWERS.

Digitized by GOOGIC

the slave trade than all the vessels of war had been able to accomplish. They made such contracts with the chiefs that. in order to fill them. they needed all the force they could obtain, and refused to sell any more slaves. There is no part of the globe that has not been put under contribution to furnish material for the ever-increasing industries founded on the cheap production of soda.



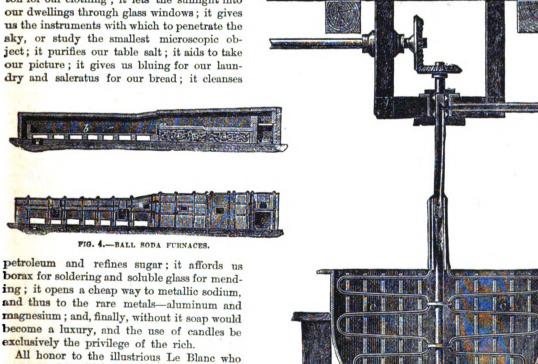
FIG. 5.-MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.-SEE PAGE 507.

Ships sail to Greenland to fetch home the cryolite from which soda is made, and, on entering our harbor, they meet the vessels returning from the coast of Africa loaded with palm-oil. The steppes of Siberia and the plains of India, the mountains of the Andes and the rivers of Egypt, are visited by the traders, who, inspired by a hope of gain,

dread no fatigue and fear no danger. Soda gives us cheap paper for our books and journals; it scours the wool and cleanses the cotton for our clothing; it lets the sunlight into our dwellings through glass windows; it gives us the instruments with which to penetrate the sky, or study the smallest microscopic object; it purifies our table salt; it aids to take our picture; it gives us bluing for our launsail a tiny model, to brag of its success. to employ all the nautical terms he can acquire, is being a man in his eyes and those of his little sister, whom he impresses deeply with a sense of his wonderful ability and the achievements that in the future are to make him the great man of the village.

The inland scene, with its cottage in the background, its tree-lined lane, its rude gateway, which

the children, with instinctive politeness, are opening deferentially to the rider, whose shadow only thrown in the foreground enables us to raise the question whether he is the village doctor, the clergyman, or the squire. The bright boy and the shyer girls all have a look of deference and respect that shows the stranger to be one of importance in their eyes.



Sailing the First Boat—The Horseman's Shadow.

factors of his race.

gave us the process by which soda-ash is made, and who ought to be always known and recognized as one of the greatest bene-

OUR pictures are of rural life-one at the sea-side, one in the interior. The fisherman's children take naturally to the element on which and by which their father lives. The boy's first ambition is a boat, and to rig and

PIG. 6 .- MANUFACTURE OF SOAP.

# SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

ARTIFICIAL grindstones are coming into use in Germany. They are made of grit, soluble glass, and petroleum, and will doubtless be advertised as non-explosive.

Mr. S. H. SCUDDER is reported to have discovered the fossil remains of the abdomen of the larva of a dragon-fly in a fragment of carboniferous shale from Cape Breton, "thus carrying back the existence of these insects into the paleozoic age."

Professor Nordenskiold has consented to undertake next Summer a scientific exploration of the maritime route from the north of Russia to Behring's Straits, for which a donation of 25,000 roubles has been made by the Russian Society for Encouraging Commerce and Industry.

CONVERSION OF BRUCINE INTO STRYCHNINE.—Sonnenschein has shown that brucine may be converted into strychnine by the action of nitric acid, and calls attention to the fact that this discovery may be of practical interest to toxicological investigations, since brucine might be converted into strychnine in course of the examination.

THE Proceedings of the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society for the session 1874-5 is before us. The president's address on "Atoms and Automata" deserves attention; and the lecture "On Electro-Magnetic Machines," and M. Gramme's recent improvements in them, by Dr. Andrews, of Queen's College, Belfast, is-full of information, and contains numerous original suggestions.

CARBOLIC acid paper, which is now used in such large quantities, in this country and abroad, for packing fresh meats, etc., for the purpose of preserving them against deterioration by atmospheric or other influences, is made by melting five parts of stearine in a gentle heat, and then stirring in thoroughly two parts of carbolic acid, after which five parts of paraffine, in a melted form, are added. The mass thus prepared is then well stirred together until it cools, after which it is applied with a brush to the paper, in quires, in the same manner as the waxed paper—so much used in Europe as a wrapping material for various articles—is treated. The industrial importance of this paper is at present very considerable, the quantity manufactured being immense.

The Production of Absenic in Copper Mines.—In 1873, 5,449 tons of arsenic were produced in England. More than a third of it came from the Devon Great Consols mine. Sometimes 200 tons a month are sold from this mine, a quantity of white arsenic sufficient to destroy the lives of more than 500,000,000 of human beings. The Commissioners of Mines saw stored in warehouses of the mine, ready packed for sale, a quantity of white arsenic, probably sufficient to destroy every living animal upon the face of the earth. The commissioners consider that, in the case of mines in which arsenic is actually manufactured, it is only reasonable that the manufacture of a poison so virulent should be subject to a special State supervision; and they submit that an officer should be empowered to require that the best practicable means be taken not only to prevent the poisoning of the air by the volatilization of the arsenic, but also to hinder the access of the poison to running water.

It is known that there is hardly one of the Swiss lakes, largeorf small, which has not given up traces of the singular habitations of the lake-dwellers; but nothing was hitherto known as to the mode of sepulture adopted by the race that lived in them. During the latter part of January, however, some workmen excavating the foundations for a new building close to the lake came across some huge flat rocks, placed evidently by human hands in a horizontal position, and lying near each other on a level which once, in all probability, was the natural surface. Each block was a boulder brought apparently some little distance, and covered a square cavity carefully lined with slabs of stone, and filled with earth mixed with light gravel and sand. One of these square cavities or graves has been carefully cleared, and proved to contain fourteen skeletons of adu ts and one of a child, all in very fair preservation. The form of the skulls is said not to be of the very early type generally identified with the rude early cave-dwellers; and some brass rings found indicate the use of that metal, at any rate for ornament. A stone hatchet was also found, and a number of bear's teeth pierced for stringing. The remainder of this cemetery of an extinct people has yet to be examined.

Sensitiveness of Carnivorous Plants.—The wonderful sensitiveness of the carnivorous plants when a substance is placed on them which excites their peculiar glands may be considered as among the most remarkable of all natural phenomens. If a little bit of human hair, measuring only 8-1000th of an inch in length, be placed on on: of the tentacles of the sundew (Drosera rotundifolio), which fragment of hair only weigh 1-78:0th of a grain, the tentacles of the leaf will curve inward. Now, a bit of hair 1-50th of an inch in length, and therefore immensely larger than the one exciting the plant, cannot be appreciated when placed on that most sensitive of all organs, the tongue. But if the excitable character of the sundew is manifested by this physical cause, its a maitiveness is shown to a much greater deg. ee when a chemical substance is applied to it. If a solution of phosphate of ammonia be placed directly on the gland of the outer tentacle—a quantity represented by 1-153600th of a grain is sufficient to produce motion. But the inconceivably small quantity of 1-197600th of a grain of the same substance in solution, under peculiar circumstances, imparted action to the plant. This is a degree of sensitiveness far surpassing that of any method of analysis, with the exception of the spectroscope.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

SENDING SUCCOR TO STRANDED SHIPS—At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 a cannon was shown, out of which a cable, two miles in length, could be fired from a wreck to the shore. We have never heard of any practical use being made of this invention; but successful experiments have been recently made in France with a view of determining whether lines could be sent ashore from a stranded vessel by the aid of pigeons. The pigeon from the wrecked vessel, when set free and naturally flying to land, is able to convey a thread four hundred feet long and two-thousandths of an inch in diameter. People on the shore, by pulling the string, obtain a cord, and at length a strong rope, by which communication is had with the ship.

The New York Academy of Sciences held its annual meeting on the 28th of February. The treasurer's report shows the society to be out of debt, and the librarian announced a large increase of books during the past year. The Lyceum of Natural History has become merged in the New York Academy of Sciences, and will henceforth be known under the latter name. The following officers were elected for the year 1876-77: President, J. S. Newberry; first vice-president, Th. Egleston; second vice-president, B. N. Martin; corresponding secretary, H. C. Bolton; recording secretary, O. P. Hubburd; treasurer, J. H. Hinton; librarian Louis Eisberg; counsel, H. Morton, D. S. Martin, A. R. Leeds, C. A. Joy, G. N. Lawrence, R. H. Brownne; curators, J. J. Stevenson, Henry Newton, W. H. Leggett, F. Collingwood, B. G. Amend; finance committee, Chas. A. Seeley, A. E. Beach, Howard Potter.

Edison's Electric Force.—The etheric force, concerning which considerable has been published, still remains somewhat of a mystery. The only manifestation of the force yet obtained has been the appearance of a small spark from the core of the helix while operating an interrupter by means of the induced current. The peculiarity of the phenomenon lies in the fact that the current producing this spark seems not to be bound by the limitations or laws of electricity as commonly understood. A delicate galvanometer introduced into the circuit is not deflected; the current can be produced by rubbing one end of the wire upon a stone, or connecting it with the gas-pipe; and it can be made to return upon itself, so as to produce a spark when the end of the conducting wire is bent back so as to approach continuity. Whatever the explanation of the force may prove to be, it has not yet been manifested in any degree of strength which is likely to interfere with the uses of electricity, or to subserve any useful purpose itself.

THE TUNNEL UNDER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.—It is said by historians that there was a tunnel under the Euphrates at Babylon, and that the ancient Egyptians had a Suez Canal. This may serve to check the tendency to boast over modern engineering exploits. Still, no ancient structure would compare with the tunnel which an Anglo-French Company are now about to inaugurate. The preliminary surveys have been made, and the capital to start the enterprise is subscribed. The length of the tunnel is to be thirty miles; it is to be made straight, and to be 200 feet below the sea-bottom. From the land-levels of the existing railways, the two approaches make long descents of over four miles, each with gradients of one in eighty-nine into the tunnel-ends, over two miles being under the sea, the total of the whole amount of tunneling being over thirty miles. The maximum depth of water on the line of the proposed tunnel nowhere exceeds 180 feet below high-water mark. A peculiar machine will be employed which works like an auger, and the carth from it is carried on an endless board to the wagons in the rear. By this means a drift-way, seven feet in diameter, can be advanced at the rate of about a yard and a quarter per hour, at which rate it would only require two years to pierce the channel by machines worked from both ends. It has been computed that, after the drift-way is finished, it will require four more years to complete the undertaking.

CULTURE OF THE TRUFFLE.—The truffle does not appear to occur as indigenous in the United States, although there are said to be a greater variety of oaks in America than in Europe. It is now proposed by intelligent farmers to obtain the peculiar variety of oak under which this fungus thrives, and to try the experiment of raising the truffle in planted forests. It can only be cultivated indirectly by planting groves of the peculiar species of oak amongst whose roots it is found. It thrives best in a wild, uncultivated soil, enriched only with rotting leaves of the forest, and demands both moisture and sun for its development. Analysis of twenty-four different kinds of soil taken from various pats of France have been made, and it appears that there is no distinct relation between the character of the soil and its capability to grow these daintles. The ancients set this fungus down as a mineral, and were very fond of it. The best sort are found at Perigord, in France, under oak-trees of eight or ten years growth, and they weigh from a few ounces to two pounds. The harvest time is the Winter, and the yearly crop in Europe amounts to about three million pounds, worth to the producers \$6,000,000. Pigs, or trained dogs, are employed to search for truffles. The pig belongs to the long, lank, and brisk species, and trots along by the side of its master much after the manner of a dog. It is thought by those who profess to introduce this industry into the United States that the Florida pig would be the best adapted to truffle-hunting. It is to be hoped that the originators of the enterprise may succeed in accomplishing the worthy object they have in view.

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.—The cherpness and ease with which electric force can be developed by the application of mechanical power to the armatures of magneto-electric machines at once sug-



gests the application of the art of electro-metallurgy to a large number of purposes. The cost of producing currents suitable to the deposition of metals has hitherto stood in the way of any very extended application of this method to the various purposes for which it is well known to be adapted, but modern invention is fast overcoming the difficulty, and the extent to which this branch of metallurgy is now developed is much greater than the public generally suppose. To deposit electrically one pound of copper under the old system required the consumption of one pound of zinc, and one and a half pounds of sulphuric acid, and a waste of half as much more zinc and acid, which brought up the cost of depositing the copper to twenty-eight cents a pound. By the magneto-electric machine one pound of copper can now be deposited for two cents, and if all of the power could be electrically applied, the cost need not exceed half a cent a pound. Electro-metallurgy originated with Daniell, and to the researches carried on by him as well as by Spencer, Jacobi, and De la Rive, between the years 1836 and 1840, electrotyping—that is, the covering of molds with a thin sheet of ortal that can be removed—was invented. The coating of metals for ornamental purposes, called electro-plating, was first introduced at Birmingham, England, in 1836, by the Elkintons, and this art has been successfully carried on ever since that date. The discovery that nickel could be used for this purpose gave a new impetus to the whole business, and by improvements in magneto-electric machines, and especially in the invention of a revolving-buff for polishing nickel-plating, has become one of the most important industries of the day. Under the skillful management of Mr N. S. Keith, of New York, this branch of electro-metallurgy has attained great perfection. The art is not alone confined to the deposition of chemically pure metals.

ELECTRICAL ILLUMINATION OF FACTORIES.—In spite of the recent improvements in magneto-electric machines, especially that of Gramme, electrical illumination in factories has not displaced that by oil or gas to any extent. The Gramme machine has, however, been introduced, with satisfactory results, into an establishment in Mülhausen. The room illuminated is 196 feet by 96 feet Four lamps, on Serrin's plan, properly distributed, are employed, each run by a separate magneto-electric machine requiring about two-third horse power to work it. The carbon points need changing every three hours. The cost for the four lamps per hour is about twenty cents. During two months of use no diminution of intensity has been noticed, and the illumination afforded has been steady and superior in brilliancy to that from any other source. The magneto-electric machines cost about \$300 apiece, or the four arranged, complete, about \$1,600. Laboulaye gives the following table of the comparative cost of this and other methods of illumination:

Source of light.	Consumption per hour for 1 stearin candle-light.	Cost per kour for a 700-stearis candle-light.
Electricity, by magn	eto-electric machine	0.10 to 0.20 francs
Electricity, by galva	nic battery	3.00 to 5.00 ''
Coal-gas	15 litres	30 "
Light petroleum	4.52 grammes	3.85 ''
Rape-seed oil	5.18 "	6.10 ''
Tallow-candles	10.55 "	12.60 ''
Stearin candles	10.40 44	26.20 "
Way candles	2 OR 14	99.40 11

Efforts to distribute the current from a single machine to several tamps have not proved practically successful, by reason of the great increase in the cost of the illumination, so that Gramme has been led to construct small machines, fifty-candle power. While these operate very well, the light, however, is not perfectly steady, and the machines found best adapted to practical purposes are those that yield a one hundred candle-light.

and the machines found best adapted to practical purposes are those that yield a one hundred candle-light.

Vivisection in England.—The report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection has just been laid before the British Purliament. The Commissioners, after having taken a great mass of evidence, came to the conclusion that it would not be reasonable, even if it were possible, to prevent experimentation on living animals. They refer to the whole history of medicine as pregnant with examples of benefits to humanity derived from such experiments. They quote, as illustrations, Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood, the discovery of the action of the lacteal and lymphatic system of vessels, and of the compound function of the spinal nerves. Harvey's discovery, almost wholly due to vivisections, is the foundation of all our knowledge of the treatment of the discases of the heart and blood-vessels, and in surgery bridges the interval between the old practice of searing stumps with red-hot irons and the present use of the carbolized ligature. At present, investigations by experimentation are in progress, having relation to cholera, consumption, pyæmia, typhoid fever, sheep-pox, snake bite, and the use of disinfectants. Experiments such as these have resulted, and these are likely to result, in the mitigation, or possibly even the removal, of some of the severest scourges which afflict the human race. In respect to the charges of crucity, the Secretary of the Boyal Society for the Prevention of Crucity to Animals, readily neknowledges that he does not know a single case of wanton crucity. They reject the proposition to render unlawful any experiment made for the mere advancement of science, on the ground that Harvey's great discovery and Galvini's were, at the time they medical schools they hold to be necessary and permissible under the existing conditions, viz., that they be performed under anæsthetics. Experiments, however, are to be regulated through the above principles, and through the appointment

### ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A RUSH-LIGHT-A head-light on an express train.

WHAT is the right age for a piano?-Forte, of course.

The flower born to rise unseen is the flour which rises in the baking-pan during the night.

THE proverb says, "Laugh and grow fat." What a saving of corn it would be if pigs could laugh!

MARRIAGE is the true road to happiness, therefore a man appreciates his wife most when she's a way.

THE Jewelers' Circular, a neat publication of this city, is not, we are told, the organ of any particular ring.

What is the difference between a trumpeter and a hornet? Why, the trumpeter is a cornet of horse, and the other is a hornet of

PRECIOUS MINN: A little girl at a school examination in reading her piece changed Keats's verse into "A thing of beauty is a boy forever."

"I TAKE my tex dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat portion ob de Scriptures whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Fessions."

MARY (questioning her little brother on the gender of nouns): Now, Tommy, what is the feminine of beau? Tommy: Why, arrow, of course.

A BLONDE girl, deserted by her lover, silently pines away and dies, but a brunette lives on to make it a furnace upon earth for the man who deceives her.

A NEWARK school-teacher has discovered something that beats the Keely motor all to pieces in securing rapidity of locomotion. She went to call on an absentee pupil the other day, and the father met her at the door with: "This morning the doctor pronounced it a case of small——" She dashed down the steps and didn't wait to hear any more.

The other evening, one gentleman pointed out a dandified-looking individual to his friend as a sculptor. What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor? Surely you must be mistaken!" "He may not be the kind of a one you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he chiseled a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

THE noblest "last words" that have recently been uttered were those of Superintendent Flin', of the Midland Railroad, who, held fast amid the ruins of 'he train that fell brough the trestlework at Willowemoc, called out to those who were trying to rescue him, "Stop that mail train," and died. The mail train and its passengers that were rushing to almost certain destruction were saved.

How to kill time: First catch your time—by the forelock, if possible. Then hold him tight. Then pinch him well. Then give him one for his nob, and let the one be a good one. Then knock him down. Then make faces at him. Then pull his nose. Then sit on his head. Then ask him if he's had enough now, or will he wait till he gets it? If he don't answer, you may conclude that you have killed him.

The other night a merchant prince attended a church meeting, and made an eloquent speech. As is often the habit of men accustomed to lay down the law, he emphasized each sentence important word by tapping with his knuckles on the table, which moved a young man not as yet a merchant prince to remark audibly at one of the orator's most impassioned flights: "Cash!" The effect was electrical. But that merchant prince says that if they are so smart and light-hearted, then they had better lift that church debt themselves, and buy the new organ without any of his money—that's all.

The Paris Figaro says that one of the most valued mementors of Victor Hugo, at his house in Guernsey, is a black patch on the study floor. The servant who admits visitors—and they are numerous, for the house is a well-known "show place"—takes them to the patch, ranges them around it in a circle, and then, with befitting impressiveness, informs them that this blot of ink was caused by the upsetting of the illustrious writer's inkstand when he had just finished one of the most celebrated chapters of "Les Miserables," Un homme a la mer. The blot has been carefully preserved, and will never be removed, but will perish with the floor. May I beg you no. to step upon it!"

This morning, as I was coming to the office, I met a beautiful little boy in charge of a French nurse. He had big eyes and golden hair and velvet clothes. The French maid had on a French nurse's cap, a French white muslin apron—cut bias, I think—a French calico dress, and a sweet smile. I wanted to know whose little boy the little boy was, but as I don't like to speak French to the lower classes, I hesitated. I thought there were several people looking at me, so I said in English, with a fine French accent, "Ma'mselle, whose nice little boy is this?" and I looked up at the maid's mouth for the sweet French answer. She smiled louder and said, "I understood every word: Well, sur, that wee choile is it, thin, the little darlint? Shure and whose choile wud he be but his mother's beyant?" What a wonderful language the French is!



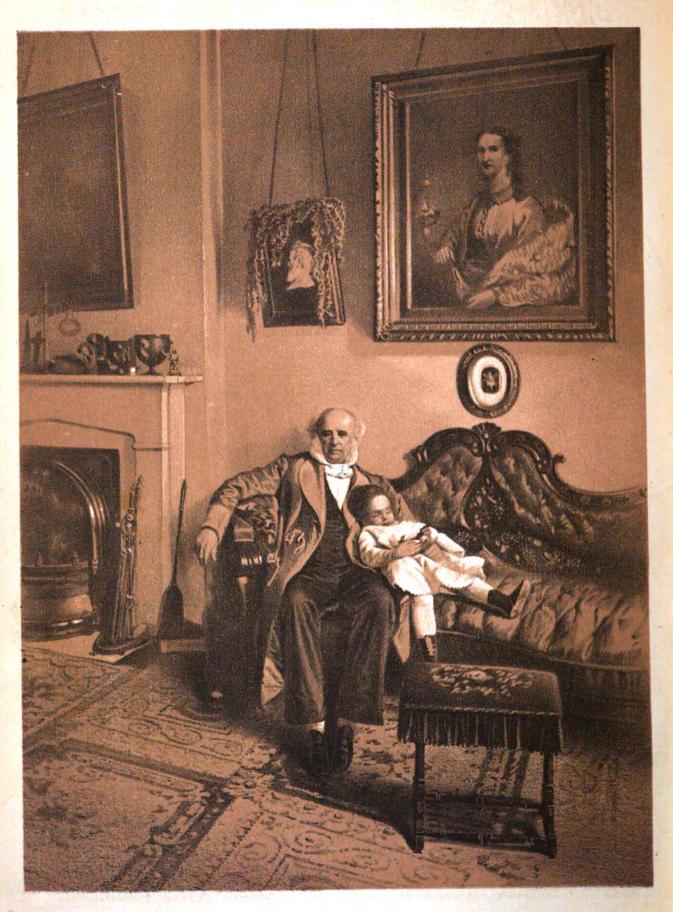
SAILING THE FIRST BOAT .- SEE PAGE 509.

DUTY.—Duty is far more than love. It is the upholding law through which the weakest becomes strong, without which all strength is unstable as water. No character, however harmoniously framed and gloriously gifted, can be complete without this abiding principle; it is the cement

which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us, and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of a ruin, astonished at our own desolation.



THE HORSEMAN'S SHADOW.—SEE PAGE 509.



COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AT HOME From Photograph taken expressly for this Magazine by our Photographer OOS



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# SOCIAL CUSTOMS IN RUSSIA.

The real life of a people is shown more in its social customs than by its national history, since the great events on which are founded the glory and political importance of its Government, and from which proceeds its power in the council of nations, are the offspring generally of some one man's ambition, rather than the instinctive will and natural growth of the people. Thus the power and permanence of Great Britain are the result more of that inherent respect of

established law than from the victories of Marlborough and Wellington.

We propose in the present article to illustrate some of the manners and customs of one of the most powerful and modern nations on the globe, and whose advent to political importance has been merely the work of three centuries. That Russia is destined in the future to civilize the Chinese empire is, we think, indisputable, saying nothing of the



A RUSSIAN PAMILY AT HOME.



Turkish empire, it being the natural course of events for the hardy races of the North to flow down into the sunny regions of the South.

#### THE CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

. According to the law, the citizen burghers are-first, natives established in business; second, land-owners; third, those registered in the local guilds; fourth, those who have fulfilled duties or personal services where they live, and are recorded as having paid the communal taxes. Of these, the merchants must all be inscribed in one of the guilds; but any respectable citizens, artisans, mechanics, and others, who belong to any handicraft corporations; all freedmen, discharged soldiers, emancipated serfs, not belonging to such corporations; also workmen owning their houses, but not registered in the guilds or corporations-all of these can, if they choose, be termed citizen burghers without losing their privileges-and they still belong to the rural communes. Members of the guilds are obliged to pay large sums for the privilege, although they obtain these back in the form of dividends to a certain extent. Free, or crown peasants, can join the corporation of burghers if they are traders, mechanics or manufacturers—but not as agriculturists. Sometimes this privilege is extended to whole rural communities, when, however, it is necessary to obtain the permission of the Government.

In their domestic mode of life, the bourgeoisic cherish all old national traditions, and cling to ancient customs and manners. Few changes or alterations of habit penetrate to the domestic hearth, even in the dress of both sexes—the women with their sarafans, a kind of long gown; and the men with their kafan, a long, broad overcoat, which still obtains among the wealthier. Girls, until marriage, wear their hair in long tresses. On the eve of the wedding-day these are cut—an ancient ceremony prevailing among every class, and accompanied by a pathetic farewell, songs, address to the bride, by her former companions.

The native Russians wear the beard as a national fashion. Among the burgher class the chief luxury is the possession of rich brocades, jewelry, and precious stones, for the use of the women, and to adorn the holy images suspended in their dwellings, counting-rooms, and shops; while at home they delight in the display of rich, heavy silver-plate. Whatever his love for money-making, the Russian merchant, rich or poor, possesses generally more noble characteristics than the masses of this class in other European countries. Advanced in their theories of patriotism, in case of hostile invasion, they would not hesitate for a moment to destroy their houses and goods with their own hands rather than they should inure to the benefit of their enemies.

Finally, as to the burghers, it must be remembered that, comprising an intermediate class between nobles and peasants, they include all those who, being neither gentlemen nor peasants, follow the arts and sciences, navigation or commerce, as well as trades.

## THE NOBILITY.

The people of Russia include, besides the class of which we have spoken and the serfs, two other classes—the nobility and the clergy. Previous to the reign of Peter the Great, the Russian nobility consisted of the descendants of the ancient petty princes of the country, or of lords possessed of vast estates. Peter, however, altered this, and created a new Order of Nobility, founded on merit or on services rendered to the State, and this system has been maintained ever since.

In Russia proper, the nobles are not numerous, but in certain of the provinces, and especially in Poland, there are a great number of them. Few, however, of these latter possess estates, and many of them are in a very destitute condition. All the members of noble families are noble, and

have the same title as the head of the family. On the death of such a one, his estate is divided, according to a fixed scale, among his children of both sexes. Generally speaking, the nobles of Russia are not highly educated, but many are very accomplished, particularly in languages—Russians being noted the world over for their facility as linguists. The nobility of Russia are universally hospitable, and most of them affect the society of literary men and artists. They are, however, given to ostentatious display, and are ruder in their manners toward their inferiors than the same class in other European countries. They keep a great number of servants, the number of such retainers in many families exceeding sometimes five hundred. These receive only a trifling pittance as wages, but are fed and clothed liberally by their masters.

The severity of the climate, the utter suspension of agriculture and most out-door employment in Winter, have induced many of the nobles to enter into manufacturing businesses, these being conducted only during the Winter by the peasants, who are employed in agriculture during the rest of the year. Some manufactures conducted in this way have been eminently successful.

Travelers who have visited Russia speak very favorably of the Russian nobility as a body. Although these have, in many instances, adopted the delicacies of the French cuisine, they do not affect to despise their native dishes. The plainest as well as the choicest wines are collected from the most distant quarters. At the tables of opulent persons may be seen veal from Archangel, mutton from Astrakhan, beef from the steppes, and pheasants from Hungary and Bohemia. The common wines are claret, Burgundy, and champagne; and English beer and porter are found in abundance.

The customary belief in the habits of intemperance of the Russian nobility is now pronounced to be wholly without foundation. In this respect, their habits have undergone a total change since the days of Peter the Great; and now they are noted for their sobriety. This, however, cannot be said of the peasants, who often indulge to excess in their potations.

THE CLERGY.

Next to the nobility stand the clergy, which number nearly half a million. They are educated in ecclesiastical schools kept by monks, and in monasteries. The incomes of the Russian clergy are exceedingly small. A metropolitan receives as such 4,000 roubles—about \$800. An archbishop has 3,000, and a bishop something less; and in these proportions the incomes decrease until, in the lowest ranks, they do not exceed the wages of a maid-servant with us. They do not, however, exist on such incomes as these. The three metropolitans have each a monastery of the first rank, whose incomes are annexed to their own. When these officiate at funerals, baptisms, etc., they receive sometimes very considerable presents, amounting often to five hundred or one thousand roubles. Each bishop, also, has a monastery of the second class, to whose income he is entitled, and all the superior clergy have residences found them, and are maintained and furnished with everything necessary-servants, horses, dogs, even cats, spoons, and plates—at the cost of the crown. The greater number are also provided with a country residence, with arable land, domestic animals, and furniture.

The lower classes of priests have, it is true, more of these things; but as every Russian, even the most miserly, is gratified in administering to their existence, they do not quite starve. The poor nuns seem to be in the worst condition, since they must literally live by the labor of their hands. They are sometimes seen sowing and digging in the poor fields attached to their convents, and even repair their own walls. In Nigher-Novgorod there is a church said to have been built by the hands of nuns from the ground to the

tower. They also weave and knit stockings, silk and woolen girdles, purses, and other articles of clothing, and embroider priestly robes and draperies for wealthier churches and convents.

The influence of the Russian priest is confined to church matters, so far as the domestic life of the Russian is concerned. The priest's advice is seldom asked in family matters, even the domestic chaplains in great houses are there to perform divine service only, and never penetrate into the interior of families. The Russian peasant rather turns to his saints and invokes the sacrament in preference to the priest. It is remarkable how little they respect the authority or presence of the priest. It is very seldom that one is seen trying to settle a dispute or using any moral influence to restore order. Moral influence, indeed, they have little or none, only with the saints in their hands are they feared or respected—only as directors of religious ceremonies, not as interpreters of the living word of God.

#### PEASANTRY.

It is a fact, no less in Russia than elsewhere, that the peasantry form the broad, useful, and solid basis of the whole social and national edifice. Cavil at it as we may, it is certain that the entire social structure of a nation rests upon the working classes as upon a sure foundation.

Curiously enough, the generic name commonly used for the peasantry in Russia is that of "Christian" (Chrestianin). The origin of this term is very ancient, and lies in the fact that it was borne by genuine or aboriginal Russians in opposition to prisoners of war, the conquered tribe, out of whom were derived principally the serfs, all of whom in those distant epochs were heathens.

We have already spoken of the musical characteristics of the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces. These belong to Russian peasants as well. He accompanies all his labor with song. Whether working alone or in company, he sings, and marks any heavy labor, requiring the association of numbers, by rhythm. And the peculiarity he carries into it is as well as associating it with rustic toil or mechanical labor. In the interior of Russia, in the villages and cities, the girls gather on Autumn evenings in the courtyards or open spaces, and forming a circle, sing old songs, principally of love. It is on such occasions, when the sexes are brought together in an amiable and sympathetic frame of mind, that tender relations are established.

The man of the people in Russia is warm-hearted and invariably polite—that is, not in his servile condition toward his superiors, but in his association with his equals. He is also hospitable to the full extent of his means. Hospitality is, in fact, the general character of the whole nation. Nobles, burghers, and peasants practice this almost as though it required the authority of a religious act—and this to an extent quite unknown in the rest of Europe. The word which signifies hospitality in the Russian language is *Chlebosol*, compounded from the words bread and salt—offering in its construction a true and simple meaning of "hospitality," or the act of sharing these articles generously.

In his business relations, the peasant is shrewd and crafty; sometimes even he becomes a sharp rogue. In his favor, however, it must be remembered that he is commonly on the defensive against an unjust and crushing social order—and that cunning and roguery are frequently the only weapons which he can quietly oppose to oppression. A prominent feature in the character of the Russian peasant is an inexhaustible fund of patience, displayed as a species of physical or moral endurance. This attribute is, of course, the outgrowth of centuries of serfdom; but, notwithstanding this faculty for endurance, the outburst of the wrath of the Russian peasantry, when roused by ill-treatment or cruelty, is inexorably bloody and revengeful.

In their mode of life, the Russian peasants in the different sections of the country resemble each other, with the exception of the white Russians, who, being settled on the most unproductive soil in Russia, are the poorest and most degraded. The principal food of the peasantry is farinaceous;—in the northern provinces rye and oats, in the most southern wheat being the staples. Limited to these, the Russian of the lower class fairly gorges himself at his meals, eating probably more at a sitting than can be imagined by those who have not seen his capacity illustrated in practice.

A creditable incident in Russian life generally is a leaning in the direction of cleanliness. The steam-bath, which has been introduced into western Europe and into the United States, has long been a national feature among the Russian customs. All the population of Russia take one of these usually at least once a week.

A small proportion of the peasants live in single habitations and on scattered farms, but the vast mass form rural communities, the basis of which is the land on which the population is settled. To some commune every peasant must belong—and these are large or small according to the quantity of land covered and the density of the population. There are communes counting nearly twenty thousand souls, being, in fact, townships embracing several villages—a village generally counting between six hundred and eight hundred families. The commune government is responsible for the rent, levied on each family. It also maintains the highways and roads on its own territory and the internal police, banks, the distribution of military recruits among families, and the superintendence of primary education

Prior to the time of the present emperor, a special class were termed crown or free peasants, and these had no other master than the sovereign or the Government. In former times, the Czars had a habit of granting to individuals vast territories, these grants conveying also the crown-peasants upon them. Alexander I. abolished this system, and published a ukase, prohibiting any sovereign to make donations of crown-peasants or to sell them or render them liable to servitude for husbandry. The Emperor Nicholas, to his death, maintained this ukase; and when Alexander IL, by a sweeping measure, abolished the entire practice of serfdom, the Russian peasants, both husbandmen and domestic, these including both crown-peasants and serfs, were made entirely free, as regards their persons, while they retained perpetual use and enjoyment of their cottages, gardens, and certain other portions of land.

The Russian peasants, generally, are of a sound constitution, stout, and firmly built, and mostly of a middle stature. They live in cottages formed of logs piled upon each other, and built single or together in villages, the gables to the road. These customarily exhibit only one story, although sometimes two. They are heated by stoves, and are generally comfortable and suited to the climate. Their furniture is limited, consisting chiefly of the necessary wooden

articles, with a pan or two. Beds are little used, the family generally sleeping on benches on the ground, or on the stove. The dress is a long, coarse drugget coat, fastened by a belt around the waist; but in Winter they wear a sheepskin with the woolly side inward. The trousers are of coarse linen. Instead of stockings, woolen cloths are wrapped around the legs, and shoes of matted bark are substituted for



BUSSIAN GLOVES AND SPOOM-

leather. The neck, even in Winter, is bare—a fact which is esteemed a decisive mark by which to distinguish the genuine Russian. The head is covered by a round hat or cap.

If the Russian peasants have rye-bread—the staple article of food throughout the empire—with some sour cabbage-soup, and a lump of fat or hog's lard boiled in it, he considers himself well fed. On holidays, to be sure, he will lux-uriate on butchers' meat, and, on occasions, eggs, salt-fish, bacon, lard, and mushrooms—his favorite being a compound of salt or fresh meat, groats, and rye-flour, highly seasoned with onions and garlic. A dish found on the peasant's table all the year round is salted cucumbers, which, with salted cabbages, form an important article of commerce. These are brought in large vats from the southern provinces to Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other large towns, where they are constantly on sale. They form in every family an important part of domestic economy.

#### THE BATHS.

As we have already observed, the use of the vapor-bath is universal in Russia—not being reckoned a luxury but a necessity—and public baths are met with in all parts of the country. In St. Petersburg the baths for the lower orders, in the suburbs, are very numerous; and, preliminary to some account of this great city, we may quote in this connection from a noted Russian traveler:

"On Saturday evening an unusual movement may be seen among the lower classes in the capital. Companies of poor soldiers, who have got a temporary furlough, troops of mechanics and laborers, whole families of men, women, and children, are seen eagerly traversing the streets with towels under their arms and birch-twigs in their hands. They are going to the public baths, to forget, in the enjoyment of its vapors, the sufferings of the past week; to make supple the limbs stiffened with past toil, and invigorate them for that



RECEPTION OF A BRIDE AT THE HOUSE OF THE BRIDEGROOM'S PARENTS.

As—on account of the extraordinary number of fasts and fast-days in Russia—there are only from sixty to seventy days in the year on which it is permissible to use butchers' meat, the dependence on vegetable food is accounted for.

For drink, the peasants use what they call quas, a fermented liquor, made by pouring boiling water on rye and barley meal. They are also very fond of mead, and still more so of brandy distilled from grain, and other spirituous liquors. The consumption of the latter is immense, amounting to about one hundred million gallons a year, and furnishing annually a large revenue to the Government.

Of late years, the use of tea has become widely extended in Russia.

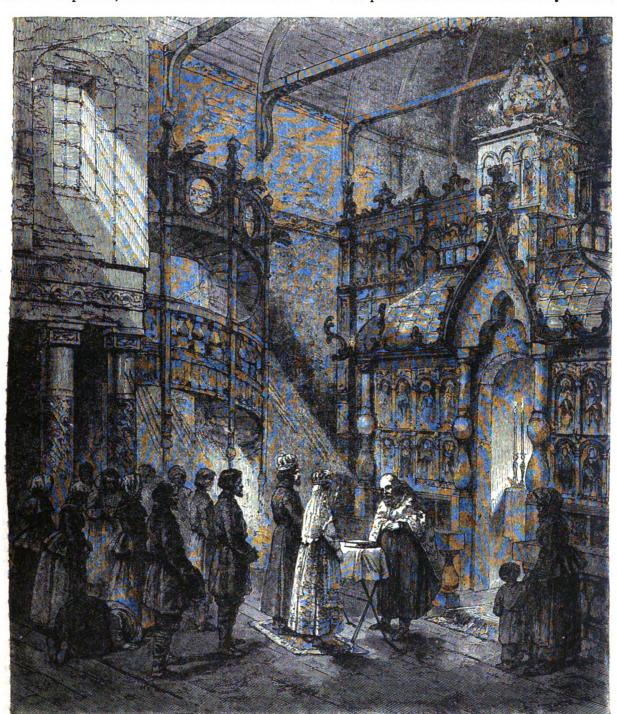
Against the favorable qualities of the peasants must be set the frequency of murder and arson among them, as also the fact that theft is a common crime. The lower classes are also grossly superstitious. which is to come. Before the door, the words 'Entrance to the Bath,' in large letters, attract the eye, and invite the body to enter. Within the doorway—so narrow that only one at a time can work his way in—sits the money-taker, who exchanges the ticket for the bath for a few kopecks, and has generally a whole sackful of large copper coins at his side. Near him are a couple of women selling spirits, while the people are thronging in and out as at a theatre.

"We first enter an open space, in which a number of men are sitting, in a state of nudity, on benches, all dripping with water and perspiration and as red as lobsters, breathing deeply, sighing, puffing, and gossiping, and busily employed in drying and dressing themselves. These have already bathed, and now, in a glow of pleasurable excitement, are puffing and blowing like Tritons in the sea. Even in Winter, I have seen these people drying and dressing in the open air, or in a booth forming an outhouse to the baths. Round this room are the doors leading to the bathing-rooms—large-

wooden apartments, in which a heat of 122 to 145 degs. Fahrenheit is maintained. A thick cloud of vapor conceals, at first, what is going on. Nothing is at first visible but the glimmer of the lamps breaking through the thick atmosphere, and the flame of the heated ovens. To remain here clothed is impossible; neither would it be advisable for a

Here and there may be seen a papa holding his little boy between his knees; others stand near the glowing stoves, as if to increase the perspiration which already runs at every pore; and others again, descending from the upper platforms, have iced-water poured over them by pailfuls."

In the provinces the baths are indifferently conducted;



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN RUSSIA.

well-dressed person to risk an appearance here as a mere spectator.

"There are three platforms, one above another, in these baths, similar to those in the Roman baths, as shown in the paintings found in the baths of Titus. These steps are of different degrees of heat, and on them the bathers lie on their backs or stomachs, while the attendants are employed in scourging them with birchen rods steeped in cold water. the temperature is very irregularly sustained by throwing cold water on large stones heated in an oven. In St. Petersburg they make use of cannon-shot. Excessive use of the bath injures the complexion of the Russian women.

# BALLS, AMUSEMENTS, ETC.

Balls in Russia are conducted in very much the same manner as in other civilized countries. There is, however,

one peculiar and not very agreeable custom connected with them, which is that of leaving one's lady partner in the middle of the room after the dance has concluded, instead of taking her to a seat.

Nothing, perhaps, is more striking to a foreigner traveling through Russia than the utter want of animation in the people. Merry laughs are seldom heard. The peasant's song meets the ear everywhere, to be sure, but these are scarcely to be called joyful ones. They are almost always sad and mournful, being commonly pitched in a minor key.

#### THEIR DWELLINGS AND FURNITURE.

While the houses of the poor peasants, as before observed, are plain and bare, the mansions of the noblemen contain as much beautiful furniture, and as many articles of taste and luxury, as can be seen anywhere in Europe. The apartments are much larger and loftier than is common elsewhere. These are all thrown open at once for the reception of guests, and the long suite of rooms thus disclosed has a very pretty effect. The floors are composed of oak inlaid. Very often each room has a floor in a different design. Splendid chandeliers are everywhere suspended from above, the ceilings are decorated in fresco, and a great deal of coloring adds to the general effect. The chairs are covered with silk of delicate colors. Marble statuettes and elegant vases are placed here and there, and, wherever there is space, there will be found articles of rertu, ornaments. etc.

The lady of the house has a boudoir to herself, which is often a perfect gem in furniture and other appointments. Light-blue and rose-colored satin or brocade abound; the inlaid floor is prettily covered with carpet, tables in marquetterie and ormolu stand about covered with trifles of exquisite taste. Often valuable paintings adorn the walls, which are frequently covered with flowered silk or satin instead of paper. The less wealthy nobility frequently live



A BUSSIAN PRASANT GIRL

in suites of rooms in large hotels built on the plan of those in Paris

The poor nobility keep up their state at whatever expense of comfort. They pay visits in old carriages, worm-eaten and worn, and drawn by four half-starved horses, and accompanied by footmen in miserably soiled and tarnished liveries. Meanwhile, though these gentry may live in misery and discomfort at home, they look down with contempt on merchants and shopkeepers because of their noble birth.

#### COURTSHIP AND LOVE.

In Russia, especially among the lower classes, courtship and love-making are conducted very differently from other countries. Matches are generally made up by professed match-makers. In the villages an old woman is frequently employed by the young man to find him a suitable partner. He gives a correct account of his prospects, indicates how much work his wife will have to do, whether his mother be alive—which is a great consideration in Russia—how large a marriage portion he expects, and so on. The girl being found who is willing to accept the terms offered, the church ceremony takes place as soon as possible. Sometimes the priests marry a dozen couples or so at once. Often old women will go about from house to house for the ladies' castoff dresses to make up their daughter's trousseau. As soon as the Russian bride and groom have concluded all conditions, they go together to call at the houses of their friends and acquaintances to receive congratulations.

One of the principal reasons why ladies in Russia are extremely desirous of being married is that they enjoy little or no freedom until they are so. Before marriage they are under such strict surveillance that they can scarcely go from one room to another without being watched.

In the northern provinces there is a curious custom connected with marriage. When the young woman is going to marry, she invites all her companions to an evening party the night preceding the ceremony. When all the company are assembled the bride speaks, expressing the utmost sorrow and regret at being obliged to bid adieu to all her pleasures and to the friends of her girlhood. She is then joined in her distresses by her acquaintances, who weep and shed tears, and mourn with her over the departed pleasures of her girlhood.

## MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

Lord Bacon declared that the civilization of a people could be known by its marriage ceremonies; and in some respects this may be true, but in so varied and extensive an empire as the Russian the nuptial ceremonies differ so extensively that we shall give some of the most striking instances of their variety.

In some parts, when the match has been arranged, although it very frequently happens the bride and groom have never seen each other, the bride is critically examined by a number of women, in order to discover if she has any bodily defect, and, if any, to remedy it if possible. When the priest has tied the nuptial knot, the clerk or sexton showers upon her head a handfull of hops, wishing that she may be as fruitful as that plant.

She is then muffled up and led home by a certain number of old women, the priest carrying the Cross before, while one of his subalterns, clad in a rough goatskin, prays all the way that she may have as many children as there are hairs on his garment. After this ceremony the husband takes the bride home to his parents. She is received by her father-in-law, who presents her with many handsome bridal gifts. Her mother-in-law also presents her with much good advice as to her future behavior, more especially exhorting her to be obedient to her husband. In some of the provinces the domestic discipline is very severe, and the woman is little

Digitized by GOGIC



A RUSSIAN VILLAGE DANCE

better than a slave, but in the higher circles the lady of the house has her own way, and is treated with the highest consideration.

An American lady thus describes a marriage at which she was present. As it is somewhat different from that already given, we make room for it:

"A small temporary altar was brought out into the body of the chapel, and the wedding-party moved from the high altar and stood before it. The priest placed himself on the right hand of Vistcheslav, and the paranymphs being immediately behind them, he held over the head of each a gilt crown. Gilded tapers were then lighted and put into the hands of both bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids standing near them, but the four paranymphs were their real attendants.

"A cup of wine was now presented to the espoused couple, from which they drank three times. Joyous chants then filled the air, and made Vera's heart beat, especially when she and Vistcheslav, having their hands tied together with a silk handkerchief, were conducted by the priest three times around the little altar, their paranymphs following them, and bearing their crowns and tapers behind them.

"A very soft joyous chant accompanied this part of the ceremony, which constitutes the solemn binding together of man and wife in the name of the Blessed Trinity.

"A Bible was then presented to them to kiss, and the whole company returned to their homes."

# COSSACK WEDDING.

The nuptial festivities of the Cossacks generally commence five or six days before the marriage-day, and continue from night to night till the final ceremony.

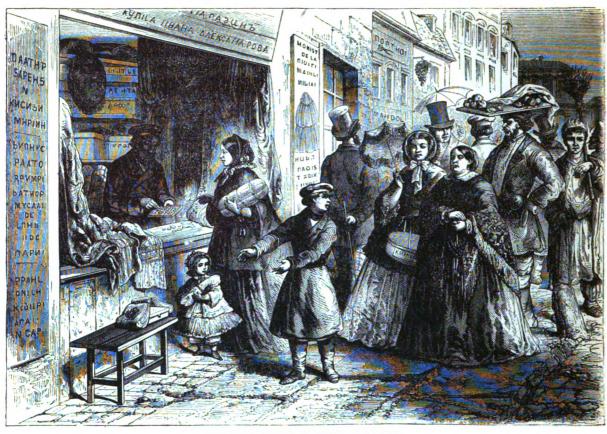
All the female friends of the bride assemble at her house in the morning to work at the bridal outfit. In the evening the young men join them, and seat themselves around the room, the girls standing together in the middle space. One of them offers a glass of wine or brandy to one of the young men, and asks his baptismal name, and that of his father. They then commence to dance in a circle, mingling their names with their songs, and keeping time with their feet. This dance, although it would seem ridiculous if performed by the best dancers at a fashionable ball, is, as executed by these Cossack girls, at once graceful and natural in its simplicity and earnestness.

At noon, on the wedding-day, all the guests assemble at the residence of the bride, arrayed in their holiday suits. The young girls surround the bride, arrange her apparel, dress her hair, and wipe away her tears. None speak except in whispers. All are calm and serious. In consequence of the bewildering number of lady's-maids, by which they all seem to get in each other's way, the toilet of the bride is very tedious, sometimes occupying nearly two hours. When the tire-women announce that her bridal array is complete, the bridegroom takes the hand of his betrothed, and prostrates himself three times before the chief magistrate of the place, whose duty it is to attend on such occasions. The latter holds an image of some saint, which he presents to the young couple, handing them at the same time a dish containing a large loaf of bread; then the parents of the bride take the image and the bread, while the young pair arise, and kiss those consecrated symbols of religion and abundance. And thus ends the Cossack wedding, the ceremonies of which have been handed down for many generations.

#### CEREMONY OF BAPTISM.

A week after the birth of a child it is taken to church to be christened.

The godfather places himself to the right of the godmother, who carries the infant in her arms. The child is then taken by the pricest, who stands with it facing the East.



SHOPPING IN RUSSIA .- EXTERIOR OF BAZAAR.

He blows in its face, and makes the sign of the Cross upon its forehead, mouth, and breast, and then pronounces, in a the blessing of the water and immersion. The child is

to the West, and addresses the god-parents. Then follows loud voice, the name it has to bear. The priest then turns | dipped three times—in the name of the Father, the Son,



SHOPPING IN RUSSIA .- INTERIOR OF BAZAAR.



and the Holy Ghost. It is then anointed by the Holy Chrism, while being held by the godfather, and, finally, it is taken by the godmother, in whose arms it receives the Communion.

There is always something interesting in tracing the relation between the baptismal ceremonies of different nations, more especially between the Roman and Greek Churches.

There is something very imposing in the ceremonies of the Greek Church, and which are eminently calculated to impress the devotional mind. Religion is such a subtle

element in our nature that it requires all the loftier feelings to be enlisted in its service to be made permanent.

Some churches divest worship of all that refines and elevates it, and by taking from religion its appeal to the senses deprives it of much of its power.

A VILLAGE ON THE VOLGA.

A Russian village is not a very attractive sight, although to an American its strange appearance lends it a picturesque appearance. They are generally inhabited by a rough, immoral population, whose chief delight is drinking the strong liquors which have been the bane of Russia since the days of Peter the Great.

A CITIZEN'S FAMILY OF MOSCOW.

must, however, remark that this does not apply to the higher and more cultivated classes of society, which have wonderfully outgrown that debasing habit. Like all dwellers in very cold climates, they, however, indulge in spirituous compounds, which they consider necessary to create that animal warmth which constitutes with them a state of comfortable existence. The interior of one of these village dwellings has been described by a recent traveler:

"On one side of the room sat the peasant's wife, nursing her babe, while another child was standing near her knee, while a third was playing with some cats in the corner. Under the window the owner of the dwelling and three boon companions are drinking themselves into that state of inebriation which is their crowning happiness. It is remarkable that in their worst state of intoxication they seldom or never indulge in any violence to their wives and families. This is in startling contrast to the practice of the Celtic and Saxon races, whose ill-behavior in domestic life almost invariably proceeds from drunkenness."

One of the most lucrative employments of the peasants who live on the banks of the large rivers is the manufacture

of caviare, which they make from the roe of the sturgeon, the flesh of which serves them for food. This pursuit gives to the cabins an almost unbearable odor. which seems to be anything but distasteful to the hardened olfactories of a Russian. Long practice and necessity have made these men very expert in catching the fish which inhabit the streams of Eastern Rus-Out of these finny benefactors Russians make their candles, lamp-oil, and these in a great measure constitute the livelihood of the people.

> VILLAGE DANCE

The Greek Church is very great upon holidays. The calendar contains only

seventy-six days when meat can be eaten; but as a recompense for these fasts there are many festivals that give the people a respite from despotism and toil. Let us describe one of these holidays:

After hearing mass the peasants gather about the doors of the drinking-houses; the men then lounge around, drink, and chat. In the meantime a musician, holding a kind of banjo on his knees, thrums the strings. Then a dancer rises, and commences his task. He first strikes with his heel-tops, and then with his toes. At the commencement the musician seems to be in a state of languid apathy, but as the dance proceeds he rouses himself, and the instrument

becomes alive with rapid notes, while the dancer selects one of the stoutest young women in the crowd, and seizing her around the waist, while she holds on to his belt, they dance around a straight line all the time with a vigor and animation really surprising.

All of a sudden she darts away from her partner, and runs away; he pursues and captures her. She then darts away again, when he again catches her; she then throws him a flower from her head-dress. Without losing a step in the dance, he stoops and picks it up, renews his pursuit, clasps her round the waist, and proceeds with the dance. Other couples now join them, and the fun becomes fast and farious, the figures being left entirely to the fancy of the dancers. Near at hand is an urn of tea, from which the dancers refresh themselves during the dance. When it is finished, the men seat themselves around a barrel of whisky, and drink themselves into a state of oblivion.

#### SHOPPING IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The ladies of Russia devote much of their time to shopping, and expend large sums at the Bazaar. The Bazaar at St. Petersburg is an enormous circular building, containing 913 stores, stocked with every description of wares. The building is fireproof, the staircase and railings are of iron, and considerable beauty has been displayed in the mechanical designs of the gratings. These, together with the doors, are of bronze and have a very picturesque effect. The shops are all shut at the close of the day, and neither fire nor light is allowed within the walls. It is, therefore, entirely a sunlight exposition, and almost defies description. The clerks are either paid a fixed salary or allowed a percentage on the profits. They are usually men of a liberal education, and by a necessity of their position are well skilled in languages. Here at noonday is gathered a carnival of fashion, flirtation, and gossip. As may be supposed, the amount of money spent here is very large, and as the gathering includes visitors from all parts of the world, the scene is very lively, and may be termed a microcosm in itself.

#### THE FAIRS.

Like all young nations, the Muscovite is very fond of fairs, some of which are conducted on a scale of splendor truly barbarous. We have not space to dwell upon the famous fair of Nijni-Novgorod, which far exceeds any similar gathering in the world. There, in endless profusion, every article under the sun is to be found. The most singular thing to an American is that you seldom see a purchaser. It seems like an immense banquet, with the tables bounteously spread, but no guests; and, were it not for the numerous carts laden with goods going from the fair, one would imagine that the merchandise was merely put forth as a show; but while there seems no open bargaining apparently going on, yet behind the store, in a little modest room called the zinofka, sipping their tea, sit two shrewd men: these are the seller and the buyer, each trying to outwit the other. At one sitting large sales are made, although little is said, but every word is to the point. There they sit for hours, like two men engaged at chess.

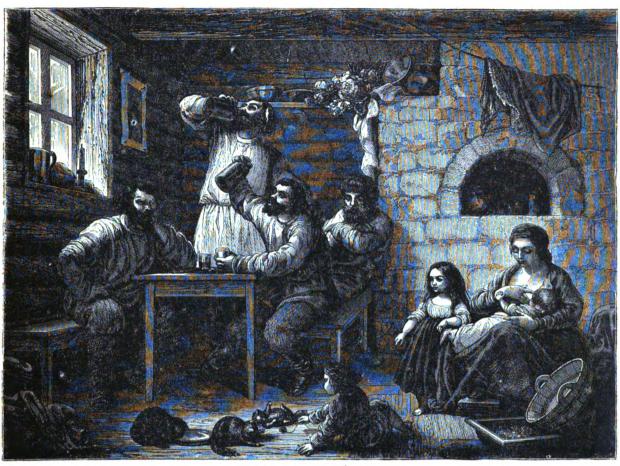
Bargaining in Russia is an institution; there is something quite Oriental in the patience with which each party will try and tire out his adversary. In the bazaars of Constantinople this warfare is carried on over the pipe and coffee, and there are instances where a week is pleasantly consumed in discussing the price of a carpet. In lieu of the pipe and the coffee of Constantinople, there are the papiros and tea at Novgorod, but the tactics are the same, and the victor in this game of patience is as proud of his success as Napoleon was at Austerlitz.

It is difficult to estimate the exact amount of business done at this world-famous fair, but a good authority estimates it at the enormous sum of 200,000,000 roubles, or \$150,000,000.

But fond as the Russian is of money-making, he has another method for his annual visit to this great fair. He



EXTERIOR OF A PRASANT'S HOME.



INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S HOME.

is, above all, a social animal. He loves eating and drinking, and, being of a very robust frame, he is able to enjoy himself to the utmost. He also likes card-playing, tea-drinking, with frequently something stronger—he loves smoking and chatting—in a word, he loves the dolce far niente.

We ought to add that the fair lasts two months. In the government of Kharkof alone there were once 288 fairs. There is, in the first place, the little village fair, held once or twice a week—these supply the daily necessaries of life—the perishable articles; then another fair held every month, where less perishable articles are sold, and where clothing is sold; here also is always found every kind of hardware and household goods; and twice a year a more important fair is held, where the produce of the village is sold or exchanged.

### A POPULAR DANCE, ETC.

Mr. Johnston, a British tourist, gives the following account of an evening he spent at a large casino:

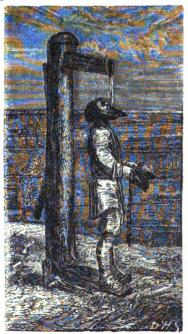
"Attracted by an electric light burning brilliantly over a building I entered a large casino; here the entertainment was various; in the first room, an orchestra on a raised platform was playing quadrilles, whilst ugly-looking girls (these, too, importations from Moscow), in Swedish and Russian costumes, danced what I suppose they intended for the 'can-can.' It is a pity people attempt that for which they have no natural genius; the 'can-can' has a genius if not a merit of its own; I very much doubt whether any nation but the French can dance it. National dances are like national songs, indigenous to a people. Let any one but a Pole attempt to dance the mazurka; let any one but a Scot attempt to dance the Highland fling; but these last dances are pretty in themselves, and even bad imitations of them, although ludicrous, are not revolting. But a 'can-can'

badly danced! Let us turn away from it, and see what they are doing in the next room, where people are sitting at little tables, of course drinking tea; here, as soon as the orchestra has done its quadrille, a performance commences, for which I do not think we have any name in English, unless it be tomfoolery.

"A company of singers form themselves into two lines,

with their leader supposed to represent the famous pirate Stenka Razin-in the middle; he addresses his crew-in prosein what is supposed to be a soul-stirring harangue, telling them that there is a sail in the offing, and they must be prepared to conquer or to die. This speech is a great deal too long; the real historical speeches on such occasions (Cambronne's to wit) have been very short - in fact, monosyllabic.

"After the speech is over, the crew squat down and begin to row hard, to catch up the merchant sail, sing-



A PEASANT IN THE STREETS OF RIGA.

ing, whilst they row, a boatman's song. When all this nonsense is finished, the youngest of the crew gets up and dances what is called a Cossack's dance; this is really pretty and national; it is of the same character of dance as a sailor's hornpipe, with the same heel-and-toe and double-shuffle steps, but the contortions of the body are even more gym-

nastical. I have seen soldiers in Russia when marching home from their drillingground, and when the command has been given 'Singers to the front,' dance this dance, to the tune of a Dutch chorus, sitting on their heels and jumping up again without interrupting the rhythm of their march.

"After Stenka Razin and the Cossacks have done, it is the turn of the gipsies. These gipsies, too (like, in fact, most of the amusements of the fair), come from Petrofski at Moscow. But they are not real gipsies, but mere bogus. Fancy a gipsy in a long queue: reminding one of nothing so much as a negro with a cocked hat and spurs. The tented gipsies, on their heath and steppe, are real kings and queens to these hybrid

monsters; and
I think they
know it; the tame gipsy, on the contrary, has a kind of
anxious, unsteady look about the eye, as if aware of the

"I remember not long ago coming across a gipsy encampment on the steppes in Russia; the men were sitting down playing at cards (a pastime they alternate with that of

ludicrousness of the figure it makes.

horse-stealing; mind, I do not warrant the honesty of the ideal gipsy!) some of the men looked so like Persians that, out of ethnological curiosity, I asked them what they

"We are the lords of the fields,' they answered—'we fly our hawks where we find our game, and ask no

man whose ground we ride over."

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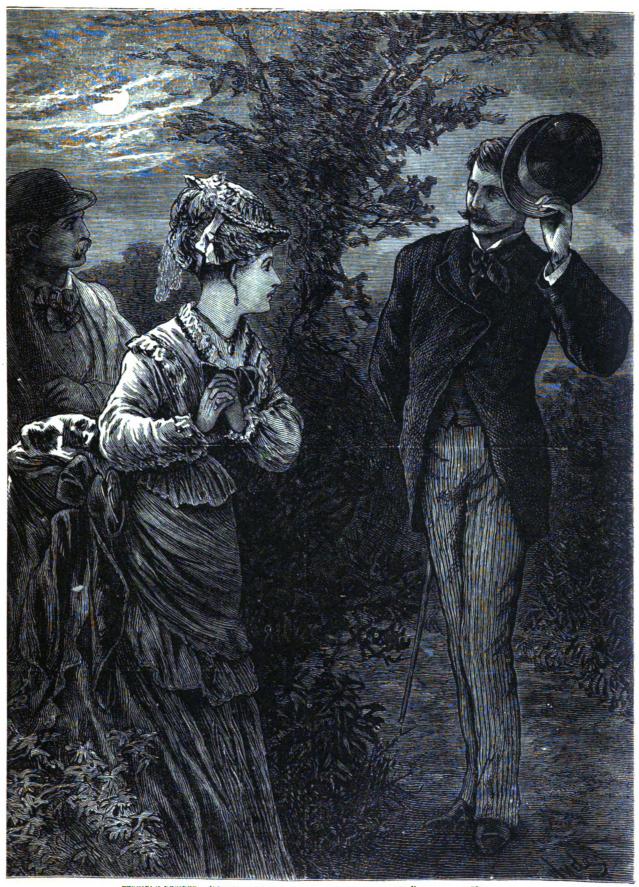
#### LOSSES.

A MAN Seems never to know what anything means till he has lost it; and this, I suppose is the reason why losses vanishings away of things -are among the teachings of this world of shadows. The substance. indeed, teacheth, but the vacuity, whence it has disappeared, yet more. The full significancy of those words, property, ease, health — the wealth of meaning that lies in the fond epithets, parent, child, friend-we never know till they are taken away; till, in place of the bright, visible being, comes the awful and desolate shadow, where nothing is-where we stretch our hands in vain, and strain our eyes upon dark and dis-



THE LOST BRIDE.—SEE PAGE 526.

mal vacuity. Still, in that vacuity, we do not lose the object that we loved; it only becomes more real to us. Thus do blessings not only brighten when they depart, but are fixed in enduring reality; and friendship itself receives its everlasting seal beneath the cold impress of death.



TERRIBLY DECIDED. - "I THINK THAT I HEARD MY NAME MENTIONED."-SEE PAGE 526.

# THE LOST BRIDE

My lady steps in her carriage, But a weight is on her heart, Since she sold herself in a marriage Where love had never a part.

She hates herself when she rises, And decks herself so gay, And to herself surmises What the world around will say.

When it reads in the papers to-morrow

That the lover she jilted and slew

With her icy glance, in his sorrow

His own life has taken. too.

For the lady so fair, and pearl-laden, She killed all her treasure in life When she swore on the faith of a maiden She would be a proud millionaire's wife.

## TERRIBLY DECIDED.

H, Sarah, you are too absurd!" And pretty Grace Ashleigh laughs her pleasantest laugh. "The idea of loving two men at once, and not knowing which to choose! I don't believe you at all."

"Believe or not, Grace; just as you please," is the soft, seriousvoiced answer.

Those wonderful deep, hazel eyes of Sara Prescott's turn all their subdued richness of color toward her friend whilst she speaks, and every feature of her beautiful oval face wears an impress of earnest meaning.

"It is true, Grace," she whispers; "true, true, true! There are moments when I feel confident that Ralph Cnrtis, with his dark, southern-looking beauty, and his impulsive, reckless ways, is by far the dearer to me. But a visit from blond-haired, blue-eyed Walter Crosbie changes everything. I am just tossed about in spirit from one to the other. Each seems to touch, with me, a separate chord of congeniality. I don't know how it will end. Here they have both been lingering along at the hotel, Grace, paying me daily visits since the first of July."

"Perhaps," suggests Grace, after a little silence, whilst they walk along through the twilit paths of the great lawn, which compasses the luxurious summer-house where Sara Prescott lives—"perhaps you will end by hating them both, Sara?"

"I cannot tell. And yet that seems impossible."

"Very well," answers Grace; "I must ask you to have my carriage ordered round now, Sara, notwithstanding that I should like to remain and help to counsel you in your troubles; but please remember that I have seven miles to drive, and that mamma makes a perfect Rachel of herself if I stay out after dark."

So Grace presently takes her departure, and Sara is left to hold converse with her own thoughts, whilst she begins a second, and this time a wholly solitary, stroll among the stately shrubberied lawns.

Very gloomy and miserable those thoughts are. She recalls, with a sense of shrinking fear, how intense a passion for her has recently grown to possess both Ralph Curtis and Walter Crosbie—how each has become almost aggressive, of late, in his fierce request for some final answer to his eager hopes, and how the more that either pleads the more abso-

lute and complete has been her indecision, her doubt, her perplexity.

No; she cannot make up her mind. Allow that she is mentally a monstrosity of womanhood; allow that nobody has even been precisely in her unsettled condition; the fact exists, all the same, that she loves two men at once, and has no power to choose between them.

Suppose they should have some deadly quarrel on her account: Nothing is more probable. They have grown cordially to hate each other; of that fact Sara feels right sure. They are living at the same hotel, and are constantly thrown together. Sara shudders when she remembers what evidences she has had of how fierce a temper each possesses. Oh, why cannot she be like other women? Why must she suffer so keenly from what seems nothing except her own gross stupidity and silly irresolution?

Just at this stage of Sara's thoughts the sound of a footstep directly behind her meets the young girl's ear. She turns, and in the vague dark sees Walter Crosbie's tall, commanding figure, and fair, Saxon face. He begins speaking with brusque suddenness: "Sara—Miss Prescott—I have come to bid you good-by."

She clasps both hands together in an abrupt burst of surprise.

"You cannot possibly mean it?"

"I do. I am tired of being played fast and loose with, from day to day."

"You are not going," she answers, calmly, after a little silence, and whilst they were walking on. "I know by your tones and your manner that it is only a ruse. You are not going until I—I give you a final answer."

"And for God's sake," Walter bursts forth, "when is that final answer coming? There are times, Sara Prescott, when I feel like believing that no more heartless coquette than yourself ever drew breath, and that you care no more for me than you care for Ralph Curtis."

"Pardon me. I think that I heard my name mentionel."

None other than Ralph Curtis himself spake these words. The vague half-light has now yielded to the brightening glimmer of a full, superb moon, whose silver globe hangs midway between horizon and zenith, beautifully pendent in the still, blue, breezeless dusk.

Ralph Curtis, having just emerged from behind a dark barrier of tall, heavy shrubbery round which the road winds, stands facing Walter Crosbie and Sara, his black-eye, olivebrown countenance fully visible to them both. Under his dark moustache there plays a bitter, cynical smile.

Sara utters a little scream of dismay.

"How unexpected!" she falters; and then there is a silence among the trio, which lasts until Walter Crosbie harshly breaks it.

"Very unexpected," he exclaims; "and yet, after all, scarcely inopportune. I, for one, am glad that it has occurred. It gives me, at least, the opportunity of asking you, in Mr. Curtis's presence, Miss Sara, how much longer you desire that this absurd masquerade shall continue. With whom—to make a sort of epigram out of the situation" (whilst he laughs a low, discordant laugh)—"do you wish to walk home with, Mr. Curtis or myself?"

And then Ralph Curtis speaks promptly:

"I echo Mr. Crosbie's question."

Whereupon poor, weak Sara bursts into tears.

"Please both go away," she murmurs, brokenly.

"I can walk home just as well alone by myself." Silence.

This time it is a silence that Ralph Curtis ends.

"That is no answer, Miss Sara."

"Right," states Walter Crosbie, with stern emphasis. "It is no answer."



"I—I can't help it," laments Sara. "Please go—both of you."

Suddenly a fierce flash shoots from the night-like eyes of Ralph.

"Let there be some decision," he cries, addressing Walter. "If Miss Prescott will not make it herself, it is for us to do so."

"I do not understand," replies Walter.

Ralph draws nearer to him.

"I beg your pardon," he commences, speaking to Sara; and then there follows between the two men an inaudible whispered conference which she, who witnesses it, watches and wonders at. The conference continues nearly five minutes; and at last Ralph Curtis turns toward Sara.

"Miss Prescott, Mr. Crosbie and I have formed a compact together. Do you see where yonder road emerges from

those clumps of shrubbery?"

"Yes," answers the puzzled girl, in right puzzled tones.

"Very well. We desire you to wait here. We will disappear. When you next see either of us it will be as he advances toward you, doubtless at fullest running speed along that same road. One will in all probability win the race which we propose to run, but if it proves a neck-and-neck race, then—then——"

"Then?" questions Sara, with trembling voice.

"Then," Walter Crosbie here breaks in, "you will walk home alone. Do you quite understand, Miss Sara? Think, for a moment, and I feel sure that further explanation will be useless."

"I — I— have thought," quivers Sara, "and — and —I think—I am sure, indeed—that I understand."

"Very well," exclaimed Walter. "Do you consent to such an arrangement, strange and wild as it seems? Reflect for a moment before replying."

Sara covers her face, impulsively, with both hands, and remains in this attitude for a brief while. Then she uncovers her face again, with an equal impulsiveness, and cries out, in tones almost flerce from intense excitement:

"I have reflected; and I consent."

SARA is standing quite alone now, in the clear, perfect moonlight. Around her gleam the shadowy lawns, broken with their great, dusk masses of foliage. Her eyes are fixed intently upon that fragment of opposite road which its skirting shrubberies allow her to see. She is listening—listening with strained, anxious ear, and with every nerve on the qui vive of expectancy.

Presently there is the distinct sound, at what seems a considerable distance, of rapid, advancing feet. Sara's eyes fairly dilate, and her head stretches itself forward in the wild eagerness of her feelings.

The steps come nearer, nearer—heavy, decisive thuds of vigorous feet against hard, unyielding gravel.

And now, without a moment's warning, the steps cease. Then there is a man's wild, fierce cry; after that, what seems a second of silence; and then the dreadful, cracking, unmistakable sound of a pistol.

Just for a brief space Sara stands as though frozen into stone. Then she rushes down the road, turns the corner made—so to speak—by the great shrubbery clusters, and darts on, on, with fleetest speed. A long, quivering, terrified moan leaves her lips, as she pauses at last by a dark, outstretched form.

"Walter—Walter Crosbie! for God's sake, what has happened?"

No answer.

And then she sees the ghastly upturned face, and the long, gory stream that oozes from its temples!

Not two yards distant there is another prone form. Sara staggers toward it.

Ralph Curtis's swarthy face gleams, livid and ghastly, in the pale moonlight!

"His fault," he gasps—"all his fault! He stabbed me as I was passing him. Then I fired—not till then. God help you—poor Sara—poor Sara!"

These are the last words he ever speaks. And so the race has been run; and so Death has won it.

Curious Plane-Tree between Smyrna and Bournabat.

Bournabar is a village of citizens' Summer residences near Smyrna, each house with its own charming garden. It has a pretty mosque and a beautifully clean bath, watered by the river Meles, on the banks of which Homer sat and sang for all the generations of the world after him. The road from Smyrna—a city that recalls not only Homer and paganism, but Polycarp and Christianity—is skirted by lovely meadows between fine mountains, clothed in the richest and highest green, beds of wild flowers on all sides, and hedges filled with hawthorns, degroses, and acacia blossoms, filling the air with their sweet perfume, and the Judas-tree with its tall spikes of bright and lovely lilac flowers on the leafless branches.

On this charming road meet and go through, if it so pleases you, the curious plane-tree shown in our illustration. A double trunk, coalescing above into a single trunk, forms an arch supporting its mass of leaves and branches, and leaving a passage, through which not only the pedestrian, but even a mounted man may easily proceed, and, in fact, the sidewalk for this class of travelers leads directly through this natural arch. The Oriental plane, which grows to the height of sixty or eighty feet, is one of the noblest trees of the East, on account of its massive trunk and widespreading branches.

The large leaves are glossy green, but before them, in the Spring, appear the curious balls of blossoms.

# CHASED BY A LION.

I had been for some months leading the wild, excited life of an African hunter among the plains and forests that extend far back of Port Natal.

It was the second expedition I had made, and though on my return from my first voyage I promised myself that nothing should ever tempt me to undertake similar hardships and perils, here I was back again, in less than five years, after sailing toward home and the pleasure of civilized life.

We had met with such ill-luck for several days that we had absolutely no meat left in the camp; each of us had gone out in different ways in pursuit of something eatable, and we had reached that stage of necessity where our ideas took a range that would have made us accept anything from an elephant to a rabbit as legitimate prey.

I had been riding for several hours, and was disconsolately turning my horse's head toward the camp, vexed to think I should be the one to go back empty-handed, for the report of several rifles at intervals had warned me that my companions had met with better success.

Just then I saw, some distance in advance, an immense i buffalo feeding tranquilly upon the short grass, and evidently as unconscious and heedless of any danger as his ancestors might have been in the days when the foot of no European adventurer had trodden those desert wilds.

I took aim and fired, wounding the beast slightly in the left shoulder. The sting of the wound seemed to cause him



more rage than pain. He began running about in a circle, tossing his head, pawing the ground, and bellowing in the most outrageous manner.

I was seized with a desire to drive the creature into camp, and I spurred my horse toward him, brandishing my rifle, supposing that he would take flight without delay, and that I should be able to make him pursue the direction which I desired him to take.

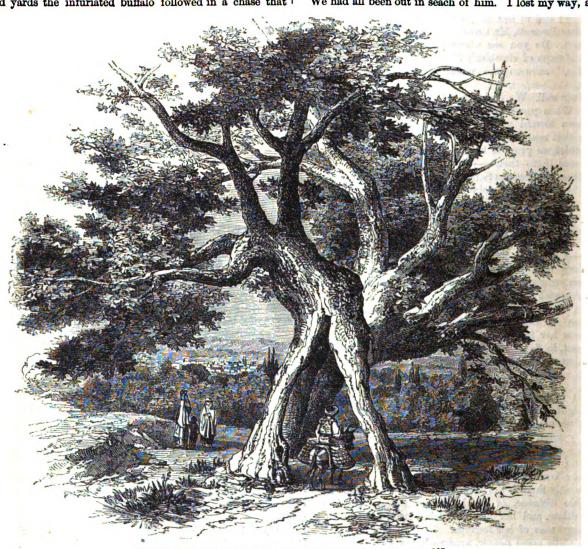
Not a bit of it! The instant he caught sight of me he gave another bound that flung a cloud of dirt into the air, uttered a bellow fiercer than before and darted toward me.

My faithful horse started on a mad gallop, and for a hundred yards the infuriated buffalo followed in a chase that with a last bellow of pain the enormous creature fell in an unwieldy mass never to rise.

This happened, as I have said, during my second expedition, and not far from the place of the first encounter, so that I began really to be a little superstitious, and to think that if a third arrived it was to be the end of those wild adventures which caused so much anxiety to the few who loved me.

The guides had told me when I rose in the morning that they had found the tracks of a lion, who had evidently been amusing himself during the night by promenading as near our fires as he considered prudent.

We had all been out in seach of him. I lost my way, and



CURIOUS PLANE-TREE BETWEEN SMYRNA AND BOURNABAT.—SEE PAGE 527.

had assumed a very different aspect from the one I had anticipated. We dashed through a thicket of bushes covered with sharp thorns, that cut my horse's sides and literally tore my clothes from my back, but there was nothing else for it.

When the animal was not more than eight feet behind, I turned suddenly upon the saddle and fired, sending another ball through his right ear and grazing his hip without wounding him more seriously than the first had done.

But this time fear overcame his rage; he stopped short and showed symptoms of flight. I sprang from my horse, the admirably trained creature stopping motionless as a statue at my command, and I reloaded my rifle with all speed.

I took a more deliberate aim and fired again; this time my sight was surer—the ball passed through his lungs, and when I found myself once more in a known latitude I overtook my servant, whose horse was lamed by a fall, and he told me that the lion had been discovered several miles down the river.

I left him to make the best of his way back to the camp. and dashed along the bank with all speed, anxious to arrive upon the scene of conflict before the forest king should have fallen.

When I reached the group I found that they had missed the lion, and they stood debating; I rode on in advance for perhaps a quarter of a mile.

I began to fear that the beast had escaped us altogether, and was on the point of turning back to rejoin my companions, when, at a sudden turn in the path, I caught sight of the object of our search.



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The lion—the largest I had ever seen—bounded across the path, and plunged into a thicket not more than a hundred yards in advance of me.

I rode up and dismounted from my horse. Peering into the thicket, I could dimly see his immense form crouched among the dried grass and weeds.

I fired, and he fell so instantaneously, without a single groan, that I supposed I had struck him to the very heart.

I reloaded my rifle, got on my horse, described a half-circle, raised myself in my stirrups, and took a closer view of my victim. A single glance sent the blood in a torrent to my heart—I had missed him!

There he lay, crouched upon the ground; no sign of life except in the upturned ears that quivered slowly, and the terrible fire of his eyes fastened menacingly upon me.

I was quite near him; in front of me was an immense ant hill; I counted the chances of being able to reach that elevation, and spurred my horse closer to him to take a surer aim.

Suddenly, with a frightful roar, the lion sprang up, made a bound forward; my horse leaped back, and darted off with the speed of the wind.

But just as he flew the infuriated beast followed still faster. But, forward in the saddle, with my spurs buried in my horse's flanks, I looked back. On dashed the lion, making two bounds to one of my faithful steed—a frightful chase, a repetition of which no man could desire.

Could I turn in the saddle and fire while my horse was galloping at such a fearful pace? Doubtful as was the chance—I must say it—a few more of those terrible leaps, and the creature would be upon me!

To take aim was impossible. I was crouching forward on the horse's neck upon my left side; my right hand held the rifle above my head in a last wild instinct of self-preservation.

Another sullen roar—a still wilder leap—and the lion passed, one paw striking my shoulder with such force that I nearly fell to the ground. But, as he sprang, my horse bounded to the left with a force which sent our pursuer rolling over upon the ground. Before he could rise I had reached the hill, managed to dismount, and fired with an aim which it seemed to me must have been directed by some good angel.

I broke the left paw of the brute just at the joint.

He darted aside and made for the thicket, roaring till the very air shook, and even my trained and courageous horse trembled in every limb, though through all his fright he obeyed my slightest word or signal.

At that moment the rest of the party rode up; they had followed me, and the sound of my rifle had warned them of my adventure.

I could not think of danger now; the hunter instinct was at its height. I could only remember that my prey might escape. The men surrounded the thicket. I rode wildly over the trampled bushes across which he had taken flight. I saw him again cowering for another spring, while he yelled with rage and pain. I had snatched a gun from some-body's hand. I fired once more, and a deeper groan told with what success. Again the trusty bullet hissed out; the gigantic animal rolled over upon his back; there was a last roar, a flerce struggle, then he lay quite still.

When we came to examine the carcass we found that it was an old lion, very fat, and enormous in size, his great yellow claws worn, broken, and reduced to four upon the forward paw.

As we rode back to camp, and I received the congratulations and praise of my companions, I felt no thrill of exultation—nothing but a deep sense of thankfulness at having escaped that horrible peril. Even to this day, when I look at the glossy skin which lies in my library, and which my children regard with such pride, I only wonder at the daring spirit which could have made me brave such hardships and dangers in that far-off land.

## THE FAMILY SECRET.



HAT'S all, sir. But I—I'll never forget the way in which you've heard my story, father," his rough voice a little unsteady.

"No, Dick. Come, now, let's drink Miss Nelly's health. You want to be off, I know."

I thought the young dog never looked so handsome as he did that moment, pulling his brown beard, blushing and stammering like a girl.

"You will come over and spend Christmas week with them, father?" as I uncorked the wine.

"Yes, Dick. Here's to Nelly's blue eyes, and luck to yourself, boy. I'll write a note to Solmes to-morrow, and come over on Tuesday."

Dick left me with my wine and cigars a few moments later. I got up and sauntered to the window to watch him mount and gallop out of the yard.

It was snowing heavily, a thick gray sky promising a very long continuance of falling weather; a cold, crisp air blowing; just the right weather for the time; for a sloppy warm Christmas wrongs me personally.

I was glad Dick had mude up his mind to marry, though it moved me more than he knew; he had been my sole companion so long. But he needed a woman's influence in his life now. I had done what I could since he was three years old; I had tried to be watchful, gentle, with the boy; to catch glimpses of the woman's side of his nature, as she would have done who was gone.

The effort had kept me young, whatever other effect it might have had—given a different position to both than that usually held by father and son—made me more of his friend than his mentor. It may have lessened his respect for me, perhaps; I do not know.

Well, I was glad Dick was going to marry. I had amassed a tolerably heavy surplus at my banker's during the later years of my practice—enough for us all to have a solid foothold. Then the farm needed attention. I was no practical agriculturist: Dick was. If he married, he would settle down in earnest, and give Jim Tiernes and the club-house the go-by. Then I glanced about the room, with its handsome, ill-kept furniture, and pictured the change which neat little Nelly Solmes would make in a day or two, with her bright, keen eyes, and arbitrary ways. I liked my son's choice. If Nelly's pretty head was set with a dogmatic turn on her shoulders, she had a kind, honest heart, and sound common sense beneath all.

Her father, Cyrus Solmes, had been a college chum of mine—but while I had turned in to hard work as a country doctor, Solmes had gone into business, made a snug little fortune, married late in life, and came back to the old homestead, about a year before my story commences, with his wife and their only child, Nelly.

I had no fears about Dick's success. The girl liked him; Solmes and I had a real cordial friendship and trust in each other; and, as for outside matters, the properties would dove-tail well together, and the families ranked alike.

On the following Tuesday with my carpet-bag, I started out for Solmes's. The snow had fallen steadily and lay nearly two feet deep, with a glittering crust upon it, on the

broad stretch of hills which the road skirted, and piled in feathery wreaths on the black branches of the forests of oak and beach. A pale, Winter sun made a feeble, bluish light, foreboding heavier storms—just the sort of day for a blazing fire, cheerful faces, and dinner such as I knew awaited me. I looked forward to a week of thorough, hearty enjoyment.

"If Mrs. Solmes only kept clear of her fits!" I thought, whipping up Jenny impatiently. For the lady was subject to odd attacks, singular in a person of her healthy physique and sanguine temperament.

They were superinduced by some violent mental excitement; of that, as a physician, I had no doubt. Yet what trouble ever came into her life?

At this juncture of my musings, the little lady's flushed, jolly face appeared at the upper window of the house, which I had now reached.

She nodded, laughed, waved her handkerchief, and disappeared, to turn back and nod again.

She had three realities in her life—her husband, Nelly, and the pantry—out of which there came comfort and warmth enough to lighten the whole world to her. But she had these curious attacks notwithstanding, and they puzzled me more than I liked to say.

The old Solmes' homestead was a roughly built large dwelling of stone, covering an irregular space of ground, in the middle of apple and plum orchards, one wing after another having been added as necessity might require, without much consideration for order or effect. The oldest part of the building, used as a store-house, had fallen, under Mrs. Solmes's orderly rule, into a receptacle for Winter provisions, into which no one but herself ever penetrated. It was from one of the dormer-windows of this wing she looked now. The whole establishment looked like its mistress, I fancied—low, large, squat, and glowing with hospitality. The very open door, the great fires blazing inside, the solid barns in the background, and the fat-sided cows in their paddocks knew it was Christmas time, and were glad of it.

Solmes was out on the steps, rubbing his hands, waiting to help me to alight, his face, between the wind and excitement, in a red heat to the very tip of his hook-nose.

Solmes had worked all the flesh off his bones in the first part of his life; but I think he meant to collect and enjoy to the uttermost, in the few years left to him, all the fun and comfort he had lost, and I never knew a man with a broader or heartier capacity for enjoyment; there was not a twinkle of his gray eye which did not betray it. Dick and Nelly were in the background, watching the arrival. So, matters were going on smoothly in that direction, I concluded. However, I had no chance to ascertain from Dick what progress he had made, until I had gone to my own room for the night, when he tapped at my door and came in. Solmes himself had just left me; had brought in a jug of excellent punch, "in case I felt thirsty during the night." The old fellow seemed to rejoice like a boy at having his old chum under his roof, so that his hospitality knew not how to express itself.

"We'll have no other guests this Christmas," he said, "so that we can take our time in going over the old stories."

So we sat long over our wine, and longer over coffee, telling old jokes, and tracing up the fate of the "boys," gray-headed as ourselves now, or dead.

Solmes heard Dick coming along the hall.

"There's your boy, Caldwell," he said. "He's a thorough chip of the old block. My heart warms to that fellow as if he were a son of my own."

"A pity you never had a boy, Cyrus," I said, drawing off my boots. "Nelly is the best of daughters, I know; but a son—"

I looked up when I had gone so far, and then stopped short. Solmes's face was flushed, nay, almost menacing.

"What have I said, Solmes?" I asked, involuntarily.

"Nothing. We will not talk of—of Nelly. Good-night."
He held out his hand, and then bustled about the room, the cordial look coming back before he left me for the night.

"Well, Dick?" I asked, stretching myself out in the luxury of a dressing-gown and slippers. "What success have you found?"

Dick's face, as he stood leaning against the mantel-shelf, was graver than I had ever known it. I began, from that moment, to understand how the boy had taken this matter to heart, and no one can know how deeply it touched me that, in this crisis of his life, he came to me with his confidence.

"What is it, boy?" I demanded, impatiently. "She did not refuse you?"

"Nellie loves me, father, but she says she never can marry. Some obstacle, with which her father and you have something to do. The poor little thing sobbed so that I could make nothing out of it. She hinted something about family honor—our family——"

"Eh? What? That is a matter for Solmes and me, boy. The Caldwells never were rich, but they've something else to be proud of."

"You are angry without cause, father."

"It may be that you mistook maidenly shyness for something deeper, that——"

"No," decisively. "I've flirted with too many women not to understand them. Nelly is free from any such tricks or turns. She is downright and earnest in her least word. There is some actual impediment in the way. She would only wring her hands and say she dared not speak, that she never could marry."

"I'll talk to Solmes in the morning, Dick; 'family honor' is his business and mine, if it has come to that."

"It might be as well, sir."

The young fellow was pacing the floor, with his head down. I waited awhile.

"What is it, Dick? Is there anything more to trouble you?"

"No. That is—pah! I'm a fool, I think!"

"Perhaps. In what way, for example?"

"It is nonsense, I know, father," stopping before me, his face very red. "I've enough of real vexation to bear without going to the next world to find it; but—well, upon my word, sir, I'm afraid to go to bed."

I laughed. "What is it? Out with the whole story, Dick."

"There's no story to tell," almost gruffly, buttoning his coat. "I'm sorry I spoke of it. I've been annoyed every night since I came, by a dream—we'll call it a dream, for want of a better name, but it is as horrible a reality as I ever wish to meet."

"The same every night, Dick?" taking his wrists, and laying my fingers on his pulse. "Cool enough. Stomach all right. It is the result of the day's excitement, then."

"Perhaps," dubiously. "Well, I'll go take a walk in the snow before I go to my room. Don't laugh at me. You know I'm not usually addicted to fancies like that."

"No, Richard. It is easily accounted for. What shape does your visitor assume, by the way?"

"That of a face—the long, lantern-jawed face of a young man, with blue eyes, and thin, gray hair."

"Gray!"

"Gray—but the face is young, as I said, with a cold, malignant leer on it. The dream, if it be one, comes just as I waken—the face appearing sometimes in a dark corner, sometimes gibbering between the curtains, once close over

my head. I could swear that I felt its clammy breath on my mouth."

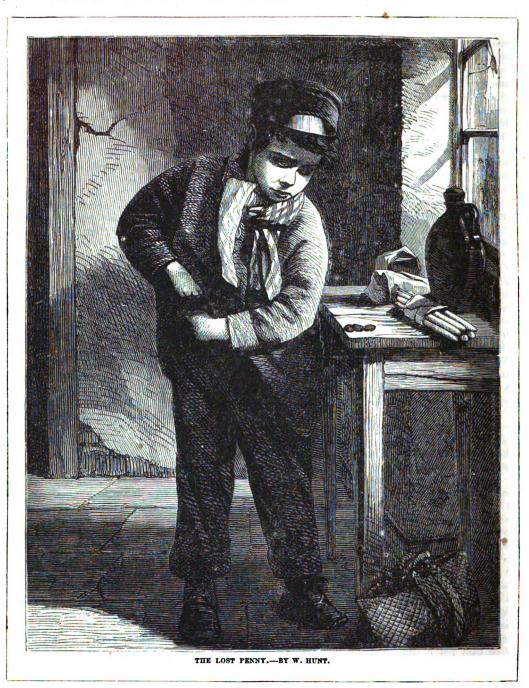
I said nothing. Some curious old remembrances were coming to my mind.

"Had you ever heard, Dick," I said, just as he was going, "that this house was haunted? There is such a story."

He laughed. "I never heard of it. However, there is

an upper room, and, though usually covered, Dick might have seen it too, and hence his dream. I had heard the story.

How that, through grief, at the loss of a young wife, whom he dearly loved, his hair turned gray, and his reason slowly forsook him, until the end came. There was something else in the story—hushed up; covered over; I knew not what.



scarcely a farm-house in the country, sir, which is not haunted, according to popular report."

"Indeed? Well, good-night!"

Dick's story left an odd impression on me.

It was curious that he should have seen that face. It was, indeed, an exact description of the countenance of a man dead fifty years ago; a Solmes, too, and one who died by his own hand in this house.

"A strange coincidence!" I thought, tumbling into bed.

I had seen the portrait of this Rivers Solmes. It hung in

I was not a superstitious man; yet, on the contrary, was too much accustomed to the discoveries of unsolved mysteries in physiology to condemn any vulgar beliefs because they were vulgar.

If Rivers Solmes chose to appear as a ghost, why should he not? What law of nature was there to say him nay?

So, feebly wandering from Dick's dream to his affair with Nelly, I fell asleep—thinking, however, what an unlikely thing this house, with its present inmates, was for ghosts to operate in.

made me pause

with a sudden

intangible

dread; shook

me, as I might

say, thoroughly

awake. It

might have

been a singular

flicker in the

moonlight, or a

stir in the air

as of some one

breathing, but

it gave me a

vague con-

sciousness that

I was not alone. I sat up, brac-

ing myself

straighter, as

men do when

they are fright-

ened, and then,

ashamed, beat

No darker shadows were about it than those cast on the snow by the bare-limbed fruit trees and current bushes. and no weightier mysteries were hidden inside, I believed, than Solmes's speculations on the rise of stock, or his wife's plans for dinner next day.

The room in which I slept was assuredly unfitted for any spiritual presence; it contained neither



THE FAMILY SECRET.—"THE SNOW HAD FALLEN STEADILY, AND LAY NEARLY TWO FEET DEEP."—SHE PAGE 530.

the ancient hangings, nor portrait with unfathomable eyes en règle in ghost appearances. It was a square, newly furnished chamber, with French bedstead, wardrobe, etc., shining with fresh varnish; a glowing fire burned in the grate, lit up the brass fender, the crimson carpet, the grayish walls, to a point outside of all mystery. There wasn't a shadowlarge enough for a ghost to hang his hat on. So, drawing my nose quite underneath the blankets, I slept soundly.

I do not know how long-long enough for the fire to burn into red embers, giving a sickly flush, now and then, but failing to warm the cold air in the room, leaving it to be lighted, too, by the chilly pallor of the Winter moonlight, which came in through unshuttered windows.

I awoke with a start, feeling as if a cold hand had been laid on my face; it may have been the air, though, for the night was freezing.

I sat up, feeling an oppression upon my chest, and looked about the room with that vague swerving of the brain of which one is conscious on being roughly awakened.

The window was square, and the patch of bluish white lay in the centre of the room; outside of that was darkness, in which I could dimly trace the outlined furniture. Beyond the window I could see the opaque-blue Winter's sky, with Orion's belt full in view.

I gathered up the quilt over my shoulders preparatory to another nap, when something — to this day I don't know whatup the pillow. Bah! I was nervous; Dick's story had infected me; but I peered about the room sharply, from the ceiling to the shadows of the bedpost on the carpet.

There were no triangular, greenish figures on the carpet, I remember, and I counted them to prove that I was entirely awake.

Nothing was in the room, however, that should not be there, and I was about composing myself again to sleep, when there was a sort of shudder, if I may so express myself, in the darkness of one corner, where a protruding closet and a wardrobe made a heavy shadow—an uncertain, undefined motion at first. I leaned forward with a cold shiver, I confess it, in my blood.

That story of Dick's, and the watching now, half-asleep, had completely unnerved me.

For a moment there was a breathless silence; then, out of this darkness in the corner, there came slowly a head, the face of a young man, with long, sunken jaws and peaked features, with watery-blue eyes, and gray hair falling thin and straight down to the shoulders. It was the very face of

the portrait, but older and more pinched and wan.

However, the picture was taken in life, and this-

I drew my breath sharply and tried to rise; the eyes of the thing had been laid on mine from the first, a cold weight; they rested there immovable, while the whole figure slowly emerged into the pallid moonlight - a tall, bony man's



THE FAMILY SECRET .- "HANDS LIKE CLAWS, AND BLOODLESS AS THE FACE, PROJECTED FROM THE SLEEVES.

frame, dressed apparently in a loosely hanging garb of black. Hands like claws, and bloodless as the face, projected from the sleeves, and were thrust out toward me, as if in supplication or warning.

The night air blowing suddenly through the window lifted the gray hair; this was life-like, real.

I sprang forward with a cry, stumbled over the bedclothes, and fell headlong on the floor, catching, as I fell, at the place where the figure had stood.

I caught only air.

It was gone! nothing between me and the window but the moonlight on the floor.

If I had been asleep before, I was completely awake by this time; my courage came oozing back somehow also.

I got up with a whistle, rubbing my leg that had been skinned by the fall, and went about discovering the truth of the appearance, with every sense keenly alive.

I found nothing; the chamber was empty; the window, behind the spot where the figure had stood, opened at a height of forty feet from the ground; my door was locked as I had left it.

I went shivering to bed, concluding that it had been only a vivid dream caused by Dick's story, and primarily by Solmes's heavy supper. But I slept no more that night.

I recollect rising, once or twice, to examine the room and the hall without, my search always proving useless.

Out of doors, the thin blue air grayed and thickened toward morning, and the snow began to fall. The house and grounds lay wrapped in sleep, without a sign of life, except a lamp burning in a window of the old part of the house of which I have spoken, and which attracted my notice, as I knew that wing was only used for storing purposes. The light disappeared about an hour before dawn, and, shortly after, I fell into an uneasy slumber.

The day was cloudy and stormy, shutting us close indoors. I said nothing of my dream; in fact, I forgot it in the genial glow of the cheerful breakfast-room. The fire blazed and crackled, the table was filled with Mrs. Solmes's pet dishes, and her face and her husband's were honest, and hearty, and happy enough to dispel a regiment of ghosts. Dick had his usual, comfortable, merry smile back in his eyes; the ghost had not troubled him last night, I supposed, and his heart was brave enough to make him confident of winning the fair lady dissecting a mutton-chop beside him. But though Nelly was busy, apparently, with her mutton-chop, she was ill at ease. Her face was pale, and her eyelids swollen and red. I noticed, too, the anxious, perturbed look of both father and mother when they glanced toward her.

Whatever pain or mystery there might be in the house, it touched the girl, evidently, the closest.

One odd little incident occurred during the breakfast. We were talking of the Wrays, a neighboring family, and of the hereditary tendency to dissipation that corrupted every branch of the race.

"A single drop of the blood," I remarked, "is enough, it would seem, to convey the taint. How strongly visible it is, Solmes, that inflexible law of nature, which visits the crime of one generation upon all that succeed it."

Solmes was silent, and, to my surprise, the young girl was the only one who replied, a hot flush of pain and indignation in her face:

"That is not unjust; for, if the blood is tainted, it is right vice should find its punishment. But, for the guilty to escape and leave the burden for the innocent to carry—is that right?—is that easy to bear?"

"Nelly!"

Her mother's fat hands began to work nervously together. Her father looked at her sternly.

She put her cup to her mouth and swallowed hastily, choking down a burst of tears, I fancied.

The next moment she looked up with a repentant smile, tried to speak, but could not.

As we left the table, however, I saw her steal her arm about her mother's shoulder and ask her to forgive her.

"Poor Nell! poor little Nell!" she said, stroking her hair softly.

Left alone with Solmes in the library, I found the solution of the mystery—or as much as they chose to offer me.

I approached the subject of Dick's marriage with Nelly cautiously; but I might have spared my strategy; the old man was ready, waiting with his answer.

"I know all you are going to say, Caldwell," rising and standing before the fire, fingering the mantel ornaments uneasily; "I know all there is of it. But it can't be. Never. We had better not enter upon the subject at all. It will be of no use," he added, in an undertone.

For a moment I was rebuffed; for the gruff manner and even voice were totally unlike my old friend.

But soon I rallied. I said that if the matter concerned my own interest, I would let it drop, having gone so far. But I could not willingly see my boy's happiness so unreasonably shattered—that I did believe his happiness was involved in this thing. The attachment on his part was deep and sincere.

"I know that. He is a good boy—Dick," Solmes muttered huskily. "There is no one whom I would rather call my son, Caldwell, than your boy."

"What, in God's name, is the trouble then? If you've no fault to find with Dick—"

"None. None at all. He's a little too high-spirited, but he'll mend of that."

"Nelly does not care for him enough, then?"

"Too much. It's that that pains me. The girl's heart is his, to its last thought. It has made her forget natural affection. You saw her at breakfast?"

"I did not understand——"

"Well, no matter. She loves the boy. I know that. But it can never be."

There was a long silence.

I, perplexed and baffled; Solmes, leaning his head on his hand, grinding his boots into the hearth-rug—his thin, old face heating and growing pale with some heavy, unspoken trouble.

"My son," I said, at length, "alluded to some question of family honor as being the cause of your refusal. You know the Caldwell family, Mr. Solmes—you know whether any objection could justly be founded on such ground."

I felt my tone betraying anger, and stopped short, for Dick's sake. I had no mind to quarrel with the old man.

He trembled visibly, showing an agitation that I could not account for from any words that had been spoken.

"It is Nelly who has spoken of this," he said, almost fiercely; "women are leaky vessels always. But she shall not wring my secret out for the world to gaze at! She——"

He stopped, shut his lips close, and after a while looked at me more calmly, saying:

"You are right, Caldwell. I'll not be unreasonable. I will tell you all I can."

I waited patiently.

He paced the room once or twice, then stopped before me, putting one hand on my arm.

"I ask your forbearance, my old friend. I will tell you what I can; but you will ask no questions? It will not be a pleasant thing to see me humbled——"

"No. Say no more, Solmes, if it pains you in this manner. I was testy, unreasonable, perhaps. But any slur upon our name——"

"There was none. The question was one of a taint on family honor; but it was on our side, not yours."

What it cost the old man to say this I saw now by his face,



the foam coming to his elenched teeth. I laid my hand on his shoulder; but he went on hurriedly:

"My daughter can never marry an honorable man. Part of our history is known to no one, and never can be. It's an old crime, done long ago; but its shadow rests on us."

"Rivers Solmes—" broke from mealmost unconsciously; remembering the vision of the night before, and connecting the story of the suicide, dead so long ago, with this mystery of to-day.

He started, looking at me keenly.

"You saw him, then?" in a low whisper.

"Last night. Yes."

He beat time on the shelf with his fingers, still watching me, with some curious speculation in his eye, not speaking for a long time.

"Let us drop this subject, Caldwell," he said, at last. "I am not a hard father; Nelly knows that. She agrees in the necessity of this course of conduct when she allows her cooler judgment to act. Nor have I any mind to make a mystery out of a horrible but every-day tragedy. I have been as plain with you as I dared to be. There is a certain shame resting on us, with which the dream you had last night has much to do; and while it does rest upon us my child shall never enter an honorable family. This is all. Except this, Caldwell," holding out his hand, "I have dealt honestly with you. I want you, in return, to keep my secret. Not to mention, even to your son, the sight that troubled you last night."

"I will not," I promised, heartily.

I pitied Solmes from my soul. His composure was forced, I saw. It had cost him no little pain to cross his child's fate in this way; cost him more, perhaps, in that he was not a morbid or sensitive man, but essentially practical, domestic in his instincts, fond of a jolly, comfortable, easy-going life.

This mystery or crime was totally outside and foreign to his nature. I could understand how he loathed it with every atom of his healthy body and power of mind.

He was precisely the man to delight and fuss about Neily's betrothal, to begin buying immediately dresses for her trousseau, and ducks and turkeys for the wedding supper, to poke rough jokes at the young people, and to take an earnest, hearty pleasure in their life afterward. So I knew what this ghost business cost him.

I confess I did not give up hope. I therefore evaded Dick's questions that day, determined to talk over the matter again with the old man before owning myself defeated.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during that duy. It was late before I retired for the night. I acknowledge to an irritating sense of uneasiness as I locked and bolted the door and examined closet, wardrobe—every corner, in fact, where a shadow could hide itself. I was anxious and nervous, and ashamed of my anxiety.

Stirring up the fire, and opening the windows to admit a free draught of air, I sat down, and began slowly to prepare for bed, drawing off my boots and opening my watch to wind it up, when a surprise, not supernatural, made my lower jaw fall more aghast, I fancy, than Solmes's ghost had done. I had been robbed.

Attached to my watch-chain I wore a small Maltese cross, set with pearls at the edge, and the centre formed of five diamonds, the only piece of jewelry I possessed, and even that, so great is my dislike for such display, I usually concealed under the flap of my waistcoat.

It was gone now; the thick gold hasp which had secured it to the chain had been wrenched sharply in two, so as to leave the jagged edges yet sticking to the links.

Now, the watch I had put on when I rose this morning, and of course the robbery had not been committed during the day when I was broad awake. I knew that the cross had been there the night before, for I recollected, when I had

laid the watch on the red cloth cushion of the toilet-table, that I had noticed the glitter of the jewels in the firelight. Last night, then—the ghost. Bah! That was a dream—besides, dead men had not itching fingers. Never was a man's brain bothered with such contradictory notions as mine, just at that point of time, between the question of dream, ghost, thieving servant. Dick's disappointment, Solmes's secret. One fact was clear, the cross was gone; and putting association out of the question, it was a loss of more value than I chose quietly to put up with. To-night, however, nothing was to be done. I would see Solmes early in the morning and put the matter in his hands, for I gave most credence to the surmise that some servant had chosen to enact the ghost for the sake of plunder. But, on the other hand. Solmes was evidently prepared to hear of the apparition; it was no hoax in his view. Thoroughly annoyed, baffled, angry, look what way I would-I thrust the watch under my pillow, and hurried to bed, and to sleep, throwing all troubles, love, theft, and spirits, over to the next day to take care of. I had slept about three hours, when I was awakened as on the night before; this time, however, without any preparatory dread or uncertainty.

The theft of the cross, somehow, had dispelled the supernatural terror of my nocturnal visitor; the moment I opened my eyes, I was completely awake and alert, ready to seize the ghost by the throat, if need be, and force him to disgorge his ill-gotten goods.

I lay perfectly motionless, drawing slow, heavy breaths, as if still wrapped in sleep, and watched the corner where the moonlight could not penetrate with my half-shut eyes.

By George! there it was again.

The lank, white face; the staring, silly eyes; the gray hair hanging, ragged and thin, down to the shoulders. Shall I confess it? For a moment my energy was paralyzed; the thing before me was so inhuman, unlike anything my eyes had rested on before, except the picture; and even here the resemblance was imperfect.

As the figure projected its head into the clear light, I could see it more distinctly than on the preceding night, and I noted that the face was older than that of the portrait. It wanted, too, the cynical leer of Rivers Solmes; instead, this face was marked by a vacuity bordering on idiocy; the eyes glared and watery, and the lower jaw hanging in a slobbering, senseless fashion.

For the space of five minutes I remained motionless; then the figure moved, thrusting out its bony hand, like a blind man groping. In an instant I had leaped from the bed and clutched at the outstretched arm.

It was gone—the whole man vanished, as before, into dim air!

But I had touched him—grasped the sleeve of the coat, which was coarse and woollen. There was no dream or ghost in this. But where had he gone?

I stood looking at my empty hands, and then at the blank wall.

The village clock, I remember, at the moment struck three; and as the resonant hum was dying away, another sound broke the silence—a grating, sliding noise very near, and then a sharp, terrified cry—a cry more of horror than of pain.

It came from without, I fancied.

I threw up the window, and thrust out my head and body as far as I could reach, but saw nothing. The moonlight was so clear that I could even see that the snow beneath my window was untrodden, laying in great rounded drifts, from the house-foundation, through orchards, garden, out into the low hills that hemmed in the farm. The shadow of the house and trees lay sharply defined on the surface.

The cry had startled the whole farm.

I could hear the horses stamping in the stable, and a flut-



tering in the poultry roosts; old Tongo, the watch-dog, gave a long, melancholy howl, that renewed itself again in a miserable echo; but after that, all was silence.

I hesitated; but the air was bitingly cold, my teeth chattering, and my knees knocking together, half-frozen. So, I shame to say, after a moment's pause, I jumped into bed, and cuddled snugly under the blankets.

Ten minutes after there came a low tap at my door. I had not slept. I rose, therefore, and hastily dressing myself, opened it, and found Solmes without, holding a flaring candle in one hand, which he sheltered with the other.

"What is this, Solmes?"

"Come, I want you. Thank God, you're here, Caldwell."
The words were wrenched out of him somehow. I never
saw a man so paralyzed by abject fear or pain, I could not

determine which. I followed him silently along the narrow entry. At the end of it he turned, and asked me if I had my instruments.

"I never travel without them."

"Go back for them, then."
When I returned with them, Solmes was muttering to himself words which I was surprised to find were a succession of oaths of the most curious sort. He uttered them without emphasis or meaning, just as unconsciously as he would have spilt water on the ground.

I could judge from this how utterly the shock had benumbed his mind; for, assuredly, he was in no mood to swear. The oaths were those he had heard amongst the laborers.

They dribbled away, if I may use the expression, into silence, as he walked faster through the larger halls and stairs of the house, coming at last to the door leading into the part of the building occupied as store-rooms, and to which Mrs. Solmes alone had access. The floors were bare, and cracked under our footsteps. Stopping at

a door slightly ajar, he turned to me to motion me before him; his face was ghastly, and wet with sweat.

"It is the end—come," he said, nodding his head to the inside.

The end?

But I stopped to ask no question.

It was a comfortably furnished chamber I saw at a glance, dimly lighted by a stable lantern set on a table.

In the centre of the room a settee, with a figure stretched out on it—dead, I thought—Mrs. Solmes, on her knees, tying some bandage about its body, her hands and dress drabbled with blood; but she neither trembled nor wept. I would not have believed there was such strength of endurance in her pursy, fat little body.

All this, as I said, I comprehended with a look; but it was no time for speculation. I saw my own business here, and hurried to the prostrate figure, opening my instrument-case as I went.

It was my ghostly visitor, or the dead Rivers Solmes—I knew not which.

The body was much mangled, the black serge clothes torn and wet with blotches of snow and blood. One leg hung, broken just above the knee-joint; but there was a curious pallor in the face that hinted at an injury more remote and fatal than this.

Solmes had set down his candle, and lifted the man's head in his arms.

As I stooped to tear off the clothes, his wife drew away and sank back on the floor, her hands clasped about her knees, looking up at me with a vacant face, singularly like that of this wreck of a man, in its almost idiotic expression.

Mrs. Solmes's mind was never strong, and the shock to-

night had completely stunned her. She muttered something about Nellie, half-rising.

Her husband shook his head.

"Let her alone," he said; "she has suffered enough without this sight."

I had completed my examination by this time.

The man's breath came without effort, but only at long intervals. Color was coming back to his cheeks and lips.

"He is better?" whispered the old man, looking at me.

"Put his head back on the pillow; it will be easier. Would it not be better to remove Mrs. Solmes?" in a lower voice. "She is in danger of one of her at acks. I will not answer for its results, after an excitement like this."

The old man looked at her doubtfully.

"I dare not send her away; he may die, and—he is our son, Caldwell."

God only knows the years of shame and misery compressed into those words.

Let me pass briefly over that night.

As I had expected, the man died about daybreak. I

made no offer to reset the broken leg, only endeavored to lessen the pains of the final struggle. They were not severe—death ensuing from an internal injury whose very nature dulled sensation. Busied with the sufferer, I was blind, or tried to be blind, to all else that passed around

I knew how far beyond sympathy was the grief this man and woman had to bear—grief not only for death, but for the end of a life of mystery and crime.

Only one other person was admitted—John Combs, the old, gray-headed ostler.

Whatever the secret was, I perceived that he alone of the household shared it. I fancied, though, that, while he was tender enough in his touch of the wounded man, there was very little sorrow at the accident in his face.

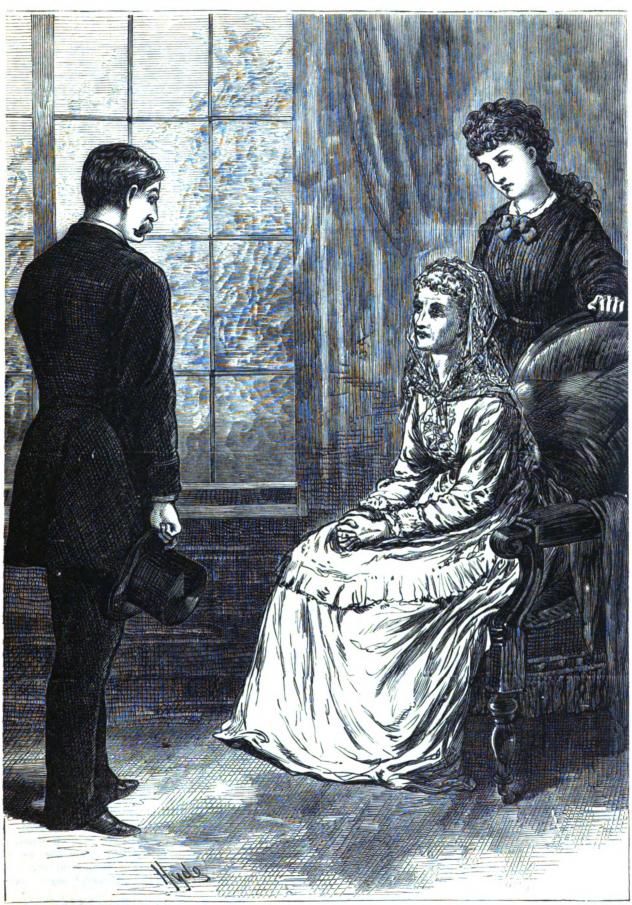
"It's an ill life, sir, well ended," he whispered to me.

Well, at daybreak he died, as I said; and, after assisting Mrs. Solmes to her chamber, and leaving her in the care of



THE CHILDREN'S BEAR ADVENTURE .- SEE PAGE 538.





"CONBADE" HILDRETH.—"THE FIGURE WAS DRAPED IN SPOTLESS WHITE, FINE LACE AND SOFTEST MUSLIN DECKING THIS DEAD-IN-LIFE WOMAN.
SILENTLY MAUDE BOLLED THE CHAIR ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE WINDOW, AND LEFT US ALONE, CONRADE AND I."—SEE PAGE 538.

her husband, I returned to the room to render what aid I could to John Combs.

"It's lucky that Mr. Dick has gone over to the village for the day," he said; "for this thing must be kept quiet, doctor. I'll have the coffin here to-night, and we'll bury him in the morning. Dead's dead; we'll take care of the good name of the living."

We did bury him that night.

It was not hard to elude the drowsy eyes of one or two farm - servants. The grave was ready, dug by Combs, in a piece of ground among the hills. It was a stormy night.

The old man, Combs, and Dick (for Solmes asked that he also should go), with myself, were all that were needed to carry the light coffin through the hill-path. The grave yawned black in the white waste of snow; the body we lowered into it was that of a man whose life might have been fair and beautiful, but had gone out in irretrievable shame. I know no more than this; yet, looking back, that solitary grave in the cold snow seems to me one of the saddest sights my life had ever known.

I never entirely understood the secret of this man's life. When Solmes would have told it to me, a few days after, I checked him. I would not have the old, long-suffering man tear open the wound; it would have tormented his old age just as it had a chance of healing. This much I learned: that the boy, since his earliest childhood, had been one of those singular beings whose natural proclivity to theft might be—and often is—classed as insanity; that, in consequence of some crime he had committed, he was in peril of the severest punishment of the law; and that, from a perhaps mistaken tenderness on the part of his parents, they had removed him secretly to their own home, and there contrived to conceal him for several months.

"I doubt," said John Combs to me, "that he was but little more than an idiot in these last years. Rum did it, and other things-fearing the law, night and day, most of all. He never had much grit like a man in him, and latterly his bones seemed nothing but soft chalk; his hair turned white (though that belongs to the Solmes'), he got limp like a rag, and could wind himself in and out of any crack. It was so he has got out at night unbeknownst to us, through a skylight in his room, and so along the roof, into your room, easy enough, through the window of a closetafter plunder, I reckon - but had sense enough to play the ghost when there. The last night, something scared him, or he missed his footing on the eaves, and came crashing down, t'other side of the angle of the wing from you, on the hard brick. And that was the end. God forgive me if I'm not sorry. By the way, did you find a bit of a package on your dressing-table this morning?"

I nodded. It was the stolen cross.

You can easily guess the remainder of my story, which, after all, has been but a scratched outline.

A fortnight afterward, Dick formally renewed his proposal for Nelly's hand to her father. The old man was much broken by the suffering he had borne in the last month; he trembled like a feeble woman as Dick talked to him.

"You know the obstacle now that lies between you," he said.

"It is gone; and it never, at any time," Dick added, hotly, "should have separated us, if I had known what it was. Nelly and I are sure of each other, sir," putting his hand affectionately on his arm, "and family honor is a very shadowy trifle to us."

"As you will, Richard—as you will," in a more cheery tone than he had used for many days, and looking proudly into the young lover's face.

Dick always had a way of winning people over to him; and I believe the poor old man felt as if God had sent him as a

sort of recompense for the disappointment his own boy had given him.

My story is ended.

I would like to tell you what a cosy, bright, comfortable home ours is under Nelly's supervision (for she and Dick have been married nearly two years), but she warns me I have but little time to dress for dinner. It is a state dinner. Solmes and his wife are coming to spend a week or two with us. I can hear the rumble of their old carriage coming up the lane, and see Mrs. Solmes's red, motherly face, quite aglow with the cold, as she leans forward to talk to her husband. They are both laughing, and there is a quiet content in their faces, as if a sure trust in some loving power in their lives had at last laid the memory of the ghost.

#### THE CHILDREN'S BEAR ADVENTURE.

Two Russian children, one four and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends, who were haymaking. They had gone from one thicket to another gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest apprehension went up to him. He looked at them steadily, without moving; at length they began playing with him and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both parties seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed the children were delighted with their new playfellow. The parents, missing the truants, became alarmed and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They called aloud, and the little ones ran to them laughing, while Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest.

## "CONRADE" HILDRETH.



I story being about myself, let me state at the outset who I am. My name is Sadrona—Maximilian Sadrona—and my parents were Italian, though I am a New Yorker born and bred. Having a gift of expressing myself easily upon paper, of writing sketches and romances, and also possessing a nice judgment in deciding the merits of the efforts of others in the same line, I have floated into various positions in the literary world, until five years ago I was offered the chair of sub-editor of the Weekly Visitor, and have remained there ever

since. The Weekly Visitor is a flourishing New York journal, containing the usual amount of fiction, poetry, gossip, and information, profusely illustrated, and having a circulation that warrants the proprietor thereof in considering himself at the head of a very wealthy concern.

We—the editor and I—advertise rather pompously our ability to pay for talent and first-class contributions, and, as a consequence, we are deluged by offers of brainwork that the wildest imagination could never attribute to talent, and contributions that certainly could never "go up head," in any class. I think others in my position are, like myself, rather shy of first productions and of strangers at our deaks, though the real talent comes too, and must "begin" somewhere.

It was during a hot spell late in July, when my pigeonholes and desk were fairly crammed with manuscripts, that

I received my first call from the lady whose name heads this

I did not hear her enter the long room that leads up to my room at one end, and was deep in the perusal of a most bloodchilling ghost-story, when a low, sweet voice said:

"Mr. Sadrona, I believe?"

I put aside my manuscript, and turned to offer a seat to the lady. The tone of her voice told he she was a lady before I saw her face, and the first glance settled the question.

She was very young, not more than nineteen, with a fair, sweet face, not startling in beauty, but the face that, as time made it familiar, would gain new loveliness each day. It was very fair, with large blue eyes, and short brown curls clustered about the low, broad brow. The mouth was childlike, and the other features delicate and refined. The dress was of some soft gray material, inexpensive, but made in fashionable form, and fitting the slender figure perfectly.

I offered a chair, and my visitor came to business at once.

"My name," she said, "is Hildreth, and I have come to inquire if you have any place on your list of contributors for a new name? I may be slightly known to you by my nom de plume, 'Conrade.'"

"Conrade," I answered, "is a name that is well-known here."

"Can you give some articles consideration?" she asked.

"Most certainly."

She took two neatly folded manuscripts from her satchel and laid them upon my desk, asking when she should call for an answer. I named a day, and she left me.

What little hold the ghost-story had had upon my interest

was gone, and I fell to speculating on Conrade.

The name, as I said, was not unfamiliar to me, having six months before made its appearance in one or two of the weekly journals. But, recalling the tone of the writings I had seen over that signature, I was puzzled by the appearance of this child-like girl, who so gravely claimed the authorship. She looked like one who had never knew care or sorrow, so young and fair, like a lovely Spring blossom; and she wrote like a woman matured by keenest suffering, by mental tortures, and deep experience. I opened the sketches she had left-two stories-and read them with a careful attention.

They were love stories, both of them—the one terminating happily after an intricate web of misunderstanding and doubt; the other passing through happiness, flowers, and music, to a thrilling, tragic sequel. But they were no mere girlish fancies woven into shape. Whoever wrote them had passed through happiness as deep, and misery as intense, as was portrayed. I do not often fall into the false idea that a writer must necessarily draw her inspirations from experience; I have drawn too much upon my own imagination for that, but there are chords that will not vibrate unless the hand that sweeps them has answering tones of heartfelt suffering or ecstacy. Conrade had loved, had suffered, or she could never have written the sketches I held. And Conrade's face and voice were as free from all trace of past pain as an infant's. There was a shadow of sadness in her large blue eyes, such as we see in those of a child who looks upon another's pain, but that was all.

She came upon the day I had appointed, and received a check for the two stories, with an intimation that more would be acceptable; and there was a glad flush on her cheek, a glad light in her eyes, as she promised to call

"If you will leave your address, I will send you the Visitor," I said.

She hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I will accept it with pleasure if you will let me take it when I call."

There was no course but to accept her refusal to leave her address, and she left the office. She came in after that, occasionally leaving an article each time, and giving me more and more food for bewildering speculation.

I could not reconcile her great mind with her quiet, modest face and youthful appearance. She signed the receipts for the money paid to her "Maude Hildreth," in the same clear hand I admired in her manuscripts, and once or twice, when I suggested a trifling alteration in an article, she turned without hesitation to the passages, and corrected them to meet my views.

But how, in the nineteen or twenty years of her life, she had stored her mind with such varied information was a mystery. She wrote easily and gracefully upon subjects that taxed masculine intellect, and her quotations and references proved her a deep reader. A year had glided by, and I was no nearer the solution of the problem, when I was authorized by my superior in the office to propose to Miss Hildreth to write exclusively for the Visitor, and contribute a weekly article, receiving a handsome salary.

I waited impatiently for her next call. Something about the great simplicity of her dress, the regularity of her contributions, had made me think she wrote for daily bread, but I was not sure. Of herself she never spoke, and our interviews were of the briefest, confined strictly to our business. I will not deny that this was one of her attractions to a man who had been forced to give hours of precious time to the long, detailed family histories from talented contributors, who seemed to imagine the value of a story greatly increased by the recital of all their domestic woes and bitter afflictions. But this child-like girl, whose pen was dipped in such bitter experience of suffering, or whose imagination was so painfully vivid, never spoke of the experiences of her short life, never opened her heart by the tiniest reference to her own life.

I remember well the deep flush, the glorious irradiation of her face, when I told her of the proprietor's proposal. She gave a long, gasping breath.

"Only one story a week for that price!" she cried. "Oh, it is too much!"

"Nay," I said—"not too much, when you consider that we deprive you of other avenues. We want all you write."

"And I am sure," she said, earnestly, "you will profit by the arrangement, if it is accepted. Where only one story is written, in place of three or four, that one must be betterdo you not think so? The days of rest must be valuable, too."

"Then you accept the offer?"

"I cannot give you an answer to-day. Will not to-morrow

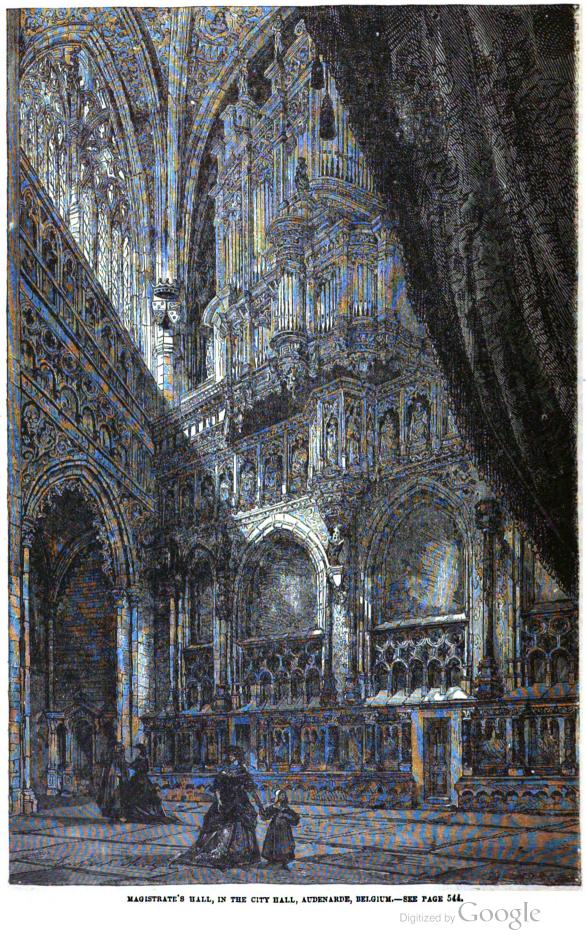
"Certainly."

After she was gone, I fell to wondering why she could not at once conclude an arrangement that had evidently given her so much pleasure. I wondered how she would spend her spare time. I wondered if she was a neat little housekeeper and seamstress, or if she devoted all her time to the cultivation of that wonderful intellect hidden under that fair, sweet face. I wondered --- And here I pulled my wits together and wondered if I, Max Sadrona, subeditor of the Weekly Visitor was not in love-and deeply, too-with Maude Hildreth, with "Conrade."

What did I love best about her—the grand intellect her writing displayed, or the graceful, womanly sweetness of her manner - the tender, sweet face, the low, musical

Before she came next day, I had a new sensation. I had been for a few months contributing some articles to another weekly journal, under the signature of "Max." The last of these was a column devoted to the consideration of the subject of Spiritual Communions, and I had allowed myself to

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go into a variety of speculations founded entirely upon theories.

After Maude Hildreth had left the office on the day in question, the errand-boy from the office of the journal in question came in to hand me an envelope from its editor, and, opening it, there dropped out a note directed to "Max," care of the afore-mentioned editor; and the handwriting was the same dainty chirography already familiar to me over the signature of "Conrade."

The note inside proved to be a challenge of my last article, and the same subject was presented to me in the light of actual experience.

The opportunity to open a correspondence with "Conrade" was too tempting to be lost. She gave me the number of a post-office box as her address, and I answered her letter.

The next day she accepted the editor's offer, and became a

suspected of being the "Max" to whom she unfolded the inner thoughts of her pure soul, elevated by some unknown suffering whose blight had yet left her so winsome and sweet.

At last the mask became a torture to me, and I wrote to "Conrade" and told her I loved her. I made no reference to any personal interview, but I implored her to give me an opportunity to plead my cause; and in answer she wrote:

"My friend, forgive me! I never imagined the correspondence that has been a pleasure to me in many weary hours could become a self-reproach because of its results. You ask me to love you, when years ago my heart renounced love almost with life. I pray that in your heart there is only friendship, only a transient interest in one who has afforded you some hours of pleasant pen-chat, and not the devastating love that makes or mars a life, that blighted my heart, and made me old before I had passed my teens. Forget it all! Forget me! Your friend, CONRADE."



THE ALAMEDA AT SANTIAGO DE CHILI.—SEE PAGE 544.

weekly visitor herself at my sanctum. But, while our business intercourse was still confined to the dryest routine of words, while I never was able to step over the line of modest reticence she had drawn from the first, my correspondence under the nom de plume was drawing me nearer and nearer into a soul-communion at once fascinating and bewildering.

We dropped, little by little, the generalities that had occupied our pens at first, till I found myself writing thoughts and feelings I had never before confided to any human being, and receiving in return a deeper, fuller knowledge of my fair correspondent than any other published articles had ever given me.

Week after week the quiet little figure came to my desk; the lovely face brightened my office for some ten minutes, and was gone; but week after week the precious letters came to draw my heart into closer bonds of love and admiration. I smiled to myself at her unconsciousness that the man who gave her coolly courteous greeting at his desk was never But I could not forget. I could not look into the fair, tranquil face and believe all hope had gone from the young life. I wrote again, pleading so eloquently for an interview that my answer came granting it:

"Because you love an ideal," Conrade wrote, "you shall see a reality that will dissipate your rosy visions of happiness with me. Come at noon to-morrow to the address upon the enclosed card, and you shall see

CONRADE."

I could not sleep, I could not eat. Now that I seemed so near the hope I had allowed to gain such firm foothold in my heart, I found the vague fears torturing me almost beyond endurance. What was the secret of that life, scarcely beyond childhood, the knowledge of which was to drive a lover away forever? Not an hour after I read her note, she came upon her weekly errand, and her face was as serene and cloudless as a babe's. It was hard to hold my peace, as she lingered a moment to look at an illustration of one of her

own stories in the week's edition of the Visitor, but I waited for the promised interview.

"Your artist has not selected the best scene for a picture," she said, folding the paper. "I thought he would choose the parting in the prison."

"That is so gloomy!" I said.

"But more dramatic than this. Stories and pictures should be dramatic. Something horrible pleases the sovereign people? Is it not so?"

"But you write much that is domestic, quiet, and home-like," I said.

"Oh, variety is the spice of life," she said, carelessly. "Good-morning."

The address upon Conrade's card took me to a quiet but respectable street in Yorkville—a long, dusty ride from the office. The little house stood back from the street, and the front garden was filled with choice flowers. Some things that had long puzzled me rushed upon my mind as I noted the dwelling-place of Conrade. I had often wondered why the great simplicity of dress never varied with the increase of income. Always modest and appropriate, it was always of inexpensive material and quiet fashion. No jewelry had ever decked the little hands or wrists, and the brooch, earrings, and cuff-buttons of dead gold were the same she wore the first day she came to the office.

Now, in the little house and garden an odd contrast struck me. I saw flowers of almost priceless value upon a balcony on the second floor; I saw birds, costly and rare, swinging there in gilded cages, while through the open window I saw that the drawing-room was of the plainest possible description.

I rang the bell, sent up my card by a tidy maid-servant, and was shown into the parlor. Upon the card I wrote simply "Max."

I was still noting the cheap ingrain carpet, the plain furniture around me, when a light step crossed the hall, and Maude Hildreth entered the room.

For a moment after I rose to my feet I thought she was going to faint. Her face became as white as snow, and she staggered as if falling. In an instant she rallied.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I—I—you are not Max?"

Her voice implored me to say No, but I had gone too far to retreat.

"I am Max," I said—"Max Sadrona. You are not displeased, I hope, to find two friends in one."

But her distress only increased.

"Wait," she said-"wait! I will return soon."

She was gone some time—time that seemed an eternity to my suspense; but when she returned she was perfectly calm again, though very pale.

"Stay," she said, seeing I was about to speak to her, "let me speak first. I must ask you to forgive me for a deceit I never imagined could harm any human being. I am not 'Conrade'!"

"Not Conrade! Not Maude Hildreth!"

"Yes, I am Maude Hildreth, to whom you have shown much kindness. Every line of the manuscript that I have given you I wrote, but the brain, the mind that dictated the words, was not mine. Follow me, and you shall see Conrade."

Silently I followed her to the second floor, to the room opening upon the balcony where the birds sang amongst the rare flowers. She left me there, and passed into an adjoining room, closing the door.

I was startled again by the contrast between this room and the one I had just left. Here the carpet was of thick velvet, with gorgeous baskets of flowers upon a deep crimson ground; the curtains were of finest lace, the furniture of the costly and tasteful kind. A grand piano stood in one corner, a book-case filled with choice volumes in another, a sewing-machine and writing-deak were there. Upon the walls hung a few fine engravings, and on the centre-table stood a bouquet of flowers.

The door opened, and from the adjoining room Maude rolled in a large cushioned chair on wheels, and my heart told me at last I saw Conrade. A face ghastly as a death's-head, emaciated, hollow-eyed, and white as snow, except where a horrible blood-red scar crossed one eye and cheek—a figure rigid and immovable, the stiff, helpless hands crossed upon the lap.

Above the bony brow clustered curls of hair perfectly white, and the figure was draped in a spotless white, fine lace, and softest muslin, decking this dead-in-life woman.

Silently Maude rolled the chair across the room to the window, and left us alone, Conrade and I.

The keenest suffering of my life was compressed into the moments that followed. I could not move or speak, till, overcome by painful emotion, I dropped my head upon my hands, and groaned aloud:

"My friend!"

I started at the voice, round, full, and melodious—the last beauty left of the wreck before me.

"My friend," she said, "come near to me, and let me explain to you why you have been deceived, why my little sister takes my place in the great world. Bring a chair beside me. I lrave moved nothing but my mouth and eyes for six years. I cannot even offer you my hand."

I bent and kissed with reverence the little useless hands, and, I am not ashamed to own, I felt a tear upon them.

"I owe it to you," she continued, "to tell you something of myself and Maude. Heaven grant that in my morbid selfishness I have not wrecked the happiness of two young lives. I never imagined Max, my pleasant correspondent, had seen Maude, and so connected that pure, sweet young life with my name and brain-work. Six years ago I was as fair as my young sister, though I am ten years older. I am but thirty-two, though my heart seems old, and I look sixty. When I was Maude's age I was engaged to marry Sidney Delorme, a young naval officer, whom I loved. Oh, my friend, I pray such love may never come to you as the wild, worshipping devotion I gave Sidney Delorme! We had been betrothed for nearly a year when he was ordered upon a three years' cruise, and we parted with all love's yows of constancy and truth.

"I will not weary you with details of those three years. We had been wealthy. Our parents died, and our father had left us a mere pittance, his large salary having been spent from year to year, saving nothing for his children. I took my mother's place to Maude, and, as we had only money enough for food and clothing, I became her teacher. I loved her fondly. Orphaned, my betrothed lover away, I lavished all my heart's tenderness upon my little sister.

"The weary three years passed. Sidney came home—not to New York, but to Baltimore. He wrote once or twice—cold, formal letters—and then news came to me that he was going to marry an heiress in Baltimore—a girl whose parents were wealthy, as he had supposed mine to be.

"I was maddened by the tidings. We had a servant who had been Maude's nurse from infancy. To her care I confided my sister, and started for Baltimore, determined to learn the truth or falsity of the reports. Five hours later I was lying beside the ruins of the train, crushed, helpless, and insensible. From a long, dangerous illness I was wakened, the helpless, disfigured object you see me. One eye is nearly blind from a blow upon my head, and the injuries to the spine are incurable, chaining me motionless. When I was brought to Maude the helpless burden you see

me, I learned the devoted love of my sister's young heart. Only sixteen, she reversed the place in which we had stood to one another, and became my protector, nurse, consoler.

"The little income that was our all would not stretch to accommodate an invalid's wants, and my sister took in sewing on a machine for nearly two years. It was agony to me to see her giving all her young life to this toilsome work, and I prayed earnestly for some relief to come to us. You know how it came. I found there was a mine in my brain I had never suspected, and, after some practice, I could dictate in exact time to my sister's pen.

"By my earnest entrenty she promised to personate me at the offices where we decided to offer our joint efforts. I signed my own name 'Conrade'—I was named for my Uncle Conrad—and Maude took out my stories to try if they had any money value. Some were accepted, some declined, some paid for, some published without my receiving any compensation. The income was precarious, but yet larger than that gained by the sewing-machine, until the Visitor-called for my exclusive services.

"But, while we are now comparatively rich, Maude will persist in lavishing all the luxury upon me. Look at my sitting-room, at my chair, into which my sister and Jane lift me each day; at my dainty laces and muslins. Because I love flowers, Maude buys me the rarest. Even in Winter my room is a garden. Because I love birds, they sing me awake every morning from my own balcony. I love books, and see my library; I love music, and Maude plays well; while, of all I once possessed of attraction, only my voice is left, so Maude has a piano for me. She reads to me, writes for me, reconciles me to life—my little Maude!"

I can never describe the tenderness of her tones in those last words. After a pause, I asked her why she had so carefully concealed her very existence.

"I dreaded strangers," she told me. "I looked upon my literary efforts as a mere matter of dollars and cents, and my sister could conduct all the business. The manuscript was all written by her, and owes all its lighter touches to her fancy. Alone, I am afraid I never could have written acceptably. Maude softened my misanthropy, took the bitterness from my satire, added the little home-like domestic touches to my sketches. We were two in one, Maude and I. But when I answered "Max," Maude made no suggestions. I wrote as I would, and as he led me away from myself by his -quaint fancies and theories, so I would forget some of my misery in answering him. It was a rift of sunshine in a dark place, and I opened my heart and let it in. When I lay awake at night in maddening pain, trying to suppress my groans for Maude's sake, I would think of my last letter, of how I would ridicule this theory, or demolish this fancy. Sometimes softer emotions would be wakened, and I would write as I might have done, had I known my own power, before Sidney Delorme's faithlessness wrecked my life. But I never dreamed that my unknown correspondent had seen my fair young sister, and loved us both.'

We talked long and earnestly after this, and I left with permission to repeat my visit, and a promise to guard the secret of the little cottage. I did not see Maude again that day, but she came as usual to the office, and it pained me to find her pale and cold, evidently resenting the deceit on my part.

I determined to overcome this, and avail myself of her sister's permission to call again at the cottage. On this second visit Maude remained in her sister's room, and invited me to sup with her while the servant waited upon her sister. The delicate viands, the pretty table, proved her a neat little housekeeper, and my allegiance to intellectual superiority began to waver. During the evening Conrade sang, and stirred my very heart by the magic of her splendid voice.

Time wore away, and I was often at the cottage, ever meeting cordial welcome, and giving my love more and more to the woman who so charmed me. Which did I love? I turned from Maude's exquisite face to listen with keen delight to her sister's voice; I looked from Conrade's helpless form and disfigured face to rest my eyes upon Maude's graceful movements and sweetness.

Winter snows were falling when one day Maude failed to bring her weekly contribution to the Weekly Visitor. Fearing some evil, I went straight from the office to the cottage. Conrade had been failing in strength as the cold weather drew near, and often I had called and been denied admittance, Maude flitting down a minute to tell me her sister was suffering too much to talk. Once I had called upon the physician, who told me he had never expected the invalid would live even as long as she had.

So, though shocked, I was not surprised when Jane told me "Miss Conrade was very bad, and Miss Maude never left her."

"Jane!" Maude said, above us. "If that is Mr. Sadrona, let him come up. I knew you would come," she said, as I obeyed the summons. "Conrade wishes to see you alone. You will be very careful not to agitate her, will you not? She is very weak."

I entered the familiar room softly. Conrade was in her accustomed chair, and smiled a faint greeting.

I spoke some words of sympathy, for I saw by her face the end was very near.

"Do not pity me," she said, and her voice was very falat, while the words came after long pauses, "you have helped to brighten these last days, Max! Max, did you guess, did you know, that if I had been the Conrade I was once, not the log I have been of late years, that I should have given you Sidney's place in my heart? It is but a poor love, Max, but it is yours."

I bent over her too much moved to speak. I loved her then, in spite of the cruelly injured face and helpless form, and she was dying, going out of my life, forever. I wept for the noble mind, the powerful intellect soon to be still, for the life whose youth had been wasted away by such agonizing discipline. While I hid my face and tried to calm myself, she spoke again.

"Max, you will care for Maude, you will comfort my little sister. For my sake she has lived here alone for six long years and more. When her grief is over a little, will you not take a brother's place to her until—— Max, come near—stoop down. Remember I am dying as I speak. Max, Maud loves you!"

She closed her eyes as she spoke, and over her face crept a gray shadow, while the rigidity of her hand seemed seizing every feature. I stepped into the hall, and called Maude, whispering her to send Jane for the doctor. She ran downstairs, but soon joined me again.

"Shall I lift her to the lounge?" I whispered, seeing how fast the change was coming.

"No, she is more distressed for breath lying down."

"Speak to her! Bid her farewell!"

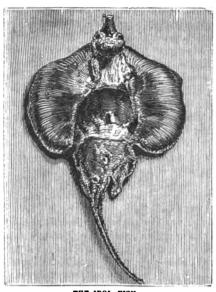
"Conrade!" she said; "sister!" and then her sobs choked her.

The dying eyes opened once more to look with yearning tenderness into her face; the dying lips unclosed once more to whisper:

"My little Maud!" and all was over.

I lifted Maude's half-fainting form to the next room, just as Jane entered with the doctor, and, leaving her with the sobbing servant, I joined the doctor.

He told me the address of an uncle and aunt in New York, and I undertook to carry the tidings. In my heart was registered a vow to respect Conrade's dying wish to win Maude, if I could, from her sorrow, hoping the last sacred



THE IDOL FISH.

confidence was

It was many long weeks before I dared to break the sister's sorrow, but I pined for the sweet face that came no more to my office.

Conrade was dead, and in obituary we bade farewell to the talented contributor to the Weekly Visitor.

But Maude lived, and I learned that all

the love that I had given two centred upon the one sweet, womanly girl, who had been such a devoted sister, who was so winsome and lovable.

When the Spring flowers were blossoming over Conrade's grave, I drove Maude to Greenwood, and we planted some of the choice plants her sister loved beside the marble shaft under which she rested. And then, in the sacred quiet, with the leaves softly stirring around us, I told Maude I loved her, told her Conrade's dying wish, and asked her to be my wife.

We were married in the Summer, and Maude is my beloved wife. She has written no more stories since Conrade died, her pen lies idle, but none the less do I love the gentle heart, the refined intellect, though the genius, the fire, and grand stirring soul of my first love have passed from earth in Conrade's death.

# MAGISTRATE'S HALL, IN THE CITY HALL, AUDENARDE, BELGIUM.

The City Hall in this place is famous among connoisseurs for the chimney-piece and the door in the Magistrate's Hall. They are beautiful works of art, carved by a Flemish artist named Paul Vander Schelden.

The chimney, of Avesnes freestone, is a fine specimen of the Ogival style of the early part of the sixteenth century. The statues are a Madonna, with Justice on one side, and Hope on the other. They are full of grace, being far superior to the works of the period in conception and execution, due to the Italian training of the sculptor.

The ornamental part is inferior, and was perhaps the work of his pupils.

The door-case is, in all its details, extremely beautiful, not only in the charming little figures of the top, but in all the graceful and multiplied details. It was executed about 1534.

#### THE ALAMEDA, SANTIAGO, CHILI.

This splendid promenade is divided into three parts—a broad and well-kept road for vehicles, and two side-walks for double rows of poplars; under these trees shelters a little wall of stone, upon the parapet of which recline the ladies who generally come to this favorite promenade in grand toilet. From all parts of this charming spot a delightful view of the Andes may be obtained, which,

although distant fifty or sixty miles, seem to tower above the city itself.

## THE IDOL FISH FROM THE CHINESE SEAS.

We present to our readers an illustration of a unique fish, the first of the kind that has ever been brought to this country. It seems to be of the same species as the skate, or ray-fish, but is a distinct variety. It is not described in any book of natural history that we have seen; but its head is so peculiar that it alone would prevent a classification among the flat fish that we are acquainted with. It was brought to this country in the ship *Meteor*, and was presented by the mate of the ship to Mr. Burroughs, who gave it to Mr. H. Foster, of Troy, New York, in whose possession it died. The illustration is taken from a photograph.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRAYER-BOOK.

Among the curiosities produced at an archeological meeting in England was the Book of Prayers presented to Queen Elizabeth by Mrs. Tyrwhit. This curious relic is bound in a massive gold cover, having a small ring for a chain by which it depended from the girdle, in the same way that the Dutch ladies of New Amsterdam carried their Bibles in the last century. On one side of the cover of this book is represented in enamel the subject of the lifting up of the serpent by Moses in the wilderness, having the following text inlaid around the edges:

MAKE. THE. A. FYRYEE. SERPENT. AN. SET.T. IT. VP. FOR. A. SYGNE. THAT. AS. MANY. AS. ARE. BYTTE. MAYE. LOKE, VPON. IT. AN. LYVE.

And on the other side is the "Judgment of Solomon," with this legend:

THEN. THE. KING. ANSWERED. AN. SAYD. GYVE. ER. THE LYVYNGE. CHILD. AN. SLAYE T. NOT. FOR. SHE. IS. THE. MOTHER THEREOF.

As it is actually on record that this or a similar volume was presented to the Lady Elizabeth by her preceptress, Mrs. Tyrwhit, precisely such a book having been described by Anthony A. Wood, as having belonged to the queen; and, as we know that Mrs. Tyrwhit narrowly escaped martyrdom for her adoption of the tenets of the Reformation, it is not unreasonable to ascribe a historical value to this "Book of Private Prayers" far beyond its intrinsic worth.

It formerly belonged to Sir John Cullum, but is now the property of Mr. Farrer.

---:o:---

The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.



QUEEN KLIZABETH'S PRAYER-BOOK.



TAKING COWS TO WATER .- FROM A PAINTING BY M. C. DE COCK.

## A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWEN-DOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

ANDIDLY, I may as well tell you," said Lord Rylestone, "that I consider it most unjust-nay, a most cruel will."

"It is perfectly natural that you should think so," admitted the lawyer, Mr. Beale. "I believe that affairs of this kind are best left alone."

"Who ought to dictate to me in a matter so sacred? A man's

wife is the soul of his soul—the best part of his life. Surely, if one is free to choose a country to live in, a house to inhabit, one is still more free to choose a wife - the woman with whom the greater part of a lifetime is to be spent.'

"The will is unjust," said the lawyer. "I told my late respected client so, but he would not

listen to me. 'It will all come right in time,' he persisted. Of course it is not a matter in which I can interfere; but, as you have confided to me the desperate state of your affairs, the only thing I can see is for you to agree to the terms of the will."

"That I never will," exclaimed the young man, proudly, "never while the world stands, let the alternative be what it may !"

"It will be a very unpleasant one for you, I fear," said Mr. Beale, slowly; and Lord Rylestone's face grew pale and

It was a trying scene that was being enacted just then at Walton Court, the home of the Rylestones. A gifted artist !

would have made a noble picture of it. Outside, on the woods, the gardens, the winding walks, the terraces, lay the golden beams of the June sunshine; but the interior of the fine old library was darkened, the blinds being all lowered. The sunshine tried hard to get through them; it succeeded so far as to create a warm glow that brightened the antique oaken furniture, the fine old pictures in massive frames, the hundreds of volumes that rose shelf after shelf from the floor to the roof. It was a peculiar half-mellow, half-crimson light, and most of it seemed to centre on the principal figure in the room, a beautiful young girl, dressed in deep mourning—a girl with the face and head, the shapely neck and figure of Clytie. She shone in the midst of that soft crimson glow like a fair gem in an antique setting; the sun shone on her golden hair and on her fair, proud, pale face. She stood quite apart, her face bent on her hands. The group of gentlemen had withdrawn to some little distance, leaving Adelaide Cameron to think over what she had just

At the other end of the room, leaning against a pedestal on which stood a rare bronze, was Allan, Lord Rylestone, a fair-haired, handsome man, of noble face and figure; and near him was Mr. Beale, the family lawyer, shrewd, keen, quick, and small in stature, thus presenting a great contrast to his companion. A group of gentlemen had gathered round the table, on which some papers had been placed for their inspection. The scene had not been without its element of tragedy, for the reading of the will of the late Bernard, Lord Rylestone, had proved a terrible and bitter disappointment to Allan, his heir.

It was not a just will. Allan Brand Estcourt was the late lord's nearest of kin, and heir by right of entail to the title of Baron Rylestone of Walton, also to the very small income of one thousand per annum, which was all that remained of the once large revenue of the Rylestones. As next of kin he succeeded to that-nothing could have deprived him of it; and that fact he had always known. The late Lord Rylestone had never married; people could not tell why. The

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general surmise was that in early youth he had loved unhappily, and had never loved again. It must have been true, for, after his death, in one of his secret drawers were found a breast-knot of blue ribbon and a lock of hair—sole relics of a love that had endured for a life-time.

He had never married; and his secret, if he had one, died with him. But he had brought up Allan Brand Estcourt as his heir. Allan was the only son of a man who was once one of the handsomest and most popular men in England-Arthur Estcourt, colonel of a famous Hussar regiment, a man without fortune, but one of the most gallant soldiers in the army. He had married for love, not money, and his young wife, dying, left him this only son. Handsome Colonel Estcourt did not prosper after his wife's death. He mourned her deeply, and, to drown his sorrow, acquired the fatal habit of drinking. He died while still in his prime, leaving his son Allan a small income that did not amount to one nundred pounds per annum. That mattered little, for soon after the colonel's death, Lord Rylestone wrote to his young kinsman, telling him that, as he - Lord Rylestone - was quite resolved not to marry, he—his nearest male relative should have an education befitting his future.

"You will be Lord Rylestone at some future day," wrote the baron, "and you must be educated for the position."

As money was required for such an education, and Allan Brand Escourt had so little of his own, Lord Rylestone was compelled to make him an allowance. He did so, and Allan went through the usual curriculum. He went to Eton and to Oxford, where he proved himself to be possessed of singular abilities. After that he went for a continental tour, and then he remained in London for some time. highest society was open to him, for he was known to be Lord Rylestone's heir—and Lord Rylestone was a wealthy man. Allan had the usual tastes of a young man of his age. He was in a great hurry to see every phase of life. He liked the theatre, the Opera, the ball-room; he enjoyed with keenest zest all the pleasures that fell to his lot. He had no great vices; his faults were chiefly those of youth. He enjoyed himself-and almost as a matter of course he fell into debt.

With a liberal allowance, that ought not to have been the case; but Allan did not reflect. He was generous even to a fault, open-handed, liberal in all his ways, and he did not care to be eclipsed by his acquaintances; so, without exactly knowing how, he gradually sank more deeply into debt. After all, it did not trouble him much. The Barony of Rylestone was entailed—it must be his some day; and what would a few thousands matter to Lord Rylestone's heir? Besides, on any day that he went down to Walton he knew that Lord Rylestone would cheerfully pay what he owel. So the three thousand pounds that he was in debt did not greatly trouble him.

Lord Rylestone wished him to go about in the world—to remain in London during the season—to make himself a position in society; and all this Allan was perfectly willing to do. But, while he was so engaged, and enjoying himself to the very utmost, he received the startling intelligence of Lord Rylestone's sudden death!

He went at once to Walton, and there a second surprise awaited him. On his last visit to the Court, two years prior, Lord Rylestone had said something to him of his niece, Adelaide Cameron, an orphan girl whom he had adopted, educated, and was now expecting home. Allan had not thought much about her, although Lord Rylestone had mentioned her with the greatest affection. He had forgotten even her existence; and when he reached Walton it was a surprise to him to find a tall, beautiful, aristocratic-looking girl at home there.

Miss Cameron seemed to feel her uncle's death greatly, and Allan, now Lord Rylestone, saw nothing of her until the funeral was over. When the will was about to be read, the gentlemen being all assembled in the library, it was found Miss Cameron was not present.

"I have just been speaking to Miss Cameron," said Lord Rylestone; "I will tell her she is wanted."

He found her sitting where he had left her, and he almost wondered at the delicate flush that spread over her charming face as he addressed her.

- "I am wanted in the library," she repeated. "Why need I go there, Lord Rylestone? The reading of the will cannot affect me."
- "I hope it will," said Lord Rylestone, quickly. "Your uncle loved you, and I trust he has not forgotten you." With a faint, sweet smile, she looked up into his face.

"That which would make me richer would make you poorer," she remarked, gently; and Lord Rylestone faintly laughed.

"I do not mind that," he returned. Her youth, her beauty, her unselfishness touched him, and he felt so kindly toward her that he hoped the late lord had made ample provision for her, even though it impoverished himself

"Must I really go, Lord Rylestone?" she asked; and he saw that she shrunk from it.

"So Mr. Beale says," he replied.

"I cannot imagine why," she said; "my uncle's will cannot possibly concern me."

Nevertheless she rose and accompanied him. Her fair proud face flushed slightly when she saw the number of gentlemen present. They looked up in quiet admiration of the beautiful queenly girl in her sweeping black dress; and then Mr. Beale, with an air of great deference, placed a large easy-chair for her, and she sat down. She was too proud, too well-bred, to show any signs of embarrassment; but, as she sat alone there, the only lady present, she did wish to herself that Mr. Beale had not sent for her.

"What can the will matter to me?" she repeated over and over again to herself. She saw the lawyer unfold a great sheet of paper, she saw an expression of earnest attention come over the faces of the gentlemen present, and then the reading of the will began.

It did not interest her; she was thinking of Lord Rylestone, the handsome young heir, who had spoken so kindly to her, with a look like sunshine on his face. She was picturing him in his new home, and the dull verbiage of the will did not disturb her. Would she see the young lord again, or was this their first and last meeting?

"He has a noble face," she thought, "and his eyes are full of truth."

Then she was startled suddenly by the sound of her own name—"My beloved niece, Adelaide May Cameron."

She looked up hastily, and was still more startled to find that the gentlemen were all looking at her with strangely moved faces, and that Lord Rylestone, standing a little apart, had grown white as death.

"What is it?" she gasped. "I was thinking of something else—I did not hear."

Mr. Beale looked at her.

"I will read it again, Miss Cameron;" and again he read. The portion of the will that was re-read was to this effect: The late lord's kinsman Allan Brand Estcourt would succeed him as Baron of Rylestone. But the original estate had grown smaller, and the income less. Nothing in fact was entailed with the Barony except the mansion of Walton Court and an income of one thousand per annum, which was not half enough for the maintenance of the estate. The late lord, however, had been a wealthy man; he had been endowed with a private income of fifteen thousand per annum, partly by his mother and partly by a wealthy godfather; and it was this handsome fortune that Allan Brand

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Estcourt had always believed he would inherit. He knew that it was not entailed—that Lord Rylestone could dispose of it as he wished; and never had the faintest doubt that it would be his crossed his mind. Now the whole of that vast fortune was bequeathed to him—but only on one condition. It was to be his if he married within two years the testator's beloved niece, Adelaide Cameron; and, if he did not do so at the end of two years, it was to become hers.

There were numerous details, but that was the principal clause. Until the termination of the two years Miss Cameron was to receive an income of ten thousand pounds per annum, and Allan was to receive two. When the two years had expired, if Allan consented to the marriage and all was arranged, the money would become his, and he would find himself master of Walton Court with an income of fifteen thousand pounds per annum. If at the end of two years Allan should refuse to contract the marriage, then the fortune would pass at once into the hands of Miss Cameron, and he would receive a legacy of five thousand pounds. The regular income in that case would be settled on Miss Cameron, so that she would be unable to will it away. The testator went on to say that his niece Adelaide Cameron had always been so docile and so obedient that he was quite sure she would not refuse to carry out his last wishes. He was actuated by the purest wish for her happiness, and that, as wife of Allan Brand Estcourt, he felt sure of. The will concluded with some few legacies to old servants; and when the last sound of the lawyer's voice died away a profound silence reigned in the room.

Miss Cameron was the first to break the painful pause. She rose from her seat and crossed the room. She raised her pale proud face to Lord Rylestone, and seemed to forget that any one beside herself was present. She spoke to him as though they were alone.

"I am very sorry," she said, simply. "I had no idea that such a thought was in my uncle's mind. It was cruel to you and cruel to me. I hope you will forgive me."

Her lips quivered as she spoke. The shock of the disappointment had been great for him, but he had recovered sufficiently to say that he had nothing to forgive her—that she had done him no wrong.

"Yet you feel annoyed with me," she said. "You were kind to me before; you seemed disposed to like me; and now you look both stern and cold."

Her purity and simplicity took all lighter meaning from her words. They expressed exactly the thought that was in her mind.

"I am very sorry," she repeated. "I did not want the money. I have some of my own; and I have never thought of my uncle's. Do not be angry with me. I will do all I can to help you to set the will aside."

Then Mr. Beale stepped forward.

"That can never be done, Miss Cameron. The late Lord Rylestone was in perfect health of body and mind when he made that will; it can never be set aside."

She clasped her hands with a little passionate cry.

"I did not want the money," she said. "It ought not to be mine. I will not take it."

"I suggested all I could to influence my client," continued Mr. Beale, "but he told me positively and distinctly that he intended you to be his heiress. At the same time he knew how the present Lord Rylestone would need the money. He devised this plan, and I am sure that he imagined it would prove a very happy one."

"It was a great mistake," cried the girl, impetuously.

"I am bound to say," pursued the lawyer, "that my late client honestly believed he was doing his best for the interests and happiness of both. He told me that, if either his heir or his niece had had any idea of another kind, he should have made other arrangements; but he knew that Miss

Cameron was free, and he felt sure that Lord Rylestone was the same. It is a most painful thing to say; but, in defence of the late lord, I am compelled to say it."

"He could not know anything about the matter," said Miss Cameron, with stately calmness.

"In another man I should have called such a thing impertinence," declared Lord Rylestone, angrily.

The lawyer raised his hands with a slight gesture of dissent.

"I can well understand all the irritation and annoyance you must feel," he said; "but I am bound in honor to protest to you again and again that, in making this singular will, the late lord thought he had done the best for both."

"He was mistaken," asserted the girl, proudly. "Lord Rylestone, say that you forgive me the unwitting wrong that I have done. I am inexpressibly sorry to have brought so great a disappointment to you."

She spoke with her fair, colorless face raised half proudly, half shyly to his. All the chivalry in him awoke at her words.

"I greatly regret," he said, with a low bow, "that this annoyance has happened. I cannot say that I forgive. What have I to pardon?"

The tone was kind, the words were kind; but the girl turned away with a sigh. She missed the sunny gleam on his face, and the light in his eyes. She would have quitted the room, but Mr. Beale asked her to remain for a few minutes longer. She sat down and hid her face in her hands.

The gentlemen, who had been anxious witnesses of the scene, went to look at the papers on the table, and Lord Rylestone walked to the other end of the room with the lawyer, where they remained for some minutes in earnest conversation. Mr. Beale knew all the young lord's difficulties, his debts, and how small was the hope of settling them

"I must give up all thought of living at Walton," he said, "even in the quietest manner possible. I could not live here on a thousand a year."

"It would not be possible," agreed Mr. Beale; and the young lord sighed deeply.

"Farewell, then," he said, "to all my dreams of goodness and greatness. It is a great blow to me. I had better far have been a laboring man than a baron with a thousand a year. I must either close the place or let it. It will be a great sacrifice, but it must be done—I cannot live here."

"Let us hope that the end of two years will find you in a different frame of mind," suggested Mr. Beale. "I hope it will, between ourselves. I think you know you would have a chance of success. Miss Cameron is a charming girl, and she seems to—to like you."

"We will not discuss the matter," said Lord Rylestone. "I have told you that to carry out the old lord's wish is impossible. I know perfectly well what I shall do—I shall pay off my debts, even though it leaves me without a shilling, and then I shall try for some appointment abroad."

"It will not be a very gracious office to tell Miss Cameron that," observed Mr. Beale.

"I will not discuss the question," said Lord Rylestone, curtly; and then he went over to the table where the papers lay, and the lawyer resumed his place.

"I have one thing more to say," announced Mr. Beale.
"My late client, together with his will, left a letter of instructions, which he wished to be read at the same time.
With your permission, Miss Cameron, and yours, my lord, I will read it now."

Miss Cameron raised her face for a few seconds, and then bent it on her hands again. Lord Rylestone gave a Lalfimpatient assent. The lawyer, opening a folded letter, read:

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"I shall be in my grave when the will which has cost me so many anxious hours is read. I wish this to be read after it, and the words come from the depths of my heart. Children, in binding you as closely as I can together, I have done that which, after many hours of anxious thought, I consider to be the best. Allan, you succeed to an ancient title; if you carry out my desires, you will also have sufficient wealth-if you do not, you must earn money to keep up the prestige of your name. Adelaide, you have been like a dear daughter to me, and I have done my best for you. I know that you are heart-free, and that, if you marry Allan, you will be one of the happiest women in the world. You are my heiress. Knowing that, if the one condition of the will is not carried out, you will be unwilling to accept the wealth that must then be yours, I have left you no alternative—it is settled on you, so that you cannot, by either deed or gift, put it from you. Children, join hands above my grave, and grant an old man's wish.

There was another silence after the last word had been read, and then Lord Rylestone stepped forward.

"There is little need for prolonging what is to all of us a painful scene. I understand my position. I am Lord Rylestone of Walton, with a thousand a year to support the title, unless a condition is complied with which ought never to have been made. Two years are given to consider a matter which is already decided. At the termination of the two years we shall meet here again, gentlemen, that Miss Cameron may take possession of her inheritance. In the meantime Miss Cameron will receive an income of ten thousand pounds per annum, and I of two. The trustees, our good friends Sir William Morton and Squire Segood, will in the interim superintend affairs. I think we all understand the present temporary arrangement."

Squire Segood muttered something that sounded like condolence. Lord Rylestone laughed a genial laugh.

"No," he returned, "I shall not murmur over fate. I was stunned at first by the severity of the disappointment. But it takes more than the loss of a fortune to daunt an Englishman. Thank you, dear friends all, but I do not need sympathy. I mean to make the best of it."

He raised his handsome head, and looked so proud, so buoyant, so hopeful and brave, that each man present felt his heart warm to him; and then he went over to Miss Cameron.

"I am sure you have had annoyance enough here," he said. "Shall I escort you back to the drawing-room?"

He spoke with a smile and a low bow; but he started when the girl raised her face to his. It was white, and looked worn with painful thought. She rose without a word, and they quitted the room together; and then the gentlemen formed a little group to discuss the will.

"It is not fair," said Sir William; "this place could never be kept up under five thousand pounds a year."

Squire Segood looked very wise and good-humored.

"I think it will all come right," he declared. "I cannot say what makes me think so; but I have an idea that Miss Cameron likes the young baron."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Beale, hopefully, "I think she does." But Sir William shook his head gravely.

"I think the difficulty will be on the other side," he said.
"I do not think Lord Rylestone has the faintest notion of marrying Miss Cameron. He spoke of it as something so entirely out of the question that it could never come to pass."

"He will be ruined then, or he will have to let Walton Court," announced Mr. Beale. "What an unfortunate affair it is! There is one thing I should like to say, gentlemen, and that is, that I think we are all bound in honor to keep this affair a profound secret—at least until the two years have expired. It is so very uncertain how matters will turn

but. In any case, I think we should resolve upon that;" and each gentleman present agreed that the will and the terms of the will should not be mentioned.

"There may be a marriage at the end of two years, or there may not be one," added Mr. Beale; so that silence will be best."

"Well," said Squire Segood, with a good-tempered smile, "I am quite of the opinion that our poor friend was right in his idea, although it seems despotic, and that all will come right in the end."

But Sir William, who professed to be a student of human nature, averred:

"There will be no wedding. Lord Rylestone and Miss Cameron will never marry."

#### CHAPTER II.



ORD RYLESTONE and Miss Cameron reached the drawing-room in perfect silence. She would then have dismissed him, but he motioned her to a seat, and then procured a chair for himself.

"I feel the greatest sorrow that you should have been so tried, Miss Cameron," he said. "If I had had but the faintest idea of what was in the will, I would not have asked you to hear it read."

"I must have been made acquainted with the contents at some time," she rejoined, wearily.

"But, if I could, I would have had the news broken to you quietly and gently. It must have been a shock."

He saw how pale and sad she looked, and his heart softened to her.

"I am sorry, too, that I did not meet you before," he continued. "You will be very lonely now, and I cannot expect you to look upon me as a friend. Have you many friends or acquaintances?"

She told him that she had not—that she was seventeen when she left school to return home to her uncle's house, and that now she was but in her nineteenth year.

"I have not made many friends," she said, simply. "My uncle did not enjoy very good health latterly, and we neither received nor paid many visits. I know that next year he intended to take me to London. He often spoke of it."

"You will see London now," he remarked, with a slow, grave smile, "and you will find yourself famous there."

"Why?" she asked, briefly.

"Because you will be Lord Rylestone's heiress—and great heiresses are respected and looked up to in London."

She raised her eyes to his face, and spoke evidently without thinking of the import of her words.

"Shall I be Lord Rylestone's heiress?"

"Yes," he replied, "certainly you will."

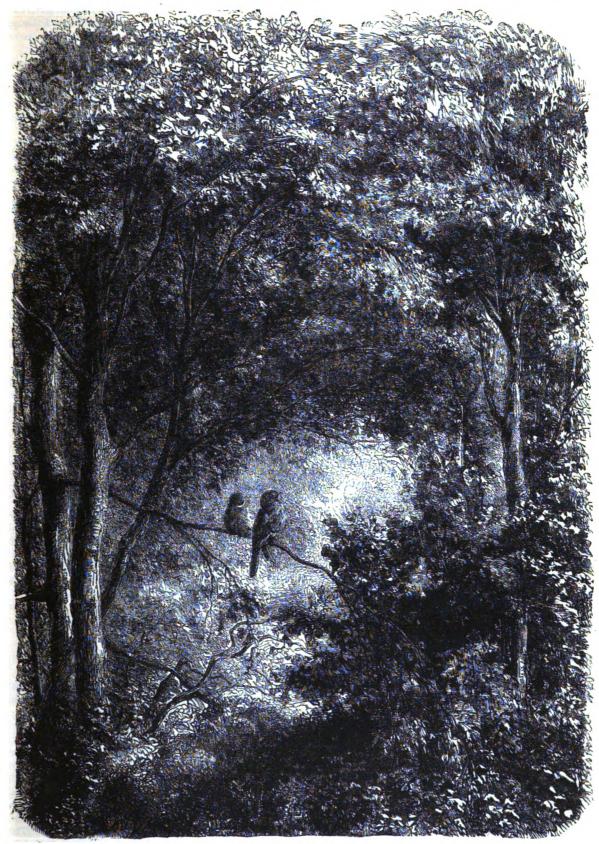
Then suddenly remembering what her words might seem to imply, a blush, so intense as almost to make her face burn, rose even to her brow. He could not help seeing her confusion, and it angered him against the dead man who had placed them both in so unpleasant a position.

"I should like, as far as I can, to undo the mischief done," he said, earnestly. "Of course, we are strangers to each other, but there is some little tie between us because you are the niece of the late Lord Rylestone."

She looked up at him with something like cagerness in her eyes.

"How were you related to him," she asked.

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Lord Rylestone smiled.

- "I was his third cousin," he said.
- "And he had no nearer relatives than you and myself?" she interrogated.
  - "No; and that accounts for the wish he expressed,"

replied Lord Rylestone. "I was about to say that I hoped you would permit me to set your mind quite at ease on one point. May I speak frankly to you?"

"Speak as you will," she answered, but the vivid crimson died from her lips.

"It is about the most stupid and the most awkward position a man was ever placed in," he said, impatiently; "and the difficulty can be met only by perfect straightforwardness and candor with each other. Do you not agree with me?"

"Yes," she replied; and she looked away from him to the windows where the sun was vainly trying to shine

through.

"I want you," he said, "to trust me, and, while you are so lonely, to look upon me as a friend. When you have made others, you will not need me. I want you to trust me implicitly and not to be afraid of me—not to think that I shall ever presume upon the conditions of the will. We can each take our position at once—I as the impoverished master of Walton Court, you as Lord Rylestone's heiress. The sooner we accustom ourselves to it the better. Being Lord Rylestone's heiress will make life a different matter for you."

"Why will it do so?" she asked, dreamily.

"Because in all probability your great wealth will enable you to make a very good marriage—that kind of thing happens every day,"

"If I married," she asked, gravely, "what would become of my money—that is, Lord Rylestone's money?"

"It would go to your husband and children, I suppose," he replied.

"Then," she said, more gravely still, "I shall never marry. I shall live unmarried always, so that when I come to die I may make a will, and leave the money to you, its rightful owner; and I shall never be happy until that time comes."

She spoke with strange determination for one so young. He was deeply touched by her words.

"You must not do anything of the kind," he said. "I will not have you sacrifice yourself to any such absurd notion. Lord Rylestone was your own uncle, and, if he chose to leave you his money, he had a perfect right to do so. The only pity is that he has burdened you with an unpleasantness. I blush to think you should have any fear for me. I am young, strong, and blessed with health, strength, and brains, together with a thousand a year. I should be less than a man if I repined at such a fate. I shall value the fortune I win more than any fortune that could have been left to me."

Her heart warmed to him. The handsome face had recovered all its sunshine. He looked like a man who would defy and conquer fate.

"You say that it will be impossible for you to live here, Lord Rylestone, at Walton Court?"

"Quite impossible," he replied, "on a thousand pounds per annum. I should be bankrupt in four months."

"Shall you sell the place?" she asked, half-wistfully.

"You do not understand the eccentricities of the law of entail, Miss Cameron," he answered, smiling. "I cannot sell Walton, because it is entailed; it must descend from father to son, or to the legal heir, as in my case. If I should marry and have a son to succeed, it would go to him."

"And if you do not marry, Lord Rylestone?"

"Even in that case the heir-at-law would spring up. But I do not see any reason why I should not marry—and that brings me back to my starting-point. In making your plans, in arranging your future, Miss Cameron, pray look upon yourself as Lord Rylestone's heiress, and have no fear of ever being harassed by doubts and fears. Our paths in life lie far apart; but let me help you when I can."

"Thank you," she returned; and he thought the tone of her voice was sad.

"I should ask you to remain at Walton," he said, "but that Mrs. Grundy must be consulted. What did you think of doing?"

"I should like to go away at once," she replied. "It hap-

pens fortunately that Madame de Valmy, my old governess, is now in England. She has given up teaching. I thought of asking her to live with me as a kind of companion and chaperon."

"That would be an excellent arrangement," he said. "Where did you think of going?"

"To the sea-side first. I love the sea. I shall write to Madame de Valmy to-night, and ask her to come to me here at once; and then we can make our arrangements, and leave by the end of next week."

"I am delighted that you have arranged your affairs so sensibly. I shall not be in the way, for I return to London to-morrow, and it will be some time before I shall be able to come to Walton again."

She looked wistfully at him.

"I cannot tell you;" she said, "how grieved I am. You love Walton, I know, better than any other place."

"Yes," he acknowledged—"I could not care more for it than I do. You need not look so sadly at me, Miss Cameron. I must try to make it my own in another sense of the word. I must work for it—that is, I must work so that I may win wealth enough to enable me to make it my home."

"It is a cruel fate for you," she said.

"No, I will not assent to that. I see no cause for repining;" and then he held out his hand to her. "Ours has been a strange acquaintance," he added. "I can only hope that it may end more happily than it has begun."

Her hand lingered for one half-minute in his; a torrent of words rose from her heart to her lips—a passionate prayer that he would take back this money which she hated—and then she crushed it all back—the longing, the prayer, the wild words—and she said, simply:

"Good-night."

Long after he was gone she stood just where he had left her. The feeling of wounded pride was so strong within her that she could hardly endure it.

"Why should I have all this to suffer?" she cried. "I, who never remember to have wronged or hurt any one—I, to have this torture of shame—to be offered in marriage—to have my hands weighted with a fortune, and then to be coolly put aside—not even to hear the most remote possibility of such a marriage mentioned—to know that the man whom I have always believed to be a hero prefers poverty to me! I think the making of that will was the most cruel thing that Lord Rylestone ever did."

Night had passed and morning had dawned before Adelaide Cameron had regained her composure.

#### CHAPTER III.



ADAME DE VALMY was a brisk, energetic, lively lady, who for many years had successfully conducted one of the leading boarding-schools in Paris. She had saved a handsome fortune, and retired from business; and then her good fortune had deserted her. She had invested her money in some leading Parisian banking company, which, after paying a marvelous percentage for a few years, suddenly stopped and paid no more. Then Madame de Valmy looked round her in wonder that almost resembled de-

spair. What was she to do now? Resume her long battle with ignorance she could not; she was tired of teaching, and heart-sick in her great sorrow. She thought of coming to England; and amongst other friends she remembered the beautiful English girl, Lord Rylestone's niece. She wrote

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to her, and the letter asking Miss Cameron to assist her was received at Walton Court on the same day that Lord Rylestone's will was read.

It happened most fortunately for Miss Cameron; she had always felt the warmest attachment to the lively, graceful, well-bred Frenchwoman, and now the prospect of living with her was not unpleasant.

For Adelaide Cameron's lot had not always lain in smooth or pleasant places. Her mother's unfortunate marriage had never been pardoned by the Rylestone family. The unhappy young mother had been a belle, the pride and hope of her family. She flung away her brilliant prospects, her brilliant future, and ran away with young Captain Cameron, who had nothing save his high birth and handsome face to recommend him. It was the first love-match on record in the Rylestone family, and was likely, as it seemed, to be the last.

Mrs. Cameron had some little money - two hundred pounds per annum-and that, with her husband's professional income, was all they had to live upon. The stern old lord, her father, refused to forgive her. He would not receive her letters or have her name mentioned. He said that she had disgraced the Rylestones, and disgrace was a thing he could not pardon. He did not even relent when he heard that she had a little daughter, and that they were in great poverty. He made his will, and in it there was no mention of her. Just before this an accident during a review ended the career of Captain Cameron, and his widow was left alone with her little girl. She had always been the dearly-loved pet and playmate of her brother Bertram, and the first thing he did, after succeeding to his inheritance, was to go in search of her. He found her dying, but he made her death-bed happy by promising to adopt her child. The little income that had been the hapless lady's was left to her daughter, but Lord Rylestone told her there would be little need of it-Adelaide's future should be his care.

So, when she was just of an age to appreciate her mother, she was left motherless. It was useless for Lord Rylestone to think of taking her home to Walton Court; he decided upon sending her to school. When she first went to Madame de Valmy's, Adelaide was only four years old, and she remained under that lady's charge until she was seventeen. She did not go to England for her holidays, but Lord Rylestone went to see her. Then, when she had reached her seventeenth year, her uncle determined to bring her home. He found her beautiful, graceful, and high-bred. He was charmed with her. She remained at Walton Court for nearly two years, during which time he became warmly attached to her. He learned to look upon her as a daughter. He had made what he imagined the brightest plans for her future. During that time he wished her to be as happy as possible with him, and then he intended to introduce her to the great world of fashion.

Meanwhile he formed the one great desire of his life—that the young heir that was to succeed him should marry the girl whom he loved as though she were his own child. More than once he had formed a plan to introduce Adelaide and Allan to each other, but each time some unforeseen circumstance had happened to upset it. Then from certain strange sensations he felt sure that his health was failing. He consulted a physician, who told him he could not live much longer, when the idea came to him to say nothing about his great desire while he lived, but to bring about its accomplishment after his decease by a certain condition in his will. He had never mentioned the matter to Miss Cameron—he had not even spoken much to her of Allan Brand Estcourt, but the little he had said had been so entirely in the young heir's praise, that Adelaide had the highest idea of him.

The more Bernard, Lord Rylestone, thought of his plan,

the more feasible it seemed. Most probably, if he mentioned it while living, one or the other of the two concerned might object to it; but, left as his last wish—as his legacy to them—they would not fail to carry it out.

It was some little comfort to him during the last few months of his life to think that the two he loved best would live after him in the home he prized so highly. He was a kindly man, of honorable and generous ideas; he would not for the whole world have done anything to make either of his young relatives unhappy. He honestly believed that he was doing his best for both of them. It never entered his mind that there would be any failures in his plan; he was perfectly at ease about it, and died in the happy belief that it would be carried out.

Mr. Beale had remonstrated with him—had told him that the arrangement was an unjust one, and that Allan Estcourt or Miss Cameron might perhaps have already made their choice. He laughed at the notion. His niece had not even seen any one she would be likely to look on favorably, and, as for Allan, he was equally sure that, if he had any intention of marrying, he would have confided it to him. So the lawyer's wise and sensible suggestions were all overruled, and the fatal, foolish will was made.

In one respect Lord Rylestone was quite right—his niece was fancy-free. She had had no lover. It was true that many had aspired to that position, but she was as proud as she was innocent—she had received all compliments, all flattery, all homage, with a cool serene indifference which never left her. She had not as yet seen any one whom she considered it possible even in the least degree to love. But she had certainly thought a great deal about Allan Estcourt. She liked Lord Rylestone's description of him. She liked to hear of his manly beauty, of his clustering hair, his comely face, his strong upright figure, his generous, careless, debonnair manners. She thought a great deal of him, and in the depths of her heart wished that he would find time to visit Walton. She did not make an ideal lover of him, but she wished to see him, and she hoped most fervently that, when he did see her, he would like her, and that they might be friends. Even in her thoughts she went no further than that. Then came the shock of her uncle's death. Many girls in her place would not have been taken by surprise upon such an occurrence; they would have speculated in their own minds as to whether their relative would in dying have made any provision for them. But Adelaide Cameron was a singularly disinterested girl; there was not the least tendency to anything mercenary in her whole disposition. At any time it was easier for her to give than to receive. She had her own little income of two hundred pounds per annum, and she never speculated as to whether she would be richer through her uncle's death; so that when he died it was a great sorrow to her. She wept for him as almost her only friend—certainly the only relative she had with whom she had been on affectionate terms. The first gleam of brightness that came to her afterward was on hearing that the heir was so soon to be at Walton. They had talked about him, and she had thought of him, and now her longing desire was to be realized—she was to see him.

At their meeting Adelaide Cameron owned to herself that, instead of overpraising his heir, the late lord had not said enough in his favor. She saw the expression of surprise on Allan's face when on entering the drawing-room he saw her installed there as mistress of the house; it was not until afterward that she remembered it was quite probable that he did not even know that she had been residing there.

They did not remain strangers long. Allan, the new lord of Walton, saw before him a beautiful, sorrowful girl, mourning the death of her friend and benefactor. He was touched by her beauty, he sympathized with her grief, he

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tried his best to soothe and amuse her. That same evening she told him the simple story of her life, and, looking at her exquisite face, so perfect in its high-bred patrician loveliness, he wondered what her future would be.

The three days that followed were busy ones for him; he had to manage and superintend everything. Still, despite the gravity of his engagements, he made time to see Miss Cameron. He felt himself in some measure her guardian. He made no inquiries as to what she intended doing, because he felt sure that some provision would have been made for her in the will. He hoped that the late lord had left her a fortune; and, so far from feeling any regret that his own portion would be lessened thereby, he honestly hoped that Lord Bernard had been generous to his niece.

So the three days passed, and the impression she made upon him was a very pleasant one—that of a beautiful gifted girl who would in all probability occupy some high station in the world. Adelaide had been impressed too; and perhaps it was not entirely her fault if the noble head and face occupied her dreaming hours, if the cheery musical voice haunted even her sleep. She had been so disposed to like him, and he exceeded even the favorable anticipation she had formed. There was some deeper feeling for him in her heart; she did not quite know what-something that flushed her face with burning crimson when she heard the sound of his voice, something that made her heart beat and her hands tremble when he spoke to her, something that made her like to be alone to think of him and dream over every word that he had uttered, something that made her heart warm and her nerves thrill at the bare mention of his name. He was to be Lord Rylestone, he was to take her dead uncle's place, and she hoped he would always be her friend. She did not know in those days the value of her own beauty-she remembered only that she was very lonely.

"I will ask him to be my friend," she thought, "so that I may feel that some human being has an interest in me."

But, when she saw him again, after making her determination, she could not summon courage to say the words. Perhaps she would have understood him better if she had done so—she did try, but her courage failed her. She raised her eyes to his face, but they dropped quickly.

"Perhaps he will be my friend without asking," she said to herself; and before the reading of the will—before that half-tragic scene in the library—she had owned to herself that earth held no higher gift, that she asked from Heaven no greater blessing, than his friendship. It would be hers in time, she felt sure; he was kind, gentle, and considerate; he was thoughtful for her; and she was beginning to feel more hopeful, when Lord Rylestone summoned her to hear the reading of the will.

## CHAPTER IV.

To Adelaide Cameron it seemed that she could not live through the long dreary day that followed the reading of her uncle's will; she who had longed for Allan Estcourt's friendship, who had thought herself so happy in his simple, kindly liking, had been the one to impoverish him—to bring this painful embarrassment upon him. Moreover, her maidenly dignity had been outraged. She who in the darkness and solitude of night was afraid to whisper to her own heart how much she liked him—she, even she, had been compelled to suffer the indignity of being offered to him, and offered in vain.

For long hours afterward, to her terrible sorrow, she lay with her burning face buried in her hands, and it seemed to her that she could never look upon the world or the light of day again—that she could not live through the humiliation and shame. Sensitive and refined, her whole nature shrunk from the thought of the ordeal through which she had

passed; it had been literally torture to her. That she, who had turned with girlish modesty and shyness even from her own fancies, should find herself compelled either to become his wife or to see him bankrupt—the idea was so painful that she recoiled from it in an agony of distress.

If, after the reading was over, he had offered at once to make her his wife, it would still have been a source of untold misery and shame to her; but he did not do that. He never seemed even to entertain the idea for one moment. He had passed it over as a thing quite beyond all bounds of possibility.

Perhaps it was that which affected her so deeply. If he had simply waived it, had said that it was a matter for future consideration, it would have been easier to bear; but he had not done so. He had hastened to assure her that she was to all intents and purposes Lord Rylestone's heiress—that she might arrange all her plans without fear of being disturbed, for he would never annoy her about the will.

As she recalled the words, her face burned, her lips quivered. She trembled with anger and indignation. She was quick in thought and word, impetuous in action and speech.

"I shall hate my life," she cried aloud; "nothing can ever make it bearable to me again!"

What could she do? If she had a mother living, to whom she could have gone for wise counsel—if she had had only a sister from whom she could have sought comfort! But she was alone, and her sorrow was all her own. Why had he put her aside, as it were, out of his life? Why had he declined wealth and luxury if they were to be shared by her?

She went to the large mirror, and looked with steadfast eyes at the reflection there. For the first time she tried to judge of her own beauty. The face she saw was wondrously fair in its high-bred calmness, the wealth of golden hair was magnificent, the neck and shoulders were like those of the far-famed Clytie, the troubled eyes into which she gazed were bright and beautiful.

"Why could he not love me?" she thought. "Why has he so quietly thrust me out of his life? I am fair as other women are, and I could love him—why is he so cruel to me?"

As she stood there a thought came into her mind, and she cowered before it, she shrunk from it, she stretched out her hands with a gesture as though it were some living thing and she would fain put it from her.

"He hates me," she decided. "Perhaps he even believes that I have been manœuvring for this! I will go away from Walton, and he shall never see me again."

Whither should she go? To whom should she turn in her anguish of sorrow and shame? Then she remembered Madame de Valmy's letter, and without further deliberation she sat down and answered it at once, begging her to come without delay to Walton Court.

On the morrow Madame de Valmy arrived. She was shown at once into Miss Cameron's room, but she started back in surprise when the pale, proud face was raised to hers.

"What have they done to you, Lida, my poor child?" she said. "Has the cold air of England withered your roses? You are pale, you are sad, you are unlike yourself. What has happened?"

And then, before madame had time to seat herself, Adelaide told her all. The elder lady listened in kindly wondering pity.

"Only an Englishman would have thought of such a thing," she observed; "but, after all, Lida, it is but a mariage de convenance. In France, as you know, we have many thousand such."

Miss Cameron looked up hastily.



SAMSON THREATENING HIS FATHER-IN-LAW, -FROM THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

"You do not quite understand, madame," she said; "there will be no marriage."

Madame evidently did not quite understand. She looked at the young girl's white face. "It will be a well-arranged marriage after all, Lida. He—the young milor—has the title and the grand old mansion, you will have the money; it is the most natural thing in all the world that they should go together. It is a most suitable marriage after all."

"But, madame, there will be no marriage. It is because of that that I want to go away at once. There can be no marriage, for Lord Rylestone does not wish it—he treats it as an impossibility that need not be discussed; so that it is painful for me to remain here, and I must go. Do you not understand? I must go."

There was enough of pain in the imperative words to soften the lady's heart.

"That is quite another thing," she said; "my lord does not wish to marry. But the money, Lida—what will he do without the money?"

"He prefers to live in exile," she replied, hitterly. "He prefers leaving this grand old house to strangers, and struggling as best he can, to being wealthy, if the wealth comes from me."

Madame looked thoughtfully at her.

"He did not wish such a marriage," she said, slowly; "yet you are so fair—so fair and so rich. It must be that he loves some one else."

The beautiful face, looking so wistfully into her own, grew pale as death; and then madame had little need to say more. She was quick enough to read the young girl's secret, although it was never told in words.

"No," rejoined Miss Cameron, promptly, "it is not that."

"How do you know it is not that?" asked madame.

"I cannot tell you—it is my impression. Some one said so—I cannot remember who. He does not love any one else."

"Then all may come right in time," said Madame de Valmy.

"No; we have talked about it—about this cruel will—and Lord Rylestone has asked me to make myself quite easy about it. I am to consider myself as the late Lord Rylestone's heiress, and make my plans at once, for I shall never be disturbed. The present lord cannot tell me more plainly than that," she continued, with a crimson flush, "that he had no idea of ever asking me to marry him."

"Beautiful and rich," murmured madame—"it must be that he loves some one else."

"For the reasons I have given you," said Adelaide, "I wish to go away. I am quite sure, madame, that he dislikes me. He thinks, perhaps, that I influenced the late lord—that I wanted the miserable money. I must go, madame—I must go."

"Poor child! Yes, we will go; but not just now—not today. I have only just arrived; and I am not young—I am easily tired. We will set out to-morrow—that will be quite soon enough. Take comfort, Lida. It is very annoying; but it is not your fault—you are quite innocent."

"Yet I suffer terribly," she said. "I feel, madame, as though I should never regain my self-respect. It was so cruel. I would not have been the cause of bringing this terrible disappointment to Lord Rylestone even to save my life."

"You cannot help it—it is not your fault."

"No—that is my only consolation," she returned; "but I am none the less miserable."

"Poor child!" said the elder lady again.

"If I could only have given the money back to him——"

"But surely," interrupted madame, "you would not do that?"

"Indeed I would. Oh, madame, I assure you that, for the power of giving that money back to Lord Rylestone, I would this moment most cheerfully sacrifice everything!"

"I cannot understand that," said madame. "Money is money, and it is not to be thrown away for a little sentiment. It is the grand lever of the world, Lida."

"I do not care for it," cried the girl, passionately. "I did not want my uncle's, at any rate—it will not make me happy. It ought to be Lord Rylestone's, not mine."

"He does not seem to need it," said the French lady, philosophically, "or surely he would take it."

"I shall not forget the expression of his face," observed Miss Cameron. "He is an English gentleman, and has a wealth of nobility of soul. He would disdain to marry any woman for the sake of the gold she could give him. He is high-minded, so chivalrous, that I believe, even if he loved me, he would leave me rather than appear as though he

cared for my money; but he despises me, and I shall not rest until I am far away from here."

Madame de Valmy looked anxiously at the bright flush burning on the beautiful face. She knew that it betokened fever of the heart. And then Miss Cameron seemed to recollect herself.

"How selfish I am!" she said. "I am talking to you about my troubles, forgetting your long journey. Forgive me, madame!"

And then she busied herself in attending to madame's comfort; and after that, with the same restless manner, she began to discuss various plans as to where they should go.

"Let it be near the sea," she said. "I have an idea that that would comfort me. I should like to hear its voice again—let it be near the sea."

"We will go to Brighton," decided Madame de Valmy. "You will have not only the sea there, but also pleasant society."

"I do not want society—I care for nothing but the sea. We can go to-morrow."

And then madame sat still, and watched her as she moved restlessly about the room, intent only on one thing, packing everything that belonged to her, so that she might get away as soon as possible.

"After all, Adelaide," said her friend, "I am not sure that you are just to yourself. You were the late lord's own niece, his nearest relative, and, if he chose to leave his money to you, I do not see that you need have the least scruple in taking it."

"The money ought to go with the title, or how is the honor of the house to be maintained? Granting that my uncle had the right to leave the money as he chose, he had no right to couple unjust conditions with it. If he had left it to me, as my own absolutely, I could have done what I liked with it. As it is, the money is comparatively useless. It is the way in which it is left that humiliates me."

And then madame saw that it was useless to say more. The girl was very unhappy, and, if there was a bright side to her sorrow, she was determined just then not to see it.

"Is Lord Rylestone still here?" she asked Miss Cameron.

"Yes; he does not leave until to-morrow," was the reply.

"I should like to see him," said Madame de Valmy. "I may not have another opportunity."

It was an odd coincidence that at that very moment one of the servants brought a message from Lord Rylestone, asking if he might be allowed to join the ladies at tea.

Miss Cameron looked up hastily.

"Yes," she replied; "and we will have tea in the small drawing-room." Then with a melancholy smile she turned to madame. "You will have your wish—you will see Lord Rylestone," she said; and again madame wondered why Lord Rylestone could object to marry one so graceful and so fair.

#### CHAPTER V.

An hour afterward Madame de Valmy and Miss Cameron went down to the small drawing-room, as one of the prettiest rooms at Walton was called. Madame felt a great desire to see Lord Rylestone. She was very quick in reading character, and it struck her that she could tell at once whether he cared for the beautiful young heiress; and, if he did not, she believed that she should discover the reason why. She had been almost amused by Adelaide's complete indifference as to appearances.

"Shall you make no change in your toilet?" she asked, as the time drew near for tea.

Adelaide looked up with a timid expression.

"I do not think it is needful," she replied.

"But I do," said madame, laughing; and, obedient as she had been in her childhood, Miss Cameron rose and went to her room.

When she returned Madame de Valmy smiled. The light golden hair was so carelessly yet so artistically arranged; the white arms and neck gleamed so fairly under the thin black crepe dress.

"You have a clever maid, Lida," she said; and the heiress of many thousand pounds replied:

"I have no maid at all."

"Then we must see about finding one; and by all means have a Parisienne. It makes so much difference."

"I do not think I shall ever take the least interest in life again," said the girl, proudly. "I am not a coward, but the only thing I care to do is to die."

Madame only smiled. She was versed in the ways of the world, and she knew how soon the young recover from grief that seems more bitter than death. And then they went down, and, although Adelaide had had no maid to help her, and she took no interest in her life, madame thought she had never seen the young girl look so beautiful. There was a proud warm flush on her face—a proud light in her eyes. She did not look like one who would be likely to love in vain.

Lord Rylestone came in punctually to the time appointed, and Madame de Valmy was obliged to own that in no way had Miss Cameron exaggerated in speaking of him. He had a grand face, a noble head, a stately bearing, with a careless debonnair grace all his own.

"Poor child," thought madame, "how could she help loving him?"

He looked pale and tired when he first entered; but no sooner did he see the two ladies than he advanced eagerly to greet them. Adelaide introduced him to madame; and then with a kindly smile Lord Rylestone turned to the young girl.

"It is the last evening, Miss Cameron, that any of us will spend in the old house," he said. "I ventured to hope it would be more cheerful if we spent it together."

"He is her friend," thought madame, who was watching him keenly—"but not her lover. He likes her, but he does not love her."

The servants brought in tea, and madame took the place of mistress. Adelaide declined it in so marked a manner that there was no help for it. She had made tea for the late Lord Rylestone every day in that same room; she was not to make it for his successor.

The evening was beautiful; Adelaide thought, as she looked sadky on the bright flowers and the waving trees, that Walton had never looked more lovely than on this the last evening that she was to spend in it. Lord Rylestone inquired about her plans, and it was madame who answered all his questions. She had felt slightly prejudiced against him because he had not fallen in love with her beautiful pupil; but all prejudice, all dislike, melted beneath the charm of his manner. It was impossible not to like him. Madame found herself talking to him as though he had been an old friend. She could not help it. It was not only the charm of his handsome face and bright genial smile which won her regard, but there was a kind of sympathetic attraction about him that few people could resist.

"Brighton," he repeated, when madame told him whither they intended going. "You have chosen a very pleasant and fashionable retreat."

"Shall you remain in England?" asked Madame de Valmy.

"My plans are uncertain," he replied. "I have not decided upon anything yet. Miss Cameron, have I permission to speak to you about your own affairs and business arrangements?"

She gave him one quick, startled glance, and then answered, quietly:

"Yes, I shall be pleased to hear anything that you have to say."

Madame found herself listening with great interest.

"I was about to ask a favor, Miss Cameron," he began. "I know that the late Lord Rylestone was your guardian, besides being your nearest and dearest friend. The latter is a post I could not fill, but I want to offer you my services. You may think it absurd for a man so young as myself to offer to be your guardian, especially when you have clever trustees; but let me ask you to look upon me as such. After all, we are not strangers, and because you are Lord Rylestone's niece I should feel a deeper interest in serving you than any one else could."

"You are very kind," she said, quietly; but there was no enthusiasm in her voice.

"I know we have passed through an ordeal about as disagreeable as anything could well be," Lord Rylestone continued; "but I earnestly hope it will not prevent our being friends, seeing that in some degree we are of the same family. If you will accept my friendship and my services, Miss Cameron, I shall be only too happy to lay them at your feet."

"I accept them gratefully," she responded, but her eyes

were not raised to his as she spoke.

"I have thought of many plans more or less identified with yourself," he said. "How pleasant it is to speak to friends of whose truth and interest one feels sure! There is one thing I should like to say to you. I shall be compelled to let Walton; I could not possibly keep up such an establishment on a thousand pounds a year. However deeply it may grieve me, it must be done; and I would rather—far rather—have you for a tenant, Miss Cameron, than any one else."

She turned away with a shudder, as though a cold wind had swept over her.

"No, no," she returned, promptly—"I could never live here."

"It shall be just as you please," he declared. "It has been your home for some time; and, as in all human probability I shall never be able to live here, I do not see why you should not remain. The place would certainly be better in the hands of one of the family than in the hands of strangers."

"You may live here yourself, some day," she said, gently.

"I may—it is within the limits of possibility—but it will not be for many years. I thought I would mention the matter to you, as you will require a residence suitable to your position."

"I dislike my position," she said, in a low voice.

"There are very few ladies who, were they similarly placed, would say the same," he commented, laughing. "Of course I have merely suggested the idea, thinking that after a time it may even become pleasing to you. If you adopt it, there will be no need to make any great change. You might go to Brighton for a month or two, and then return and take up your abode here."

"The matter is worth considering," said Madame de Valmy.

"The only request that I should make of you, if you did decide upon living here, would be that you would remember me in my exile and write to me occasionally, just to tell me how everything goes on. I am deeply interested in the place and the people, the tenants and the servants—I should like to hear of them sometimes."

He saw a sudden change come over her face—a strange brightening that died away into even deeper sadness. He did not understand it in the least.

"I will think of your proposal," she returned. "I cannot

decide at once. On some grounds I confess I like it—on others I do not. I must take time to decide."

"You shall have as much time as you like, Miss Cameron," he said, kindly, "and I hope you will consult nothing but your own wishes in the matter."

She looked up at him; the brilliant color had died from her face, and her lips trembled while she smiled.

"I am afraid," she said, "that, if I come to live here, it will look as though I had taken everything from you."

"That is merely a morbid idea," he replied, laughingly. "What can it matter to the world whether it is you or another who takes it? For my part I most honestly and earnestly wish it may be you."

"Do you really wish it?" she asked, earnestly.

"With all my heart," he replied; and then Madame de Valmy interposed again.

"It would be as well to leave the matter now, and decide it at your leisure, Adelaide," she said; but the young girl turned away, saying to herself:

"It is decided: I would do anything that he wished me to do, no matter what it cost."

And then Lord Rylestone, seeing that she still looked sad and thoughtful, asked her if she would like to get out amongst the flowers. She walked by his side through the long lines of roses, and by the beds gay with many hues. She looked from the blooming flowers below to the sky above, and in the depths of her heart she registered a vow that fair June evening which nothing ever tempted her to break.

#### CHAPTER VI.



PLEASANT evening was that last one spent in the old house. Lord Rylestone made himself so amiable that it was with regret madame saw the hour for parting draw near. Long before it came she had quite made up her mind upon two matters. The first was that Lord Rylestone was not the least inclined to fall in love with Miss Cameron; the second, that he was most decidedly in love with some one else. She felt sure of it from the occasional fits of musing which brought a tender smile to his lips.

"It will be good-night and good-

by," he said, as he held out his hand to her. "Miss Cameron has promised to let me have her decision soon. If she comes to Walton, we shall have more to arrange."

Madame bade him farewell with a sorrowful heart. She would have been delighted had there been the least prospect of a marriage. As it was, she saw that Adelaide Cameron cared for him as she would never care for any one class.

The farewell between the master of Walton Court and the late Lord Rylestone's heiress was brief. He held her hand for one half-minute in his warm, friendly grasp, and then he said:

"Good-by, Miss Cameron; my best wishes remain with you."

"And you are quite sure that you forgive me—that you do not hate me?" she interrogated.

"I am quite certain of it," he replied. "So far from that, I prophesy that we shall be the greatest friends."

After he was gone madame thought her charge would prefer to be alone.

"Lord Rylestone leaves the court early in the morning, does he not?" she asked; and she pretended not to notice the mist of tears in the girl's eyes as she answered "Yes."

The next morning, when she came down-stairs, Lord Rylestone was gone. She soon found that some garbled statement as to the will had been spread amongst the servants. The truth was known to none save those who had heard the will read. But she noticed the extra amount of deference paid to her, the great attention given to her least command. She smiled bitterly to herself. It was only a foretaste of what would attend her in the great world—the world that loved money so well. How little people would guess that she detested the wealth which had come to her, and would freely have given her life itself for the power of parting with it!

Madame de Valmy looked at her in wonder.

"Are you not going to take anything but your ward-robe?" she asked. "No books, music, pictures? Have you no jewels or ornaments?"

"I want none," she replied; "and I would far rather give to Lord Rylestone than take from him."

So she left the wealthy and luxurious home where she had been so happy, without taking with her any of the numerous and beautiful presents which the late Lord Rylestone had lavished upon her.

"I always thought you, even as a child, singularly generous and free from any mercenary thought," said madame; "but in this instance you have not taken what is legally your own."

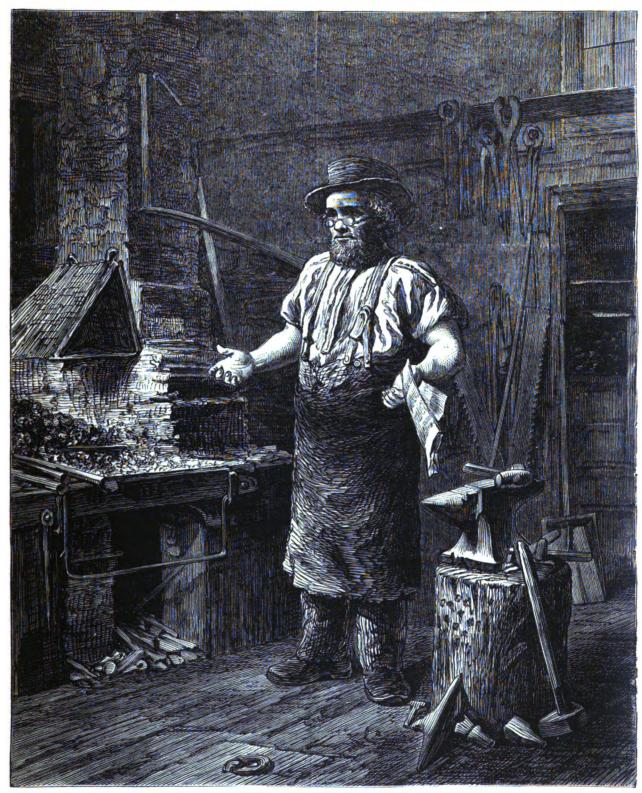
"I have taken quite enough from Lord Rylestone," she declared. "I have no wish to take more."

She soon found what it was to be a great heiress. Gossip had not discovered the truth, but the popular belief was that the late lord had bequeathed to his niece a large fortune. By Madame de Valmy's advice she did not take a house in Brighton, but merely a suite of rooms in one of the handsomest houses; her fame soon spread, however, and then, from the receipt of numberless begging letters, circulars, invitations to take shares in all kinds of companies, and solicitations for aid, Miss Cameron began to experience the delights of heiress-ship.

Miss Adelaide Cameron, the niece and heiress of the late Lord Rylestone, one of the most lovely girls in England—what fate could seem more happy, more enviable than hers? Yet she, looking with calm sad eyes on the outer world, felt that she would have changed places with the meanest mortal in it if she could only have rid herself of the fortune that ought not to have been hers.

In vain Madame de Valmy tried to please her. Adelaide was indifferent. The world did not seem to possess the least charm for her. One idea alone engrossed and occupied her mind. It was how she could restore her fortune to Lord Rylestone—what she could do to make him take it.

She thought of a hundred different plans; but when she would fain have put them into execution, she saw how futile they were. She did not look happy. The beautiful face was pale and proud; there were no tender gleams of light playing over it, no dimples deepening into smiles. She was ill at



POLITICS IN THE WORESHOP .- FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THOMAS W. WOOD.

ease. Nothing amused her, nothing pleased her. Madame spoke to her one day about this.

"When shall you emerge from this dark cloud?" she said to her one day. "I am waiting impatiently to see you smile as you used, to hear you sing, to see you laugh and enjoy yourself as others do. When will it be?"

Adelaide looked up at her.

"I remember," she said, "when I was quite a child, reading of a terrible torture. When a man committed a

murder, instead of hanging him as they do now, the dead body of his victim was fastened to his shoulders, and he was sent forth to wander until he died. I have seen somewhere or other a picture of it—a terrible picture. After I had seen it, it haunted me until I could not sleep. It was a picture of the man so driven forth. He had wandered into the sunlit glade of a wood, and his shadow fell across the greensward. How long he had wandered with his ghastly burden, what terrible things he had seen, you could guess

from the livid horror of his face. Oh, madame, what the body of his victim was to that man, my newly acquired wealth is to me! Its weight is killing me-dragging me down to the earth-haunting me with the wretched thoughts it brings!"

Madame looked in terror at the fair pale face; when she spoke her voice was unusually soft and gentle.

"You are too sensitive, Adelaide, you make yourself wretched without cause. It must be the will of Heaven that you should have the fortune-now do your best with it; there is plenty of good to be done. If you do not care about enjoying yourself as other people do, find out sorrow and alleviate it; seek distress and lessen it—do anything rather than repine that one of the greatest gifts under heaven is yours."

They were energetic, straightforward, sensible words, and Adelaide Cameron recognized them as such. They filled her with a sudden sense of shame at her own repining.

"I will do better," she said, simply; but madame knew those few words meant much.

"You feel that quite unconsciously you have wronged Lord Rylestone," she continued, "and you would like to help him. You cannot do so by giving him money—he will not take it; but there are many other ways in which you can help him. You can take your place in the great world, and use in his favor the influence of a beautiful and wealthy woman."

Something like a glow of pleasure brightened the young face.

"How can I do that, madame?" she asked. "You, who know the world so well, tell me."

"You can make friends, and in his favor use your influence with them. Take your place next season as one of the leaders of society—you are well qualified to do so. Make friends of the leading men of the day; and then, when some Government appointment becomes vacant, ask for it for Lord Rylestone. No one will refuse you anything you ask."

"But, madame, can I really do this?"

"You can try, my dear-nothing is done without tryingand, in my opinion, you will succeed."

From that day a change came over Adelaide; she gave way no more to despondency. She was not happy after the careless fashion of girls—she seemed rather to set herself deliberately to work to try how much good she could do with the money entrusted to her, and to see what she could do to help her kinsman. Madame smiled to herself as she noted the effect of her own strong words.

In the after-days people thought Miss Cameron worldly. They said she was never happy unless she was in the highest society-that nothing mediocre or second-rate seemed to please her. They called her ambitious; and few thought that what they deemed ambition was but the earnest, eager desire to do something for Lord Rylestone. She was always working with that one aim; it was the one idea, the one thought of her life, to make friends that might be useful to him. She was perfectly single-minded in her efforts; she strove, and strove hard, to gain the good-will of those who were high in office, throned in power-those who had lucrative appointments to bestow. Madame de Valmy often smiled to think how successful her few words had been.

It was this desire, and this alone, that made Miss Cameron seek society; she would have been far more content dreaming by the restless sea than paying or receiving visits; but before long she formed one of the chief attractions of Brighton,

High-born ladies had sons unprovided for; thriftless lords who, having spent one fortune, were on the look-out for another; fortune-hunters of every kind-all crowded round the beautiful young heiress, Miss Cameron. She moved

amongst them in her grand, severe calm, indifferent alike to praise or blame, proud and self-possessed, one idea leading her on—the idea of being able to do something for Lord Rylestone. If she heard that one was famous in senate or in council, she was possessed by a restless desire to know him. Many a leading statesman wondered at the grave attention given to him by this beautiful young girl; many who had both power and patronage silently wondered on whom she wished to see it bestowed.

Adelaide Cameron had but one idea, and to this she clung with a tenacity of purpose which had something marvelous in it. Lookers-on merely thought she was desirous of either making a grand marriage or taking a prominent position in society. They were mistaken-love and marriage were not for her. She was merely working out the purpose she had vowed to accomplish while walking by Lord Rylestone's side in the dreamy twilight of a Summer night.

#### CHAPTER VII.



OME urgent business awaited Lord Rylestone in London, where he had gone. It was hard to be obliged to listen to congratulations, when in his heart he knew that he was ruined. Every one had a kind word for him; he was universally popular-no man in London was more loved or admired. It was almost a relief to him to find that the particulars of the late lord's will were unknown-even false congratulations were pleasanter than condolence; so he listened with a smile while invitations were lavished upon him, and he wondered if the general voice would be different were

it known that he was a ruined man.

When he had transacted his business, seen some of his friends, and answered some letters, he drove to his club. His first inquiry was, "Any letters for me?"

Yes, there was one; and the porter who gave it into Lord Rylestone's hands might have wondered at the flush that overspread the handsome face when he saw the address. He could not read the note in peace; people who had not seen him crowded round him, and each had something kind to say. It was some time before Lord Rylestone found an opportunity to read his letter.

It was characteristic; the envelope was small and plain, the writing legible and clear. 'The note ran:

"MY DEAREST ALLAN-I have done the deed! Lady Davenant looked and felt surprised; in her dignified style she hoped that I was not too precipitate, and begged to know what I thought of doing. I told her that I was going home. Oh, Allan, how little she dreams where that home is! I am not frightened at what I have done; but I hope it may be for the best. So two months from to-day will set me free. I could not get away before - Lady Davenant said so much about the trouble of finding some one to take my place. I do not ask you to write, for I know that you will write when you have time. Am I foolish, I wonder, for loving you so truly, and trusting you so entirely?

Ever your own

"MARGARITA."

He read the little note with shining eyes and quivering lips.

"My Margarita," he said, "ever my own! I must tell her my news; and it will not be pleasant for her. In two months' time she expects to marry Lord Rylestone, and to live at Walton Court in a style suitable to the title; now tho prospect is all changed. But she is my own true-hearted darling. She will love me none the less."

Yet it was hard; and he stood for some time after the reading of that letter lost in what did not seem to be the pleasantest of reveries.

"My beautiful Margarita," he said to himself more than once; "it will be hard for her."

And then a sudden perplexity came over him; he had thought all idea of marriage quite out of the question, but at the end of two months she—the girl he loved—expected to be his wife. He threw back his handsome head with an air of defiance.

"I defy fate and fortune," he said; "the time was when I thought myself the most fortunate and most enviable man in England, but now it would seem that nothing is to prosper with me. I defy fate. I thought when I loved Margarita that I could offer her a brilliant future—and now, when my debts are paid, I shall be almost penniless for a time."

Yet his love was so deep and true, his love-story had been such a pleasant one, that, as he stood musing, a tender smile stole over his lips; all the disappointment, all the vexation, all the countless troubles that had followed the disappointment, could not dull the warm, delightful feeling of perfect happiness and perfect love which he experienced.

"My darling!" he murmured again. "It is not for title or money that she loves me, but for myself; if I were beggared to-morrow, she would care for me just the same. After all, Providence has been kinder to me than to any other man living, for have I not won Margarita?"

It was a pretty love-story, the very remembrance of which chased the cloud from his brow and brought a radiant light to his eyes. He thought there had never been one like it before; its sweet melody seemed to fill all his life with music.

It had come about in this way. He had always been chivalrous and gallant, but he had never indulged in any flirtations. In that respect he had been unlike most other young men. He had never trifled, never flirted. His ideas of love and marriage resembled those of the knights of old rather than the ideas of men of the period.

When Sir Charles Davenant invited him to spend the Christmas season at Laston Priory, he went, but the last thing of which he thought was falling in love. He was prepared to enjoy the Christmas holidays to any extent—to dance, to skate, to ride; but the idea of falling in love did not occur to him.

He found Laston Priory full of visitors—a pleasant party, presided over by the genial, hospitable Sir Charles. Lady Davenant herself was the very essence of all that was prim and precise. She was one of those severely virtuous people who, never committing an indiscretion themselves, never pardon one in other people. Allan Estcourt enjoyed himself much. He was popular with all. The gentlemen liked him for his genial manner, his hearty kindness and goodwill, his sunny laughter, his powers of mimicry, his wit and fund of anecdote; the ladies, young and old, liked him for his chivalrous bearing, his gentle manner, his pleasant speech. The girls admired him, the matrons approved of him, and every one wondered who would be the happy girl chosen by Lord Rylestone's heir.

He was walking alone one morning through the grounds; the rest of the party had gone out skating. Allan had been obliged to remain at home to answer some important letters. When they were finished, he sauntered through the grounds. He was singing to himself simply for want of thought, when he saw before him a face that was to haunt him until he died. Under one of the great leafless trees stood a little group—a lady with two children. One of the girls had evidently hurt herself, for the lady was bending over her, sheltering her in her arms.

(To be continued.)

## THE CHRISTENING.

THE moonlight silvered all the balmy air,
The wind sang in the woodbine by the door,
And the young mother, swaying in her chair,
Her tender lullaby crooned o'er and o'er:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Evening shadows are deep;
Close in my arms I fold you,
Softly praying, with tears,
That the Father of souls may hold you
Through all, life's dangerous years,
Lovingly fold and keep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
None but a mother would weep
O'er a babe as yet unchristened,
O'er a bud as yet unblown;
Ere baptism rains have glistened,
Like pearl-showers over it thrown;
For the worm in the heart I weep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

The moonlight darkened in the draperied night,
And through the woodbine wailed the wind's low cry;
While by a marble face, serene and white,
The mother sang her tremulous lullaby:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
The shadows of Death are deep.
Out of my arms they take you,
Gird you in linens clean,
And never disturb or awake you;
What can this slumber mean?
Terrors over me creep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Angels your christening keep,
And the worm can never harm you,
That fies in the budding heart.
But what to my arms can charm you,
When Death has drawn us apart?
They have opened the grave so steep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

## THE FLYING STATIONER.

The term "stationer" appears to have originated from pens, ink, and paper having been formerly kept at certain stalls or stations—fixed places whereat the public who lacked writing materials might get their wants supplied; and if—as was not unfrequently the case—they were unable to read or write, might, for a small honorarium, have their correspondence conducted for them, after the fashion of the Italian and Turkish letter-writers of the present day. But, as if in mockery of the stationary nature of the business, we find that, a hundred years ago and more, hawking stationers traveled about with bundles of quills, kegs of ink, and quires of paper.

We have the representative of one of these venders in our engraving—a quaint figure such as we should expect to find joining the *enfans terribles* outside the residence of Hogarth's "Enraged Musician," aiding to swell the tumult by his shrill, monotonous cry, "Goosequills and ink, sir? Goosequills and ink?"

Instances are not rare in which a single pen served its owner for years. When Leo Allaticus lost his pen, after using it forty years, he mourned as for a friend. Holland, the translator of Pliny, has recorded his own economy in goosequil's:

"With one sole pen I wrote this book, Made of a gray goosequill; A pen it was when I it took, A pen I have it still."

Pen-cutting was a delicate process, taught as a necessary part of education, but an art in which few people excelled-not one pen in ten was ever Professional pen-cutters mended. would turn out about twelve hundred in a day. One house alone, in London, sold on an average 6,000,000 quills annually.

In our age of metal, we have almost entirely discarded the quill. pens are now commonly employed. At the Great Exhibition of 1851 there was a pen exhibited one yard in length, and weighing five pounds -the sort of pen that only a very great man could sign his name with. One firm alone now issues annually about two millions of pens,

steel



THE CHRISTENING .- SEE PAGE 559.

### A THIBETAN BELL.

WE present herewith a picture of a bell recently brought from Chinese Tartary by a gentleman who has traveled extensively in Northern Asia. It is probably the only one of its kind that has ever reached America. The bell is composed of three-fourths silver and one-fourth baser metal, and has a peculiarly rich and pleasing tone. It is the kind used by the Buddhist priests at their services, and came, originally, from the lamisary of the Grand Lama at Lassa, the capital of Thibet. Its shape is not unlike that of the bells cast in this country, but the metal is much thicker, and, on the outside, there are several Buddhist prayers, in raised characters, which are supposed to be repeated every time the bell is struck. The principle of repeating prayers by ringing a bell is the same as that of uttering them by means of mills, which are found in many pagan countries. In Tartary the prayers are written on papers, which are attached to the spokes of a wheel, and every revolution of the wheel counts for a recital of each petition. The wheel can be



THE PLYING STATIONER .- SEE PAGE 559.

turned by a crank, or, better still, by a windmill; in the latter case. a good breeze will do the work of several priests; and every man, after supplying himself with a quantity of prayers, can be his own religious advocate

The handle of the bell represents the head of Bhudda, and has the same signifi- it.

cance in Bhuddism that the crucifix has with the Catholic Church. cording to the Bhuddist faith, the bell must be rung only by a lama, or priest, and when he uses it, he dresses after a prescribed form, and holds it between his thumb and forefinger in such a way that the head of the idol is not covered. The strokes to be given are regulated according to the day and the season, and the priest always turns himself at such times toward the temple of the Grand Lama, just as all good Mohammedans utter their prayers-with their faces toward Mecca. The tongue of the bell is of steel, and should be hung upon threads of yellow silk, which has been duly consecrated. The whole workmanship of the bell and handle is elegant and tasteful, and reflects creditably upon the skill of the makers. The art of making

and consumes about one hundred and twenty tons of | bells is of Eastern origin, and was brought from China westward through Russia. With all their skill, the European bell-founders are to-day very little in advance of the Chinese and other Asiatic nations. Sometimes the lamas, in travelling, hang these bells at night where they can be rung by the wind Thus a double purpose is served—the prayers are repeated, and any person who wishes to ascertain the whereabouts of the holy man is directed to his

> IDLENESS is that which sets all the capacities of the soul wide open to let in the evil spirit; and to give both him, and all the villanies he can bring along with him, a free reception and a full possession; whereas, on the contrary. laboriousness shuts the doors and stops the avenues of the

mind, whereby a temptation would enter, and (which is yet more) leaves no void room for it to dwell there, if by any accident it should chance to creep in; so that let but the course a man takes be just and lawful, and then the more active. still the more innocent; for action both perfects nature and ministers to grace; whereas idleness, like the rust of the soul, by its long lying still, first soils the beauty, and then cats out the strength of



A THIBETAN BELL Digitized by GOOGLE



Vol. I., No. 5-36.

# FATE OF THE "FLOWER-QUEEN."



HE Cleopatra man-of-war dropped anchor in the harbor, after a four years' weary sojourn on the slave coast of Africa, and first among the young officers who seized the earliest opportunity to rush on shore were Surgeon Campbell and Lieutenant Harry May, sworn friends and close companions, united not only by their open affection for each other, but by a deeper secret bond of interest, which, freely discussed by the one and never mentioned by his comrade, attached them warmly together, as should have been the brother and the lover of Jessica May.

She was but a child of thirteen or fourteen years at most when they were ordered away—a child with innocent black eyes and fairy-like proportions, with a voice like a bird's, with little feet that fell like music, with hands that were a miracle of beauty.

Blushing and shy as the rosebuds in her white bonnet, fragile and fair as the wonderful African lilies he had seen floating on the borders of those lovely inland lakes, yet John Campbell loved her truly already. Secretly, tenderly, hopefully cherishing the memory of what she was—dreaming of what she might become—feeding his fancy during those dreary years of exile on the tidings and intelligence constantly communicated by her half-unconscious brother—following her progress from childhood to womanhood, from bud to blossom, and counting the days and hours till he should see home again.

She was a grown young lady by this time, on the eve of quitting school and entering society. Lovers would not be long in coming to one so lovely. In what light would she now look upon her brother's comrade and friend, to whom she had been so winning as a child?

The carriage stopped while he was musing thus, and two eager faces were instantly thrust out of the open windows to reconnoitre the home of the Mays—a handsome stone building, with a fine arched entrance and broad flight of steps, up which the young men sprang lightly, without waiting to see their luggage removed, till they were recalled by an exclamation of astonishment from the coachman.

He was lifting gently out of the interior a parcel belonging to the surgeon, which the latter had completely forgotten, and now turned back again, conscience-stricken, to take—a sort of hamper of shining steel wire, enclosing what seemed to be an unusually large flower-pot which contained a flourishing plant, crowded with leaves and buds of rich, dark, brilliant green, so compressed within the closely-woven network that no part of them could be injured by contact with any outer object.

"Take care there, my good fellow!" called the young man hastily, as he returned to receive the cage from the fingers that so clumsily handled it. "Not quite so close to the wires, if you please; you had better leave it to me at once; the plant within is best kept at a distance. The leaves are comparatively innocuous, but should any of those flower-buds have expanded into bloom, without proper precautions and antidotes, their touch or odor would be DEATH!"

"Howly Vargin!" cried the driver, as his dismay and horror found expression in genuflexions appropriate to the occasion; "and why does yer honor carry such a thing about ye?"

"Why? Because I am a chemist, a botanist, a discoverer and explorer, and hope to make a name, if not a fortune,

from that little weed. If a poison, it is not less a medicine for some, at least, of the worst ills flesh is heir to, and you may hear of it as such. But you are not afraid, Harry," he gaily continued to his friend, who had now also advanced, "to trust so dangerous a guest in your mother's conservatory?"

"Not at all. I shall myself give it to Hutchinson, with the necessary charges and instructions, and he will unpack and place it in some corner remote, and so fenced in with prickly cacti that no hand but your own will ever venture to reclaim or examine it. And now come, for I can talk of nothing else on the threshold of home."

He flung open the door impatiently as he spoke, and strode forward into the hall. A blaze of light streamed from an opposite portal as he entered; a crowd of eager figures rushed forward in breathless delight to welcome him. Foremost of these came the noble-looking, white-haired father, the placid, amiable mother, still young and still handsome; then a band of shouting cousins. Last of all, a slender, smiling girl, who looked at him half-wistfully, half-shyly, from beneath the long black lashes of her eyes, and seemed afraid to yield her cheek to the touch of his bearded lips.

Before the young surgeon had time to analyze the heartache this little scene gave him—a lonely man, without home or friends—the greetings had passed on to him, and he found himself welcomed with only less of enthusiasm than belonged to the rightful heir of the house. So he received into his the beautiful white hand of Jessica May, and her lotus lips uttered music that thrilled his ear, her dark eyes met his with the same sweet open look that had won him in the eyes of the child four years and more before.

"You have come just in time!" announced the mother, as the party again became seated in the room most of them had lately left. "This is Jessie's last week at Madame Saintine's, and on Thursday she sings in the 'Flower-Queen' at madame's exhibition."

"Rather a small affair for her voice," observed Harry, looking fondly at his sister.

"Pray don't put it into her head to be contemptuous!" returned Mrs. May, laughing, "for I assure you she has taken to it very kindly, and so have we all, in fact, been much interested in having it go off well. Jessie has the principal part, you know, and so much devolves on her. Signor Benefanti, her music-teacher, has introduced several new airs, and made great alterations and improvements, and Jessie is herself drilling a chorus of the smaller girls that he has given up in despair. No doubt you'll hear them to-morrow morning through your dreams."

By the bright pink flush that colored Jessica's clear cheek, the young stranger divined her embarrassment at this conversation, and hastened to change it. With all the fire, the energy, the wonderful patience of genius, she possessed also its almost morbid shyness and sensitiveness; and loving her art with sincere enthusiasm, to her even its smallest details were dear. She would as faithfully execute, as willingly undertake, her part in Madame Saintine's little concert of school-girl music, as highest rôle of a prima donna at an imperial theatre, had such a display been within her wish or power. Her voice in itself was remarkably beautiful; full, even, sweet, and clear, of flexibility and scope extraordinary in one so young, although seldom heard beyond the immediate circle of her own family and fireside, it had begun to be discussed among musical amateurs, and much curiosity was felt by these to hear one, the fortunate circumstances of whose position, together with her youth and shyness, made it improbable that she would ever sing in public again.

The next three days passed like a delightful dream to the returned wanderers, especially to the young surgeon, whose long idolatry had begun to be suspected at last, even by



those who could not read the secret in his quiet manner, or in the expression of his fair, frank face. Harry May would not permit his friend to leave him for the hospitality of distant connections, which were the only ones he possessed, and whose welcome would have been given chiefly to his fortune and reputation, while the young lover was but too glad to linger and to dream, absorbed in the delicious enjoyment of the present, forgetting the toils and perils of the past four years of dreary exile in a vision of the possible happiness that sometimes opened to him in the light of Jessie's soft black eyes.

To Jessica May herself it almost appeared that a lot most prosperous, most fair, most fortunate, was being crowned with a glory too bright for earth, or for mortal eyes to bear. Always lovely, beloved and loving, always petted, praised, indulged; gently dealt with, tenderly cherished, kindly led; an idol, a darling, a blessing, and a treasure; received and treated as such, ignorant and innocent of all the darker side of the world in which she lived, it yet seemed now that she had been ignorant, also, of the chief joy and beauty of life before. Too childish and inexperienced to analyze or comprehend her own feelings, she was still aware of a mighty and wonderful change going on within that altered all her previous relations to existence. She felt a different heart in her breast; she saw a different face in the glass; old sensations, old memories, affected her in a new and vivid way-all emotions of pleasure or pain were intensified; a soft vail seemed dropping from her eyes; by the light thus shed upon them, she read the great riddle of life. In her, unconscious, the old miracle was being wrought, that once at least, in the history of us all, gilds with its strange, sweet splendor, earth, and sea and sky.

By what merciful mystery is it that to days already numbered is sometimes lent this parting light and glory—that lives whose short and brilliant course is almost run, should glitter in the last arc of their descent, with more than a meridian, with an unearthly sunset brightness? by what supernatural agency of Fate or Providence do the eyes that, unknown to us, are soon to close, see at the last so clearlythe lips, so soon to be dumb, smile with such heavenly sweetness, and speak words of unworldly wisdom that we cannot comprehend till it is too late? Seen by the revelation of this after-knowledge, the doom that was then darkening over our dearest sent not shadows, but aureoles, before, and the Hand whose impress, unseen, already claimed them, had set its seal only in characters of light. So the precious days pass unnoticed, and the golden hours speed swiftly by, the invaluable moments perish and are lost, while we, ignorant, unconscious, blind, and dumb, were never so little ready for the stroke that suddenly falls, and only remember long afterward, with wonder at our darkened vision, the prophetic splendor of that latter time, and the miracle by which the whole glory of existence was concentrated into its closing scene, by which the bud, destined prematurely to wither, burst, at its dying instant, into magnificent bloom.

The eventful Thursday of Madame Saintine's exhibition arrived, and Jessie was obliged to lay aside her new dreams for its severe realities. The day was devoted to the examination of the scholars in various branches of study, and to the distribution of the prizes and honors earned by them in these; the evening to music alone. Only the parents and immediate friends attended the first mentioned; the other would probably convoke a large crowd of musical critics, both professional and amateur, to pass judgment on the performance of Signor Benefanti's pupils, and test the high character for vocal and instrumental instruction in the art, which the very select and costly school had hitherto obtained.

Weary with the day's exertions, including a fatiguing

last rehears: after the audience had departed, but supported by the new strength and spirit that happiness seemed to have imparted to her usually languid and delicate frame, Jessie only reached home to a late dinner long after the rest, and with but little time to recruit and prepare for the early exercise of the evening.

Though feverish and flushed, she had never looked so beautiful as when, half-lying back in a great arm-chair, caressed and tended by the whole family, with solicitous worship beaming on her from John Campbell's blue eyes, she drank the cup of fragrant coffee which was the only stimulant she could be prevailed upon to take, and gayly replied to the jesting flatteries and half-carnest, half-laughing congratulations on "the distinguished honors" with which she had graduated. Startled from these by the striking of the mantel clock, and astonished to find it so late, the others were obliged to hurry away in order to secure seats in madame's crowded rooms, reluctantly leaving her to dress and follow them alone, in time for her own appearance.

A little while she lingered in her comfortable seat, half-musing, half-dreaming, wrapt in such vague visions as I have detailed a few sentences back; glad of the sweet interval of rest, yet not unwilling to return to the scenes lighted by the eyes of her lover; for she was beginning now to comprehend the meaning of his looks, and words, and ways, and, though unable to analyze her own feelings in return, yet could be calmly happy in their enjoyment.

She rose at last and went up into her room. Her costume was unusually rich and elaborate for one so simple in her tastes, being "in character"—a pink satin, covered with overskirts of tulle of the same shade, looped and trimmed with garlands of artificial roses in their green moss and leaves. The wreath, bouquet, breast and shoulder knots, were to be natural flowers, so hard to procure at this season of the year, that half the greenhouses in the city had been robbed by the young surgeon of their choicest floral treasures, to furnish these that morning.

Her maid, sent for them when she was otherwise completely dressed, came back disconcerted and crying. Being very young and heedless, she had forgotten to put water in the vases that held them, and a day in the close rooms had withered and faded the fairest; they were no longer fit to furnish her fresh toilet. Not long, however, did Jessica mourn over her drooping flowers; it was of no use, had it been in her nature, to scold the unhappy girl, and, comforting her by a few kind words, she ran down to the conservatory. Alas! it had already been stripped to supply the wants of her little schoolmates, and nothing could be found that any effort of the imagination might be made to imitate the necessary ornaments of which she had been deprived.

She was turning away, disappointed, and utterly at a loss, when her eye suddenly caught a flash of color through the glass doors of a sort of alcove, the warmest place in the greenhouse, where old Hutchinson, the gardener, was accustomed to bestow his backward plants, or those he wished to force, and which was always held sacred to his uses, not even the mistress of the mansion daring to intrude upon its seclusion, or interfere with its contents. This, however, was an emergency, and the petted Miss May, to whom nothing had ever been denied, had no scruples in invading his private domain, and appropriating whatever it contained that might answer her purpose.

The doors were locked, but a bunch of keys lay where the old man had left them hours before, on an inverted flower-pot close at hand; and Jessica was not longer in fitting them by turns into the lock than Bluebeard's wife in exploring the mysteries of the secret chamber. The right one was soon found, and she entered, half-stifled as she did so by the delicious but heavy perfume that came from the object of her search.

It was a superb plant, standing tall and firm in its suit of glossy green leaves, and crowned with blossoms shaped and colored like a rose, but far more beautiful. They were rich as velvet, smooth as satin, and glowed with a strange metallic lustre, such as she had never seen before, seeming to intensify by reflection from side to side of their shining cups the deep, exquisite pink of the hue at their heart. With a cry of joy Jessie sprang toward them, delighted at the prospect of obtaining what would more than replace her loss. The beauty was half-concealed, and wholly surrounded by a hedge of prickly cactus, and tall, thorny shrubs; but the time was too short and the exigency too great to allow her to call any one to her assistance, so she gallantly dashed through and over these, protecting her gloved hands as best she might, and, half by "strategy," half by force, soon found herself possessor of a handful of the coveted treas-

ures. With a few sprays of moss-rose leaves and buds, easily obtained, they formed a very good imitation -more brilliant and beautiful even than the original-of the floral ornaments she had lost; and, hastily relocking the doors of Mr. Hutchinson's violated sanctuary, she ran down-stairs, fully dressed, to the great delight of her maid.

The carriage still waited; she was driven quickly over the few squares that intervened, and in five minutes more was ensconced in the "bower of roses," ingeniously constructed

of exotics and artificial garlands, that formed the retreat of the "Flower-Queen." All the earlier disconnected pieces, both vocal and instrumental, were long since over; the cantata had already begun, and she had hardly time to recover strength and breath before her part would come. A sort of vertigo, which seized her as she entered, she attributed to the oppressive odor of the flowers she wore, or the heavy atmosphere of the room. It was succeeded by a shivering, chilly sensation, and this again by a flush of fever, in which her heart beat fast and fiercely, the veins in her temples seemed bursting with blood, and her powers of hearing, sight, and touch were all intensified. The music rang in her ears with sounds unnaturally sweet and sharp; the lights burned with dazzling brilliancy; the whole familiar scene was strange and grotesque, as if viewed from an atmosphere of enchantment. From her hiding-place, unseen by the spectators, she could reconnoitre them; and though her first glance through the screen of leaves and blossoms

showed many a well-known countenance, whose lineaments she would have been glad to recognize at any other time, yet there was but one group among them that she sought to single out, and thenceforth strove to fix her wavering faculties to the task of watching for their faces only.

Madame Saintine's arrangements were really very perfect, and deserve a more particular notice than the hasty survey Jessie was able to give them. The long and handsome suite of rooms, which she called her "salons," was thrown open to the audience, the more distant containing specimens of her pupils' proficiency in drawing, painting, and ornamental needle-work; the nearer filled with a pleased and patient crowd of admirably chosen friends and critics—personæ distingués, as she herself said—admitted only by cards of invitation, and fully sensible of the honor done them. The profits of her "select school" had made her very wealthy;

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INCONSOLABLE.

tate to use hergains still further to enhanceits reputation, and, sparing neither expensenor trouble in preparation for these yearly exhibitions, displayed all a Frenchwoman's taste, skill, and judgment in themanner of the expenditure. The large and

she did not hesi-

elegantly decorated "boudoir" at the end of the salons was used as a stage, and fitted up by the best scenic artists to. simulate a garden, whose green arcades, whose grassy banks, whosefountains, flowers and arbors. seemed to. stretch away in interminable.

vistas. Among these flitted the "flowers," duly marshaled in their exits and entrances by the invisible authority of a regular stage-manager, and under the dreaded surveillance of madame's keen eyes. Each was beautifully dressed "incharacter," in the colors of the blossom whose name she bore, with due regard to texture and appearance, and ornamented with knots and garlands, exquisitely imitated with bouquets of the natural flowers wherever possible, and perfumed with the same.

The effect was charming. Fountains were really heard toplash, birds sang in unseen cages amid the artificial arbors, real plants bloomed beneath them, the mingled odors gratefully scented the atmosphere. The mossy green velvet of the carpets, curtains, and hangings in the boudoir assisted an invisible screen of black lace, such as is used in tableaux, completed—the illusion; the light was softly subdued, a bando of music suited to the size of the rooms played sweetly at intervals in the distance, the audience was duly delighted, and receiving the choruses and minor solos with serene satisfaction, waited with well-repressed impatience for the Rose.

She came at last. The spectators had long watched the flutter of her pink dress, and the lovely outline occasionally visible through the partial screen of leaves and flowers that formed her retreat; nor were they disappointed in the expectations thus raised, when she glided into nearer view. She looked almost supernaturally beautiful: her cheeks were brightly tinted with a rich, clear pink color, roseate and soft; her lips were brilliant burning red; her eyes seemed larger, darker, more lustrous than usual; her complexion, save where it was tinged with deep rose, more marble-pale and fair.

A murmur of admiration, which, in an audience less well-

bred and select. would have risen to applause, greeted her entrance; but she seemed not to notice it, and, moving gently forward with perfect grace and un consciousness, began her song. As the first sweet notes soared into the air, her hearers started with surprise, and held their breath to listen. None present had ever heard such singing before. It was as if the flowers that glowed on brow and breast had found voice, and learned how to utter the sweetness they had been used only to breathe, or as if the old fairy legends had come true, and the Spirit of the Rose, in proper person, appeared to claim in tones of wonderful music the

SELF-STRANGLING FARASITES .- THE SACRED PIPPUL AND THE PALMYRA.

homage that was her due. Whispered comments passed about among the more frivolous portion of the spectators, on her beauty, on her dress, on the strange expression of her countenance, which was that of one in an ecstatic dream or trance; and though she looked, and moved, and smiled, and sang, as occasion required, gracefully and well, she still seemed to do so without any apparent volition or intelligence of her own, like a sleep-walker or somnambulist. So strangers chattered, while friends gazed anxiously and uneasily, while the critics looked at each other, startled, hushed, and dumb.

She was crowned, and the curtain fell; but politely yet determinedly they recalled her before it. The green drapery of the boudoir was drawn aside, and she appeared, led by her instructor, Signor Benefanti, receiving the bouquets and plaudits that followed in the same dreamy, half-unconscious manner. The flowers presented to her were mechan-

ically accepted, she bowed the necessary acknowledgments, and was again hidden from sight.

In an incredibly short time practised hands had removed the theatrical decorations of the boudoir, and restored it, as by magic, to its former state. Before the occupants of the crowded saloons had fairly risen to their feet, the curtains were again unclosed and swept away, and the "flowers" appeared and mingled with their friends. Jessie alone remained where the applause of the audience had left her, standing, statue-like and still, as she had stood during all the hurry and bustle that had raged around her for the last few minutes, in the full blaze of the great chandelier. Not a fold of her dress rustled, not a leaf of her chaplet stirred, and a silence like that of death hung about her. Her brilliant bloom had faded; she was deadly, mortally, fatally

pale; large beads of moisture stood on her white forehead, but the flowers above and on her marble breast, and in the little pink-gloved hand, that had dropped nerveless and cold at her side, still glistened in the light with metallic lustre, still glowed with strange, unholy beauty, still bloomed, fair. fresh, and roseate, as if they had drawn life and warmth and color from the pallid form they graced. People crowding up with congratulations, and receiving no answer and no recognition, began to wonder, to whisper, to fear that she was going to faint and call for air. Her friends, summoned while earnestly endeavoring to reach her, strove to force a pas-

sage through the throng. Among these was one, the terrible eagerness of whose face caused those who saw it to fall back at once and make way for him, the anguish of whose cry, as he came near, thrilled every heart.

"My God!" it said, "what are those flowers she wears?"

With a single frantic gesture he tore them away, and flung them into the glass globes of a blazing chandelier, where they dropped down blackened and withered, while he drew her drooping head upon his breast, and with passionate adjurations strove to call her back to active, breathing life again. Her mother's tender face was by this time looking in her own; her brother's voice was sounding in her ear, but she could no longer hear or heed. She tried to look; she tried to listen; she tried to speak and smile, but the lids refused to rise, the lids were fixed and motionless, the dull ears heard no more, her head hung heavily against the sur-

geon's shoulder—the Flower-Queen was dead! She was dead, and her brother and her lover, the innocent instruments of her fate, are left to bear a burden of remorse and misery that will only end with life.

## INCONSOLABLE.

The attachment of the dog and his fidelity have grown into a proverb. He gives a preference to human society, following his master everywhere, and, like man, he is spread over every zone and climate. It is by means of the keenness of this attachment that he accustoms himself to every change and circumstance, and allows himself to be trained to every purpose, as watch-dog, as guardian, for the chase, for draft, and on the St. Bernard he is the zealous assistant of the monks in rescuing the benighted and snow-covered traveler. His fidelity and affection are unshaken even under the cruelest treatment of blows and starvation, and the death of his master scarcely severs the bond of attachment, of which many affecting anecdotes are on record.

In the parish of St. Olave, in Tooley Street, London, the churchyard is detached from the church, and surrounded with high buildings, so as to be wholly inaccessible but by one large iron gate. A poor tailor of this parish, dying, left a small cur-dog inconsolable for his loss. The little animal would not leave his dead master even for food, and whatever he ate was obliged to be put in the same room with the coffin. When the body was removed for burial, this faithful attendant followed his master's remains. After the funeral he was hunted out of the churchyard by the sexton. The next day he again found the animal, which had made its way by some unaccountable means into the enclosure, and had dug himself a bed on the grave of his master. Once more he was hunted out; and again he was found in the same situation on the following day.

The minister of the parish, hearing of the circumstance, had him caught, taken home and fed, and used every endeavor to win the animal's affections; but they were inseparably wedded to his late master, and he took the first opportunity to escape, and regain his lonely situation. With true benevolence, the worthy clergyman permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations; but, to soften the rigor of his fate, he caused a small kennel to be built on the grave, which was replenished once a day with food and water. Two years did this pattern of fidelity pass in this manner, till death put at an end to his griefs.

### PARASITIC TREES.

On the borders of the Rio Guama, the celebrated botanist, Von Martius, saw whole groups of Macauba palms incased by fig-trees that formed thick tubes round the shafts of the palms, whose noble crowns rose high above them; and a similar spectacle occurs in India and Ceylon, when the Tamils look with increased veneration on their sacred pippul thus united in marriage with the palmyra. After the incarcerated trunk has been stifled and destroyed, the grotesque form of the parasite, tubular, corkscrew-like, or otherwise fantastically contorted, and frequently admitting the light through interstices like loopholes in a turret, continues to maintain an independent existence among the straightstemmed trees of the forest-the image of an eccentric genius in the midst of a group of steady citizens. Sometimes they grow so as to become self-strangling parasites, like that shown in the illustration.

Like the mosses and lichens of our woods, epiphytes of endless variety and almost inconceivable size and luxuriance (ferns, bromelias, tillandsias, orchids, and pothos) cover in

the tropical zone the trunks and branches of the forest trees, forming hanging gardens, far more splendid than those of ancient Babylon. While the orchids are distinguished by the eccentric forms and splendid coloring of their flowers, sometimes resembling winged insects or birds, the pothos family (caladium, calla, arum, dracontium, pothos) attract attention by the beauty of their large, thick-veined, generally arrow-shaped, digitated, or elongated leaves, and form a beautiful contrast to the stiff bromelias or the hairy tillandsias that conjointly adorn the knotty stems and branches of the ancient trees.

# A PERSIAN PASSION PLAY.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.



the Autumn of 1871 everybody had been either seeing the Ammergau Passion Play or hearing about it; and to find any one who has seen it, and not been deeply interested and moved by it, is very rare. The Passion Play at Ammergau, with its immense audiences, the seriousness of its actors, the passionate emotion of its spectators, brought to my mind something of which I had read an account lately; something produced, not in Bavaria nor in Christendom at all, but far away in that wonderful East, from which, whatever airs of superiority Europe may justly

give itself, all our religion has come, and where religion, of some sort or other, has still an empire over men's feelings such as it has nowhere else.

Count Gobineau, formerly Minister of France at Teheran and at Athens, published, several years ago, an interesting book on the then state of religion and philosophy in Central Asia. His accomplishments and intelligence deserve all respect, and he had the great advantage of writing about things which he had followed with his own observation and inquiry in the countries where they happened. The chief purpose of this book was to give a history of the career of Mirza Ali Mohammed, a Persian religious reformer, the original Bab, and the founder of Babism, of which most people in America have at least heard the name. Bab means gate, the door or gate of life; and in the ferment which now works in the Mohammedan East, Mirza Ali Mohammed -who seems to have been made acquainted by Protestant missionaries with our Scriptures, and by the Jews of Shiraz with Jewish traditions, to have studied, besides, the religion of the Ghebers, the old national religion of Persia, and to have made a sort of amalgam of the whole with Mohammedanism-presented himself, about the year 1830, as the door, the gate of life; found disciples, sent forth writings, and finally became the cause of disturbances which led to his being executed on the 19th of July, 1849, in the citadel of Tabriz. Like all religious Mohammedans, Bab made the pilgrimage to Mecca. But soon after his return to Bagdad he made another pilgrimage to visit the ruined mosque where Ali was assassinated, and where the place of his murder is still shown. He passed several days there in meditation. The place appears to have made a great impression on him; he was entering on a course which might and must lead to some such catastrophe as had happened on the very spot where he stood, and where his mind's eye showed him the Imam Ali lying at his feet, with his body pierced and bleeding. When he arrived at Shiraz, on his return, he was a changed man. No doubts troubled him any more: he was penetrated and persuaded; his part was



This Ali, also, at whose tomb the Bâb went through the spiritual crisis here recorded, is a familiar name to most of us. In general, our knowledge of the East goes but a very little way; yet almost every one has at least heard the name of Ali, the Lion of God, Mohammed's young cousin, the first person, after his wife, who believed in him, and who was declared by Mohammed, in his gratitude, his brother, delegate, and vicar.

Ali was one of Mohammed's best and most successful captains. He married Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet; his sons, Hassan and Hussein were, as children, favorites with Mohammed, who had no son of his own to succeed him, and was expected to name Ali as his successor. He named no successor. At his death (the year 632 of our era) Ali was passed over, and the first caliph or vicar and lieutenant of Mohammed in the government of the state was Abu-Bekr; only the spiritual inheritance of Mohammed, the dignity of Imam, or primate, devolved by right on Ali and his children. Ali, Lion of God, as in war he was, held aloof from politics and political intrigue, loved retirement and prayer, was the most pious and disinterested of men. At Abu-Bekr's death he was again passed over in favor of Omar.

Omar was succeeded by Othman, and still Ali remained tranguil. Othman was assassinated, and then Ali, chiefly to prevent disturbance and bloodshed, accepted, A. D. 655, the caliphate. Meanwhile, the Mohammedan armies had conquered Persia, Syria, and Egypt; the Governor of Syria, Moawiyah, an able and ambitious man, set himself up as caliph, his title was recognized by Amrou, the Governor of Egypt, and a bloody and indecisive battle was fought in Mesopotamia between Ali's army and Moawiyah's. Gibbon shall tell the rest: "In the temple of Mecca three Charegites or enthusiasts discoursed of the disorders of the church and state; they soon agreed that the deaths of Ali, of Moawiyah, and of his friend Amrou, the Viceroy of Egypt, would restore the peace and unity of religion. Each of the assassins chose his victim, poisoned his dagger, devoted his life, and secretly repaired to the scene of action. Their resolution was equally desperate; but the first mistook the person of Amrou, and stabbed the deputy who occupied his seat; the Prince of Damascus was dangerously hurt by the second; Ali, the lawful caliph, in the mosque of Kufa, received a mortal wound from the hand of the third."

The events through which we have thus rapidly run ought to be kept in mind, for they are the elements of Mohammedan history; any right understanding of the state of the Mohammedan world is impossible without them. For that world is divided into the two great sects of Shiahs and Sunis. The Shiahs are those who reject the first three caliphs as usurpers, and begin with Ali as the first lawful successor of Mohammed; the Sunis recognize Abu-Bekr, Omar, and Othman, as well as Ali, and regard the Shiahs as impious heretics. The Persians are Shinhs, and the Arabs and Turks are Sunis. Hussein, one of Ali's two sons, married a Persian princess, the daughter of Yezdejerd, the last of the Sassanian kings, the king whom the Mohammedan conquest of Persia expelled; and Persia, through this marriage, became specially connected with the house of Ali. "In the fourth age of the Hegira," says Gibbon, "a tomb, a temple, a city, arose near the ruins of Kufa. Many thousands of the Shiahs repose in holy ground at the feet of the vicar of God; and the desert is vivified by the numerous and annual visits of the Persians, who esteem their devotion not less meritorious than the pilgrimage of Mecca.

Ali Moawiyah died in the year 680 of our era, nearly fifty years after the death of Mohammed. His son Yezid succeeded him on the throne of the caliphs at Damascus. During the reign of Moawiyah Ali's two sons, the Imams Hassan and Hussein, lived with their families in religious retirement at Medina, where their grandfather Mohammed

was buried. In them the character of abstention and renouncement, which we have noticed in Ali himself, was marked yet more strongly; but, when Moawiyah died, the people of Kufa, the city on the lower Euphrates where Ali had been assassinated, sent offers to make Hussein caliph if he would come among them, and to support him against the Syrian troops of Yezid. Hussein seems to have thought himself bound to accept the proposal. He left Medina, and with his family and relations, to the number of about eighty persons, set out on his way to Kufa. Then ensued the tragedy so familiar to every Mohammedan, and to us so little known, the tragedy of Kerbela. "O death," cries the bandit-minstrel of Persia, Kurroglou, in his last song before his execution, "O death, whom didst thou spare? Were even Hassan and Hussein, those footstools of the throne of God on the seventh heaven, spared by thee? No! thou madest them marturs at Kerbela."

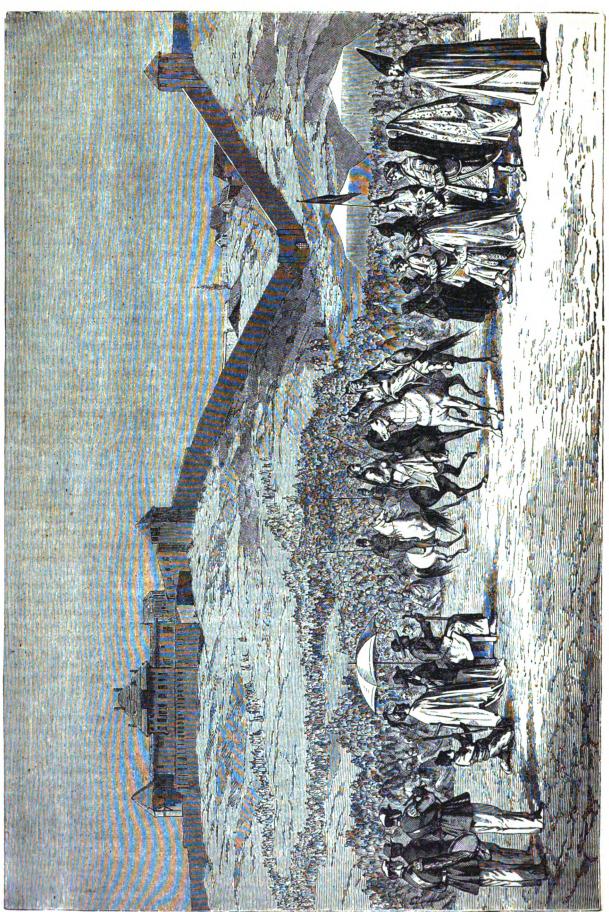
Hussein, in the plain of Kerbela, was encompassed by a body of 5,000 horse, who intercepted his communication with the city and the river. In a conference with the chief of the enemy he proposed the option of three conditionsthat he should be allowed to return to Medina, or be stationed in a frontier garrison against the Turks, or safely conducted to the presence of Yezid. But the commands of the caliph or his lieutenant were stern and absolute, and Hussein was informed that he must either submit as a captive and a criminal to the Commander of the Faithful, or expect the consequence of his rebellion. "Do you think," replied he, "to terrify me with death?" And during the short respite of a night he prepared, with calm and solemn resignation, to encounter his fate. He checked the lamentations of his sister Fatima, who deplored the impending ruin of his house. "Our trust," said Hussein," is in God alone. All things, both in heaven and earth, must perish and return to their Creator. My brother, my father, my mother, were better than I, and every Mussulman has an example in the Prophet." He pressed his friends to consult their safety by a timely flight; they unanimously refused to desert or survive their beloved master, and their courage was fortified by a fervent prayer and the assurance of paradise. On the morning of the fatal day he mounted on horseback, with his sword in one hand and the Koran in the other; the flanks and rear of his party were secured by the tent-ropes and by a deep trench, which they had filled with lighted fagots, according to the practice of the Arabs. The enemy advanced with reluctance; and one of their chiefs deserted, with thirty followers, to claim the partnership of inevitable death. In every close onset or single combat the despair of the Fatimites was invincible; but the surrounding multitudes galled them from a distance with a cloud of arrows, and the horses and men were successively slain. A truce was allowed on both sides for the hour of prayer; and the battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein."

The women and children of his family were taken in chains to the Caliph Yezid at Damascus. Gibbon concludes the story thus: "In a distant age and climate, the tragic scene of the death of Hussein will awaken the sympathy of the coldest reader. On the annual festival of his martyrdom, in the devout pilgrimage to his sepulchre, his Persian votaries abandon their souls to the religious frenzy of sorrow and indignation."

Thus the tombs of Ali and of his son, the Meshed Ali and the Meshed Hussein, standing some thirty miles apart from one another in the plain of the Euphrates, had, when Gibbon wrote, their yearly pilgrims and their tribute of enthusiastic mourning.

Within the present century there has arisen, on the basis of this story of the martyrs of Kerbela, a drama, a Persian national drama, which Count Gobineau, who has seen and

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heard it, is bold enough to rank with the Greek drama as a great and serious affair, engaging the heart and life of the people who have given birth to it; while the Latin, English, French, and German drama is, he says, in comparison a mere pastime or amusement, more or less intellectual and elegant. To me it seems that the Persian tazyas—for so these pieces are called-find a better parallel in the Ammergau Passion Play than in the Greek drama. They turn entirely on one subject—the sufferings of the Family of the Tent. as the Imam Hussein and the company of persons gathered around him at Kerbela are called. The subject is sometimes introduced by a prologue, which may, perhaps, one day, as the need of variety is more felt, become a piece by itself; but at present the prologue leads invariably to the martyrs. For instance: The Emperor Tamerlane, in his conquering progress through the world, arrives at Damas-The keys of the city are brought to him by the governor; but the governor is a descendant of one of the murderers of the Imam Hussein; Tamerlane is informed of it, loads him with reproaches, and drives him from his presence. The emperor presently sees the governor's daughter splendidly dressed, thinks of the sufferings of the holy women of the Family of the Tent, and upbraids and drives

breasts and with litanies of "O Hassan! Hussein!" while the Seyids—a kind of popular friars claiming to be descendants of Mohammed, and in whose incessant popularizing and amplifying of the legend of Kerbela in their homilies during pilgrimages and at the tombs of the martyrs, the tazyas, no doubt, had their origin-keep up by their sermons and hymns the enthusiasm which the drama of the day has excited. It seems as if no one went to bed; and certainly no one who went to bed could sleep. Confraternities go in procession with a black flag and torches, every man with his shirt torn open, and beating himself with the right hand on the left shoulder in a kind of measured cadence to accompany a canticle in honor of the martyrs. These processions come and take post in the theatres where the Seyid are preaching. Still more noisy are the companies of dancers, striking a kind of wooden castanets together, at one time in front of their breasts, at another time behind their heads, and marking time with music and dance to a dirge set up by the bystanders, in which the names of the Imams perpetually recur as a burden.

Noisiest of all are the Berbers, men of a darker skin and another race, their feet and the upper part of their body naked, who carry, some of them, tambourines and cymbals,



THE PERSIAN PASSION PLAY .- THE BIER, WITH THE EFFIGY OF HUSSEIN.

her away as he did her father. But after this he is haunted by the great tragedy which has been thus brought to his mind, and he cannot sleep and cannot be comforted. He calls his vizier, and his vizier tells him that the only way to soothe his troubled spirit is to see a tazya. And so the tazya commences. Or, again: Joseph and his brethren appear on the stage, and the old Bible story is transacted. Joseph is thrown into the pit and sold to the merchants, and his bloodstained coat is carried by his brothers to Jacob; Jacob is then left alone, weeping and bewailing himself; the angel Gabriel enters, and reproves him for his want of faith and constancy, telling him that what he suffers is not a hundredth part of what Ali, Hussein, and the children of Hussein will one day suffer. Jacob seems to doubt it; Gabriel, to convince him, orders the angels to perform a tazya of what will one day happen at Kerbela. And so the tazya

These pieces are given in the first ten days of the month of Moharrem, the anniversary of the martyrdom at Kerbela. They are so popular that they now invade other seasons of the year also; but this is the season when the world is given up to them. King and people, every one, is in mourning; and at night, and while the tazyas are not going on, processions keep passing, the air resounds with the beating of

others iron chains and long needles. One of their race is said to have formerly derided the Imams in their affliction, and the Berbers now appear in expiation of that crime. At first their music and their march proceed slowly together, but presently the music quickens, the chain and needle-bearing Berbers move violently round, and begin to beat themselves with their chains and to prick their arms and cheeks with the needles—first gently, then with more vehemence; till suddenly the music ceases, and all stops. So we are carried back, on this old Asiatic soil, where beliefs and usages are heaped layer upon layer and ruin upon ruin, far past the martyred Imams, past Mohammedism, past Christianity, to the priests of Baal gashing themselves with knives and to the worship of Adonis.

The tekyas, or theatres for the drama, which calls forth these celebrations, are constantly multiplying. The king, the great functionaries, the towns, the wealthy citizens, like the king's goldsmith, or any private person who has the means and the desire, provide them. Every one sends contributions; it is a religious act to furnish a box or two or to give decorations for a tekya; and as religious offerings, all gifts down to the very smallest are accepted. There are tekyas for not more than three or four hundred spectators, and there are tekyas for three or four thousand.

At Ispahan there are representations which bring together more than 20,000 people. At Teheran, the Persian capital, each quarter of the town has its tekyas, every square and open place is turned to account for establishing them, and spaces have been expressly cleared, besides, for fresh teky-The arrangements of a large theatre at Teheran are very simple. The tekya is a walled parallelogram, with a brick platform, sakou, in the centre of it; this sakou is surrounded with black poles at some distance from each other, the poles are joined at the top by horizontal rods of the same color, and from these rods hang colored lamps, which are lighted for the praying and preaching at night when the representation is over. The sakou, or central platform, makes the stage; in connection with it, at one of the opposite extremities of the parallelogram lengthwise, is a reserved box, tanuma, higher than the sakou. This box is splendidly decorated, and is used for peculiarly interesting and magnificent tableaux—the court of the caliph, for example—which occur in the course of the piece. A passage of a few feet wide is left free between the stage and this box; all the rest of the space is for the spectators, of whom the foremost rows are sitting on their heels close up to this passage, so that they help the actors to mount and descend the high steps of the tagnuma when they have to pass between that and the sakou.

On each side of the taquuma are boxes, and along one wall of the enclosure are other boxes with fronts of elaborate woodwork, which are left to stand as a permanent part of the construction; facing these, with the floor and stage between, rise tiers of seats as in an amphitheatre. All places are free; the great people have generally provided and furnished the boxes, and take care to fill them; but if a box is not occupied when the performance begins, any ragged street-urchin or beggar may walk in and seat himself there. A row of gigantic masts runs across the middle of the space, one or two of them being fixed in the sakou itself: and from these masts is stretched an immense awning which protects the whole audience. Up to a certain height these masts are hung with tiger and panther skins, to indicate the violent character of the scenes to be represented. Shields of steel and of hippopotamus skin, flags, and naked swords, are also attached to these masts. A sea of color and splendor meets the eye all round. Woodwork and brickwork disappear under cushions, rich carpets, silk hangings. India muslin embroidered with silver and gold, shawls from Kerman and from Cashmere. There are lamps, lustres of colored crystal, mirrors, Bohemian and Venetian glass, porcelain vases, of all degrees of magnitude, from China and from Europe, paintings and engravings, displayed in profusion everywhere. The taste may not always be soberly correct, but the whole spectacle has just the effect of prodigality, color, and sumptuousness which we are accustomed to associate with the splendor of the "Arabian Nights."

In marked contrast with this display is the poverty of scenic contrivance and stage illusion. The subject is far too interesting and too solemn to need them. The actors are visible on all sides, and the exits, entrances, and stage-play of our theatres are impossible; the imagination of the spectator fills up all gaps and meets all requirements. A copper basin of water represents the Euphrates; a heap of chopped straw in a corner is the sand of the desert of Kerbela, and the actor goes and takes up a handful of it, when his part requires him to throw, in Oriental fashion, dust upon his head.

There is no attempt at proper costume; all that is sought is to do honor to the personages of chief interest by dresses and jewels which would pass for rich and handsome things to wear in modern Persian life. The power of the actors is in their genuine sense of the seriousness of the business

they are engaged in. They are, like the public around them, penetrated with this, and so the actor throws his whole soul into what he is about, the public meets the actor half-way, and effects of extraordinary impressiveness are the result. "The actor is under a charm," says Count Gobineau; "he is under it so strongly and completely that almost always one sees Yezid himself (the usurping caliph), the wretched Ibn-Said (Yezid's general), the infamous Shemer (Ibn-Said's lieutenant), at the moment they vent the cruelest insults against the Imams whom they are going to massacre, or against the women of the Imam's family whom they are ill-using, burst into tears, and repeat their part with sobs. The public is neither surprised nor displeased at this; on the contrary, it beats its breast at the sight, throws up its arms toward heaven with invocations of God, and redoubles its groans.

"So it often happens that the actor identifies himself with the personage he represents to such a degree that, when the situation carries him away, he cannot be said to act, he is with such truth, such complete enthusiasm, such utter self-forgetfulness, what he represents, that he reaches a reality at one time sublime, at another terrible, and produces impressions on his audience which it would be simply absurd to look for from our more artificial performances. There is nothing stilted, nothing false, nothing conventional; nature, and the facts represented, themselves speak."

The actors are men and boys, the parts of angels and women being filled by boys. The children who appear in the piece are often the children of the principal families of Teheran; their appearance in this religious solemnity (for such it is thought) being supposed to bring a blessing upon them and their parents. "Nothing is more touching," says Count Gobineau, "than to see these little things of three or four years old dressed in black gauze frocks with large sleeves, and having on their heads small round black caps embroidered with silver and gold, kneeling beside the body of the actor who represents the martyr of the day, embracing him, and with their little hands covering themselves with chopped straw for sand in sign of grief. These children evidently," he continues, "do not consider themselves to be acting; they are full of the feeling that what they are about is something of deep seriousness and importance; and though they are too young to comprehend fully the story. they know, in general, that it is a matter sad and solemn. They are not distracted by the audience, and they are not shy, but go through their prescribed part with the utmost attention and seriousness, always crossing their arms respectfully to receive the blessing of the Imam Hussein; the public beholds them with emotions of the liveliest satisfaction and sympathy."

The dramatic pieces themselves are without any author's name. They are in popular language, such as the commonest and most ignorant of the Persian people can understand, free from learned Arabic words-free, comparatively speaking, from Oriental fantasticality and hyperbole. The Seyids, or popular friars, already spoken of, have probably had a hand in the composition of many of them. The Moollahs, or regular ecclesiastical authorities, condemn the whole thing. It is an innovation which they disapprove and think dangerous; it is addressed to the eye, and their religion forbids to represent religious things to the eye; it departs from the limits of what is revealed and appointed to be taught as the truth, and brings in novelties and heresies; for these dramas keep growing under the pressure of the actor's imagination and emotion, and of the imagination and emotion of the public, and receive new developments every day. The learned, again, say that these pieces are a heap of lies, the production of ignorant people, and have no words strong enough to express their contempt for them.

Still, so irresistible is the vogue of these sacred dramas that, from the king on the throne to the beggar in the street, every one, except perhaps the Moollahs, attends them, and is carried away by them. The Imams and their family speak always in a kind of lyrical chant, said to have rhythmical effects, often of great pathos and beauty; their persecutors, the villains of the piece, speak always in prose.

The stage is under the direction of a choragus, called oostad, or "master," who is a sacred personage by reason of the functions which he performs. Sometimes he addresses to the audience a commentary on what is passing before them, and asks their compassion and tears for the martyrs; sometimes, in default of a Seyid, he prays and preaches. He is always listened to with veneration, for it is he who arranges the whole sacred spectacle which so deeply moves everybody. With no attempt at concealment, with the book of the piece in his hand, he remains constantly on the stage, gives the actors their cue, puts the children and any inexperienced actor in their right places, dresses the martyr in his winding-sheet when he is going to his death, holds the stirrup for him to mount his horse, and inserts a supply of chopped straw into the hands of those who are about to want it. Let us now see him at work.

The theatre is filled, and the heat is great; young men of rank, the king's pages, officers of the army, smart functionaries of state, move through the crowd with water-skins slung on their backs, dealing out water all round, in memory of the thirst which on these solemn days the Imams suffered in the sands of Kerbela. Wild chants and litanies, such as we have already described, are from time to time set up by a dervish, a soldier, a workman in the crowd. These chants are taken up, more or less, by the audience; sometimes they flag and die away for want of support, sometimes they are continued till they reach a paroxysm, and then abruptly stop. Presently a strange, insignificant figure in a green cotton garment, looking like a petty tradesman of one of the Teheran bazaars, mounts upon the sakou. He beckons with his hand to the audience, who are silent directly, and addresses them in a tone of lecture and expostulation, thus:

"Well, you seem happy enough, Mussulmans, sitting there at your ease under the awning; and you imagine paradise already wide open to you. Do you know what paradise is? It is a garden, doubtless, but such a garden as you have no idea of. You will say to me: 'Friend, tell us what it is like.' I have never been there, certainly; but plenty of prophets have described it, and angels have brought news of it. However, all I will tell you is, that there is room for all good people there, for it is 330,000 cubits long. If you do not believe, inquire. As for getting to be one of the good people, let me tell you it is not enough to read the Koran of the Prophet (the salvation and blessing of God be upon him!); it is not enough to do everything which this divine book enjoins; it is not enough to come and weep at the tazyas, as you do every day, you sons of dogs you, who know nothing which is of any use; it behoves, besides, that your good works (if you ever do any, which I greatly doubt) should be done in the name and for the love of Hussein. It is Hussein, Mussulmans, who is the door to paradise; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, who upholds the world; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, by whom comes salvation! Cry, Hassan, Hussein!"

And all the multitude cry: "O Hassan! O Hussein!"

"That is well; and now cry again." And again all cry: "O Hassan! O Hussein!" "And now," the strange speaker goes on, "pray to God to keep you continually in the love of Hussein. Come, make your cry to God." Then the multitude, as one man, throw up their arms into the air, and with a deep and long-drawn cry exclaim: "Ya Allah! (O God)!"

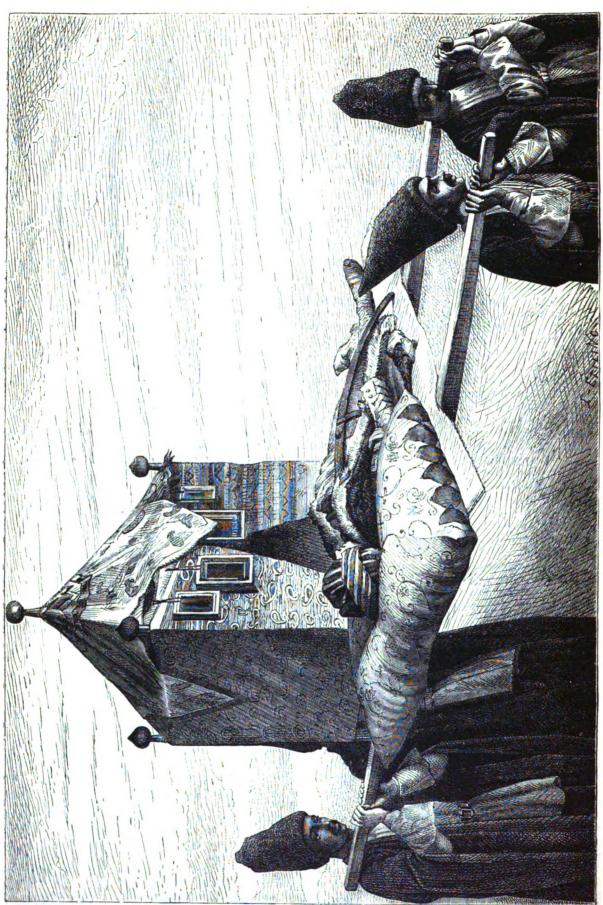
Fifes, drums, and trumpets break out; the kernas—great copper trumpets five or six feet long—give notice that the actors are ready and that the tazya is to commence. The preacher descends from the sakou, and the actors occupy it.

To give a clear notion of the cycle which these dramas fill, we should begin, as on the first day of the Moharrem the actors begin, with some piece relating to the childhood of the Imams, such as, for instance, the piece called "The Children Digging." Ali and Fatima are living at Medina with their little sons Hassan and Hussein. The simple home and occupations of the pious family are exhibited; it is morning, Fatima is seated with the little Hussein on her lap, dressing him. She combs his hair, talking carelessly to him all the while. A hair comes out with the comb; the child starts. Fatima is in distress at having given the child even this momentary uneasiness, and stops to gaze upon him tenderly. She falls into an anxious reverie, thinking of her fondness for the child, and of the unknown future in store for him. While she muses, the angel Gabriel stands before her. He reproves her weakness:

"A hair falls from the child's head," he says, "and you weep; what would you do if you knew the destiny that awaits him, the countless wounds with which that body shall one day be pierced, the agony that shall rend your own soul?"

Fatima, in despair, is comforted by her husband Ali, and they go together into the town to hear Mohammed preach. The boys and some of their little friends begin to play; every one makes a great deal of Hussein; he is at once the most spirited and the most amiable child of them all. The party amuse themselves with digging, with making holes in the ground and building mounds. Ali returns from the sermon and asks what they are about; and Hussein is made to reply in ambiguous and prophetic answers, which convey that by these holes and mounds in the earth are prefigured interments and tombs. Ali departs again; there rush in a number of big and fierce boys, and begin to pelt the little Imams with stones. A companion shields Hussein with his own body, but he is struck down with a stone, and with another stone Hussein, too, is stretched on the ground Who are those boy-tyrants and persecutors? They are Ibn-Said, and Shemer, and others, the future murderers at Kerbela. The audience perceive it with a shudder; the hateful assailants go off in triumph; Ali reenters, picks up the stunned and wounded children, brings them round, and takes Hussein back to his mother Fatima.

But let us now come at once to the days of martyrdom and to Kerbela. One of the most famous pieces of the cycle is a piece called the "Marriage of Kassem," which brings us into the very middle of these crowning days. Kassem is the son of Hussein's elder brother, the Imam Hassan, who had been poisoned by Yezid's instigation at Medina. Kassem and his mother are with the Imam Hussein at Kerbela; there, too, are the women and children of the holy family, Omm-Leyla, Hussein's wife, the Persian princess, the last child of Yezdejerd, the last of the Sassanides; Zeyneb, Hussein's sister, the offspring, like himself, of Ali and Fatima, and the granddaughter of Mohammed; his nephew Abdallah, still a little child; finally, his beautiful daughter Zobeyda. When the piece begins, the Imam's camp in the desert has already been cut off from the Euphrates and besieged several days by the Syrian troops under Ibn-Said and Shemer, and by the treacherous men of Kufa. The Family of the Tent were suffering torments of thirst. One of the children had brought an empty water-bottle, and thrown it, a silent token of distress, before the feet of Abbas, the uncle of Hussein; Abbas had sallied out to cut his way to the river, and had been slain. Afterward Ali-Akber, Hussein's eldest son, had made the same attempt and met with the same fate. Two younger brothers of Ali-Akber followed his example



THE PERSIAN PASSION PLAY AT SCHOUGHA .- THE BIEB, WITH THE EPPIGY OF HUSSEIN'S NEPHEW.

and were likewise slain. The Imam Hussein had rushed amidst the enemy, beaten them from the body of Ali-Akber, and brought the body back to his tent; but the river was still inaccessible. At this point the action of the "Marriage of Kassem" be-Kassem, a gins. youth of sixteen, is burning to go and avenge his cousin.

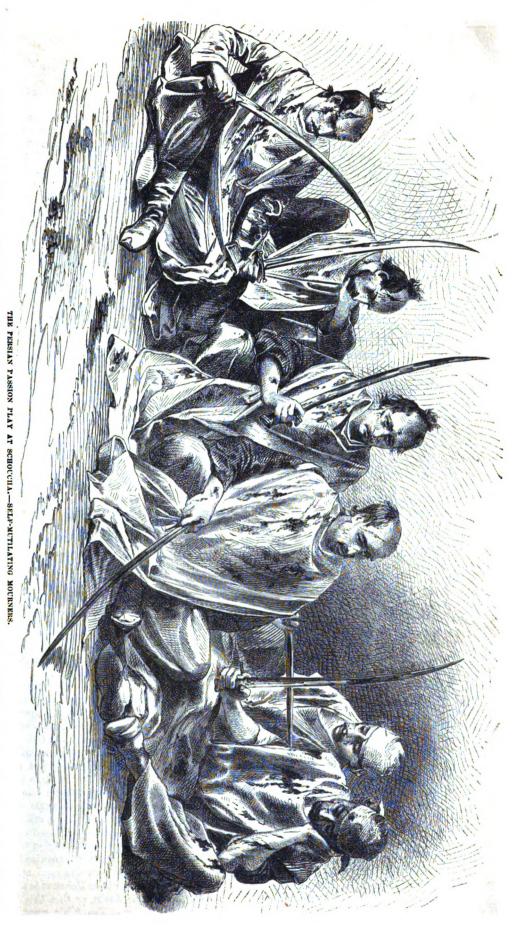
Hussein refuses; Kassem breaks forth in complaints and lamentations; his mother comes to him and learns the reason. She then says:

"Complain not against the Imam. light of my eyes; only by his order can the commission of martyrdom be given. In that commission are sealed two-andseventy witnesses, all righteous, and among the two-andseventy is thy name. Know that thy destiny of death is commanded in the writing which thou wearest on thine arm."

This writing is the testament of his father Hassan. He bears it in triumph to the Imam Hussein, who finds written there that he should, on the deathplain of Kerbela, suffer Kassem to have his will, but that he should marry him first to his daughter Zobeyda. Kassem consents, though in astonishment.

The women and children surround Kassem, sprinkle him with rose-water, hang bracelets and necklaces on him, and scatter sweetmeats around; and then the marriage procession is formed.

Kassem takes leave of his bride.



"God keep thee, my bride," he says, embracing her, "for I must forsake thee!"

"One moment," she says, "remain in thy place one moment! thy countenance is as the lamp which giveth us light; suffer me to turn around thee as the butterfly turneth, gently, gently!"

And making a turn around him, she performs the ancient Eastern rite of respect from a newly-married wife to her husband.

The Syrian troops appear. Kassem rushes upon them, and they all go off fighting. The Family of the Tent, at Hussein's command, put the Koran on their heads, and pray, covering themselves with sand. Kassem reappears for a time victorious. His thirst is intolerable.

Hussein again rushes forth, and returns bleeding and stuck with darts, to die at the Imam's feet in the tent. So ends the marriage of Kassem.

But the great day is the tenth day of the Moharrem, when comes the death of the Imam himself: "The battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein. Alone, weary, and wounded, he seated himself at the door of his tent. He was pierced in the mouth with a dart. He lifted his hands to heaven—they were full of blood-and he uttered a funeral prayer for the living and the dead. In a transport of despair, his sister issued from the tent, and adjured the general of the Kufians that he would not suffer Hussein to be murdered before his eyes. A tear trickled down the soldier's venerable beard; and the boldest of his men fell back on every side as the dying Imam threw himself among them. The remorseless Shemer—a name detested by the faithful reproached their cowardice; and the grandson of Mohammed was slain with three-and-thirty strokes of lances and swords. After they had trampled on his body, they carried his head to the castle of Kufa, and the inhuman Obeidallah (the governor) struck him on the mouth with a cane.

"'Alas!' exclaimed an aged Mussulman, 'on those lips have I seen the lips of the apostle of God!'"

For this catastrophe no one tazya suffices; all the companies of actors unite in a vast open space; booths and tents are pitched round the outside circle for the spectators; in the centre is the Imam's camp, and the day ends with its conflagration.

Nor are there wanting pieces which carry on the story beyond the death of Hussein. One which produces an extraordinary effect is "The Christian Damsel," in which a Christian damsel sees in a vision the holiness of Hussein; wakes, and embraces Islam, the Islam of the sect of the Shiahs.

Another piece closes the whole story, by bringing the captive women and children of the Imams's family to Damascus, to the presence of the Caliph Yezid. It is in this piece that there comes the magnificent tableau, already mentioned, of the court of the caliph. The crown-jewels are lent for it, and the dresses of the ladies of Yezid's court. represented by boys chosen for their good looks, are said to be worth thousands and thousands of dollars; but the audience see them without favor, for this brilliant court of Yezid is cruel to the captives of Kerbela. Yezid orders Hussein's wife to be put to death, and sends the head of Hussein to the children. Sekyna, the Imam's youngest daughter, a child of four years old, takes the beloved head in her arms, kisses it, and lies down beside it. Then Hussein appear to her as in life: "Oh! my father," she cries, "where wast thou? I was hungry, I was cold, I was beaten -where wast thou?" But now she sees him again, and is happy. In the vision of her happiness she passes away out of this troublesome life, she enters into rest, and the piece ends with her mother and her aunt burying her.

The celebrated traveler, Vereschaigne — to whom we are indebted for our illustrations—saw and sketched this play at

Schoucha, in the Caucasus. He describes the play as a vivid picture of savage fanaticism, to which the present age is in general a stranger. The whole population of the town awaited it in a vast prairie, and hailed its coming with shouts of "Gousseim!" The procession opens with men arrayed in white, each of whom holds a subre, with which he keeps cutting his forehead till his whole face streams with blood. Amid them are five or six others with darts and javelins piercing the skin of their faces and chests, and swords that seem to pierce their bodies; they are loaded with chains and fetters, and represent the sufferings of the martyrs whom they honor. Then comes, borne on a bier, a figure representing the young nephew and intended son-inlaw of Hussein. He earnestly begged to attend the hero martyr, and was slain with him. He lies on a bed, with his sword at his side, a kind of ark or tent behind, richly adorned, and symbols of a young bridegroom.

Then come warriors, and Hussein's horse, with the bloody marks of the fatal struggle still staining his body and hide.

Then comes the Imam or saint himself, borne along with signs of the deepest respect. It is a manikin, richly attired, but headless. At the neck, part of a cow's neck, still bleeding, is inserted. The breast is pierced with arrows, and among them are placed two live doves, emblems of his innocence. By the corps kneels a boy enveloped in a white sheet stained with blood, with openings for the eyes, and a long red tongue, to denote the thirst of the Imam and his whole family. This child clasps his head between his hands, and leans over the corpse. A crowd of mourners follow this, many in ancient attire. Then the people close the procession.

These are the martyrs of Kerbela; and these are the sufferings which awaken in an Asiatic audience sympathy so deep and serious, transports so genuine of pity, love, and gratitude, that to match them at all one must take feelings raised at Ammergau. And now, where are we to look, in the subject-matter of the Persian passion play, for the source of all this emotion?

Count Gobineau suggests that it is to be found in the feeling of patriotism; and that our Indo-European kinsmen, the Persians, conquered by the Semitic Arabians, find in the sufferings of Hussein a portrait of their own martyrdom. "Hussein," says Count Gobineau, "is not only the son of Ali, he is the husband of a princess of the blood of the Persian kings; he, his father Ali, the whole body of Imams taken together, represent the nation, represent Persia, invaded, ill-treated, despoiled, stripped of its inhabitants, by the Arabians. It is putriotism, therefore, which has taken the form, here, of the drama to express itself."

I believe that the Persian Passion Play points to something much more interesting.

To popular opinion everywhere religion is proved by miracles. All religions but a man's own are utterly false and vain; the authors of them are mere impostors; and the miracles, which are said to attest them, fictitious. We forget that this is a game which two can play at; although the believer of each religion always imagines the prodigies which attest his own religion to be fenced by a guard granted to them alone. Yet how much more safe is it, as well as more fruitful, to look for the main confirmation of a religion in its intrinsic correspondence with urgent wants of human nature, in its profound necessity! Differing religions will then be found to have much in common, but this will be an additional proof of the value of that religion which does most for that which is thus commonly recognized as salutary and necessary. In Christendom one need not go about to establish that the religion of the Hebrews is a better religion than the religion of the Arabs, or that the Bible is a greater book than the Koran. The Bible grew, the Koran was made: there lies the immense difference in depth and truth between

them! This very inferiority may make the Koran, for certain purposes and for people at a low stage of mental growth, a more powerful instrument than the Bible. From the circumstances of its origin, the Koran has the intensely dogmatic character 'has the perpetual insistence on the motive of future rewards and punishments, the palpable exhibition of paradise and heli, which the Bible has not.

Among the little known and little advanced races of the great African continent, the Mohammedan missionaries, by reason of the sort of power which this character of the Koran gives, are said to be more successful than ours. Nevertheless, even in Africa, it will assuredly one day be manifest, that whereas the Bible-people trace themselves to Abraham through Isaac, and the Koran-people trace themselves to Abraham through Ishmael, the difference between the religion of the Bible and the religion of the Koran is almost as the difference between Isaac and Ishmael. I mean that the seriousness about righteousness, which is what the hatred of idolatry really means, and the profound and inexhaustible doctrines that the righteous Eternal loveth righteousness, that there is no peace for the wicked, that the righteous is an everlasting foundation, are exhibited and inculcated in the Old Testament with an authority, majesty, and truth which leave the Koran immeasurably behind, and which, the more mankind grows and gains light, the more will be felt to have no fellows. Mohammed was no doubt acquainted with the Jews and their documents, and gained something from this source for his religion. But his religion is not a mere plagiarism from Judea, any more than it is a mere mass of falsehood. No; in the seriousness, elevation, and moral energy of himself and of that Semitic race from which he sprang and to which he spoke, Mohammed mainly found that scorn and hatred of idolatry, that sense of the worth and truth of righteousness, judgment, and justice, which make the real greatness of him and his Koran, and which are thus rather an independent testimony to the essential doctrines of the Old Testament than a plagiarism from them. The world needs righteousness, and the Bible is the grand teacher of it; but for certain times and certain men Mohammed, too, in his way, was a teacher of righteousness.

But we know how the Old Testament conception of rightcourses ceased with time to have the freshness and force of an intuition, became something petrified, narrow, and formal, needed renewing. We know how Christianity renewed it, carrying into these hard waters of Judaism a sort of warm gulf-stream of tender emotion, due chiefly to qualities which may be summed up as those of inwardness, mildness, and self-renouncement. Mohammedism had no such renewing. It began with a conception of righteousness, lofty, indeed, but narrow, and which we may call old Jewish; and there it remained. It is not a feeling religion. No one would say that the virtues of gentleness, mildness, and self-sacrifice were its virtues; and the more it went on, the more the faults of its original narrow basis became visible, more and more it became fierce and militant, less and less was it amiable. Now, what are Ali, and Hassan, and Hussein and the Imams, but an insurrection of noble and pious natures against the hardness and aridity of the religion round them? an insurrection making its authors seem weak, helpless, and unsuccessful to the world and amidst the struggles of the world, but enabling them to know the joy and peace for which the world thirsts in vain and inspiring in the heart of mankind an irresistible sympathy.

"The twelve Imams," says Gibbon, "Ali, Hassan, Hussein, and the lineal descendants of Hussein, to the ninth generation, without arms, or treasures, or subjects, successively enjoyed the veneration of the people. Their names were often the pretence of sedition and civil war; but these royal saints despised the pomp of the world, submitted to

the will of God and the injustice of man, and devoted their innocent lives to the study and practice of religion."

"Oh, brother," said Hassan, as he was dying of poison, to Hussein, who sought to find out and punish his murderer—
"Oh, brother, let him alone till he and I meet together before God!"

So his father Ali had stood back from his rights instead of snatching at them. So of Hussein himself it was said by his successful rival, the usurping Caliph Yezid:

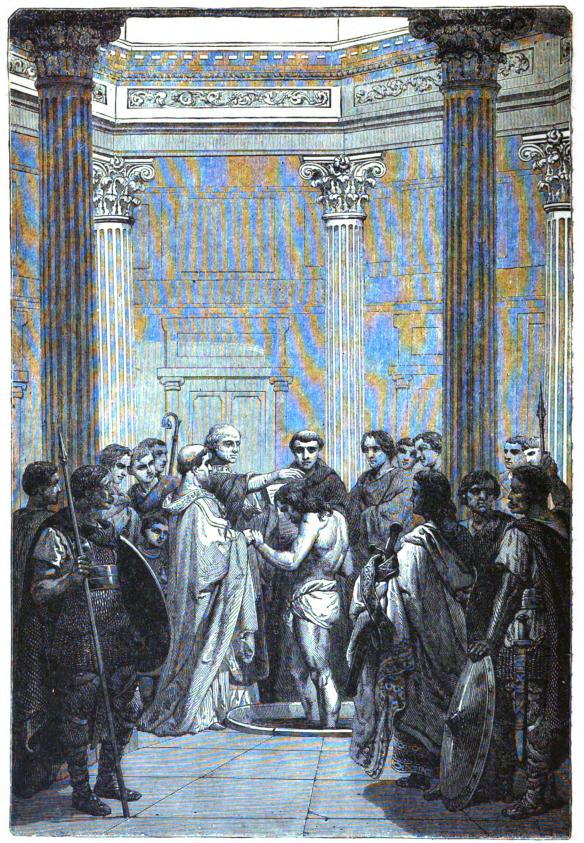
"God loved Hussein, but he would not suffer him to attain to anything."

They might attain to nothing, they were too pure, these great ones of the world, as by birth they were; but the people, which itself also can attain to so little, loved them all the better on that account, loved them for their abnegation and mildness, felt that they were dear to God, that God loved them, and that they and their lives filled a void in the severe religion of Mohammed. These saintly self-deniers, these resigned sufferers, who would not strive nor cry, supplied a tender and pathetic side in Islam.

The conquered Persians—a more mobile, more impressionable, and gentler race than their concentrated, narrow, and austere Semitic conquerors—felt the need of it most, and gave most prominence to the ideals which satisfied the need; but in Arabs and Turks also, and in all the Mohammedan world, Ali and his sons excite enthusiasm and affection. Round the central sufferer, Hussein, has come to group itself everything which is most tender and touching. His person brings to the Mussulman's mind the most human side of Mohammed himself, his fondness for children—for Mohammed had loved to nurse the little Hussein on his knee, and to show him from the pulpit to his people.

The Family of the Tent is full of women and children, and their devotion and sufferings—blameless and saintly women, lovely and innocent children. There, too, are lovers with their story, the beauty and the love of youth; and all follow the attraction of the pure and resigned Imam, all die for him. The tender pathos from all these flows into the pathos from him and enhances it, until finally there arises for the popular imagination an immense ideal of mildness and self-sacrifice, melting and overpowering the soul.

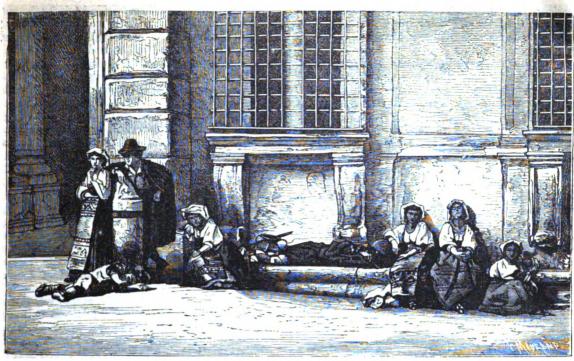
Even for us, to whom almost all the names are strange, whose interest in the places and persons is faint, who have them before us for a moment to-day, to see them again, probably, no more forever-even for us, unless I err greatly, the power and pathos of this ideal are recognizable. What must they be for those to whom every name is familiar, and calls up the most solemn and cherished associations; who have had their adoring gaze fixed all their lives upon this exemplar of self-denial and gentleness, and who have no other? If it was superfluous to say that the religion of the Koran has not the value of the religion of the Old Testament, still more it is superfluous so say that the religion of the Imams has not the value of Christianity. The character and discourse of Jesus Christ possess, I have elsewhere often said, two signal powers-mildness and sweet reasonableness. The latter, the power which so puts before our view duty of every kind as to give it the force of an intuition, as to make it seem-to make the total sacrifice of our ordinary self-esteem—the most simple, natural, winning, necessary thing in the world, has been hitherto applied with but a very limited range, it is destined to an infinitely wider application, and has a fruitfulness which will yet transform the world. Of this the Imams have nothing, except so far as all mildness and self-sacrifice have in them something of sweet reasonableness and are its indispensable preliminary. This they have, mildness and self-sacrifice; and we have seen what an attraction it exercises. Could we ask for a stronger testimony to Christianity? Could we wish for any sign more convincing, that Jesus Christ was indeed, what



THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS, KING OF THE FRANKS. (BY ST. REMIGIUS.)

Christians call him, the desire of all nations? So salutary, so necessary is what Christianity contains that a religion—a great, powerful, successful religion—arises without it, and the missing virtue forces its way in! Christianity may say to these Persian Mohammedans, with their gaze fondly turned toward the martyred Imams, what in our Bible God

says by Isaiah of Cyrus, their great ancestor: "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me." It is a long way from Kerbela to Calvary; but the sufferers of Kerbela hold aloft to the eyes of millions of our race the lesson so loved by the Sufferer of Calvary. For He said: "Learn of me, that I am mild, and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."



STREET SCENE BEFORE THE FARNESE PALACE, BOME.

# THE PINK COUNTESS.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.



ARLTON and Murietta were passing under an arch by some sarcophagi and an obelisk, where the drive is very narrow, and the carriages were jammed and blocked for a moment in the road.

The artist lifted his eyes, and then let them fall in an instant, as if they had received the full light of the sun.

He lifted his eyes again and bowed. The lady, the One Fair Woman, Annette, had recognized him, and inclined her head from her carriage, where she sat by the side of her father, the general, who

still rode on his battle-cloud and saw no one. The carriage passed on instantly, but the lady half-turned her head, half-looked back over her shoulder as she whirled out of sight; looked back at the artist in the old way as he had ever painted her. But this time she smiled, and the man was instantly made more happy than he had been that morning with all the smiles of Nature.

The gay and careless Carlton stopped suddenly, with his feet on the edge of the green grass under a white locust-tree with the sound of the bees above them, and turning sharp, looked his friend in the face, and said slowly but severely:

"You are a fool."

"Since you are so in earnest," answered Murietta, also stopping and looking up as if at the bees in the locust-blossoms, "you perhaps will be kind enough to tell me on what particular act of mine you base this voluntary but no doubt very honest opinion."

"Well," said Carlton, half-leaning against the locust-tree, and also looking up at the bees as if he felt rather in Vol. I., No. 5—37.

doubt about the ground on which he was now about to tread once more—"well, you see that I happen to know you have been following this beautiful lady, the belle of Italy, for years."

"And?" queried Murietta half-smiling, and looking away to the left under the locust-boughs at a party of red monks.

"And you have found her, and she favors you as she would not favor a prince! Why, just fancy"—and here the man brought his eyes down from the bees up in the white blossoms—"just fancy a lady in her position picking you out of this vast army of vagabonds here on foot, and turning in her carriage and speaking to you with her eyes, and looking after you down the avenue!"

"And therefore I am a fool; a fortunate fool, eh?"

"No, not therefore. Not for that," answered the other seriously. "No, my friend Murietta, you are so blind and so careless of the great world that crushes or crowns us. Pardon me for alluding to the countess once more after what passed in the Caffè Greco."

"Go on," answered Murietta, still looking away under the white boughs at the red monks moving along the sward of long green grass, with the great brown wall of Rome for a background. "Go on, you are pardoned for all your sins in that direction, according to the Church, for forty days to come."

"Well, then, do you not know that when that fair lady Annette leaned from her carriage and looked at you, she looked at you through a cloud, a perfect thunder-cloud, that you have brought about your own head with your own hands."

"Heavens! what do you speak of?"

"I speak of the countess again, your pink countess and the poor half-distracted count. If there is no one in Rome among all your admirers friend enough to tell you of your folly, I will take the responsibility myself."

"But what have I done?" asked Murietta eagerly, looking his friend in the face.

"Naught, so far as I know. In fact I know, I, who know that you love but this one fair woman who has just passed, know perfectly well that you have done nothing, or, at least, if you have done anything, you have done it with the best

of intentions. But the world, Murietta, does not know it the world does not know you."

"Then pray tell me what this great big world, as you call

it, says of my sin?"

"Well," began Carlton, as he laid one forefinger meditatively across the other, and speaking very slowly and earnestly, "the old admiral says, and the great-little world of Rome believes him, that you are winning the affections of the countess away from her lord.

Murietta's fingers twisted nervously, and his lips were pale as ashes. He reached out to the hedge, and, plucking a bunch of budding roses and twigs and leaves, he crushed them all together between his fingers, but did not answer.

"It sounds dreadful, does it not?"

"It is a crime," said Murietta at last, with a sigh, "by the side of which murder is but a child's amusement!"

"Of course I know better. And to come back to the fair lady who has just passed, and who looked on you so favorably, she, too, must know better clse she could not have borne with you. Yet, seeing her so friendly, and remembering that you had just left the side of the countess, I could not help saying as I did—You are a fool."

"Well, I may be a fool. But, Carlton, that admiral is a knave of the deepest quality, and that count is a weak, miserable coward. And, what is more—now mark me—that countess is no more insane than yourself."

Carlton shrugged his shoulders, and looked away up the avenue at the approaching night.

"She is in trouble, and so far from being insane, it takes all the talent of these two scoundrels to watch her. Two men, you see, against one poor invalid woman."

"Ah! but you know," cried Carlton, "these lunatics are oftentimes the most cunning, and often elude the whole set of keepers at an asylum."

"No matter. She is not insane. I have served her in a small way. I stand ready to do so, even to the risk of life, again."

"You risk more than life, you risk your good name."

"So much the more credit and honor! A dog can die. A worthless life is but a little thing to give. If I give mind, fame, love, life, all, why do not despise me. But, mark me! Since this thing is being said of me, I shall walk through Rome, reach my hand to this lady, and defy them all!"

"Well, you will find yourself alone. Here, shake hands! The ways divide. The lady has not one friend in the city. She is so sarcastic and bitter in what little she has to say. I tell you the whole town is in sympathy with the count, and that she stands alone."

"Then ten times the reason I should stand by her side. O brave city! most valiant little world! to take the side so unanimously of the strong!"

"Come, we will not shake hands now," said Carlton, as he passed his hand through the arm of his friend and the two went on slowly down the avenue, "but I will tell you what to do"

"Well, I will hear you with patience."

"If," began Carlton, throwing up his head—"if, as you imagine, an American lady is being imposed upon and is the victim of some plot in this strange land, then lay the matter before the consul. But be advised and do not commit yourself to this lady's follies or freaks, whatever they may be."

"The American consul?"

"Yes, the American consul."

"Carlton, do you know what an American consul is? Well, he is a poor, lean, hungry dyspeptic, whose greatest achievement in life has been in procuring the place he occupies, and whose sole capacity is addressed to the work of holding it."

"But they are here in these foreign lands for the purpose of protecting strangers."

"Possibly away back in the early history of the Government there existed a tradition to that effect, but it is now obsolete. The business of the politic, cautious, and noncommittant consul of to-day is to protect himself. But besides, in justice to these poor pensioners, who have served some political master at home and are now having their reward, or rather punishment, you must know that they have but little power and less money. They are simply commercial agents; and then they can affix a seal to a document and send home a sailor who has been unjustly discharged in a foreign land, and there their power and authority ends."

Carlton looked incredulous.

"All this is strictly true," continued Murietta; "they have a name, and that is all. They have hardly bread enough to live upon. They are literally like the Italian nobility of the Ghetto. I happen to know the consul at Naples. He is a gentleman, a perfect gentleman, and a very learned man, yet he has neither power nor money. He is literally starved. I think he is the leanest American I ever saw abroad."

"No," said Murietta, emphatically, as they passed through the gate, and Carlton was still silent; "if you want any one helped in Italy, don't fancy you can find a consul either capable or willing to assist. You must do it yourself."

"Well, well," said Carlton at last, as if he had been thinking; "suppose you help this lady in any imaginary trouble, what will come of that, and where will it end?"

"Time enough to think of the consequence, Carlton, after the task. I am not a merchant. I am a soldier by nature, and a knight by birth and culture. I am not a cautious man or a coward. Caution belongs to politicians."

"However, we leave Rome soon," said Carlton, with another light toss of the head, "and then there will be at least the end of one chapter of the story, if not of the whole volume."

"Yes, that I know was our agreement. We leave Rome together, and the time agreed upon comes on, but," he turned, lifted his finger as both stopped, and again looked the man in the face before him, "I have just promised the countess not to leave Rome till her father arrives, and I will not."

The two men looked at each other again—one with a sort of remonstrance in his face, and the other with quiet determination, and then they moved on with the crowd.

"And when will her father arrive?" asked Carlton, in a half-doubting, half-moody manner.

"I do not know. But he will certainly be here before long. It is safe to say he will be here before our day of departure, so do not yet borrow any trouble in that quarter. Possibly he will arrive to-morrow."

"And if he arrives to-morrow?"

"If he arrives to-morrow, or whenever he arrives, my relations with the countess cease. He will be able to protect her from the wretches that surround her."

"To protect her from her husband," half-laughed Carlton.

"Certainly! to protect her from her husband," cried the artist, emphatically. "Do you not know that there are such things as tyrants and jailers, and all but murderers, in some palaces? Do you not know that the handsome man—the good fellow, as he is called by his friends—man who gives his time to his friends, his money to the wine-dealer, and God knows what to his wife, is nearly half the time a murderer?"

Again Carlton was silenced, and, as they passed by a fountain, turned and looked amazed at his friend, as he continued:

"These pretty tyrants are wife-murderers; they kill their

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wives by inches. They sometimes drive them to madness, but oftener drive them into eternity. And what is most terrible, they know it. These handsome, gay, gallant, carpet-knights, who are all the time posing before the world and winning its worthless applause as princes of good fellows, know perfectly well the crime they commit. They see their poor, persecuted wives die day by day, inch by inch, and take a delight in it."

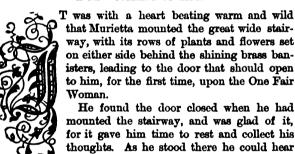
"Well," answered Carlton at last, as if recovering himself, "that is an open question, and a question that will keep; but now suppose the lady's father comes to-

- "Then I am ready to go with you to-morrow night."
- "Good! Then we will reform to-morrow."
- "Reform?"

"Ah, yes, reform! You know I am always reforming tomorrow," answered Carlton, as he reached his hand to say good-night at the end of the Corso. To-morrow, my boy, is the best of all days to reform in. The great mysterious to-morrow that ever runs before!" He waved his hand as he turned toward the Forum of Trajan, and said, as he looked back, "To-morrow! we will reform to-morrow!"

#### CHAPTER XXI.

#### A NEW CURRENT OF LIFE.



To the right, as if guarding the door, stood a great Californian lion, with his head lifted and his mouth wide open.

"Ah! my old friend, my whilom old companion of the Cordilleras, we have met before," said Murietta, as he advanced and stroked his broad-lifted head. "It seems to me it is a good omen to meet you here. It is like shaking hands with an old friend on a field of battle. Well, guard her well, my Californian lion, guard her well!" said the dreamer, and he stepped back to the door and drew the bell.

the beating of his heart.

A man stood before him—a man, as the door opened, who looked as if he had been chiseled by some of those wonderful sculptors out of a solid piece of the blackest midnight.

Then the great African, with a manner made up out of combined ease and indolence, took his hat and coat, led through the great saloon to the door of a still greater one, and announced his name. Then there was a little flutter among the dozen birds of beautiful plumage gathered there, a lady came forward—the One Fair Woman—and the man stood face to face with what I may call his Destiny.

Even this great saloon was a forest of flowers, right and left, as he entered. His feet sank in the soft and seamless carpet, as he advanced to be presented to the Fair Woman's mother, and to take the hand of the good old general, who seemed to come down from out his battle-cloud for no other purpose than to give his hand, for in a moment he was off again, drifting and dreaming and riding higher and higher, on his cloud of battle-smoke.

Sofas and settees and ottomans, and every Oriental luxury

that a fervid imagination could conceive of as places of re pose, were scattered here and there like little flower-beds in a garden, and in these flower-beds were blossoming many beautiful flowers.

There were tiger-skins scattered about the floor in a wild and careless way, and back in a corner of the saloon on the wall, half-hidden by flowers, were hanging some implements of war. Great beams of oak crossed overhead, and the ceiling was so frescoed that it looked as though it was some old ruin overrun with ivy.

People were lounging here and there, or passing up and down, or taking tea, or talking by twos and threes in a dreamy and silent sort of a way that pleased the nervous and sensitive artist from the first, and, contrary to his fears, he soon found himself perfectly at home. He seemed to fit in there from the first. In less than an hour he felt that he had known that place and these people all his life.

He looked around him, and he saw that here was another and a superior class of people to anything he had seen in Rome. Here was a Roman prince, who really looked and behaved the gentleman—a quiet and an unpretending man.

There was a cardinal over in the centre of a group of beautiful ladies in bright colors, and away back yonder in a corner out of the light, as usual, sat the good Secretary of Legation, telling over the points of his last novel to an ancient princess from Germany.

There were generals talking of war in the Spanish tongue, and politicians talking of finance in French, and gentlemen talking art in their own tongue; and yet all this was as quiet as a snow-fall.

"This is a new current of life," said the artist to himself; "I should have been here before." Then he fell to thinking of the tall dark beauty who had moved before him for ever, who was moving now noiselessly across the saloon, looking at him just the least bit from under her dark sweeping lashes as she passed, and he asked himself how long he, with his impulsive and imperious nature, would find a welcome there.

To Murietta this was a paradise. It was a paradise of noiseless birds and of dreams. He had seen society—enough of it—but it had never pleased him in any form before encountered. Sometimes it had been formal, sometimes stiff and cold and corpse-like, sometimes noisy and turbulent and loud. This was peace and rest. Verily it was paradise.

A little woman in curls was there also. She was a sort of busy, bustling Mother Bunch, not much unlike the one which presided at the top of the intolerable and tortuous corkscrew stairs, in the noisy little menagerie of animals from all parts of the earth, which the good threadbare Secretary of Legation had called, or rather miscalled, heaven.

"And do you like Roman society?" said she, as she stirred her cup of tea by the side of Murietta, and at the same time kept her long curls swinging and twisting round and round as she stirred the spoon.

The artist did not have time to answer, for the spoon kept going, and the curls kept turning, and the tongue kept on, and altogether and all at once, as if tongue and spoon and curls were all a sort of machine that had been patented as parts of a wheel, and must all run together or stop together.

"Roman society is mixed, very mixed. I came here and sat down on the Seven Hills, to use a classical quotation, thirty years ago." Then she stopped and sighed, and the spoon and the curls and the tongue and all, to the artist's infinite satisfaction, all stopped together, but the patent machine suddenly started again. "I was but a child then. Oh, I was ever so small you know! and I know all about Roman society, and if you go with one set you must not go with another: "Al if you belong to one club you must

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not enter another; and if you subscribe to one church you must expect to have all the others for enemies; for there is the new Baptist Church; well, they sank forty feet to get a foundation for it, and even then they came upon a beautiful mosaic that the Government took to put in the museum; forty feet, just imagine it! they used to come every week to get subscription for sinking their foundation, and I called it the sinking fund. Well, I gave money to this church, and then I had all the others for enemies, which includes every other church in the world to war with, and I was nearly ruined. Oh, Rome is mightily mixed, the people are so split up!"

And thus the tongue ran on in a rapid but quiet way, and the curls went round, and the spoon eddied and spun as if it was in the hands of a school-marm in a country town in the West, till Annette at last came by, and sat carelessly down by the other side, carelessly as if she belonged there.

Of all intolerable people on earth there are none, perhaps, half so terrible as persons who will persist in talking when they ought to be silent; when in fact nobody wants to hear them talk under any circumstances or at any time.

The safest thing to do is to be silent, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. You can remember, perhaps, fifty occasions in your life when you have said too much. You cannot remember one when you said too little. You may spend a whole evening a silent listener in society, and leave every one your friend. It would be very hard to secure that much if you talked, even though you talked like an angel.

At last the spoon stopped and the tongue stopped and the curls stopped, and the artist sat looking at the little machine in amazement, while the One Fair Woman, who had all the time been silent, sat looking the other way, and tapping the soft carpet with her foot, as if nervous and annoyed.

Then the spoon and the curls and the tongue began again, and went round and round and round, as if winding themselves up to some great pitch, and then leaning a little forward, and going still a little faster, the tongue said:

"You have been very reckless. You understand?"
Murietta knitted his brows. "I do not understand."

"Well, then, the Countess Edna-"

The artist arose, angry, and excited. He stood there almost trembling. Then the One Fair Woman took his arm, and they moved away together and in silence.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### IN AN EARTHLY PARADISE.



E wanted to fall at the feet of this dark, silent woman, and worship her, as he had worshipped her in an ideal way for all his life.

They sat down away by themselves by the side of a table with photographs, pictures, and miniatures in oil. It was the most supreme moment of his life.

"I fear you do not sympathize greatly with my art," stammered the man at last, looking at a miniature instead of the lady.

"Oh yes, I do," answered Annette.
"I think too much of it. I am all the time wandering about among

pictures and through the old homes of the masters."

"How delightful!" said Murietta, recovering himself at once. "And do you know I have had a fancy I should like to see the land of Titian? But then I hear it is so hard to reach."

"Well, it is hard," said Annette, "a long, hard road; but you are doubly paid for your trouble, and to me it is one of the sweetest spots in Italy."

"But you have not been to Cadore?"

"Oh ves, indeed, oftentime."

"Will you tell me of it? will you tell me of the home of the great good man and master?"

The soul of the beautiful lady came to the surface like a spirit called from the deep by a magician, and the great eyes opened and dawned upon the artist like a new sunrise. He began to understand her now. This silent woman, she, too, could talk, when there was a subject that touched her heart. Her soul was of another atmosphere. She sailed undiscovered seas. The gossip of the town had not even the dignity of her contempt.

She began as if she was about to tell a fairy tale to a child. Perhaps this proud, great woman thought him but a child. Perhaps, after all, he was but a child.

"There is no prettier or sweeter dimple in all the fair face of mother earth than this slope or half-valley, where the great master was born, and where he spent his early youth.

"You can get two hours out from Venice toward the base of the Venetian Alps by rail, and then you take the post or a private carriage, and, pushing up the Piare river, which has its source in Titian's Land, for nearly two days, you come upon Cadore, the little mountain town where the great master was born. Here are great splintered peaks of granite all around you," and the lady's hand went up in the air.

"These singular formations are known as the Dolomite Peaks. They look very much as if a mountain of stone had been set up on another mountain, and then the Titans had come by, and hacked and hewed, and split it to its base."

He leant forward and listened in silence.

"Your soul and mine stand nearer together than I had even dared to dream of," he was saying to himself, as she went on:

"The first thing here in Titian's country that strikes one who is at all familiar with his great pictures, is the exact likeness and copy of these mountains, noticeable in all his backgrounds. Coming directly from Venice, on my first visit, where I had been haunting 'Bella Arti' for a month, and feasting on his great pieces every day, I found that I had seen every great mountain that lay around me. Even in the picture of Jerusalem, where the Virgin is presented to the high priest—a picture counted, you know, as one of the three greatest in the world—you see there the exact copy of the first mountain that ever met the master's eyes, even to the curling clouds that are for ever moving about its summit, even to the camp-fire of the half-wild woodman on the mountain's side.

"And to me there is a singular touch of tenderness in this. Born in obscurity, bred in the wildest part of the Alps, still when he became the companion of kings and the most fortunate and favored of men, he remembered his mountains all the time, and all the time set them before the world to be admired. And to-day, if you would see the mountains and the clouds—the very atmosphere of Titian's land, you have only to look upon one of his great pictures!"

"Yes," answered Murietta, "I have always been told that while it is true he painted only figures, still the backgrounds to these figures may be called the best landscapes, the faithfullest, the truest to nature, that can be found in all the world to-day!"

"There are ten little towns in sight, all grouped close together, like herds on the hillsides. Indeed, they could not be anywhere else, except on the hill-tops!"

The artist leaned and listened without interrupting

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her by a word. She went on as if telling a story to a child.

"There was a pine slope just before our hotel. And the trees were planted and trimmed just as orderly as if they bore the choicest fruit. All the pines of these mountains are planted and nurtured by hand, for the lumber trade is the life of the place. And this muddy, foamy Piare river, plunging down in the canon away toward Venice, is the great artery of Cadore! All this pine slope is a meadow and a hay-field. The women do the work of the fields and the men do the work of the woods. They plant, cut down, drag to the river, and drive to Venice, on great rafts, the black pine-trees; and they are rarely seen out of the woods except on fête days or when some great occasion calls them down. You see them moving under the tall, well-trimmed pines, a long line of mowers, from early morning till nearly noon-all women, bare-limbed and bare-headed, and often beautiful as Titian's own pictures; and about noon they lie down and sleep in the hay for a time, and then arise and go on singing and swinging their short thick scythes until sundown."

"I could paint it," whispered Murietta.

"And she too, this princess, this great-souled woman, loves the poor!" thought the artist.

"We often climbed this pine-hill at sunset, and studied the marvelous twilight colors—the soft blending of light and shade thrown from the higher Alps. One can easily believe that from these rare and lovely blended hues grew the fancies of Titian."

"I shall go to Titian's land and live," murmured Murietta

There was a rustle in the room. The pretty birds, whose brilliant plumage ornamented this paradise, were fluttering up and down and hovering about the flowers as if about to take flight. The old general had come down from out his battle-cloud of smoke for a moment, and was marching across the saloon to join his daughter and the artist.

Then a beautiful bird sang with a beautiful voice, while a dozen hung about her like bees around a flower. And these words were in her song:

"He either fears his fate too much, Or his desert is small, Who dares not put it to the touch, And win or lose it all."

The little woman with the curls and cup of tea and spoon stood looking straight at Murietta as the song proceeded; but he was looking in quite another direction.

As soon as the song was finished, the artist, quietly and unobserved, reached his hand to the hostess and her daughter, and withdrew.

The accomplished and polished bit of chiseled midnight opened the outer door, and as he went back he showed at least twenty of his teeth in his grin of delight.

The artist was very happy; and he gave the negro enough to make him happy for a week.

"Take care of her, old California lion! Take care of her, my old friend of the Cordilleras!" said he, as he again stepped close and patted and stroked the stuffed beast on the head. "Take care of this beautiful lady like a true Californian! Fly at the throat of any man who dares to enter here with an evil thought! Take care of her, my savage and tawny old friend!"

He descended the broad tuffa steps between the walls of flowers, and then walked down the Corso at peace with all the world.

"Come what comes," he cried, as he went to rest that night, "I have been blessed! I can end the scene now satisfied, and dying say that God has been good to me; and I

have been for once, in my hard and eventful life, perfectly happy!"

And then he slept.

Poor soul! he had not stopped to consider that this lady had been only civil; that he had not said a word beyond the most commonplace expressions, and that, notwithstanding the kind invitation to call often and at any time, he, among the multitude of her friends, might be forgotten in a month.

He slept, and he dreamed; and his dream was of a green serpent swinging from a cork-tree as he and Annette rode by in silence under it, along the Sabine Hills.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

PEACE IN THE FLOWER-LAND.

IME went by with Murietta like n dream, or a great strong stream through a mighty forest, that is silent and shadowy and sweet with the smell of pine and of spices and costly gums.

Night was a delight, and the morn-

Night was a delight, and the morning brought no sense of loneliness or of weariness. A laborer is weary of an evening. A man who toils with his mind and makes battle with invisible things in the fields of anywhere that

have not name or place to common men, is weary in the morning, and he goes forth among men to try to labor with them in order that he may rest.

This man was resting now, perhaps, for the first time in his life. He took something more than a morbid interest in men and men's affairs.

He called often at the palace on the Corso, and was always well received and most courteously treated by all. Once the fair woman, Annette, arose from the side of a most illustrious gentleman who was paying her court, and came and sat down by the side of the artist in her easy, careless way, and began again to talk of Titian as on the occasion of his first meeting with her at her palace.

This filled the goblet full. Murietta asked no more at the hand of man, woman, God.

Yet he had never yet whispered a word of love. It is just possible he had not thought of it; nay, it is very probable. He was satisfied; he was happy. This was his first great happiness. He had nothing more to ask. And then, again, there might have been a dormant fear deep down in his heart, in that fathomless somewhere where action is born of instinct—a fear to break this charmed life that now enveloped him.

One thing is certain—he had not thought of marriage. This is remarkable, but it is very true. He was the least selfish of men, and did not often think of himself. Yet he could not have endured that another should wed her. He was willing to live and worship her as she was. He was perfectly satisfied—satisfied from instinct, not from reason. The truth is, he had not yet come to reason at all on this matter—he did not want to do that. The man was a dreamer. He had come upon the airy gates of a fairy land that he had long dreamed of and hoped for. The gates had swung open and he had entered, and found it even more delightful and full of peace than his imagination had pictured, and he was not ready or willing to take a foot-rule in his hand and proceed to measure it off and make calculations, and to count the chances of making it his own.

Once, on an evening when he had dropped in and found her all alone, save with her own family, which was a rare thing indeed, he saw her, while he sat talking with the old

general, who looked serenely down at him from out his battle-cloud, sitting apart and alone with her hands pushed out and drawn together in a passionate sort of a manner, her black and abundant hair as if it was ready to drop its great folds like midnight curtains about her shoulders, and her face half-turned and looking back over her shoulder.

"Good heavens!" he said to himself, "that is just as I have painted her a hundred times!"

She was not looking at him; not looking at anything. There was nothing remarkable in it all, save her remarkable beauty, outside of the very singular fact that this was exactly the attitude, and there was just the expression, that he had so often painted, despite his repeated efforts to paint her otherwise.

The old general drew back his face when he found he was no longer the object of the artist's interest that evening, and drifted away on his battle-cloud into his land of dreams.

Without designing it, without even knowing it, the artist arose and passed over to the other side, and stood before the beautiful lady as she sat there alone, dreaming and looking anywhere.

She lifted her dark sweeping lashes, smiled, made a place beside her with a movement of her hand, and, without a worde the artist sat beside her on the lounge.

"I have spoiled a picture," he said, at length.

She looked at him in a grand, still way, as if but half-awake, as if it was hardly worth while to come back to earth, or speak at all, or do anything any more this side of Paradise.

"I spoiled a picture for the world, but I have it in my heart. Hung on the walls of memory, your face as I saw you now, as I sat there, shall remain as long as I shall love the beautiful," said he, with earnest and honest enthusiasm.

She heard this awkward compliment as one who knew the man meant just what he said, and as one, the rare one, perhaps, who had the good sense to not profess to be disturbed by it, or to consider it out of place or out of nature in any respect.

"If you would only paint it!" she said, with a touch of earnestness.

"But I have painted it. I have painted it—the same face, position, expression, dress, all, exactly——"

The artist found he had risen suddenly, and was all flushed and excited, as the silent and dreamy old general laid his hand upon his shoulder, and stood there as if to listen, or in a careless and casual way take part in the conversation.

"I was just saying," continued Murietta, with some embarrassment—"I was just saying that I had spoiled a beautiful picture, when I came up and disturbed the lady—your daughter—just now.

"Ah! and I—I fear I may have spoiled something more than a picture by disturbing you," said the old general, as he quietly noted the artist's embarrassment, and then went back into his battle-cloud and again drifted away—in body at least, and perhaps in spirit.

Murietta, conscious that he had said too much and been at least imprudent, sat down again beside the lady and was silent. But she was now too much interested to let the subject drop, and again began about the picture.

"And you really have painted a fancy sketch or something, with which you have associated my name?"

"Not your name, lady-your face," said he, earnestly.

"And then you will let me see it?"

"Would you care to see it?"

"Would I care to see it? Do you not know that I am human? Nay, I am not only human, but I am also woman, and would take a woman's delight in looking at any picture that even resembles me, whether it was meant for me or not."

- "This was meant for you, and for you only," said he, thoughtfully.
- "Then I shall see it to-morrow. You will send it to me to-morrow. Or shall I drive——"
- "No, no, no," he answered. "Do not drive to my studio. I have no studio fit to receive you in. I am an idle leokeron in Rome. I am not at work."
  - "But you have done this one picture in Rome?"

"In Rome, in Naples, in-"

The great eyes opened wide and wondering, and looked at the man inquiringly and earnestly.

"Ah, I understand you now, I think," she said, "you have been at work at this picture some time, and did a part of it at Naples, and a part of it here?"

The artist had never been schooled in the fashionable and accomplished art of lying. Here he had, without intending it, aroused the beautiful woman's curiosity, and he saw that it was not to be satisfied by an evasion. Should he tell her the truth, the whole blunt history? He was very much embarrassed. Had he had the least bit of cunning in him or design, he might have told with good effect just so much of it as served his purpose, and no more, and then at once produced the picture, soiled and pierced as it was, with splendid and possibly telling effect.

But no, the man thought only of his secret—the secret of his love. He did not stop to reason. He could not have told why, but somehow he feared that she would be offended or annoyed by his confession of his love for her, or an hundredth part of it. So much for the poor man's knowledge of woman. As if any woman could be offended at such a thing!

The situation was very embarrassing for him. He reached, pulled a blossom from a rhododendron, as if he had been walking in a forest, and began to pull it to pieces, while his eyes were fixed on the floor.

The lady laughed in a quiet, idle way, and reached her hand and took the blossom which he was tearing to pieces from out his fingers and arranged the crumpled leaves, and held it carefully, as if it had to her a value.

"Then I am to see this picture to-morrow? You will send it to me here?"

"But it is not finished. That is, it is not fit to be seen. It is soiled, it is cut and warped and——" He stopped suddenly. He saw that he was once more exciting a woman's curiosity.

"Why, mercy on us!" she exclaimed, holding up the little flowers and still arranging the torn leaves and petals, "what a fate and what a misfortune my picture has met with, to be sure! You certainly have had no care for it, else it would not now be soiled and warped and wounded, and goodness knows what not! Come, you are to tell me of this picture."

"I entreat you, lady, not to-night. I am going now. I shall speak to your parents, and—and, I am gone."

He gave her his hand hastily, found her parents drinking tea together in a little flowery part of the paradise, and, not at all satisfied with himself, was about to pass through the door and into the hands of the black and ebon block of chiseled midnight, when Annette, standing where he passed by, said:

"But you really have a picture painted here in Rome which you say resembles me as I sat yonder this evening?"

"It is an exact and perfect picture of you, if ever I drew a perfect picture or a straight line. It is equally true that the picture has a history, and true also that it is now not fit to be seen."

"And am I never to see this picture, which, no doubt, any one —a stranger, a peasant—any one passing can drop in and see?"

"You are to see it. You shall see it if you will so honor



me, and it shall be yours, if you will receive it as a gift, but not till it is repaired and retouched."

- "Well, I must practise patience, I suppose. I shall count the days that lie between me and the time I am to receive it. But you are not to repaint it. That will spoil the interest, however much you may improve the picture. Promise me you will not retouch it. It is but a new work, and, if it has been once finished, let it remain just as it is. Promise me that."
- "Yes, I promise you not to retouch it, save to cover up a scar in the breast."
- "A scar in the breast!" The glorious eyes were again wide open with wonder.
- "I implore you, do not push me to the wall. I am not gifted with the art of escaping from the responsibility of my own blunt statements. Please leave something of the story to the future."
- "To the future it is," she laughed, as she again noticed his embarrassment. "Pretty stories will always keep, and, like good wine, be none the worse for it. But when am I to have the picture? Come, we will make a covenant. I do promise and agree, as the law has it, not to ask you for the little story that I am dying to know till you are ready to tell it, on condition," and here she smiled and looked very knowing, "that you send me this picture within a given time."
- "It is a covenant," he said, extending his hand, "and I promise to send you the picture at the end of a month."
- "At the end of a month!" she exclaimed, "why, we shall be on Lake Como."
- "And you are going to Como for the Summer, and soon?"
- "We are going to Como. We start soon, but are going to travel slowly, take in the little towns on the Adriatic, the republic of San Marino, and possibly Venice, and shall reach Como about the time everybody else leaves it, in July; and, to get back to a subject of interest, how am I to get my picture?"
- "I will have this picture sent me at Como. I will also be at Como in July. I will take pleasure, an untold pleasure, in presenting it to you there, and telling you the story of its creation."
- "How delightful! would that it were July!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.
- "Delightful! you will be disgusted. But I shall keep the covenant. And now, good-night; remember, we meet at Como."

There was a look of earnestness in her face as he passed out, saying to himself, "We meet at Como. Shall Como be my fate—my Philippi? Well, well, I shall tell her the story of the picture there, and the story of the roses in her path, and then it may be our souls will stand together in the pure white light on the hills of God!"

"Take care of her, my Californian lion. Show your teeth, my friends, to any man who dares to hold an evil thought of her." He tapped the beast on the head, opened the negro's mouth, and saw two perfect rows of teeth for a few francs, and went down the stairs full of hope and the future.

# CHAPTER XXIV.

#### TRUE TO THE PINK COUNTESS.

It had now been four months since Murietta had set foot in Rome, and he began hardly to tire of the town. He was now particularly anxious to get outside the sultry walls of the city since he knew that Annette was going, and almost at once.

The two first months of the four he had spent almost alone in that strange and unknown part of the world called the Ghetto of Rome. The third month he had spent

almost entirely in the carriage and by the side of the sad but beautiful lady in robes of pink and rose. But the fourth month he had scarcely seen her. It had now been weeks since he had seen her face. What had become of her? He was preparing to leave Rome. Should he go away without seeing the woman who had lightened many a dark and lonesome day of his life in that strange city of heat and cold—of contradictions?

He had seen the count but seldom of late, and he, the count, seemed but ill satisfied, even though the old admiral blustered about him and asserted himself with the same bold look of assertion which he had always shown from the first. The count, however, had the same gentleness of manner, and always showed that culture and politeness which seems so inseparable from an Italian, whenever his and the lines of the artist crossed, either in the streets of the city or the saloons of fashion.

It was now June, and Rome was sultry as midsummer. The fountains plashed and played all over the town, and the streets were kept running with fresh water, and all the place was hung with awnings and canvas, as if it had been the deck of one mighty ship. Yet Rome was awfully sultry, and people were pouring out of every gate that opened to the north in the direction of the Alps and the Apennines.

Carlton, too, was anxious to get away. He was running all over the town—now with the admiral, who, it seems, had more than once approached him on the subject of making him a member of the Brothers of the Altar, as he had Murietta, and now with the count, who evidently looked upon him with more favor than he did Murietta, and now with strangers. If any one knew what was going on in town, Carlton probably knew it, for he was everywhere, talking with every one, drinking wine to-day, and reforming to-morrow.

Everybody moved under canvas. The streets of Rome were one mass of moving umbrellas. If a peasant brought a goat into town to be milked for your coffee, as was and is the custom, at four o'clock in the morning, he brought an umbrella along to lead it back under the Sabine Hills.

"We must get out of this," cried Carlton, from under his full sail of canvas one morning in June, to Murietta; "there is nothing remaining in Rome now but the cats and dogs and goats and peasants, and a few of the old tried settlers. Let us get out—flee to the mountains."

"I am with you in the spirit, but may not be in the flesh, I fear, for a time yet."

"And why not? You remember our covenant to blow away to Venice together, do you not?" answered Carlton, as he took a whole hatfull of roses from a pretty peasant girl, and began to tear them to pieces to inhale the odor.

"Ay, yours was a covenant, man with man," replied the artist, as he also took a bunch of roses from the pretty girl's basket, and handed her a franc, which she gratefully acknowledged as a most liberal payment; "but you remember, I promised a lady, the countess, to remain in Rome till her father came to her."

"Then, if that is all," laughed Carlton, as he scattered the flowers at the feet of a bare-legged peasant-girl, who showed him her pretty teeth as he passed, "you might have left Rome a week ago."

"A week ago?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow. You might have gone away into the Alps to reform fully a week ago; for her father has been here at least a week, and I have been with him a great deal, and have talked with him about his unfortunate daughter, and have really almost shed tears with the little white-headed old patriarch, for it seems he has lost his only son somewhere in Italy by brigands or assassins, and now his poor dauhgter is mad, and does not even know him."

"Mid! and does not know him?" Murietta went close up to Carlton, and took him by the arm as he threw his rose to the ground. "Gods! what have I been doing for this month past? It does seem to me that I am sometimes mad myself. I get in grooves. I get in a river with deep banks, and float down and cannot see out. I see nothing but myself!"

"Well, but she is no worse. She simply will not see her father, and, besides, the doctor forbids that she shall be disturbed. The count, I assure you, is nearly broken-hearted. And then, you know, she is not a Catholic, and that disturbs him greatly. The poor good fellow, you know, is apprehensive that she may die or go utterly mad, and not be prepared for the better world."

There were wrinkles on the brow of Murietta as he listened to this! Then he began very solemnly, as he still held on to the arm of his friend, and looked him in the face:

"Have you seen the countess at any time within the last few weeks?"

"Not since I saw you with her, my dear fellow," he answered, tapping the stones with his foot and shifting his umbrella from right to left.

"Has any one seen her, do you suppose? Have you spoken to her father about the possibility of her being locked up by these cunning Italians and designing priests, and——"

"Tut, tut! Now look here. Do you suppose Rome is a nest of brigands and kidnappers, and men who could or would lock up a lady and keep her from her father? I tell you, you are wild. You are as mad as a March hare. At first you thought her husband a sort of moral or immoral Blue Beard, and you were going to storm the castle and set her at liberty. Then you waited till her father came upon the field. And now, even now, you fancy that husband, father, children, all are wrong, and you alone are right, and, like another crazy Don Quixote, you propose to ride a tilt against the world's windmill!"

Murietta began to doubt his own judgment. He felt that something was wrong. He was almost certain of that in his own mind; but how to correct it, or how to proceed without doing more harm than good, he did not know. He wanted to see the countess to say good-by. He was perfectly certain that she would know him and be glad to see him. Then he reflected a moment, as he took the arm of Carlton, and they moved down the street under the canvas, and remembering that she said she would send for him when the hour came that she should need him, and remembering that she had not sent for him, and reviewing the whole ground he stopped, looked his companion in the face, and said:

"I am ready to go. We will leave Rome together tomorrow."

"Good!" cried Carlton, "we will leave Rome to-morrow. You see, my dear boy," he continued, "if the countess is sane and will not, or does not, care to see her father, why, of course, she does not need you or your assistance, or your presence. But if she is not sane, as the count and the doctor and the admiral say, and cannot see her father, why, of course, she cannot you. You know, my dear boy, I am disposed to humor your whims, whatever they may be—just for the sake of the pleasure of your company in a gondola at Venice; but turn this case to any light you like, and the picture cannot be improved by any cunning tint of yours."

"I am satisfied," sighed Murietta; "yet I am broken up by the thought that this woman must remain here in the intolerable heat of lonesome Rome the merry Summer through. It will break her too-delicate thread of life. I shall never see the beautiful and most mournful face any zuore!"

"Beautiful she is indeed, my friend," answered Carlton,

"and I now understand, or at least feel certain, that whatever Rome may have said against her, Rome is now sorry for it, and sympathizes deeply with her misfortune. And, for my own part, I tell you that I knew from the first and all the time that she was as pure as the snow of the Alps!"

"Give me your hand. God pity the poor dear lady," said Murietta, solemnly, as they stood together with clasped hands—"God pity and protect the poor dear countess, the sad and beautiful lady; and may He pardon me for any wrong, real or imaginary, that I may have done her, for we shall never meet any more!"

#### CHAPTER XXV.

#### A SKELETON.



E will reform to-morrow," said Carlton, laughing, and looking very knowingly at the artist in the dusk, as he came down and led him through the hall to his room. "Yes, my dear Murietta, you are a cunning dog; but I forgive you, and am certain that, like myself, you will reform to-morrow, if to-mor row ever comes."

"But I do not understand you," answered the puzzled artist.

"But you will understand, perhaps, when she explains. Oh, you still are in the dark? Well, to be brief with

you, there is a lady, or rather a lady's maid, waiting for you in my parlor."

"A lady's maid waiting for me?"

"Go along, go along! You understand. Keep your own secrets, if you like. Only be sure you reform to-morrow," laughed Carlton, as he led up to his rooms and pushed open the door.

There she sat in the dark and under the curtains, like a frightened bird that had fluttered in through the window. It was the faithful maid of the Countess Edna.

"Come! her keeper is drunk and asleep! It is the first time she could send to you, or I could escape. Come at once; he may awake. There is a secret passage in from the porter's lodge; we can get in by that, for the admiral and count are on the great stairway, and watching all the other doors. Come, there is not a moment to lose."

The excited girl laid hold of the artist, and, still trembling with fright and anxiety, attempted to pull him to the door, as if to hasten his departure.

At the door he met Carlton, who had left him for a moment, returning.

"Look here, Carlton," he said, hurriedly, while the faithful but frightened maid kept looking wildly about, as if afraid she was followed and watched, "I am going to the Countess Edna. Take this, there is trouble in the wind." The artist handed him his pistol.

"Well, I thought men as a rule buckled on their armor when there is trouble in the wind; but you, it seems, lay it off!"

"The countess has sent for me, and there may be trouble. I know how grave and serious a thing it is to attempt to see her; but see her I will, and I wish to harm no one. I will be with you yet to-night, if I live."

"Good, my boy; go, and reform to-morrow!"

He waved his hand and went into his rooms, as the artist went out at the back gate, followed by the maid.

"Bah! that Murietta is a rake," said Carlton, as he lighted a cigar, and, seating himself on the sofa, lifted his legs to the table, and began to blow a cloud to the ceiling.



" THE BABY."-FROM A PAINTING BY VAN MUYDEN.

They reached the coffin-like lodge at the side of the great portal or arch of the palace, and handing the little man a roll of francs, the door immediately and very slyly opened; and then the little Roman soldier at his post opened a blank door behind him, and, making certain that he was not observed, let the two through into a dark, secret passage, when he lighted a coil of wax taper, such as is used in the passage of the catacombs, and beckoned them forward.

They ascended a narrow stairway, damp and heavy with the smell of the grave, and then made a long detour to the right. Here they stopped and listened. The little porter laid his ear to the wall, but could hear nothing. Then he laid it down to the floor, and arose satisfied that all was clear, and led up another stairway as dark and dismal as the first.

Here they listened again. Not a sound save the rats nibbling at some leathern objects lying about on the floor.

The porter opened this door cautiously, and the three stood in a damp, dark vault, where there were piled bags of what might have been either chestnuts or walnuts, or any other thing of the kind, to all appearances.

There were dozens of rats running over and around these bags, and as they ran something rattled over the floor and rolled at the feet of the artist. He stooped and picked it up. It was a cartridge.

The porter listened again, and then led on rapidly, without looking to the right or the left. There was a smell of death not to be mistaken. The maid shrank close up to the side of the porter, and the porter hastened to unfasten the door.

"Have you ever been in this place before?" asked the artist, taking the coil of wax from his hand, and turning back to the bags of cartridges.

"No, no, never before; and, please the blessed Virgin, I will not come again, even though the countess gave me her palace. It smells!"

"Look here! stop! lift that cloak!" said the artist, holding the light over a dark object heaped up in the corner.

The porter shrank back against the maid, and the maid against the wall.

The artist pushed the cloak aside with his foot. There lay the half-decayed skeleton of a man close against the bags of ammunition.

He looked at the two cowering figures before him. Then he put his finger to his lips. They made signs that they would be silent.

"Swear it. Lift up your right hands, and swear it in the presence of the dead."

They lifted up their hands, and he swore them in the name of the Madonna.

"Now, mark you this. Your own lives depend on your secrecy. Tell of this dead man, and the law will demand of you some account of how he came here."

The porter saw the position, and again promised the profoundest secrecy as they replaced the cloak and once more passed on.

They entered an outer camera, where a dim light was burning on a little table, where were flasks and bottles of wine.

There was a bed in a corner of this room, and on this bed lay a man muttering in a drunken sleep.

Passing on cautiously and swiftly as possible through another door, they entered a very neat and comfortable saloon, where evidently the hand of woman was not wanting to set things in order.

Passing through this saloon, the maid tapped gently at a door, till a voice, soft and sweet and sad, bade her come.

The countess opened her great brown eyes, looked at the party a moment, and then sprang up to meet Murietta, and

burst into tears. She wept as if her heart would break, yet all the time tried to restrain herself, and tried to speak and make herself understood.

"Here!" take this; take it, and at once! Putsit on your finger, turn it under, so—so that they will not see it. Slip away. Take it, for heaven's sake," she cried, as he hesitated. "Take it," and she took his hand and almost forced it on his finger.

"It is my dead brother's ring. Listen! You know he had that ring on his hand when he disappeared. He has never been heard of since. But I went among them this last month. I went out among the drunken, brawling brigands that fill my palace and keep me a prisoner here, while they, with my husband, were at their revels out there, where they now are. And what do you think? I found them lying drunk and asleep, and that ring—that curious and rich ring, that was on my dead brother's hand when last I saw him—was on the finger of the drunken old admiral. Hush! I took it off. They missed it next morning. And what did they do? They took my little boy and threatened to destroy him too, body and soul, if I did dare say one word."

"Gods! I should have brought my pistols!" hissed the artist.

"Are you unarmed? Then heaven help you! But my husband, the count, is not so bad. No, no; he is not so bad; it is the terrible society to which he belongs. He is a sworn member of the Brothers of the Altar. It is 'the business of the members of the Order to marry heiresses from the West. They then divide or share the fortune among them. He has not the strength or will to escape."

"And where are these wretches now?"

"Here in my palace. I dare not lift a finger, or say one word, or they will destroy my little boy as they did my brother. And they tell me that if I do not give up this ring I shall never be allowed to get out again, or to see a friend. You are the first Christian I have seen for a month!"

The lady's face was flushed and on fire with excitement and rage.

"And your husband, the count, will he endure all this?"

"Oh, I have exhausted all hope—every resource in that direction. He tells me these are his friends; he is my husband, and they must be made welcome; and when I plead for my liberty, and protest against this imprisonment, he simply says the ring is not mine, that I have no right to it, and that if I want to go out, I have only to give it up and go. I will not give it up to him. It is the deathwarrant of that monster. We must keep it. Keep it,

"I will keep it. By heaven, I will keep it!"

Murietta, with your life!"

"I know you will keep it, and keep my secret till it is time to reveal it. Listen to me,"-she sank down on a pink sofa, in a heap of rose-and-pink robes-"I said I had something to tell you. You grow tired of hearing me say it. Well, this is it. My husband, the count, belongs to a strange society. I do not know what it is. I know it is something terrible, and that its members meet here, and make my palace the headquarters of their crimes. He says he was sworn into their Order when he was too young to understand, and that he cannot now leave it and live. Listen! This, all this, has been going on for years. We have been here five years. At first all was well. Then they began to take all the money I had, to plunge me in debt, to try to take my little boy into strange churches, and to teach him terrible things; and then, at last, I managed to get the truth to my brother. He came at once. They treated him with all the civility possible; but when he determined to take me out of Italy to my father, my husband protested, and they—the brigands—told him, that I should never leave Italy, for through me came most of the money that kept the



Order together. I could not, I would not, then reveal to the world the truth of things. I was proud of being a countess, and all the time hoped for the best, and believed I would yet get the count out of the country, and away from these evil men——"

There was a noise in the room through which the little party had just entered, and the porter laid hold of the bolt and key.

"I must be brief," whispered the countess, lifting her hands toward the door. "My brother determined to take me away, and at once. We were to start the next day. He went out to ride on the Campagna. He had that ring on his finger. A man at the Porto Popolo told me he saw him return and enter Rome; but I—I never saw him any more. I inquired everywhere. They said I was crazy mad—that I never had a brother. And now, here, this is what you must do. I must have help. Take this ring—get it to my father in the States, and—"

"But your father is in Rome; he is in Rome, and at the Russe Hotel."

"In Rome? Do you say in Rome? Oh! do you say in Rome?" She fell upon her knees, and took the man's hand in hers, and held it to her lips, and covered it with tears.

"Then go to him at once. Take that ring. No. Yes; take the ring; but do not show it to him. He is old, and very frail. He would know the ring, for it was our mother's, and it might affect him too much. But take it and go. Bring him here at once. Go now, for God's sake! I hear voices! Here, this way! They are coming through the secret passage! Go—go by the grand saloon and down the broad steps. Bring my father. Tell the consul. Christ! is there not, in all Papal Rome, one man to protect a woman?"

The artist hurried through the grand saloon—through a door—through a hall—through an outer door, and was then in the ante-camera, was moving across toward the great door that opened upon the broad stairway, where he would be safe and free from the hands or daggers of those who were watching his movements.

"Stop! I am a man who carries his heart in his hand. A rough but honest sailor; and now I want to know what in h—— you are doing here?"

He struck his fist on a great side-board where lay a lot of old arms, and the arms bounded and rattled as if the house was coming down.

This seemed to be a sort of signal of distress, for men, headed by the count, and all more or less intoxicated, came staggering in through a door that opened deeper into the palace to the left.

"Let me pass," cried the artist. "Let me pass, I say." The count rushed up and seized him by the throat.

"What, are you here again?"

The words were driven back down his throat by a blow from Murietta in his mouth, and he fell back and then gathered strength, and came up to his work like a man really fighting for his rights; but only to be sent back again with severer punishment.

"Open that door!" cried the artist, advancing toward the admiral, who had placed his back against it.

The count was down; the other men had retreated, and the old admiral had no disposition to enter the lists with this infuriated man, whose hand was bleeding and dripping with blood from his own knuckles, and from the face of the count. The admiral preferred to fight with women, and, therefore, proceeded to open the door.

"There, now, begone!" he cried, as he swung it wide open, "and beware how you again enter the palace of a gentleman uninvited!"

"Look here, my gray-headed murderer! Mark you here," answered Murietta, as he stood in the middle of

the floor, and lifted his fist toward the admiral. "One word before I go. You profess to be a blunt and an honest man. I will also be plain with you. I go; but I return. This door is to be opened for me. I bring the father of the countess to her. You can be discreet. I bring the old man to his daughter, whom you have been telling all the time is insane. Now, will this door be opened to me or not?"

"Opened to you? Ha, ha!"

"Yes; opened to me. Since you seem to be the captain of the castle," said Murietta, now looking at the count, who stood leaning on the table and wiping the blood from his face as he listened to the parley, "I will make my terms of capitulation with you. Shall I find this door open, or shall I——" he advanced toward the retiring admiral, and wagged his fist in his face, "or shall I enter by the secret passage, and take the police with me, and show them the dead man by the magazine with which you expect to blow the palace to the moon. Answer me; yes or no?"

"Yes, yes," gasped the admiral, as he sank against the wall. "Let us be friends. What is the use?"

The artist was gone.

He found the father at the Hotel Russe, a little frail old man, with a beard white as snow.

"Your daughter, the Countess Edna, wants to see you. You are to come to her at once. I have just left her side, and she sends me to you to tell you to come to her as soon as possible."

"But my daughter is—my daughter has—my daughter cannot see me. I have been waiting and waiting. I have just come from the palace. The good old admiral, who is on watch, tells me that she is even worse."

"But you are to come," cried the eager and impulsive artist, "and to come at once. Only come and see; that will not take you long."

"Yes, yes, yes; that is quite true. I will go. I will go with you, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Murietta," said the artist.

"Murietta! Heaven help me! Is it you that has the audacity to come to me—you who have blighted my daughter's name, and driven her to madness? No, no. Get out of my sight! Do not speak to me!"

"But will you not go with me? Will you not go and see? Men have been telling lies. Come, I will prove to you that they have lied."

"No, no. Go, go. Will you not get out of my sight? Oh, that my son were alive that he might chastise you for your crime and your audacity!"

"Your son!" The artist thought of the dead man's ring.
"Your daughter has just been speaking of your son. She has just received a ring—a ring he wore when last she saw him; and fearing you might be deterred from coming with me—a stranger—she bade me show it to you, if that was necessary, to convince you of the truth of my message. See!"

He held the glittering jewel up on his forefinger before the old man's eyes under the lamp in the hall.

"It is—it is true! It is his! I had a dream. Will you forgive me?" he said, offering his hand. "I had a dream, and now my dream is coming true. Lead on—lead on—bring me to my child!"

"Double fare, and a fast drive," said the artist to the driver, as they entered a carriage at the door.

True to the old admiral's promise, he stood at the door, and it opened without a word.

"She has suddenly recovered her mind," he whispered to the old man, her father; "but still has strange illusions that you must not contradict or interfere with at all. That will make her worse."

They stood before the private door, which opened with some delay.



The countess lay exhausted upon her sofa. The excitement of the half-hour with the artist had broken her down, for she was a weak and over-nervous woman, and could not endure such tension of the mind long at a time.

To the dismay and disgust of Murietta, in the door opposite stood the sleek, cunning Giuseppe, and by the side of the countess stood the narrow-browed doctor, we have seen before. Over in a corner sat the count, with his head bandaged, and his eye closed from the frightful blow in his face. The ring had cut him like a lance.

The lady saw her father, and, rising slowly, and with an air of authority, she waved the two villains out, or attempted to motion them out of the room. They retreated but a few steps, and still lingered.

"Are you mistress here, or am I?" Then turning quietly to her father, she said, "You see, father, these men constitute themselves my keepers. I am a prisoner, and my husband is powerless to help me!" Then she put her arms about his neck and kissed him, and cried as if her baby heart would break, and she should never cease to weep.

At last she lifted her head, and the two keepers were gone. The count still sat there with his eyes closed, and helpless and silent.

"And now you will never leave me!" she said as she still held on to her father, as if she had been a child. "And now we can go all together and get away from this dreadful nightmare, and the terrible men that have fastened upon the count!"

"No, no, I will never leave my child," said the feeble old man, as he sank into a seat; "never part with my wayward little daughter, who would wed a stranger and in a strange land, anymore. No, no, we can all go home together as you say, and be glad and content again. Come, count, my son! see, we are all right now. We can go to-morrow, for it is killing me in Rome."

"To-morrow! oh, let it be to-morrow!" cried the countess, clasping her hands. "Do, do let it be to-morrow! Leave the palace; leave it all. It is haunted! There is a skeleton in the house."

The count started up and staggered toward the door, as he tore the bandages from his face.

"Poor, poor count! and what is the matter now with his face?" said the old man to the countess.

She looked up toward the door, saw the count passing out, and Murietta before him.

"Stand aside, Mr. Murietta!" called out the Lady Edna, "stand back, and let the count, my husband, pass! Why did you lift your hand against my husband? Was there no one else for you to lay your heavy blows upon? Is it thus that you would assist a lady in distress?"

"Lady," said the man, sadly, as he drew a ring from his finger, "I leave you with your father and your husband. I am very sorry I raised my hand against the count. I see I am again misunderstood. But now you are safe, and I go. Good-by, and God bless you!" He handed the ring to the old man as he said this, and hastened away. She did not call him back or say one word.

"Yes," he said, as he reached the street, "Carlton was right. I know nothing whatever about women, and very little indeed about men."

There was a dog crossing before him as he turned a corner, and he drew back his foot and kicked it with all his might.

"No matter," he said, as he climbed the steps of the Hotel Russe and found his friend Carlton—"no matter, I have done my duty to the living, and nothing I could do can help the dead. I do not see what else remains for me to do. Nor do I now see what I have to regret. The old man will now care for his daughter and——"

The artist thought a long time over what he had seen in

the secret passage, and then said to himself, "Some day there will be a devil of an explosion in that palace and the Papists will say it is the king's party trying to blow up good Catholics, and the Protestants will say it is the Pope trying to re-establish his tottered throne."

The friends parted for the night very soon, for they had to be up with the sun on their way to the south.

"We will reform to-morrow," said Carlton, laughing and looking back over his shoulder as he retired to his bedroom, for he did not yet know anything that had transpired that evening at the palace.

How wide-awake the day was that morning as the two friends drove to the station for the four o'clock train. Italy was bathing her morning face in a golden shower of sunlight.

The artist thought only of Annette as they whirled through the ruins, and out and under the walls away toward the Alps pointing away toward Como.

"Rome is the earth," said the artist, as they left the Eternal City, "the centre of the earth, but Como shall be my heaven."

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

COMO AT LAST.



MUST have a house on Lake Como," wrote Pliny, "but I dare not have any windows in it that look out upon the lake, for if I do I shall never be able to do any work."

There lies the long thin sheet of peaceful water pointing like a long finger from out of the rugged heart of the Alps right down into the great level plain of Lombardy.

This hand that points this long thin finger is half-doubled up at Bellagio, which is about midway; and one finger, the lesser one, points off at an obtuse

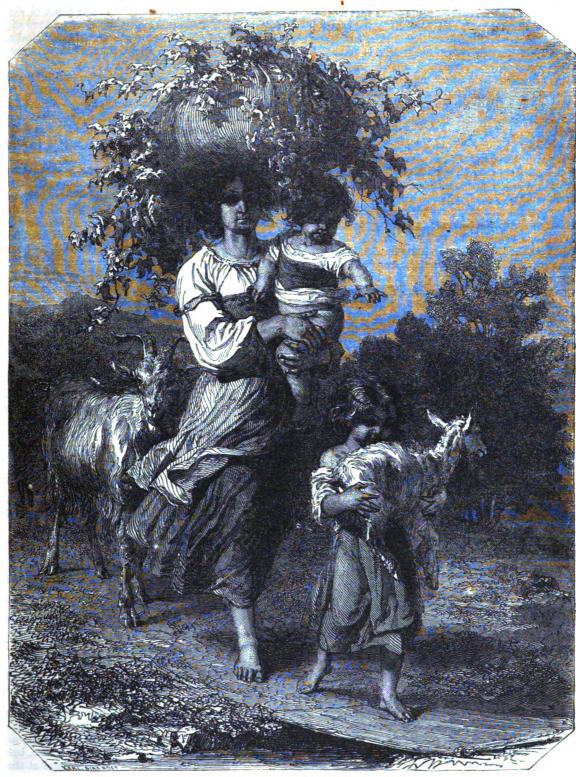
angle to the south.

In the forks of this long thin lake, where the fingers divide, stands Bellagio, the centre of the earth, and of which we shall see more by-and-by.

On the extreme end of this long thin finger, pointing down and out of the Alps straight into the great plain of Lombardy, has grown a great wart. This wart is called the City of Como. It is as old, perhaps, as Jerusalem. It was founded by the Greek colonists before Rome was thought of. You can see the Greek in the faces of the people; particularly in the faces of the wonderful women. On the old cathedral, storm-stained and eaten by the tooth of Time and washed into channels and furrows by the rains of heaven, as if the faces of the marble men had really wrinkled from age, you see the statues of the two Plinys.

Old, very old indeed, is this town of Como, and yet only yesterday they erected a great fountain in their great square, and last year built a hundred houses that look like palaces. The old town, like a hundred others in Italy, is being galvanized into new life by the gold of English and American travelers. Tell an Italian this, however, and he will be sorely offended. He will insist that Italy is full of resources, that she does all this herself, and does not at all need the money of the stranger. He will tell you that Italy has always been great, a power, and the centre of the earth. Let an American dare to dispute this, and the proud Italian will strike an attitude and say to him, "Why, we discovered you!"

It was the fashion this particular season of which we write to sit down at or near Bellagio. Como, the town of Como, and its immediate neighbors, had but little business this season save as depôts of arrival and departure; all



"GOING HOME,"-FROM A PAINTING BY VAN MUYDEN.

pushed on up the long, lovely lake, to where it divided, and there gathered about the forks.

"How much it is like the Mississippi river!" thought Murietta to himself, who had left the train at Como and was now running up the lake to the great-little centre of Bellagio. "It would be precisely like the wide, clear, crooked river of the West but for these overhanging mountains and these noble palaces on the edge of the wave, with their feet in the cool sweet water, as if to cool in this sultry season," said the man to himself, as he rolled another cigarette and

elbowed his way through the dense crowd of passengers to the other side of the little steamer, and looked up, away up, through the white fleecy clouds, at a beautiful old place of worship perched like a great gray eagle of the Rocky Mountains on the topmost crag. "Nay, it is just like the Columbia," he said, as he looked again, "for there drift the sunny clouds, there lift the toppling crags, and here are the mossy rocks in the water's edge, and there the wild foliage on the steep and stupendous shore of lifted and rifted mountains. And then he forgot the crags and clouds above, and looked

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down into the thousand little pleasure-boats that moved and wound across and about, and bore little flags and light hearts and happy uplifted faces that looked curiously into the crowd of travelers for their friends and fellowtourists.

Of these flags one half were the Stars and Stripes, a great number were English, and not a few Italian. It was noticeable that there was not a craft afloat without a Saxon face somewhere to be seen among the passengers or seekers of pleasure.

Over and across, from side to side, the little steamer shot from town to town, and took in or set down tourists; and made at least forty calls on one side of the long lake or the other, wedged down there between the walls of the Alps, before it touched at Bellagio.

As they neared this town, cutting across the narrow lake from Cadanabia, Murietta stood out on the prow, and kissed his hand, once, twice, thrice, and very fervidly at the beautiful Bellagio, for it was there he knew he should once more meet the grand and wonderful woman, Annette.

As you near this town, coming up the long narrow lake that points straight out through the Alps into the great plains of Lombardy, you will see that the lake is much wider above you, and you can see where a high and lifted mountain pushes its nose abruptly into the lake, and splits it in two.

On the north side of this steep and pine-topped little mountain stands Bellagio, a little town of only two or three thousand souls of mixed Greek and Italian blood; and these mostly keepers of shops, chop-houses, and wine-shops, besides an unreasonable number of priests in black and gray, and brown, and tall, fine-looking fishermen and boatmen; and then, too, an intolerable number of hard-looking Italians, who can safely be set down as brigands and assassins, who are quite ready for any job, from acting as courier and interpreter for parties abroad who have more money than knowledge, up to stealing a stranger's child, or assassinating their own great king.

It is remarkable that here at the north base of this little round pine-crowned mountain, lifting up abruptly in the forks of the lake, and almost surrounded by its waters, stands two of the most beautiful hotels in all Europe. In truth, you may almost say, too, that they are the most magnificent.

They stand almost quite down at the edge of the water, with only room enough for little walks through woods and flowers as beautiful as paths through paradise. All along the edge of the lake there stand double rows of sycamoretrees; and under these trees, on the stone benches, sit tourists by hundreds in the cool fresh mornings of the Summer time, whipping the lake with their fish-lines, and fishing their breakfasts of fish from the populous lake.

Boats with lovers go by in perfect little fleets all the time, and at night they hang them with many-colored lamps; and it is said that lovers meet on the waters of this lake of all lakes by preconcerted signals made of these many-colored lamps, which they alone can read and understand.

Murietta knew that Annette and her people were at the Hotel Grande Brettagna. Therefore he went to the Hotel Grande Bellagio.

If you have a poor opinion of the world you should go to Como alone, sit down at Bellagio for a month, and rest there. After that you will be quite satisfied that there is upon earth at least one place where there is beauty, and beauty only; peace, and perfect peace.

If you will have a courier with you, however, who is constantly keeping you in hot water by his thefts and extortions; if you will travel with a lot of loud people at your heels, who do not know what rest is; and, finally, if you will insist on putting up at the Grande Hotel Bellagio,

where you must fight every day at the point of the sword to get your bill down to double the sum you have stipulated it should be, instead of going to an old-established and less extortionate house, why, do not blame Bellagio if you do not rest; but blame yourself.

Murietta made the mistake of going to this beautiful and magnificent hotel. In fact, it had been surprising if he had not made it. In all the thousand journeys of his life, he had never come to the forks of the road, where the choice of the right way depended on his own judgment, but what he took the wrong one. Yet here he, perhaps, would have gone to the English hotel, but for Annette.

Another man, of course, would not for a moment have thought of any other hotel than the one where the queen of his heart was staying. The artist would sooner have camped under one of the sycamore-trees by the side of the lake. He loved this woman so devotedly. He feared to trust himself in her presence, perhaps. Perhaps he feared he might disturb her by his presence. In truth, had he been asked the reason why he so determinedly sought another place to put up at, he could not have answered at all. Then do not expect us to answer for him. We must be content to state the fact. There may be those who themselves have loved as this man loved, and they will understand.

He stood on the high balcony of his hotel, and looked down the lake to the Hotel Grande Brettagna, and kissed his hand to it. Further down the lake, along the lane of sycamore-trees, stood the palace of the Duke of Lodi, whose grandfather had been dignified by that title by the little Corsican on the battle-field of Lodi. Across the lake in savage grandeur lifted the Alps, where the Russians attempted to pass, and perished; and these Alps had little cities all along their base on the edge of the water, and little white churches about their rugged brows, where blew white clouds perpetually like wreaths and puffs of battle-smoke blown from the battlements of Titans.

Peace, and the perfect Summer. Cool waters, and music all the time floating on the waters from under the banners of strange lands. People coming and going away. Beautiful Saxon women, and tall, half-Greek fishermen. Citizens sitting in the cool of the trees by the water. Clouds blowing against the blue sky. White snow-peaks flashing afar off in the sun. Fruit at your hand and flowers at your feet. Peace in the air. Comeliness everywhere. This was Como.

Inconsistent as it may seem, Murietta could scarcely rest, could not dine at all till he had stolen to the other hotel, and quietly asked the clerk if the One Fair Woman and her friends were there. He was certain of this before. He was just as certain that they were at the one hotel as that he was at the other. But he could not help stealing down and asking after her with studied indifference. Those who can understand the first action will understand this.

But his inquiry was not without results. He found that they were not actually in this house, but in a dependence of this hotel, up on the top of the little pine-topped mountain, with its nose pushed into the forks of the lake, before described. He had in fact been kissing his hand at the wrong house.

He walked up toward this dependence, lifted so high above him, sitting there among the pines and ruins, looking down on the whole water-locked world and the Alps wedging the lake, but was stopped at a gate by an old woman, who demanded either a ticket or money to enter.

"Good!" thought the artist to himself. "She is shut in from the mob. This is right. The world shall not look upon her. Perhaps fewer men will see her now. But this near enough for to-night. I will come nearer to-morrow."

As he turned down toward his hotel, he saw the retreating

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figure of the old admiral. He was gorgeously dressed, and walked as if he owned the town.

Whose death did the presence of this terrible shark in these waters portend?

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

SITTING BY HER SIDE AT LAST.



OW one can sleep, and sleep, and sleep at Como! And how perfectly you do rest! Every muscle relaxes. The mind sleeps. It seems to enter a paradise of repose and rest on a bed of roses till the body at noonday begins to move half-asleep and still, and languid, and at last goes forth, wakes up, and calls back the mind to earth. No wandering of the soul into the infernal regions. No dreams of death. No strife. Nothing but peace and repose.

The artist waited a long time for a fit hour to call the next day. At least it seemed to him a very, a very long

time. At last he passed the little iron gate and began to ascend the long steep steps that led to the lofty abode of the beautiful woman. He looked at his watch as he neared the house in the pines and ruins, and fearing he was too early, and might reveal some haste and eagerness if he presented himself then, turned off to the left and took a walk through the two or three miles of little paths that wound over and through and about this rugged pine-topped mountain with its rocky nose pushed into the middle of the lake.

He drew near the house once more. There was the sound of carriage-wheels. He stopped in the dense foliage, till at length he heard the carriage drive away. He thought that it might be Annette about to drive out in the shadow of the mountain in the cool of the afternoon, and he would not think of detaining her a moment. Perhaps he was glad of an excuse to wait a few minutes longer. The truth is, this man had a great deal rather have climbed up a mountain all bristling with red-tongued cannon, and faced them, and attempted to answer back their thunder, than advance upon this idol of his heart in her lovely, leafy hermitage. He stood back in the wood, a coward.

Then he stood out in the clearing, looked down the steep, corkscrew carriage road under the ruins and pines, and saw in the retreating carriage, Annette.

After that he advanced boldly enough, and came up to the cool-shaded fountain before the house, and spoke to the good-natured block of chiseled midnight who stood there grinning as he advanced; and then he really felt that he had done a great deal, and advanced his cause quite sufficiently for that day, and so, after talking with the black man about the big magnolia-tree that stood there, and the many beautiful plants and flowers familiar to the South, he went back to his hotel a very happy man. The old admiral, he found, was at this hotel.

The evening was dull enough. There was but one person in all the region of Como that he cared to see, and he dared not call on her after dark. In fact, it was quite as much as he could accomplish in the daytime.

It is true there were boat-races and rockets. And then there was a fine Italian band playing before nearly every hotel on the lake till there was a perfect discord of music, but these had no charms for Murietta. His mind had been strung to a higher note than any instrument there could reach.

He sauntered out alone, and, as usual, found his way to the old and humble parts of the place. A dark and narrow

street it was, and it reached steeply up the hill, and was overarched in places by coverings reaching from one palace to another. This kept out the light of the large, bright stars, and made it dark indeed. A great lamp hung here, and under this lamp was a table, around which were grouped a party of Italian gamblers.

The little blacked-eyed, threadbare doctor, with the retreating mustache, whom we have seen in Rome, sat there on the edge of the crowd, looking now at the game, and now at the passers-by.

Murietta saw this man, and tried to escape unnoticed, but the black, restless eyes were too quick for him, and the little, nervous, black-eyed Italian arose and followed.

The artist quickened his pace after slipping a knife up his sleeve, so as to be prepared for any emergency, and did not stop to turn around till he stood in a more wide and open street, where respectable Christian faces were more frequent.

The doctor was right upon his heels, and had his hat in his hand, and his hand on his breast, and was bowing very humbly, even as he turned around.

"Every one comes to Como, signor, at this season, and I am delighted to meet you here, and trust we may be friends, or at least not enemies, for I am certain I can serve you."

"And how do you propose to serve me?" savagely and contemptuously asked the artist.

"By not serving the admiral; the admiral is here waiting for the countess to come this way, for she is now in the Tyrol with her child and her dying father," answered the doctor, eagerly.

"Well, as to that, perhaps, you had as well remain with your heartless old master. Don't betray him. Honor among thieves, you know. At all events, I have no use for you whatever; you have only to keep out of my way."

The artist turned on his heel as he spoke, and went on through the town by the great, gray stone church that is forever and ever clanging out of tune and out of time, as if determined that no one shall ever rest in Bellagio.

He gave no thought to this man further than to suppose he only wanted to get a few francs, which he did not care to give him. He certainly looked in want of money. And then beggars—beggars of all kinds—are so plentiful in Italy, that you soon learn to instinctively button up your pockets the moment you see a man approaching you.

Yet it was a little inconsistent that the old admiral should be shining in gold, like a pawnbroker's clerk, while his friend and fellow-robber was so destitute and thread-

Putting all concern or care behind him, and thinking only of the lady on the little mountain of pines and ruins, the artist slept well, and awakened only when the long, light finger of the sun reached in and pointed to the Swiss clock on the mantel, which had just struck twelve.

At two o'clock he was walking alone among the pines and ruins, and waiting for the tardy hour of four to turn round, so that he should present himself at the throne of his queen.

Three! It seemed that four would never come. He walked and walked, time after time, every foot of the winding, pleasant way, around and over and through the hallowed mountain-top till weary enough. Then the noisy old gray stone church shouted out the hour, and in a little time the black man was leading him to her parlor.

The same quiet welcome that had no utterance in words. The same silent eloquence of the soul. The great eyes that understood you too well, and made you tremble for yourself, unless you felt something of manhood in your make-up, and felt your own integrity. All these were here.

The general had drifted out on his dreamy battle-cloud,

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and now hung under the magnolia-tree fast asleep in his hammock, with his half-finished cigar in his fingers.

The lady led the artist out on the balcony overlooking the two lakes, or rather, the two branches of the one lake, that lay almost together under them. The sun went down suddenly, as if he had lost his way and fallen asleep in the Alps, and then they sat in the matchless twilight that was made alone for lovers.

He was utterly silent. He was satisfied. He was grateful to God. He did not ask any more than this. He never had asked more than to sit before her. To see her untold and unutterable beauty, and to breathe the air wherein she moved.

"You will come again," said the mother. And he came again. Sometimes he found himself talking rapidly in his half-a-dozen visits in the fortnight of perfect days that followed, and then he would stop half-frightened, and, feeling very awkward, sit and look at the strangely beautiful lady before him, and listen to her few words so well chosen, so light and pure, and so exalted, with a devotion that only few upon earth can understand.

Murietta had never yet thought of marriage. That to him was a secondary matter. Marriage to him seemed a sort of selfishness. Yet he had determined, and often and often attempted to tell her how he had worshipped her; how he had first seen her in his dreams; how he had painted her. How he had first met her in society, and knew her at a glance. How he had followed her to Italy, to Naples, to Rome, to Como, to tell her the story of the flowers in her path, the picture, and yet could not summon the courage to do so—not evin to begin.

One evening, this last evening, she had spoken of the picture herself.

"There is a little story about this picture, you know, and I have waited for it and waited for it. You promised it to me, you remember; promised me the story and the picture at Como."

There was earnestness and pathos, a touch of entreaty in her voice and manner, as she leaned a little forward and said this to the artist, under the great stars of Italy, and over the twin lakes lying there under them like two lovers—divided and undivided.

The artist was encouraged. Could it be possible that she—she the companion of princes and kings—she the most matchless and magnificent of women in all the world, should or could care for him, his picture, or his story?

He arose, stood up before her; clasped his hands, looked away to the lakes to the right and the left, the many-colored lamps with the boats bearing lovers, weaving and winding and binding love-knots over the breast of the beautiful water, but could not speak. His lips were as still as the fathomless lake below them, and his soul was as deep with love.

She put out her hand. It touched his clasped hands, and thrilled him with a sensation that was new to him and beautiful and holy.

He took her hand in his and lifted it to his lips with his head bent low as if in devoutest worship.

Then dropping the hand gently, he lifted his eyes, and, looking the lady in the face, tried again to speak.

He could only say "good-night," and with that he bowed low, and was turning to pass through the saloon and out to the presence of the magnolia.

"And my picture?" asked the lady in a low voice, as he was about to disappear.

He returned to her and took her hand in both of his, and he bowed before her.

"Lady! Oh, lady! so exalted, as of an upper world. Tomorrow, to-morrow, at this time, I will bring you the picture of yourself. I will tell you the story of the picture and of the flowers in your path on the mountain of fire. And then you will despise me, and my story, and my picture; and you will put me away from you, and I will never see you any more in all the weary world."

"Murietta?"

There was balm and hope and healing in the utterance of his name, a gentleness, a half-regret at his prophecy, which he dared believe meant much to him.

He said "To-morrow," kissed her hand again, and was gone.

Oh, Love, thou art blind indeed! Blind! Blindness is nothing to thy folly.

To-morrow!

It was all there. In the folds of that day, the day that ever runs before, the mysterious to-morrow, with all its secrets held bound up in the sheaves for him, woodbine or flowers. Flowers or woodbine?

Could he wait? He heard the noisy clock in the old gray tower clang every hour of the night. He heard the hissing little steamers come and go with their loads of tourists, and people pass up and down all the time; but he thought only of the to-morrow, and what that day might bring. He was not over-pleased; he was even sorry that this had been precipitated. He was perfectly certain that he should only be laughed at, and the beautiful delusion of his life destroyed.

As the sun rose up he took his picture from its place and began to arrange it for his lady. He had not closed his eyes. The to-morrow now was his. It was no longer to-morrow; it was now to-day.

"What will my lady say? Will she understand me? She has never suffered. She has never gone on through the whole wide world alone as I have lived. She has never been crucified in soul, and made to fast and pray in the wilderness. Will she understand me? And if she understands me, will she not despise me?"

He paced the floor excitedly as he said this, and then he stopped and suddenly put up his hand to his brow.

"Bah! What has she said to me? What assurance have I that she cares a withered fig for me or mine; she has said nothing; done nothing. A thousand men have worshipped her. A thousand men may kiss a lady's hand. A thousand men have flattered her and had her smiles and gentle words before. Has she slept last night? Nay, she has not watched and watched and waited for to-morrow as I have waited. Shall I be laughed at? No, I will pitch this picture into—Softly! I have promised to take it to her and tell her its history, and I will do it."

(To be continued.)

Grace, like beauty, is one of those spontaneous inherent qualities which, and acknowledged by though felt all, yet have never been satisfactorily explained. Like beauty, too, it is only to be found in that nice, that hair-breadth calculation, so precisely situated between the poco più o meno, equally avoiding the tameness of insipidity and the affectation of grimace. Grace can never properly be said to exist without beauty, for it is only in the elegant proportions of beautiful forms that can be found that harmonious variety of line and motion, which is the essence and charm of grace. Propriety is an indispensable accompaniment of grace. The best of the antique statues have ever been considered as models of grace; and nowhere is this harmony more conspicuous than in them. The grace of the Apollo depends not alone on the due proportion and poise of each limb, or the elegant sway and easy motion of the figure; it consists too in the noble dignity of the action, which harmonizes so beautifully with the character stamped on the face and figure, and which completes one of the most sublime and poetic works that art has ever produced.

# SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

"LIVES of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime; And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main— Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother— Seeing, may take heart again."

The poet, when he wrote these lines, doubtless thought to encourage young humanity, and to provide promise for its

ambition. But while there is much in the "Psalm of Life" to be admired that is truthfully and beautifully suggestive, yet on reflection one can hardly accept the theory suggested in the lines we have quoted as faithfully delineating the results of experience.

"Lives of great men" are eminently excellent things to consider, and much can, no doubt, be learned from them; but that they indicate, through their success, any possibility of the ordinary human being making his life "sublime," either by the pursuit or avoidance of the course which has, in the particular instance given, afforded such result, we distinctly deny. In fact, there can scarcely be imagined any-

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

thing less satisfactory to the ordinary human mind than consideration of just such a life in its elements and results; and we are inclined to believe that if one wanted his personal conceit, his pride of birth or station, his ambition for fortune or fame, his hope for social elevation—all or any of these, thoroughly knocked out of him, he could not do better than to study, with a view of making his life "sublime," the lives of great men, or say, for instance, the life of such a great man as Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The fallacy that unlimited success and the highest honors lie within the reach of everybody is one which should be exploded. Study of the "lives of great men," properly Vol. I., No. 5—38.

conducted, and done thoughtfully, will accomplish as much toward this end as any other course of study whatever. Truly great men are the product of centuries. They are, in fact, the concentration of all the accumulated mental force of generations; and in whatever particular path their greatness may be exemplified, there is nothing more certain than that a careful examination of their results will display such a combination of natural resource and accumulated power as to render the least modest man dubious as to his capacity to fulfill the necessary condition. With so much of preface, we will proceed to examine how far the life of the subject of this sketch sustains our views.

In the latter part of the last century there lived on Staten Island, not far from the Stapleton landing, a fairly well-to-do farmer, named Cornelius Vanderbilt, who ran a periauga, or small boat, carrying garden truck to the market in New York. To him was born, May 27th, 1794, the Cornelius Vanderbilt of our sketch-one of several children, and the smallest of the family.

The boy, in this case, was "father to the man," noted in his early childhood for delight in out-of-door exercises and physical sports - peculiarities which have remained his through life. and which have doubtless had much to do with the remarkable strength and vitality of his constitution,

and his immunity from serious illness. Even to-day the commodore remembers vividly how, when only five years of age, he used to run fast horses in company with an old slave belonging to the family. This slave was two years older than young Vanderbilt, and died about a year since. In the latter part of his life he was a Methodist minister; and one day, a short time previous to his death, having called upon the commodore, the two revived their early recollections, and both distinctly remembered the interest in horse-flesh to which we have alluded. The ex-slave departed this life at the age of eighty years, but the commodore still lives, hale and hearty.

Returning to the childhood of young Vanderbilt, it is to be observed that, while he attended school as opportunity offered, he was not noticeable for his fondness for study—a bright, active, intelligent boy enough, but little inclined to immure himself within doors and puzzle over the abstruse formulas of education. He liked better to be down by the waterside enjoying surreptitious navigation. This course of life was not, however, without its influence in the development of his natural gifts, nor without foreshadowing somewhat both the character and the life of the future man.

While still young, it is related of him that, on an occasion of the unlading of the cargo of a ship stranded near Sandy Hook, and its transportation

to New York, he personally directed the party and successfully accomplished the task. All his thoughts at this period of his life seem to have turned toward the water. His chief desire was to become possessor of a boat of his own—the mere desire of possession being, without question, strength-

ened by anxiety and a noble ambition to relieve his parents of so much of their care of him as this possession might accomplish; and so it happened, and after much thinking thereupon, that, when less than sixteen years old, he went to his mother with a proposition. This was no less than an offer to plow, harrow, and plant an eight-acre lot for the compensation of \$100, with which he could purchase such a boat as he de-



VANDERBILT PROPOSING TO HIS MOTHER TO PLOW TEN ACRES FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

would be certain to charm just such a woman. There was an independence and faith in himself manifested in the proposition which could scarcely fail of securing her respect and her consent. The proposition was accepted, and young Cornelius attacked his work. The task, however, was too

much for a lad to possibly accomplish in the time allotted: and here his shrewdness came in. For, having left himself free to make use of such assistance as he might obtain, he enlisted his schoolfellows in his plan; and with their aid, laboring, however, himself to his own fullest capacity, he succeeded in accomplishing his task satisfactorily, and gained the promised prize.

sired. Mrs. Vander-

bilt, it should be said, was, as is commonly the case with the mo-

thers of great men, a

woman remarkable for

many superior qualities. Besides possess-

ing personal beauty,

and that warm-heartedness which should

always be an attribute

of her sex, she was

notable among those

who knew her for her energy, her purpose of

character, and her

good sense. She died

at the age of eightyseven, leaving behind

her, in the mind of her

son Cornelius, that veneration and respect

for the memory of

his mother which, it

may likewise be re-

marked, he shares

with nearly all men of strong character or

The task which

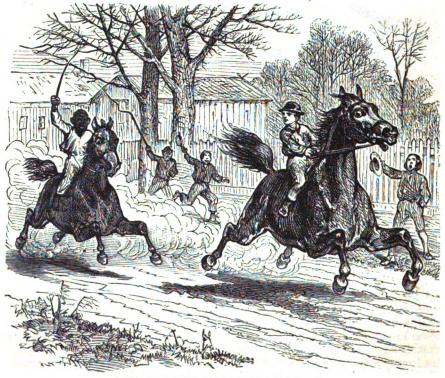
young Vanderbilt set

himself to do, and the

object he desired to

high eminence.

Cornelius now commenced running his boat regularly



YOUNG VANDERBILT RACING WITH A SLAVE BOY.

to and from New York, following, in the main, the business of his father, but also carrying passengers whenever opportunity offered. From the beginning he gave all his day earnings and half of those of the night to his parents for his subsistence, and clothed himself with the balance. It is to be remarked that at this period of his life he neither used strong drink nor tobacco. Such persistence and indefatigable industry could not fail of its reward. Not only was the lad enabled thus to provide for himself, and relieve his parents of all expense on his behalf, but he managed to save money, and thus early developed economical ideas, the which, since there was purpose behind them, never deteriorated into miserly habits, but were made simply the stepping-stones toward future fortune.

Thus time passed, until the war of 1812 with Great Britain came into the life of young Vanderbilt, now

eighteen years old, to make or mar his pros-Naturpects. ally gifted with the power of adapting himself to circumstances and of turning these to his advantage, such an incident as a war could not possibly be an obstacle in the way of his progress. In fact, he speedily turned it in the direction of his own interest, by developing his fertility of resource and the strength and tenacity of his character, and by rendering the possibilities of his nature familiar to many in the outside world; whereas, be-

fore, these had

VANDERBILT, AS A PILOT, TAKING A STEAMER OVER THE RAPIDS.

only been to his own family and his intimate friends. An incident which occurred in the war was of sufficient importance to be remembered by those who knew it, and has been handed down to us. It chanced that Fort Richmond, being beleaguered by the enemy, and in danger of being captured, it became an absolute necessity that reinforcements from the city should be obtained. In this emergency young Vanderbilt offered his services, remarking, however, that while he was perfectly willing to undertake the task himself, he would remind those who must accompany him that, as a gale was blowing, he would be forced to take them a great part of the way under water. This proved to be the fact; but, as manly hearts in those days were not scarce, the party was made up, and the future commodore started on his adventurous voyage. It is needless to observe that, despite dangers by flood and field-and one of the dangers was that of an attack on the part of the enemyhis quest was entirely successful, and he returned to the fort

in safety, having conveyed his message and obtained the necessary reinforcement.

The first year of the war resulted so satisfactorily to young Vanderbilt that during that period he saved about \$500-a sum which he conceived to be quite sufficient with which to venture in taking an important step. Accordingly, having been allowed by his parents to retain the amount for his own purposes, he married Miss Sophia Johnson, in December, 1813, and from this time retained the entire control of all his earnings. During the three years previous, he had given to his parents no less than \$1,000 per year.

In the Spring of 1814, the local commissary-general called for bids for contracts to supply certain military posts about New York with provisions. Among a number, young Vanderbilt put in his offer, and, considerably to his own surprise, as he was the youngest and the least experienced

applicant, his bid was accepted. Already he had acquired a reputation for energy, devotion to his business, and absolute certainty in the fulfillment of his agreements, of which this was the first important result. But, in undertaking this contract, Vanderbilt had no idea of giving up his regular business. and, in accepting it, he stipulated that he should commence loading his cargoes at six o'clock in the evening and make his deliveries by night.

It should be observed that the position which he had assumed. be-

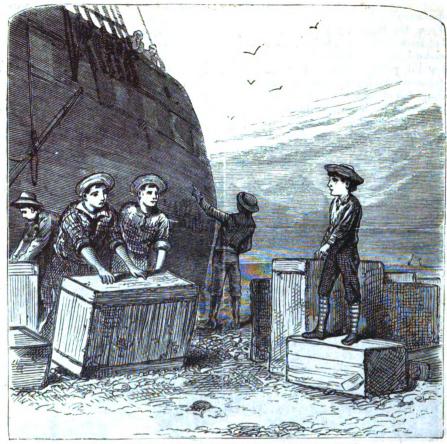
sides its emolument, exempted him by law from military duty-thus enabling him to devote his full time to his own purposes.

There were six military posts to be supplied: Harlem, Hurl Gate, Ward's Island, and three in the harbor and at the Narrows. Each of these required one boat-load a week; and for three months young Vanderbilt continued to make his regular deliveries, never missing one, prosecuting his daily work as usual, and taking his sleep on Sundays, or while navigating his boat, or whenever and wherever a few moments' release from active duty gave him the opportunity. During the day-time he ferried sick and furloughed soldiers to and from the city, officers and visitors to the forts, and was thus kept profitably busy-his night-work being, of course, all clear gain to him.

Out of his profits from this year's labors (1814) the young man built his first vessel, a schooner, called The Dread; and this he followed the year after by a larger one, The Charlotte.

Judicious use of these largely increased his fortunes; and in 1818 he possessed three good vessels and \$9,000 in cash. He had before this time abandoned the "periauga" business, and now devoted his vessels and his own labor to the coast trade, running down as far south as Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga.; and being exceedingly fortunate made money constantly.

But the young man had no idea of devoting himself permanently to schooners or



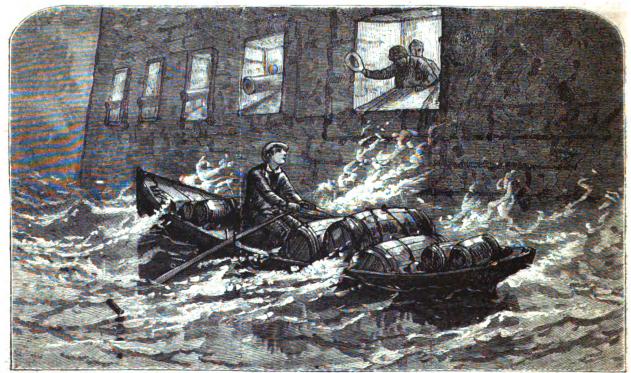
YOUNG VANDERBILT SUPERINTENDING THE LANDING OF A CARGO.

the coasting trade. He had conceived much larger plans. Steamboating was at this time still in its infancy—Fulton's Clairmont, his first boat, having only been finished in 1807, and a monopoly of our river navigation having been in the hands of Fulton and his partner, Chancellor Living-

ston, until the death of the former in 1815. Steamboating then seemed to promise a wide field for the use of the energies of Captain Vanderbilt, and he accordingly abandoned sailing-vessels, and entered the employ of Thomas Gibbons, then a leading man in the business. and with whom he remained during the next twelve years. Between

Between Gibbons and the Stevenses, of Hoboken, however, there existed a constant antagonism and business feud, and many were the

efforts made to draw off from the former the services of Captain Vanderbilt, whose name already stood high in maritime circles as the exponent of capacity, energy and enterprise. But one of Captain Vanderbilt's supreme qualities was fidelity to the interests of his employer, and from this



VANDERBILT CARRYING OUT SUPPLIES TO THE FORTS.

no effort on the part of the opposition could swerve him in the least.

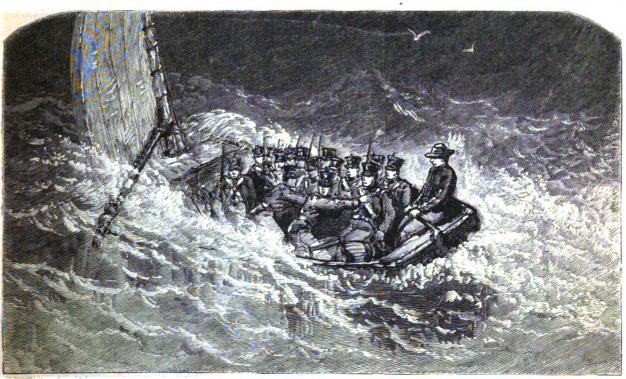
An incident, illustrating the versatility of the young captain, is related as having occurred during his employment with Gibbons. The latter owned a hotel in New Brunswick, and, as Captain Vanderbilt concluded to remove his family to New Jersey, Gibbons invited him to take charge of his hotel, and this he ran successfully for two years, thus proving his ability to "keep a hotel." Here, also, was born his eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt. Captain Vanderbilt also leased from Gibbons the ferry-route between York and Elizabethport, and was as successful in this venture as with everything else he touched.

In 1829 he finally left Gibbons, who offered him \$5,000 a year to remain with him, and made various other liberal propositions, all of which were, however, declined. Vanderbilt by this time was worth \$30,000, and had concluded to become his own master in steamboating, as he had previously in running "periaugas" and sailing vessels. In

to exist in the fact that he always selected the best men in their respective lines of business to work for him, and always paid them the full value of their services.

The discovery of gold in California was the occasion of the opening of the Pacific Mail Steamship Line, which, with the Panama Railroad, monopolized transportation from the Atlantic ports to San Francisco, and enabled the sustaining of the rate of fare at \$600. An opportunity like this could hardly escape the far-sightedness of Vanderbilt; and he accordingly obtained a charter from the Government of Nicaragua, and in 1851 established his own opposition line, reducing the fare to \$300, and yet sustaining the new route at a profit.

An incident which occurred at this time displays the fertility of resource, and also the pluck and determination of the commodore. The approach from the coast to Lake Nicaragua, to which all freight and passengers had to be carried by steamboat, is by the San Juan River, at the head of which, about twelve miles from the lake, and eighty miles



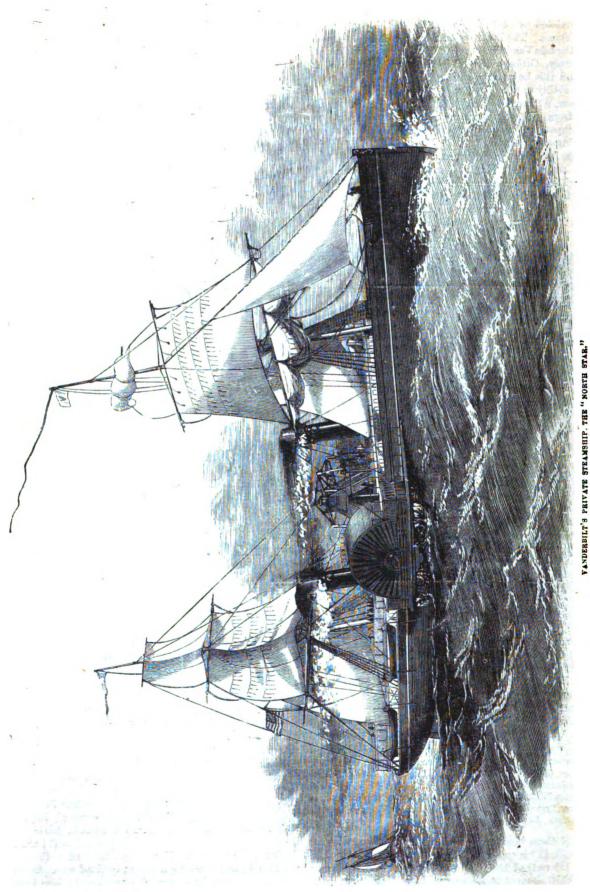
VANDERBILT TRANSPORTING TROOPS DURING WAR.

the prosecution of his new determination Captain Vanderbilt built the Caroline, the first steamboat which he ever had constructed for his own use, and which afterward went over Niagara Falls. This one, however, was soon followed by others; and here, perhaps, is as appropriate a place as elsewhere to give a list of the steamboats, numbering thirtyeight, which he built during his interest in that line of business. They are the following

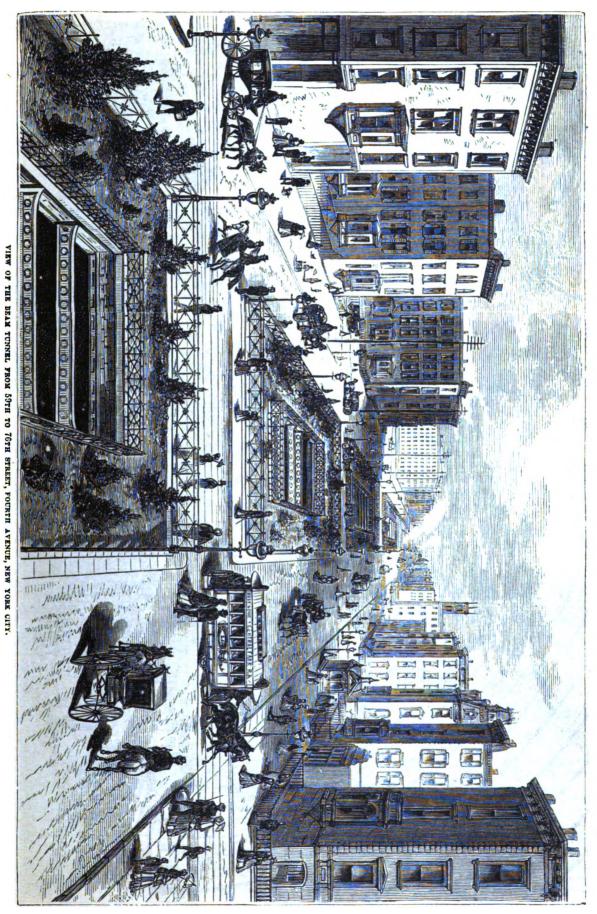
Caroline, Citizen, Cinderella, Westchester, Union, Nimrod, Champion, Cleopatra, Augusta, Clifton, C. Vanderbilt, New Champion, Commodore, Gladiator, Staten Islander, Huguenot, Sylph, Hunchback, Red Jacket, Kill von Kull, Westfield, Clifton No. 2, Westfield No. 2, Clifton No. 3, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Wilmington, North Carolina, George, Traveler, Direction, Central America, Clayton, Bulwer, Lineus, Thistle, Emerald, and Swan.

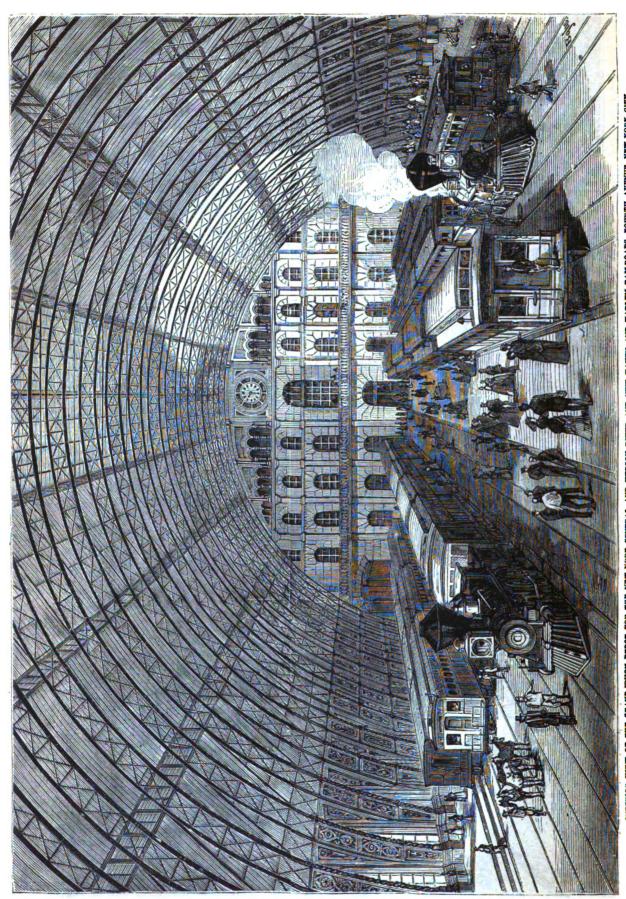
None of these boats were ever lost by fire, explosion or wreck, while in his employ. They were always managed in the best interests of the public and their business patrons; and the chief element in his success in steamboating, as in every other act in his life, is considered by the commodore from the mouth of the river, are the Castillo Rapids, so called from the old fort of Castillo Viejo, which overlooks them. Three miles below this fort is the Island of Bartalo, the scene of an attack by the English in 1780, in which Lord Nelson, then a captain, first distinguished himself. Boats have always to be "tracked up" the Rapids, as it is called, by sheer force, the passengers making a portage. It takes three hours to get a small boat with no freight past the Rapids, using the utmost exertions of the men.

The character of the task which the commodore undertook may be appreciated when it is stated that he proposed to place on Lake Nicaragua the steamboat Central America, 150 ft. long, having first taken her up the San Juan River, and last over the Castillo Rapids. This seemingly impossible task the commodore superintended himself, having gone down there on board his boat, which was towed from New York for the purpose. Having got the boat to the foot of the Rapids, and choosing a season of flood when the water was at its highest, he proceeded, by means of cables fastened around trunks of trees, perhaps a thousand feet ahead of

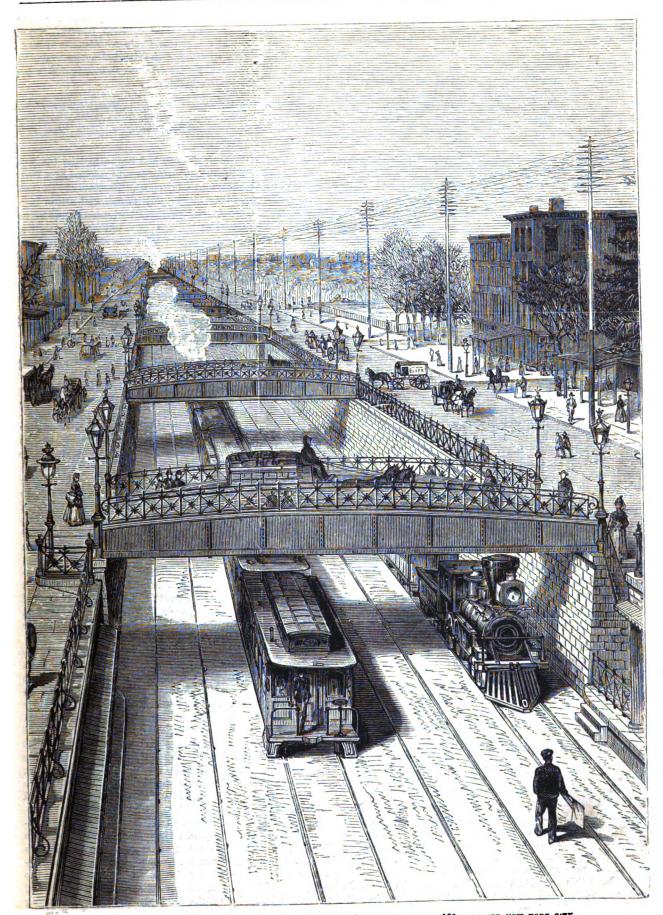








INTERIOR VIRW OF THE GRAND UNION DEFOF FOR THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER AND NEW HAVEN AND HARLEM RAILROADS, FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



THE SUNKEN TRACK OF THE N. Y. AND HARLEM RAILROAD, 4TH AVENUE, ABOVE 126TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

him, to warp the boat over the dangerous spot. The cables used were the size of a man's thigh; yet, with the terrific strain upon them, they stretched to about the diameter of the wrist. The difficulty was immense, the danger imminent. Should the cable break, the boat would certainly be dashed to pieces. Hour after hour the commodore's brain and the strength of the hemp were pitted against the fearful force of the Rapids—and in this, as in all such contests, the commodore came off victorious. He succeeded in getting his boat over the Rapids, and placing her on the lake ready for business.

In 1853 Commodore Vanderbilt had built and equipped a magnificent steamer, the North Star, and on May 19th he set sail on board of her, accompanied by a portion of his family and friends, on a prolonged tour through the Old World. During this trip he visited all the prominent ports of Europe, being everywhere received with generous hospitality by prominent personages, and being, as is his nature, nowise slow in returning this in the most magnificent manner. The entire surroundings of the tour, and the idea of its undertaking in so superb a manner, succeeded in opening the eyes of foreigners to the largeness of the views of this modest and unpretending citizen of the Republic. It should be remembered that on the return of the commodore, in September of the same year, when his ship rounded Staten Island, he emphasized the regard and affection in which he has always held his mother by saluting her from the guns on board.

In 1855 Mr. Vanderbilt undertook an independent line of steamships to Havre, and built the *Ariel* and *Vanderbilt*, two of his finest vessels. Of course, his vast operations in steamship navigation, all of which, it may be remarked, proved remunerative, had by this time made Commodore Vanderbilt an enormously wealthy man; and this enabled him, in 1862, to accomplish the rendering of a service to his country, which has, perhaps, never been equalled in its character of munificence and generosity.

The war of the rebellion had by this time assumed a most serious phase, and the call for men being constant, it was found almost impossible to transport the large bodies of troops accumulating at the different military centres. On April 20th, of the year last named, Mr. Vanderbilt wrote to Secretary Welles, offering to present the steamer Vanderbilt to the United States Government. On May 14th he again wrote upon the same subject, and in concluding this letter, said:

"I am induced to make this communication because of my desire of protecting the Government against speculative attempts, and also to make it known that there are vessels of a capacity to meet all the requirements, without resorting to vessels belonging to the so-called Confederate States, or to those sailing under a foreign flag."

The magnificent ship thus placed at the command of the United States Government was not devoted to transportation purposes, but was provided with a ram, and her engines protected by cotton-bales, and, thus fitted out, did good service in hunting the *Alabama*, and in other ways.

The steamer Vanderbilt cost \$800,000; and the fact of his having made such a gift to his country, in the time of her deadliest peril, induced Congress to offer a fitting recognition in resolutions approved by the President, January 28th, 1864, in which the thanks of Congress were presented to Commodore Vanderbilt "for his unique manifestation of a fervid and large-souled patriotism," and further to order a gold medal to be struck, embodying a proper statement of the nation's gratitude for this gift. This medal was duly struck and presented to the commodore.

At about this time Mr. Vanderbilt abandoned steamboats and steamships, and entered the vast enterprises in railroad interests which have since become the business of his life, and in the prosecution of which he has overcome all

opposition, and succeeded in establishing himself as the railroad king of the world. In conclusion, however, of the maritime portion of the commodore's eventful life-history, we may mention the names of the ocean-steamers which he has had especially built for his own use, and navigated in his interests. These are the following:

Prometheus, Daniel Webster, Star of the West, Northern Light, North Star, Granada, Ariel, Vanderbilt, Ocean Queen, Galveston, Opelousa, Magnolia, Matagorda, Champion, Costa Rica, Port Jackson, and New York.

In about 1857 Mr. Vanderbilt had begun to take his first positive personal interest in railroads, selecting the New York and Harlem Railroad for that purpose. The state of this road was at that time very serious, and its financial affairs in a deplorable condition. Mr. Vanderbilt advanced large sums of money for the use of the company, and aided it in other ways by his influence—and in 1863 was chosen president, and began to give his undivided attention to railroad matters.

The first effect of this may be noted in the price of the stock of the Harlem Railroad, which, in 1857, being worth about three cents on the dollar, rose to seventy on his election to the presidency. The old episode of the "Harlem corner" will be very well remembered by New York citizens, this being only one of the remarkable financial devices by which the commodore succeeded in carrying out his broad and well-considered plans.

The Hudson River Railroad was the next to which he turned his attention, and in the same manner. He erected new depôts, completed its double track, increased the number of trains and shortened their running time. Of course, the business of this road was, by this means, greatly increased; and new accommodations being needed for its down-town freight business in New York City, Commodore Vanderbilt purchased St. John's Park in Hudson Street for the sum of \$1,000,000, and erected there a grand freight depôt, covering the entire square. On the western side of this magnificent depôt has been since placed the great bronze bas-relief, designed by Captain De Groot, and illustrating the commodore's varied life—this work having been erected at a cost of \$250,000.

It was not long after this time before the commodore gained the controlling interest in the New York Central Railroad Company, and in 1868 became president also of that road—and in this case, as in that of the others, his first business was to place the road in thorough order and in the best possible condition for the use of the public.

In November, 1869, the two great railroad arteries in his hands were consolidated under the title of the "New York Central and Hudson River Railroad," with Commodore Vanderbilt as president, a position which he still holds. In 1865, the capital of the Hudson River Railroad Company was \$7,000,000, and that of the Central, in 1868, \$28,000,000. Whatever dividend was customarily paid on the stock of these roads was usually paid with borrowed money; but under Commodore Vanderbilt's management, and since the consolidation of the two roads, regular dividends of 8 per cent. have been paid upon a capital of \$90,000,000, while enormous sums have been laid out in properly refitting and running the road.

To the commodore's grandeur of conception, in magnificent works of practical public utility, is to be attributed the building of that noble structure of masonry, the Fourth Avenue improvement—certainly one of the most extraordinary engineering efforts of the same character in the world; and also that of the Grand Central Depôt, one of the finest buildings of the kind ever erected, comprising within its own area about a mile of track, and offices for the three railroad companies under his control.

The New York Central Railroad is unquestionably the grandest and most important enterprise of its kind, in its scope and intention, of any ever undertaken and successfully completed in the world. In its relation to the transportation of grain simply, and in creating and holding the city of New York as the final grain-centre of the country, it has produced incalculable benefit, and is fast driving the Erie Canal into the obscurity which is the result of natural progress. In fact, it is now beginning to be seen that the Erie Canal has outlived its usefulness, and is to-day only the nest-egg of a vast system of financial conspiracy against the State, to whose exposure and destruction our statesmen find it necessary to devote their best energies.

By conceiving the idea of laying four tracks on the line of the New York Central, Mr. Vanderbilt has practically turned this road into a vast grain-elevator, over which freight-trains, like buckets, are continuously traveling, laden with grain. While no interference with passenger traffic occurs, the freight transportation progresses without necessity for stoppage or sidings, and thus gives to the metropolis a control of this immense interest, which not all the adverse influence of other States and rival roads will ever be able to counterbalance. The four-track system is already complete to Rochester, and will be finished to Buffalo during the present year. And whereas in other States the great railroad companies have invariably possessed the powerful sustaining influence of the Press and of legislation in their favor, Commodore Vanderbilt has had to push his projects through to successful accomplishment in antagonism with both these organized forces—but always in the interest of the business public. When the work which he has accomplished shall be adequately appreciated, Commodore Vanderbilt's name will be remembered with pride and honor.

Leaving now the specification of incidents in the life of Vanderbilt, illustrative of his character and capacity, we will turn to some examination of his habits, proclivities, and predominating characteristics.

The interest which at his home, on Staten Island, the boy had displayed in horse-flesh in his early childhood has increased in strength as he has advanced in years. For a very long time the commodore has been noted for his fondness for the noble animal, the "horse," in proportion to the characteristics of blood and speed exemplified in special instances.

No one is better known on the road than Commodore Vanderbilt. Among the horses which he has owned may be mentioned the following: Post Boy, Plowboy, Mountaineer, Mountain Boy, Mountain Girl, Doctor, Flying Dutchman. His present stable consists of Mountain Maid, The Boy, Princess, and Rob Roy. His last purchase in this line rejoices in the unsatisfactory cognomen of "Small Hopes," its character, however, being probably belied by this designation, as, in the judgment of the commodore—and there is no better judge—the animal promises to display good qualities of speed and bottom, under proper care and wise treatment.

A marked trait of the commodore—one of the strongest, in fact, so far as amusement is concerned—is his fondness for whist, a game in which he excels as much as he delights in it, and with the prosecution of which, when fairly engaged in a rubber, he permits no outside interest whatever to interfere. An amusing illustration of his tenacity on this point was given in the course of a Committee of Investigation from the Legislature of the State, before which the commodore was summoned. In answer to a question on this occasion as to what he did when he heard of a certain very important transaction, he replied, "I didn't do anything. I was playing whist at the time, and I never allow anything to interrupt me when I play whist."

In dispensing charity, the commodore has illustrated his

large ideas, as in everything else in his life. We may give two instances of this, one of these being the free gift of the Mercer Street Church, costing \$50,000, to Dr. Charles F. Deems, on whom he settled the property for the term of his natural life; the other being his magnificent present to the Southern States, and more particularly the State of Tennessee, of the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, the erection of which, with its endowment, cost \$750,000.

It is believed and hoped, by those who consider the acts of Cornelius Vanderbilt with a due regard for their momentousness, that possibly the culmination of his beneficent enterprises will be a recognition of his own city, by the founding of some charitable institution whose importance and usefulness shall be a fitting expression of his appreciation of the noble metropolis of New York. What this city needs is a Library, on the theory of the Boston Public Library—free, and circulating at once. The "Vanderbilt Library," formed on such a basis, would be more democratic and more generally useful than either the Astor or the Lenox, both of which are more exclusive in their objects and methods.

Commodore Vanderbilt has had nine daughters and four The eldest of the latter, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, a gentleman well known to the business community, is the main dependence of his father in business matters, and is a man possessing a personality strongly indicative of his descent, and also qualities which peculiarly qualify him for the position which he occupies as the practical head of one of the largest railroad corporations of the country. This gentleman has executive qualities which are rarely met with, and a capacity to grasp and control large operations in the interests of the community as well as his own, which has placed him side by side with the few leading railroad men in America. Meanwhile, notwithstanding his vast power, in his habits, Mr. William Vanderbilt is as modest and unostentatious as his father, simple and unpretentious in his tastes, cultivated and educated, a complete expression of the American gentleman. Another son died in 1864 from illness resulting from services in the army at Corinth.

Commodore Vanderbilt's first wife died several years ago. In 1868 he was again married, and this time to Miss Crawford, of Mobile, Alabama—a lady every way suited to be the helpmeet of such a man, possessing marked refinement and nobility of character, peculiar amiability of disposition, and strong intellectual powers. Graceful, winning, elegant and refined, the present Mrs. Vanderbilt is a type of the best class of true American women.

It would be difficult at any time to sum up in a few sentences a character like that of Commodore Vanderbilt. Most of all, is it difficult while he still lives, and before the full benefit of his labors in behalf of his countrymen can have displayed itself.

He is remarkable, in the first place, for the strength and His brain is, in fact, well symmetry of his character. balanced, and his great mental force, keen perception and positive intuition of intellect, are compensated by a genial temperament, kindly nature, and other graces of character which relieve these qualities from what might otherwise assume the form of severity or even angularity. Cautious, systematic, and reflective in his business operations, he is yet daring, determined, and even combative, where his intellect has indicated the proper course for him to follow; and with these nobler qualities, he possesses, to a remarkable degree, that possibly commonplace, but certainly useful characteristic, practical common sense, balanced, however, by a poetic side in his nature, and a remarkably full and free appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art.

An enthusiastic admirer of education and learning, and deploring the disadvantages under which he labored in his



youth and earlier manhood in this regard, Commodore Vanderbilt possibly appreciates the value of such advantages even more than would professionally educated men. In combination with a nice perception and understanding of the relations of details, his broad and vital grasp of large interests has been the impelling power by which Mr. Vanderbilt has succeeded in manipulating operations beneath which many even great men would have been prostrated. Understanding human nature, as it were, by natural instinct, he is quick to appreciate the value of men, and to distribute

his instruments where they can most effectively perform the duties allotted them. Possessing strong feelings, he has these under perfect control, turning the forces which might be wasted in their expression in the directions where the results effected by them cannot but be of value and importance.

Finally, it must be conceded that no man in the United States has ever, single-handed, encountered the obstacles and surmounted them, conceived the plans and executed them, foreseen the occurrences and turned them to account, and, in fact, displayed himself before the world as a controlling power among men, to the extent which has character-

ized the long, eventful, and useful life of Commodore Vanderbilt.

## THE IGUANA DEFENDING ITSELF FROM A JAGUAR.

Among the lizard tribe, the iguana may be regarded as a sort of king, from its size, or the appreciation bestowed upon its flesh. It is found in the eastern parts of South America and the West Indies, and is easily known by the great pouch at the neck, and by the bristling crest that runs along the back, from head to tail. The tail, claws, and body, are all covered with scales, green in color, shading off above

into a slaty blue, and below into a yellow. Though three or four feet long, and thus terribly armed, it is quiet, inoffensive, and easily caught. To man it seldom makes any resistance, and, as its food is vegetable and its flesh white and delicate, it is much hunted for food in Brazil and the West Indies. But the means of defense are adapted by nature to the mode of life, and every animal has its weapons. This lizard uses against beasts of prey its mailed tail as a most effective defense, lashing about with it to the right and left with such force as to make even the jaguar relax his

hold. The Bahama Islands abound in this lizard, which are caught by dogs, trained to pursue them to the hollow

rocks and trees.

:o:-

My First Tiger.

"Japes, we're in luck this morning. Our little two months' holiday hasn't commenced so badly." And as he spoke, Patsy Belton glances gleefully at the slip of paper he is jealously holding.

"My dear fellow." I leisurely reply, "I haven't the faintest idea to what you allude. Perhaps, if you let me know the contents of that letter, the fog might disap-By-thepear. by, Patsy," I continue, "apropos of ideas, that is not a bad one my self-comforting butler



DOES HE TAKE?

Ms. Concert (looking after departing visitor)—" NICE FELLOW—ENOWS WHEN HE'S 'ONE TOO MANY.'"
MISS SHARP—"PITY OTHERS ARE NOT SO SENSIBLE."

has got hold of. He says that a suit of warm clothing is absolutely necessary in these cold regions, and that if I don't provide him with one-

"Oh!" said my companion; "listen to this, dated from Droog Bungalow, Thursday, 7 A.M.:

"'DEAR BELTON,-Put on a pair of wings, and fly to me at once. If possible, bring with you one or two more men; and if I don't bring you and them in close proximity with a tiger, my name is not what I believe it to be.

"Now, what do you think of that?" he exclaims, looking up triumphantly, and, without giving me time to put my opinion into words, he springs from his chair, and the next

moment is gone. Soon I hear him pouring forth numerous questions and various orders, all hurriedly spoken, and consequently, to an Indian servant, intensely bewildering. Some snatches of sentences and a few words, such as "gun, cartridges, leggings, fool, not cleaned," etc., float through the chinks of the door, and reach my hearing.

"I wonder how much of all that has gone in at one ear, and not gone out of the other," is my thought, and I chuckle over it. Under the soothing influence of my cigar, and a soft breath of cool air that just glides into the room, I tumble into a pleasant, meditative mood, and think how delicious and enjoyable everything is up here, after the miseries and tortures we have gone through down below.

"Down below" means the scorching plains, which Belton and I have just left for a two-months' stay on the "up here," which means the beautiful, grand, and, once visited, neverto-be-forgotten Neilgherry Hills, where hedges are made of heliotrope, and one's abode (locally termed bungalow) is net-

"Well," he says, determinedly, "if you don't come, I shall stop at home also."

And forthwith he proceeds to place his gun in a corner.

"Nonsense," I mutter.

"I tell you I shan't go without you," says Patsy, subsiding into an arm-chair, and beginning to whistle.

"But why," say I, still holding out, "do you wish to have me, of all people, with you, considering that I shall of a certainty spoil the fun some way or other, and make a fool of myself, more than once, into the bargain?"

"That is just where you are wrong," replies Patsy; "instead of spoiling the fun, you will add to it. Besides," he adds, impatiently, "I know perfectly well that you really would like to come; and come you must; so there's an end of the matter."

And thus it is settled.

Belton has been gone about half-an-hour, when I catch sight of him opening the garden-gate. He looks more radi-



THE IGUANA DEFENDING ITSELF FROM A JAGUAR.

ted by roses. At length my musings veer round to more immediate matters, and I say, half aloud:

"The house is very quiet, so Patsy can't be indoors. I suppose he has made tracks for the tiger-ground."

"Upon my word, Japes"—a voice known to me breaks in here—"you are positively too bad. You know there is no time to be lost, and yet here you are, muttering to yourself in a cloud of smoke, instead of getting your guns ready, and your lazy person fitly harnessed."

(I may mention here that "Japes" is not the name my parents chose for me. It is my inharmonious nickname, the origin of which the reader shall not be troubled with.)

"What!" I exclaim, raising myself up, and looking at him in surprise; "you surely don't want me with you? Bah!"—relapsing into my former comfortable attitude—"the idea is too ridiculous. I should only ruin all the sport. Why, man, do you know that I never in my life shot anything bigger than a pheasant?"

ant than he was even before, for he has in tow two more men, as eager for the coming fray as himself. They find me quite ready; so, without further delay, we make a start for that ground, where, for the first time in my life, I may in all probability be brought face to face with—a tiger!

No power of describing, either with the pen or the brush, could possibly be great enough to enable any one to give a good or just idea of the grand and imposing scenery that greets us at every step, and which our eyes feast on as we progress onward. Forests, ravines, waterfalls, lie at our feet; and there is a grandeur all around. As the gusts of wind pass over the forest the tree-tops bend before their force, and I almost fancy I am looking on a miniature ocean with its successive undulating wavelets. I am completely overcome by the picturesque; so, carried away by what I see, I stop and exclaim:

"Wait a while. It is not often one hits upon such a scene as this. Let us take it in."

"Bosh!" is an unromantic rejoinder; "who ever thought



of taking in bits of scenery when on the road to a tiger, cover?"

"And when time is short and precious, and not a jot of it to spare?" adds another voice.

I perceive the force of these remarks; so, contenting myself with growling something, I follow on. To hold my tongue, but to keep my eyes wide open, is my mental reservation, and by so doing I hope to be able to pass muster. Having come to this understanding with myself, I jog on with less apprehension, and therefore, as is natural, with considerably more comfort. We reach the planter's (did I not say the invitation was sent by a planter?) snug-looking, but by no means palatial establishment, just as the sun begins to show itself from out a rather dismal, gloomy-looking sky.

The planter greets us all very cordially. "We have plenty of time in store," he says; "and as thirst must be upon you all after your long walk, come inside and quench it."

I glance at Patsy with an aggrieved expression, which very plainly tells him that, in my opinion, there would have been no harm done if he had allowed me to finish my after-breakfast cigar in peace. He takes no notice of my speaking look, and says, "Thank you," in a manner as if he thought it nothing less than sacrilege to lose time, even so much as would be given to the tossing off of a glass of wine.

"We are only thirsty for blood," he laughingly adds, at the same time, however, leading the way to where the liquor awaits us. So, with renewed strength, we soon set out on the prime errand of the day.

"Who, in the name of Fortune, are all these fellows?" I exclaim, as we come to a spot where about a hundred niggers are congregated.

"Those," answers our host, seemingly astonished at the question, "those are the beaters." I hear Belton laughing behind me.

"My very dear Japes, you surely did not expect the tiger to come and shake hands with us of his own accord—did you ?"

"Their appearance," reply I, smiling, and trying to speak jocularly, "is certainly ugly enough to scare anything."

It had been unanimously carried that everything was to be under the complete guidance of the planter. He is to choose which sholah (thicket) is first to be opened by the "beaters"; in his hands is left the choice of each separate position for each individual "gun"; in him our whole confidence is placed; and that we have put our trust in the right man we are certain.

"Before placing you," he observes, "shall I show you the spot where the brute killed the bullock, and also the mark of the dragging, which is very distinct?" A general assent; whereupon he leads the way, and we all follow in Indian-file. We have proceeded thus along the jungle-path for about ten minutes, when suddenly our guide halts, which necessitates our doing likewise.

"It would be better"-speaking in a very low and subdued voice-"to talk as little as possible, now and then only in a whisper, for we are approaching the ground."

"All right!" each one answers, in an undertone. comes an admonition-chorus of "Hush!" after which we again jog on in the same fashion, but in the most profound silence, making as little noise as possible in thrusting aside the twigs, and treading like cats. Again we are suddenly brought to a stand-still, for our guide has stopped at the margin of a small patch of grass-land, and is, with an uplifted arm, pointing toward something to which he wishes to draw our attention. Tigers were and are uppermost in my thoughts-fanciful encounters with tigers did and do run through my brain helter-skelter-in fact my whole soul is steeped in tigers, so what more natural than that I should think that at last I was face to face with one? At the planter's gesture I am at once on the alert, and, bringing my gun to a more favorable position, am prepared for any emergency. My excitement thaws rather when he breathes the explanation:

"There is the place where he dragged down the car-

Suppressed laughter is within hearing, and I am painfully aware that I have again made a fool of myself. The others having recovered themselves from being amused at my expense, and I having lapsed into a less warlike position, we then cross the porch of grass-land to obtain a nearer view of the spot indicated. There, plain enough, a large gap in the undergrowth is to be seen, and there, as plain, are the marks where some heavy animal has been dragged along on the ground.

"I thought it was perhaps a tiger you were pointing at," said I, playfully and aloud, totally forgetting, in my sudden revulsion of feeling, the previous solemn warning we had all received.

A bomb-shell might have fallen amongst us, to judge by the expression of horror that shows itself in each countenance at my utter disregard of caution. Each forefinger of each right hand is held up at me menacingly, and each tongue hisses forth the solemn and warning "Hush!" Four withering glances are thrown at me, and we then proceed onward as before in the same softly-treading, North American Indian sort of fashion. Patsy is just in front of me.

And now we reach the spot whence we are to be sent off, in different directions, to our "posts." The planter places one hand on the shoulder of No. 1, while he points with the other. We all gather round anxiously.

"There is a large stone over there—do you see it?" he whispers.

"Yes," replies No. 1.

"That is your post. It is in a first-rate position; for if the tiger moves down the hill by that far ledge, he will, without doubt, come near enough to enable you to do good execution.

"Good," says No. 1, shouldering his rifle, and disappearing into the jungle.

"Yonder is yours," says our guide, addressing the next. "If the brute becomes alarmed by the beaters overlapping on the right, he is bound to turn; and when he does that, he will make tracks for that sholah, thus passing you within easy shot." And off goes No. 2.

"And now for yours, Belton. Let me see," meditatively, and stroking his beard. "I shall give you the position of honor, if honor is reckoned by the best chance of bag; and, in my opinion, you have got it, when I place you alongside that clump of undergrowth. The beaters will act more on the right than on the left, as a pivot, and so befriend you; besides, stationed there, you will have two sholahs to defend.

Patsy's eyes beam with expectancy and delight.

It flashes across my mind that, on an occasion like the present, it would be much pleasanter for me, who know as much about tiger-shooting as an elephant of dancing a hornpipe, to accompany my brother-officer, who has had much experience in the art. The suggestion is put mildly.

"I must withhold my consent," says our captain; "that would be a very bad management, for you would certainly quarrel somehow over the quarry; besides, there is a large sholah in this direction" (pointing to the left), "which must be guarded by one gun at least.'

"Well, good-bye, Japes," says Patsy, soothingly; "and, next to myself, best luck to you, old man." And off he

"By that small tree to the left," says my now solitary companion, "is the best ground for you to take up."

"Where do you mean?" groan I, mechanically.
"There," indicating; "look along my finger, and you



will make it out at once—a small tree. There is a mound about five yards beyond it."

I put my head close to his, and do as requested. "All right," I say, in an attempted cheerful manner—"all right; I see it."

"Upon my word," he commences; then looking round mysteriously, as if to make sure no jealous ear is listening, he speaks on: "After all, I think your position is the most likely one to see fun, for if the brute knows that far sholul—and I have reason to believe that he has actually been in it—he will assuredly try to reach it; and if he does, he must turn his nose straight for your tree."

"Good gracious!" I exclaim, in rather too loud a tone for the vicinity; then, rapidly recovering myself, add: "Ah! how jolly! first-rate!" The reader can imagine the awful smile that accompanies these words. "But," I continue, "as you are experienced in this sort of outing, and as I am only a beginner, would it not be better that you should take up so good a position?"

"Oh no," he answers, carelessly. "I am well satisfied with the one I have left for myself, which is about a hundred yards to the other side of that small hillock to the right."

One question has been hovering on my lips during the previous half-hour; and it is no other motive, but a laudable desire not to be foolhardy, or to court any unnecessary risk, that causes me to put that question now.

"Am I to climb into the tree, or am I to stand beside it at the bottom?".

"There is no need to climb into it," he says, smiling as he gives his answer.

"I asked only to avoid doing wrongly," I explain. "Good-bye," I add in a tone, as if we were fated never to meet again. And off I go.

As I saunter along, the reflection, that no one else was present when my last question was put, is very consoling.

No matter of how stout a heart the neophyte may be, he must, during his first venture—especially if it smacks of excitement, on account of mishap being possible—feel far less at his ease than when usage gives him the knowledge of how much less risk there really is than his fluttered imagination entertained. The recruit who faces the enemy for the first time does not take events with the same comfortable indifference as the medal-adorned veteran. The sailor in his first storm is more apprehensive of danger than when he has ridden safely through a hundred. And in like manner I, on this occasion, do not feel that keen appreciation of the sport in hand, that, no doubt, I should have felt; in short, I was then decidedly not quite so comfortable as I have been on similar and subsequent outings.

I am startled out of a reverie, to things around, by hearing a distant and curious muffled sound. What can it be? It is the beaters, who have gained the top of the hill, and are descending and beating toward the spot where I stand. Only a few more seconds, and it will be decided whether it is for me to have the first shot! My intense excitement overcomes everything. I am completely carried away by it. At this moment what care I if twenty tigers were to leap from the jungle! Down come the beaters, and then I know that, for the present, the tiger is free from any hurt or harm at my hands. He and I are not to meet—not just yet, at any rate. What a din! Of a certainty all the demons in Pandemonium have broken loose. Surely nothing human could be the authors of such hideous sounds! Every man of them is assisting with some sort of noise. Some yell like fiends as they beat the bushes with sticks provided for the purpose; others indulge in shrill whistling; while others, again, clash their gongs and "tom-toms" together in a manner that fails not in doing sonorous duty; the whole

forming as neat a piece of discord as one could wish—or rather not wish—to hear. In fifteen more minutes the entire thicket has been "beaten," and not an animal of any sort has made its appearance. The tiger is not there. The next question is, Where, then, is he? For the second time we find ourselves grouped around our captain, each one anxious for further information.

"That is unfortunate," is his remark, referring to our nonsuccess. "That 'beat' was the most likely one of all to find him in. The beaters did not startle a single deer, so it is evident he has been roaming there already. However, I still hope for better luck. If you will follow me, I will lead you to the next most likely spot."

Again we move forward with that same soft noiseless tread as before. This wariness, this attempted avoidance of being heard, lends an air of importance and solemnity to our doings. It looks like business. Presently our leader comes to a stand-still.

"This is, perhaps, about the best place from which to point out your respective posts." He speaks in a very low, subdued voice.

We are standing on the side of a small hill. In front is another, while about fifty yards below us is an open nullah—the dried-up bed of a mountain-stream. The space for half a hundred yards or so up each hill-side is free from jungle, and covered only by some short grass, and again each one is shown his particular standing-ground. My post is on the side of the hill opposite. To my front is the open unwooded nullah; to my right lies a densely wooded ravine; thus facing me from left to right there is a considerable space, open and free for a whistling, well-aimed bullet to find its billet. "Allow your quarry to have his side toward you before firing," was the planter's last caution to me, "and you will be safe from his charging you: a tiger always charges in the direction he is looking."

I am excited, very excited; and the reason for my excitement being so intense, I cannot to this day tell. Perhaps it was an inward unaccountable feeling that something was going to happen. I grasp my rifle firmly. The beaters are much nearer now; their sounds are more distinct. Yes; and now they have reached the top of the hill on the other side of the nullah; and now they are coming down toward the hollow and toward me. Right, left, in every possible spot, I look for some sign, some warning of approach—a growl, a stir in the bush, anything. The hoped-for and long-expected sight at length greets my eyes, for there, one hundred yards to my left, out from the jungle breaks—a large tiger!

Out he saunters, twisting his tail and growling angrily. At the first sight of him up goes the gun to my shoulder, finger on the trigger; but just in time the warning voice comes back:

"Allow your quarry to have his side toward you before firing."

The gun drops from my shoulder, and I watch him. He reaches the bed of the stream, and there he hesitates, as if in doubt whether to seek the cover of the ravine or move straight on. The second's pause is over; then breaking into a smart trot, he keeps along the water-course, and makes for the ravine to my right. If he keeps on as he is now going, he must pass me, broadside on, within fifty yards. On he comes, now and again turning his head, to see that none of his tormentors are near. He has not seen me yet, as I am keeping well behind the tree. He is now straight to my front, and not fifty yards distant—shall I fire? And now he passes me, I raise my gun, lean it against the tree, take a steady aim, and fire.

My shot is a telling one. The brute rolls over and over, and then lies on the grass without a move. The beaters shortly put in an appearance, and it is with great caution



that we all move to where the tiger lies stretched. There is no need for caution—there is no need for my second barrel -for our enemy is perfectly dead. The same look of pride that shone in Napoleon's eyes when gazing on the victorious fields of Jena, Austerlitz, etc., now shines in mine, as I gaze on my handiwork. The rifle—the weapon that did the deed -I now handle with as much affection as the owner strokes the neck of his pet-his Derby winner. I, the duffer of the whole party, had won the prize!

I receive their congratulations with "the pride of modest worth."

## HINDOOS EXHIBITING LEARNED BIRDS.

THE Hindoos are very fond of birds, and in old times are said even to have had hospitals for them.

The favorites are the melodious cokela, the fickle tchakate, the baya or loxia; and the last, whose ingenuity is shown in its nest, displays equal aptness as a pupil.

They learn readily to go and bring objects, and it is not uncommon when the young girls go to the fountain for water to see a baya, at a sign from his master, carry off "Bravo, old man!" shouts Patsy, as he comes up; "if | from some maiden's forehead her gold ornament, and take



HINDOOS EXHIBITING LEARNED BIRDS.

you only continue as you have commenced, we may make something of you yet. What a grand fellow!"

"Plenty fine bagh (tiger), sar," chimes in one of the niggers, grinning with satisfaction from ear to ear, and looking at me with unconcealed admiration. That look of admiration, though coming from a nigger, makes me feel exultant.

Thus happened that event, that provoked in me a hungry and earnest desire for more. And now, though years have passed, it is with pride, pleasure, and exultation, that I recall that never-to-be-forgotten day which chronicles the death of my First Tiger.

it to his master. The meyna, a kind of jay, has the run of the house, and learns to talk, ever ready to repeat its few phrases to every comer.

Among the Hindoo bird-trainers the most famous was Schah Muddin, Emperor of Lahore, who had his trained armies of birds, which went through military evolutions, and at a given signal engaged in combat.

Our illustrations, from a photograph, show two of thesebird-trainers exhibiting their pupils in the performance of tricks and devices. A cannon, standing by, shows that, like the brave troops of Schah Muddin, they do not fear the smell of gunpowder.





OLD ENGLISH PUBLIC WASHING-GROUND.

## SOME OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

Our illustrations carry us back to customs of other days, some once prevailing here, others perhaps never much in vogue.

Readers of Shakespeare need no reminding that there were public washing-grounds in England, whither family linen was carried. These were by the riverside, and the basket was unceremoniously dumped into the spot secured by the washwoman. Thus did the fat knight acquire a personal knowledge of laundry operations. This custom of washing by a running stream held on till increasing population made it impossible to accommodate all, and distance became inconvenient. Still the prejudice long prevailed against clothes washed and dried at home. Even clothes dried on a line by the river were but tolerated. To be perfectly sweet, they must be dried on hedges.

"Cleanliness is akin to godliness," says the old saw; but our modern ideas are very nice on the point. From old English laundry accounts we gather some ideas of medieval clothing and personal cleanliness.

Four shirts were a large allowance for a nobleman in the fifteenth century, and youths of noble rank were sent to college without a change of linen.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the Duke of Northumberland's whole establishment, consisting of one hundred and seventy persons, were so economical on this point, that the year's washing cost only forty shillings—not a shilling a week.

But clothes had to be made before they were washed. In those days people made more and bought less. In most houses out of the cities—and they were small and few—flax and wool were spun, and not unfrequently woven or knit. In these Centennial days, garrets and old barns have been searched for the old-time spinning-wheels, and a feeble grandmother brightens up to tell of the pleasant

days when she, in her girlhood, with many another lively girl, drove the whirring wheel while the village gossip rolled glibly off.

What the tea-table has been to later generations of the female sex, the spinning-wheel was for two centuries to our fair grandmothers, and their grandmothers before them. Old writers give primitive descriptions of the manner in which the good housewives of those days were wont to hold counsel with their neighbors as they pursued the useful avocation of spinning. It requires little imagination to picture the porch of an English cottage, such as the artist has depicted it.

A poet who, doubtless, often saw such a rustic scene, writes:

"I think I see the dear old lady sit
Upon the lawn just as the day was lit
By the fresh morning, some hours ere the noon
Of that all-crowning month, dear, leafy June,
When birds are singing in the blossoming trees,
And sparkling rivulets murmur melodies
As they glide down the hillside, or else creep
Along the ravine, or in dim cave sleep.
Before her whirrs the spinning wheel, while she
Chats with some neighbor who has come to see
Her tulips, marigolds, and garden store,
Which makes the dear old lady's tongue run o'er
Till it is time to spread the frugal board,
And give her guest the dainties of her hoard."

## A. BEAVER'S CONVENT ADVENTURE.

In the Convent of ———, not a hundred miles from New York City, the pious inmates were not long since aroused from their early rest by an unusual, unwelcome, and unexpected visitor. But we must be permitted to tell our story in our own way, and leave the curiosity of the reader respecting the guest for a short time unsatisfied, while we go back a little in our narrative.



OLD ENGLISH SPINNING-WHEEL.

Digitized by

Vol. I., No. 5-39.

One of the nuns, whose zeal and skill in imparting knowledge is well known to many of our New Yorkers, exulted in the proficiency of her class in Natural History, and with laudable pride displayed to visitors, who examined the convent with an idea of placing pupils at the academy, her cabinet of birds and curiosities illustrative of that branch of science. But there was still wanting in her collection a specimen of one of the most interesting of the class that build "houses without hands." That day Madame Whad endeavored to excite the admiration of her pupils for nature by her description of the wonderful instinct of the beaver—the natural mason! His tail a perfect trowel! His work so artistic! His frame so adapted to his need! Still, the class listened, with glances toward one another that revealed an incredulity not flattering to the teacher. "Seeing will be believing," thought Madame W---. "A beaver I must have." But how to obtain one? Already her demand upon the treasurer for her class had exceeded her share, and a beaver would not be obtained without considerable trouble and expense. But the young ladies must see a beaver-it would be the finest specimen in the cabinet; indeed, now that the good nun had fixed her mind on the wish (for nuns are like all other good women), nothing she had obtained heretofore seemed of any value unless she could add a beaver.

After showing good cause why it should belong to the convent, the kind Mother Superior granted permission that a letter should be written to the convent in Canada, and an order given that a fine beaver be sent to ———, near New York at as little expense as possible.

Madame W—— dreamed of the expected prize, and, with the enthusiasm of the naturalist, pictured to herself the wonder its presence would excite in the minds of her pupils, young and old.

Time passed, weeks came and went, and no tidings of the wary animal. Sometimes she thought it hopeless to look for its coming, and again she grew impatient, and declared she could have caught a wilderness of beavers herself in half the time.

While she was losing rationce and abusing the tardiness of her sisters in the branch-house in Montreal, a busy scene might have solaced her heart had she been favored with a view of it.

In the middle of the school-room stood a large box, in the centre of which was a black beaver, admirably stuffed and prepared for transportation.

Several nuns, some in black vails and some in white, were around it, busily engaged in packing, in every crevice of space left, all the cast-off French books the institution could rake up, in order to supply the New York academy without the expense of express charge if sent in any other way.

At last the box was ready; upon the cover was written "Madame W——, Convent of ——, near New York."

One of the nuns wrote a note to the officer in charge of freight at the express office, and gave it to the man who was waiting for orders to remove the box from the convent.

The expressman, with help, lifted the box into his wagon; but its weight, which to him seemed extraordinary, excited his curiosity. When fairly out of sight of the convent, he slowly drew out the note from his pocket, and examined the address.

"I ought to know if I am taking fish or fowl to the market," thought he; "I wonder if, just for the sake of knowing, there would be a power of harm in my reading this bit of paper? Sure, what the express office can know, there is no harm in my knowing." Again he looked at the note; turned it around, and examined the writing from every point of view, and still he could not see why Mr. Lane, to whom it was addressed, would object to his knowing its

contents. The note was carefully opened—he read in a whisper:

"Will Mr. Lane please take particular care of this box? It contains the dead body of A. Beaver, which must be sent to the Convent of ——, near New York, without delay."

"Indeed! a dead body!" muttered the driver; "no wonder I could not lift it alone. Well, well! I'd like to know how the dead body of Mr. A. Beaver came to the convent, and why it must be sent to New York without delay; but that is not my business."

The box was registered, "Dead Body of A. Beaver," and was placed with respectful care in the freight car, where it was hinted that it must receive especial attention till it reached its destination!

A few days after, a man from an express-office stopped before the door of a Catholic church in New York city, and in an undertone called around him two or three men, who were mixing lime at the time opposite a new building, to help him to carry into the church the body.

"Let it be buried decently," said the man to his comrades; "surely I can't go with it at this hour, five or six miles out of the city."

The sexton of the church was busily preparing for a festival the following day, and seeing the box brought into the aisle, inquired the meaning of the unexpected arrival.

"You see," said the driver, "Mr. Beaver died suddenly, with his friends, in Canada, and his cousins, the nuns, have sent him here, by express, to be buried decently; so just call a priest, and I'll leave you."

The box was laid at the head of the aisle near the altar, and the sexton whispered to the man:

"Wait here till Father D- blesses the corpse and sprinkles it with holy water."

Father D——had just come in, greatly fatigued, from a number of sick calls, his patience not a little tried by the unreasonable demands of some of the invalids, who had sent for him before the doctor had been summoned.

However, hearing that a corpse was lying in the church waiting for interment, he put on his clerical robe, and, with a book in hand, entered the private door of the church leading to the sacristy.

"What is this?" inquired Father D—, rather gruffly, amazed at the appearance of the so-called coffin! "Can you read?" he asked, angrily, pointing to the name of Madame W— on the outside.

The sexton to whom he spoke, for the first time examined the address, and thoroughly mortified, answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Take this away," said Father D—— to the astonished driver. "Do you not see it belongs to the convent?"

"Six miles' ride to-night with a dead body? No, sir," replied the expressman. "I'll leave it in the street first."

"Take it to the convent," said the sexton; "they will keep it till morning."

Away drove the wagon to —— Street, and the driver rang the bell violently. A timid-looking little Sister opened the door.

"I have Mr. Beaver in the wagon, and I must leave him all night with you," said the man, determined to put a bold face on.

"Oh, no! we can't receive gentlemen here," answered Sister M----, alarmed at the idea.

"He won't hurt you," was the reply. "He has been dead these three days."

"Dead three days?"

"Yes, dead these three days; and the nuns in Canada boxed him, and sent him by our express to you."

"Lord have mercy on his soul!" ejaculated Sister M——; "we can't take him here; you must take him away."

At this moment a matronly-looking lady, in a long vail, and a rosary at her side, with a heavy silver cross suspended from a ribbon around her neck, made her appearance, and, in the most decided and authoritative manner, ordered the intruder to leave the house, which, of course, he refused to do.

The express-book was then produced, and the order shown to the astonished nuns.

"I know nothing of this man, nor will I receive the body here. I will call the police if you do not instantly leave the house." repeated Mother B—.

house," repeated Mother B ——.

There was no remedy, to —— he must go; and the sooner the better, he made up his mind, was his only course.

Picking up an idle-looking boy, whose old clothes indicated want, if not worse, he promised him a ride, and ten cents at the end of it, if he would go with him to ——, six miles away—for he did not like the idea of a solitary drive with his companion, who seemed to have no friends willing to receive him.

It was late when they reached the grand portal of the Convent of —. The sisters had finished their devotions. The lights, one after another, had been extinguished, until the dim light in the hall, and the low taper in the Infirmary, was all that could be seen in the pile of buildings on the commanding eminence. Ding, ding, ding! sounded the loud door-bell, and startled the Mother and the porteress; for it was not permitted by their rules to receive visitors at this hour, and rarely were they disturbed. Again it rang! The hand was evidently a nervous one, and the person in great haste to enter. With trembling fear, Sister B-, the porteress, took her dim lantern in her hand and went to the lower hall-door. Just when she reached it, another pull at the wire made the sound echo through the silent corridors, and almost took away the little courage she had summoned while praying to saints and angels to stand between her and harm.

"Who is there?" inquired Sister B——, in a low tone, that could not have been heard had not the man outside put his ear close to the keyhole, impatient to hear the first footfall that approached the door. Now and then, while waiting, he was glancing around at the wagon he had just left, to see that all was quiet there and in safe keeping with the boy who held the rein. The youth was shivering with terror, and counting the seconds that the driver left him alone, had fixed his large eyes upon the box behind him, as if his gaze could pin it to the wagon.

"Who is there?" repeated Sister B——, stooping down to the keyhole of the door.

"It is here," answered a hoarse voice outside.

"What is here?" inquired Sister B---, a little strengthened by curiosity.

"The body! the dead body!" replied the voice outside.

"The dead body!" reiterated Sister B—, dropping her lantern, and resting both hands upon her knees, while bending down to the keyhole, and venturing one more question before she meant to run away and leave the man to his fate. "The dead body! What do you mean?"

"I mean I have brought the corpse, and you must take it in," he answered, angrily.

"Oh, have mercy on us!" screamed Sister B——, and away she ran to call the Mother. But by this time the conversation had awakened half-a-dozen nuns, and, before she reached the stairs, they came stealing down, alarmed at what they knew not.

"Mother! madame!" said Sister B——, scarcely able to articulate, "a man at the door says he has brought the corpse. What dead body? Did you expect a dead body?"

"A dead body! a corpse!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.
"What could we do with a dead body this hour of the night?"

"Dear me! dear me! I do not know; there he is knocking away at the door; what will we do?"

The Mother Superior approached the door.

"Sir, what do you want here at this hour?" she asked, in a dignified tone of authority.

"I want nothing, but I'd like to get rid of this corpse I've been carrying around all the afternoon for you—and not for ten living men would I have come all this way with a dead body at my back, if anyone would have taken it from me."

"But, my good man, you must go away; we cannot take in dead bodies here—we know nothing of it."

"See here, now, none of your nonsense; this coffin is directed to you, and came by express to you; and open this door right off, or I'll batter it down."

"But, my good man ---"

Whack, whack, whack, at the door, interrupted the sentence. The poor nuns fell on their knees and called for help. Whack, whack, whack!

"Will you open this door?" screamed the man outside. "Joe, wait; I'll help you take down the box."

Down came the coffin. "Ugh, ugh!" shivered Joe, and jumping a foot away.

"Spoony," ejaculated the man, and with one shove landed the heavy box into the vestibule at the door.

"Open the door, I say," he screamed, "or have it battered down, for I won't ride another mile with this ghost behind me."

Slowly the key was put in the door, and as slowly turned, while all but the porteress retreated a little distance back. The hall-lamp had been lighted. No sooner was the door opened than the long box was thrust into the hall, occasioning by its entrance a chorus of shrieks from the nuns!

"Pay me eighteen dollars express charge, and I'm off," said the man, relieved, as if a mountain-load had been taken from his chest.

The little porteress locked the door, and put the key in her pocket.

"Call in that boy," said the Mother Superior, "and remain yourself till this box is opened; you shall not leave till you witness the opening of this box."

The man became deathlike from fear; shuddering, he answered:

"Not for my soul would I see the awful thing—let me go!"

An ax was brought speedily and given to the man; he was ordered to proceed. It was useless to refuse. The sooner done the better, and with one blow he made a small opening in one end of the coffin. Suddenly his hand dropped, and he stared at the nun; exclaiming:

"It's the devil! let him alone—I saw his tail!"

But even the devil could not be left boxed inside the convent. Out he must come.

"Go on," replied the Mother, nerving herself to become an example of courage.

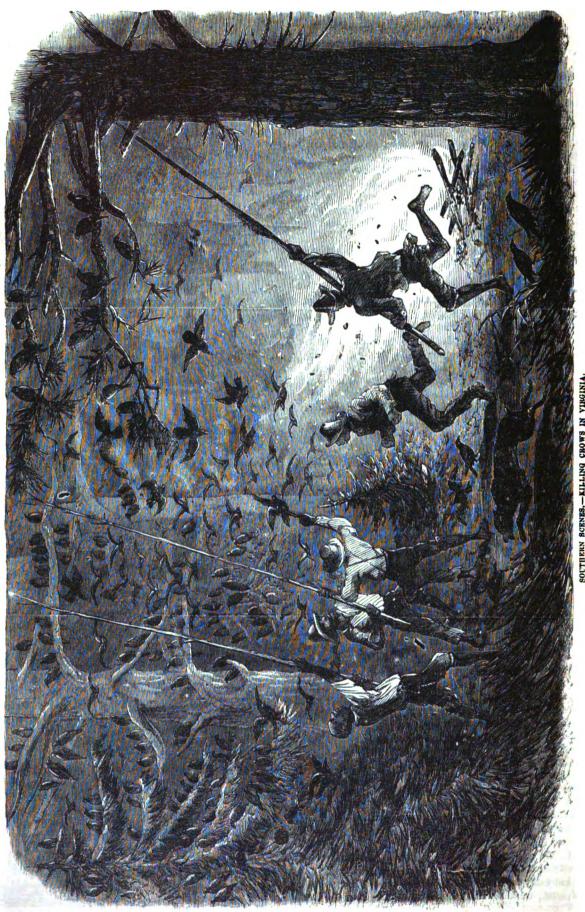
Another blow split the lid in two pieces, and there stood the beaver!

A moment of wonder and amazement, and then such screams of laughter as could only equal the intense fear that a moment before had held them all in such breathless silence.

The poor man leaned against the wall, and rolled from side to side, scarcely able to articulate. Such bursts of merriment interrupted his attempt to tell his story, that it was some time before he could relate it in a manner to be well understood.

"I took the thing," said he, "to the Catholic Church in —— Street—(a burst of laughter)—and when I told the sexton I had a dead body—(he! he! he!)—he opened the door and carried it in, and laid it in the aisle. Taking off our hats—(he! he! he! pointing to the innocent beaver)—





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SOUTHERN SCENES .- A VIRGINIA MARKET-CART.

there we waited, not opening our mouths, till the priest came into the church to read prayers over the body; but looking, like a wise man, first to see where it came from, he turned to me, rather gruffly, I must say, and asked:

- "'Can you read writing?"
- "'No, your reverence."
- "With this, he went out, but I heard him laugh outside, and thought him mighty hardened. He! he!
- "Then I took it to the convent in ——Street, and there I scared them out of their wits, telling them they must take the corpse in anyhow, for I would not let it follow me all the way out to ——this dark night. Afraid of getting into trouble with the police, I drove out here, as if the devil was after me, with that thing. He! he! "(Pointing to the beaver.)
- "How could you have made such a mistake?" inquired the Mother.
- "No mistake at all, ma'am; here, look at my book, which please sign."

Sure enough it had been registered, "Dead Body of A. Beaver, to be left at Convent —, near New York City."

Who can say that the story has not already gone abroad, with broad margins filled up, that dead bodies are left at convents after dark—indeed, in the dead hours of night, and in the very face of our own city of New York?

#### SOUTHERN SCENES.

Killing Crows in Virginia—A Virginia Market-Cart.

The enmity existing between the farmer or planter and that very knowing but somewhat disreputable bird, the -crow, is of long standing. The former is fully convinced that he is a constant sufferer from the depredations of the

sable pilferer; while the feathered biped is equally certain that he is the injured party. Reminiscences of murderous shot-guns, cruel traps, and awe-inspiring scarecrows have made him an extremely wary and cautious bird, and all ordinary means for effecting his capture or destruction are apt to fail of their object.

There is, however, one method of crow-killing that is frequently and highly successful, and the scene we illustrate must be familiar to thousands, not only of the youthful but of the older generation in Virginia. Not that Virginia alone has a monopoly of that especial line of sport, but that among the American citizens of African descent in that region, it is an ancient and esteemed method of enjoyment, which combines with itself the exciting and the useful.

The mode is to sally out at night, and, making a halt in some locality where the crows are known to roost, build just enough of a fire to see by. Long saplings are then cut with a few branches on one end, and the sturdy darkeys, seizing these primitive weapons, and using them as flails, soon thrash the luckless crows from the lower branches whereon they roost. Between the shouts and laughter of the negroes, and the cawing and screeching of the bewildered crows, the shadows of the giant pines and the lurid light of the blazing fire, the scene not inaptly suggests Pandemonium, being weird and grotesque in the extreme.

On a successful battue of this kind it is not uncommon for a thousand crows to be killed, to the great benefit of the agricultural interest in the vicinity as well as of other localities where these corn-thieves may migrate.

As to the crows' opinions of the matter, that is quite another affair, but there can be little doubt that they look upon this harrying of their dormitory as a most unwarranted and outrageous proceeding.

Although the South has lost many of its "institutions" through and during the late war, it has certainly not a few remaining, and among the number may very properly be

classed the curious conveyance of which we give an illustration—a vehicle used for carrying produce to market, the type being almost universal throughout the seaboard States. Those used in the vicinity of Norfolk and Richmond generally have a cover added, but the more common style is that shown in our picture, from a sketch made near Lynchburg, in Virginia.

The cart is not only a feature in itself, but the harness is generally beautifully unique, each proprietor being his own manufacturer, and the materials employed are rope-yarns, strings, and old straps, eked out, perhaps, with stray bits of artillery harness from grass-grown battle-fields.

In the foreground the artist has indicated another "institution of the Old Dominion," namely, a corduroy road. Who that has ever traveled over one can forget the strong impression it produced upon his mind, to say nothing of his corporeal anatomy? The colored damsel on the right, with the water-pail balanced on her head, illustrates the usual mode adopted by the Southern negroes for carrying burdens—an accomplishment which these sable females possess in common with the Dutch and Italians.

#### MARRIAGE-CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY.

In France, even in thoroughly rural districts, spite of wars and revolutions, old customs are persevered in with an amount of zeal that matter-of-fact people, denizens of towns, can hardly bring themselves to comprehend. Take, for instance, the every-day ceremony of marriage and giving in marriage; why, in France alone, the customs connected with it are as numerous as the departments of the empire!

In Lower Normandy, a certain young couple decide upon getting married—the lady being, we will gallantly suppose, the belle of the village. Well, on the Sunday following the wedding, the husband, according to time-honored precedent, conducts the wife to grand mass at the parish church, where a seat has been reserved for the happy pair immediately in front of the altar, and no matter what may be the rank of those who wait with them to receive the sacrament, the priest invariably administers the bread and wine first of all to the young bride, who, in return, pins a white favor in the old man's breast and another on the basket in which he carries the consecrated bread.

On leaving the church, the newly-married pair are met at the door by the villagers, when the young bachelors fire a salute in their honor, and congratulate (while in all probability envying) the fortunate husband. A bouquet of flowers, gathered from the various gardens in the village, is then presented to the bride by one of these unfortunate swains, who delivers an address overflowing with rustic eloquence and expressive of the kindest wishes for the united happiness of the newly-wedded pair. After the husband has stammered out a few timid words in reply for, poor fellow, he is generally so confused by being the object of so much attention as almost to lose the power of speech—he and his wife are conducted to their home, where they entertain such of their friends and neighbors as were not present at the wedding. When the feasting is over, dancing and singing follow, and are of course kept up till a late hour; then, wishing to

> Each and all a fair good-night, With rosy dreams and slumbers light,

the newly-wedded couple retire, leaving their guests to enjoy themselves until morning's dawn, if they should be so inclined.

Which is the snuggest fort in the world ?-Comfort.

# THE STRANGER'S MONEY.



HE curé of Autun walked in his garden. His hair had grown whiter since the last Autumn's suns had tinged the apples with ruddy gold, and his pretty niece Katrine could discern, at least, three new wrinkles on his placid face.

And why not—when so terrible a war was devastating France—and there was a rumor that the Prussians were even then not far from the peaceful little town?

Katrine sighed as she looked over the household linen, and wondered how many beastly Uhlans might have to be supplied with it—or a worse anxiety—whether they would make

court to her, and if so, what Louis Lecompte would say to it. And she fell into a day-dream, then and there, looking out of the little vine-wreathed window, over the wide reaches of golden-green meadow, to where the river wound away into the distance.

The curé walked slowly down the little garden-path. He had planted the trees about him, he had counted the pears which were mellowing into lusciousness and gleamed out goldenly between the green leaves. He law the deepening blush of every ripening peach, and the purple bloom of the plums, and he paced among them now with a pang, thinking of the time when all might be wantonly low, and the blooming little spot turned to a desolate waste.

Thinking such mournful thoughts, he was startled by hasty steps, and, turning, saw a young man, breathless, flushed, dusty, unable to speak.

"I come to confide in you," said the man, speaking, at last, with difficulty. "You are monsieur le curé?"

" Yes."

"I give you a great trust," he said; "here, bide it, in God's name, for France."

The good curé hesitated, looking at the package held out. It might be stolen goods!

"Quick, quick!" cried the other, "the Prussians are close behind; will you not serve your country? Hide it, I say."

The cure, at the news of the neighborhood of the Prussians, seized the package and turned away without a word.

He went into a little summer-house near, took up a rustic seat, made a place with a spade, large enough to receive the package, covered it with earth, and replaced the seat again. In three minutes all was in order.

The bearer had been walking about in a fever of anxiety.

"Is it secure?" he cried, when the curé reappeared.

"Yes, I have done the best for the present."

"I thank you. You will be subjected to a disagreeablesearch, but I am mistaken if the curé of Autun is not willing to suffer for France."

"Tell me about it," answered the curé. "You can rest here while you talk."

Now Katrine had waked from her day-dream at the hasty advent of this stranger, and she stood listening to the conference with the keenest curiosity, rejoicing that they did not take their seats out of hearing.

"I will not stay here to draw attention to you," said the stranger, "but I owe you this explanation. I left Paris in a balloon, with a sum of money—ten millions of francs—which is in that package, for the purchase of arms. The Prussians have pursued the balloon. I found, unfortunately, when I descended, that they were near. They gave chase. I made the best of my way here, to secure the money; that safe, I am not afraid for myself. You will keep it till better times.

my friend, and then restore it to poor France—poor enough, now."

"I will, with God's help," answered the curé, fervently.

"So farewell, I have no time to lose," cried the stranger, wringing the old man's hands, and in a moment he was gone.

Not a moment too soon, however! Two or three Uhlans were already in the streets.

Katrine shrank away from the window, and went down into the kitchen, finding the society of Maddy, the great stout Normandy maid-of-all-work, better than none.

The ruddy-cheeked person was pale with affright. She had discovered, already, that the Uhlans were near. The news spread over the little place like the tidings of fire.

"Holy Marie!" she cried, "I've heard that they cut the rings from the lady's fingers, and I've one—real gold—that's never been off since Josef put it on for betrothal, a year ago. Oh, mon Dieu!" and she looked with horror at her plump finger, where the said ring was nearly buried in the flesh.

Katrine laughed, spite of her anxiety. "They won't take your ring, Maddy," she said, "never fear. If it was a diamond, now, they wouldn't mind chopping the finger off, I dare say. Ugh, the brutes! But, oh, they'll be ticketed here, some of them, and we'll have to feed them, and can hardly feed ourselves, and they'll search through everything."

Katrine stole out softly into the garden to her uncle's side. After all, she felt safer by the dear old man. He did not speak at first, and she thought he was saying a prayer quietly. The next moment, he said:

"Well, Katrine, I am ready."

"Uncle, she whispered, "It's right that I should tell you that I heard all."

"All ?"

"About the—ten millions of money," she said, very softly.

"Oh! well, you will help me keep it; to-night we must devise a better hiding-place for it." The curé did not fear his niece's knowledge.

Then the Prussian troops began to file by; some one had evidently given evidence, for the curé's house was minutely searched. Katrine, pale and quiet, walked about with the keys—saw all her little treasures turned over by rough hands, with rude jests and laughter; even Maddy's Sunday beads and ribbons were searched, while she watched with plump hands clasped, deftly hiding the ring which was Josef's gift.

Nothing was found, and, after several hours, the soldiers went away, leaving Katrine and Maddy to bring order out of chaos as best they could.

When it was growing dusk, Katrine, looking out of the window, saw the troops filing by with some prisoners. Among them was the man who had delivered the package to her uncle. Poor fellow! he was going, perhaps, to a long imprisonment for his gallant service to his country.

Maddy seemed to linger up that night, as if she feared to go to bed in a town which was in possession of the dreaded Uhlans; but at last she yielded to drowsiness, taking precaution to barricade her door with her bed.

Katrine listened till all was still.

"Now, uncle," she said, "what shall we do with the money?"

"I am almost afraid to go out for it, the house may be watched," said the curé.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and the garden was as bright as day.

"Let us both go, and stroll about for awhile, then go into the summer-house to rest."

But, on looking out, they saw soldiers in the Prussian uniform about. It would not be safe.

"I must sit up and watch," said the old man. "I cannot sleep with that great charge on my mind. It is so bright, I can keep the summer-house in view."

"But it will not be bright all night," cried Katrine; "and, worse than all, you will be sick, if you lose your rest."

"And to-morrow we may have the Prussians quartered here," cried the old man, anxiously.

Katrine resolved that she would also wake and watch. Perhaps she might have a chance to steal down and secure the package alone, and give her uncle a pleasant surprise. She stood at her own window, and looked out at the long white road which shone in the moonlight, where a few soldiers were strolling, singing songs in the language which sounded so harshly to her. Then a figure paused by the gate. Katrine's heart sank for a moment, for she thought here was some one ticketed on them. The next, the clear light illumined a face she knew well. She was not afraid of even the Uhlans when Louis was near.

She stole out on the little porch quietly, and glanced up at her uncle's window.

"Bless him! he has forgotten his great trust already, and is nodding, I dare say. Would to God, some one else had in charge the 'ten million.' It's enough to take one's breath to think of it."

But Katrine did not forget her little coquettish ways in all the trouble. Louis was not yet sure of her heart. She felt it her duty to repress all self-confidence.

"You prowl about like a spy, monsieur," she said, with a toss of her head, as she went toward him. "I thought at first you were an Uhlan come to take free board with us."

"And so you came out to welcome me," laughed Louis.
"I wish I could be quartered here, though."

"You might wish yourself elsewhere before long," answered the girl. "You would soon tire of soup maigre."

"But I may have worse before the war is over, in a German prison," said Louis.

Katrine's face grew sad. She could not forget the sorrowful times, long.

"Oh, you will not leave us yet, Louis—not till these Prussians go!" she exclaimed.

"They go to-morrow."

"God be praised!" answered the girl. "Then we need not spend a sleepless night watching——"

"Watching what?" asked Louis, curiously.

Katrine hesitated. But then Louis was a patriot, and a true friend; there was no harm in telling him.

"Sacre!" he cried, "what a sum!—what a little slice of it would make us happy!"

"Us, monsieur?" Katrine said, coldly.

"Well, Katrine, you know I have no thought separated from you, and money would have no value unless you shared it. But you—perhaps you prefer Pierre Dupont?"

Pierre was a handsome fellow, of the ideal brigand type; always in difficulty from his wild course; always in distress for money. He had dared to raise his eyes—bold black ones they were—to the curé's niece.

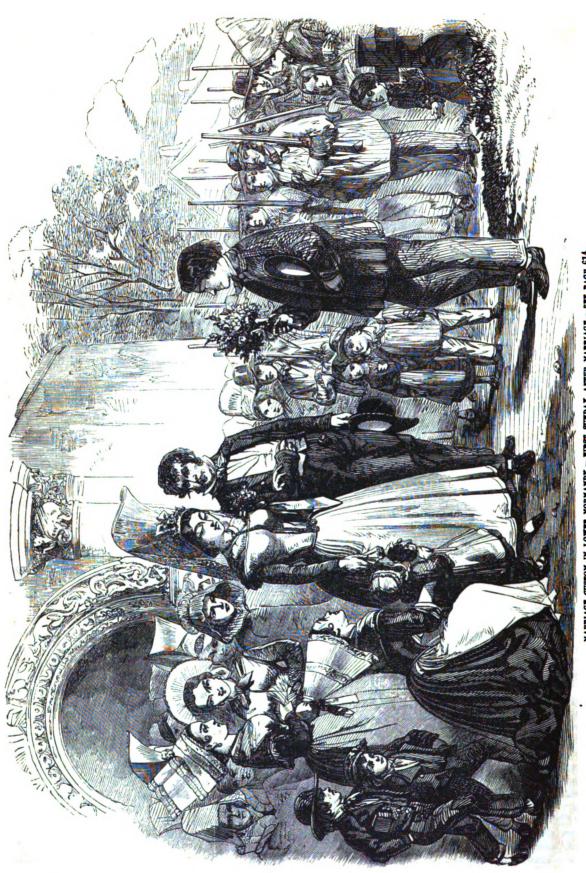
"I do not think of these matters now," answered the girl; "I think only of my country, paurre France."

"I think of my country, too. I am going to give my life for it, it may be," answered Louis, fervently; "but I can go with a stouter heart if you will promise to have nothing to do with Pierre. Believe me, he is black at heart."

"Oh, under the circumstances, you can hardly be an impartial judge," answered Katrine, smiling sarcastically.
Louis seemed hurt.

"So, farewell, then," he said, sadly. "I may not see you again."





MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY.—PIRST SUNDAY AFTER MARRIAGE.—SEE PAGE 614.

Then Katrine melted. The thought of the chances of war came over her. She had a vision of the battle-field, and the deadly hail of shot; where the ranks were rolled in vapor, and the winds were laid with sound. She trembled.

"Oh, Louis," she cried, "I will promise anything!"

"Then promise to be mine forever," answered the young man. "Come life or death, that promise will be sweet, Katrine."

And Katrine held out one little, cold hand. That seemed answer enough for the enraptured lover, who kissed it again and again.

"Now, you will not be rash," she said, "for my sake, and I will pray for you. Good night. We may leave the treasure where it is till to-morrow, and get what rest we can after this awful day."

It was best that Louis should go, for the soldiers idly passing by began to glance at the pair. The moonlight began to wane, and gloomy shadows were slowly settling on the town and on the curé's little garden; the branches of the trees, waving about, looked like dark phantoms, and Katrine shivered a little as she saw them.

After all, love's young dream displaced such shadowy terrors at last. The ten millions of money were forgotten in dreams of Louis and the future.

"He is far handsomer than Pierre, too," she maintained in her thoughts, "with the beauty of an honest, true heart; and though we may be poor, yet my uncle can never object to that, for he preaches the merit of a life of poverty."

And picturing love in a cottage, which should be beautified by flowers and birds, and various other refined contrivances to hide the want of money, Katrine fell asleep.

She did not wake till Maddy knocked at the door.



MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY .- HOLIDAY DRESS.



MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY .- BRIDAL DRESS.

"You'd better go down to the master, mademoiselle," she cried; "his bed never's been slept in, and he's pacing the floor like mad. The Lord keep all our senses in these dreadful times!"

"I think you're losing yours, to begin with," answered Katrine. "Quiet yourself; the Prussians go to-day; you won't have a chance even to treat one of them to your ragout aux pommes. Autun is too unimportant for them to trouble; so be happy."

At the same time Katrine reproached herself for not having communicated the good news to her uncle the night before. She had listened awhile at the door, and thought he slept. She hurried down to him now in some anxiety, which increased when she saw him. He looked pallid, anxious, worn with excitement. He started nervously when she came in, but waited till the door was closed before he spoke. Then, in a quick whisper:

"You have it, Katrine," he cried—"tell me, for God's sake, that you have it!"

"The—the package?" faltered Katrine, frightened into almost speechless terror. "Oh no!"

"It is gone, my child—it is gone!" said the old man, wringing his hands. "I hoped for awhile that you might have gone out to secure it in the night. I—woe is me!—

fell asleep in my chair. I woke up in the gray dawn; I saw that all was still—no stragglers about; I was already dressed, and I went down at once. Then, oh, mon Dieu! I discovered that some one had been there before me—some one, Katrine, who knew all."

"Perhaps the bearer came back and took possession of his own," suggested Katrine.

"Ah, no! he is a prisoner," answered the curé. "Did I not hear you down-stairs last night?"

"Yes," answered Katrine, blushing slightly.

"The theft seems impossible," the curé went on, pacing the floor anxiously. "No human beings knew the place but you and I, and the stranger who brought it. No, I cannot include him, for he knew only that I went into the summerhouse. Could we have walked in our sleep, and taken the package out?"

Katrine shook her head. A terrible shuddering fear had frozen her speech. Some one else knew of the enormous sum left to their charge, some one who was dearer to her than all the jewels of Ind. Could it be? Ah! she put that thought away with sickening dread.

Yet it came back again and again in the course of that dreary day, through all the fruitless search, through all the weary conjectures of the agonized old man. Katrine did not dare now to avow her confidence to her lover in the face of its dreadful results. She felt like a household traitor. She heard the music sound, and the band that played the welcome march for the Prussians' departure without a throb of joy. All was alike to her now. She had lost more in this theft than her uncle, for she had lost all faith in human trust and honor, she had lost the dreams which had made the future seem so bright—the love which made the world an Eden.

The cure went about with a troubled heart. One day he must account for this enormous sum which had been placed in his hands. Who would believe his report, or, if believed, would there not be enemies who would use it against him, and would not a shadow rest on his good name? He had thought he heard voices below in the evening, and he made up his mind to question his niece about it. He saw the Prussians march away, driving before them the cows and pigs which they had taken for food. They had not harmed his beloved garden, yet he found no pleasure in it, but walked there gloomily meditating on his best course in the matter.

Katrine, too, watched the Prussians' departure. When the last soldier was well out of the town, she put on her bonnet and shawl. She had taken a resolve. It might be unmaidenly to seek Louis at his home, but she could not wait. Her heart beat with pain, her face was flushed as she hurried along. She had believed him so true and honest, fool that she had been. She clasped her hands tightly over her shawl. It seemed as though the passers-by must hear her heart beating like a muffled drum. The towns-people, discussing the late events in excited little groups, would fain have stopped her rapid course with conjectures about the future, or reports of the present, but she hurried on.

Louis Lecompte lived in a little cottage at the end of the long street. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A sharp, shrewish woman was Dame Lecompte, with an eagle's nose, and piercing black eyes. She viewed with extreme disfavor any one who might be promoted to her place as mistress of the house. So looking out of the window where she stood clear-starching her white caps, she attempted no greeting to the cure's niece, beyond a nod. But when Katrine opened the door with that agitated face, she dropped the cap on the floor, and cried out:

"What is it then, mademoiselle, is Louis hurt?"

"Is he not here?" asked Katrine, bitterly disappointed.

Dame Lecompte picked up her cap and her courage.

"Indeed, mademoiselle," she said, coldly. "You came in with such a face, I was sure my boy was shot by the Prussians, or a prisoner, or something. I shan't get over it today."

"But where is he?" cried Katrine.

"I expect he's gone to Neuille," answered the mother. "He's bent on joining some regiment of Franc-tireurs, to get himself shot and leave me alone in the world. Bother the kings and emperors, I say. If I had my way, I'd have settled this thing long ago."

"So he's gone?" exclaimed Katrine, mournfully.

"Yes, he's gone," answered the dame with a snap, "and what's more, he said I was not to worry if he didn't come back. Why, young lady, you look as if he had taken something of yours with him."

This was Dame Lecompte's way of insinuating that Louis had stolen the fair girl's heart, but Katrine started as if the woman had read her thoughts. She looked about the cottage in a bewildered way; there was nothing to do but to go home again. Somehow this absence added to her suspicions. "I will cast him out of my heart," she said to herself as she slowly took the homeway. "I will tear up this love though my heart be at the roots."

Yet she found herself turning over and over the whole evidence against him, like a merciful judge, wishing to find some loophole of escape, for the prisoner she was forced to arraign before that bar. Still she made out only a damning case. No one else knew of the treasure, consequently no one else could have taken it. Katrine looked so worn and sad when she entered the garden, where her uncle was sorrowfully walking, that he called her to him.

"Don't take it so to heart, child," he said, "it's no fault of yours."

Oh! how the guilty knowledge that it was all her fault weighed on poor Katrine's heart!

"But I must ask you one question," the cure went on. "Were you talking here last night with any one?"

"Yes," answered Katrine, coloring, painfully; "and, uncle, when I tell you all, you will no longer say it is not my fault, though I intended no harm. I was talking with—Louis—and, through some foolish allusion, his curiosity was aroused, and I told him all about the money. I trusted him as myself, uncle."

The old man looked grave.

"It was imprudent. I thought you were not one of the chatterers, Katrine, or I might have been more careful. I should have remembered the old saying about women." And the curé, who had so little experience of the other sex, resolved never again to trust one with a secret.

"I deserve all you can say, and more than you will have the heart to say," exclaimed Katrine. "All this day I have felt like a wretch, but still I find it hard to believe in Louis's baseness, we have known him so long."

"The heart of man is depraved above all things, and desperately wicked," said the cure; "we must try now to frighten him into restoring it. I cannot believe that he meant to take more than a small sum, with the idea of restoring the rest secretly. Such an amount could not be stolen, except to the great peril of the thief."

The plain language of the curé—the words, "stolen" and "thief"—seemed to pierce like daggers poor Katrine's heart. She knew the curé could not be expected to cherish the romantic tenderness for Louis's good name which she did, even while suspicion clouded it. She had started off that day with a wild hope that he might have thrown some light on the dark deed. She had said to herself many times, "He must know"—sometimes, "He must have done it." But her uncle's taking it for granted wounded her to the quick.



- "Louis has always borne a good name," she said.
- "Ah! my child; a good name sometimes drops away, is consumed like a thread, in the fire of a great temptation."

  Katrine sighed.
- "I will see him at once," cried the curé, "in the confession, perhaps."
- "Oh! he is gone, uncle," cried Katrine; and then she confessed her visit, and its results.
- "It looks very dark," said the cure, sighing; "but I think you, Katrine, will soon be informed of his whereabouts."

Katrine blushed. If this terrible affair had never happened, with what joyous expectation would she have looked forward to that first letter from her lover! Now she waited with feverish anxiety. Postal arrangements were interrupted in those days; but still, before the week was passed, a messenger brought a few hasty lines. Louis was in Paris. By some means he had found an entrance, with the brave hope of defending her; but he vowed the same unalterable love, and hopes of future peace and happiness when the cruel war was over. How like a bitter mockery it all sounded now!

There was nothing to be done. Katrine could not even write, and, accusing her lover of his baseness, break the tie that bound them. Slowly the Prussian army had gathered its might, and, curled like a greatserpent about the beautiful city, awaited its death-throes.

Katrine and her uncle heard from time to time of the desolation there, of the tumults, the mad and fruitless sorties, the revolutionary elements seething in the bosom of the vast city, the slow doom of starvation that came surely on. Through the long, dark days, when the air was only cold vapor, Katrine shivered, and thought of Louis. They were eating an allowance of siege-bread in Paris, and a few ounces of horse-flesh a day. She called him "poor Louis in her thoughts, even though he had illegal possession of "ten millions of francs."

But all days pass at last, even "the slow, sad days, which bring us all things ill," as well as the best.

Katrine will never forget those wan wintry days that died in pale eclipse so soon—short, drear days—yet an eternity to her impatient heart.

The curé was a changed man—the record of the times, the accident of the loss, weighed on him as the burden of years had never done, and Katrine, seeing the consequences of her folly, was devoured with one thought only—to restore the lost money. If she could only live to lay the lost package in her uncle's hands, peace might be hers, "though her life was read all backward and the charm of life undone."

A wet, cold Spring set in, with days that blurred the landscape with slanting rain, and on one of those days the hour for action came. Paris capitulated! Amid the stormy opposition of some, and the wise resignation of others, the deed was done.

Katrine threw a shawl around her and went out in the falling rain. The exciting news had already kindled the little town. Knots of people stood about discussing and declaiming—proffering to any who would hear—their own plans, which would have successfully defended Paris.

Katrine made her way, with a word to one, and a word to another, among all these groups, and turned into a house which stood a little apart. A bright-eyed woman, with a baby in her arms, opened the door.

- "Why, mademoiselle," she exclaimed, with a smile, "you are good to come through the rain, to say 'good-by.'"
  - "Then I am right, and you will go soon."
- "So soon as the bites of Prussians have made their triumphal entry. In a day or two, I hope. My husband writes they miss me sadly at the 'Pipe de Tabac.' An inn

needs its mistress, mademoiselle. They are revictualling Paris rapidly, so we will not eat horse-flesh. Bebi and I, mon Dieu! what they have suffered!"

"Well, Madame Ricot, I have not come to say 'good-by,' but to ask you to allow me to go with you."

"You, mademoiselle? but it is not a time for visiting: Paris," exclaimed the woman, with surprise.

"No! this is not a visit of pleasure, 'tis a necessity."

"In that case—well——" hesitated the good woman, "but. I fear there are hardships."

"Never mind, I think myself happy to have a friend to go with, and I can stay with you at the 'Pipe de Tabac.' I can even eat horse-flesh if necessary."

Madame Ricot looked at Katrine, admiringly. "Our rooms are plain, but beautifully clean, I must say—that is, they were—and if those trollopes have neglected mademoiselle, you are welcome to come, and we will do the best we can. Paure Paris! but I can tell you I am full of joy at going back."

"So it is settled," said Katrine, breathing more freely, "and you will let me know the day?"

"Certainly, ma chère, we will face the dangers together," exclaimed Madame Ricot, cheerily; "I shall pack at once."

Katrine did not pack, for she could carry no baggage in this secret expedition she proposed. She wrote only a noteexplaining her purpose to her uncle, and set off silently in the white fog of a dull day to meet her friend.

Madame Ricot had hired a cart, and had her little ones about her. She was full of joyous excitement, but Katrine grew more and more silent and occupied. The good dame did not find her a cheery companion, but she argued that perhaps this gloomy young girl might be going to a sick or wounded lover. Poor thing!

Katrine had seen Paris once before in her life. She remembered the city of splendor, the long palaces, rich in carven-stone, the green turf gemmed with flowers, the plumy spray of fountains, the gay shops under the great arches, the grand vehicles, the rich attire. Paris, queen of the world, was in her thoughts, in the glow of her beauty, bewildering, sensuous, dazzling. She saw her like a Magdalen, seated in the dust, stripped of her splendor, clothed in the garments of heaviness. She saw troubled faces, lowering brows. No smiles—and when a nation has forgotten to smile, there is danger in the air.

Katrine's heart sank within her as she looked through the narrow street to the humble tavern—"Pipe de Tabac. "A dull-red sign hung over the door, portraying a fat man, full of bonhomic, smoking a mammoth pipe. Under this sign a group of men were talking.

Katrine started as she saw a familiar face, and felt almost friendly for a moment.

The man opened his handsome black eyes, then came forward, with courtesy. "Mademoiselle Katrine," he cried, "what a pleasure!"

Katrine had always shrank from Pierre Dupont's admiration. She only bowed now, and would have passed by into the house, where Madame Ricot already stood by her husband's side, the children swarming over both, but Pierre-stopped her.

"The trouble in Paris is not over," he whispered, "and if I can help you—— By-the-way, I saw an old friend the other day."

Katrine suddenly remembered that this man could serve

- "A friend?" she said.
- "Yes, Louis Lecompte," and Pierre gave her a sharp-look.
- "I have a message for him," said Katrine, "and I will thank you, Pierre, to send him to me?"
  - "Oh, he'll come fast enough, when he knows you are

here," cried Pierre, scowling, "and, perhaps, mademoiselle, you have no message for me?"

"You are welcome to come also, monsieur," said Katrine, forced to be polite, "so you do not come together."

And Pierre felt that he had gained a point, even in such a concession.

Pierre was an important man now. He belonged to the party in opposition to the Government—a party which had been strengthened by the capitulation. Every dunce in it believed that, if he had administered affairs, Paris would have stood out and conquered in the end.

In two days the streets were full of mobs. Cries for "The Commune! the Commune!" Cries that the Republic had been betrayed, were raised. Order and justice fled, and a mob governed Paris—a mob which pretended to be fighting for the liberty of the people—yet displayed a tyranny unknown since the Reign of Terror. "France, Republic, Democratic—one and indivisible," was written everywhere. And meanwhile this indivisible Republic was fighting fiercely, divided against itself. People who were on the side of law and order shrank timidly into their houses. People were arrested for a word. The clergy were seized as hostages. One grew so familiar with death, that it seemed to lose its terrors, and life was no more held precious. A new war began, and bombs once more fell into the devoted city.

In the meantime Katrine had seen nothing of Louis.

Pierre was in high spirits. He was on the full tide of

"We will triumph, you will see," he would say to Katrine.
"I am no more the penniless fellow who dared to aspire to you before. I shall be rich and honored—perhaps the day will come."

And Katrine did not dare to quench the hope of this man, for he was powerful in the Commune, and she feared him. Besides, he could help her to see Louis.

So the days wore by, and famine once more seemed hovering over the city.

Katrine, sitting in the little waiting-room at the "Pipe de Tabac," thought sadly of her fruitless mission. She could not go to seek her old lover. She had waited thus long in vain, and she knew her old uncle must be a prey to anxiety on her account. She had worked no good by coming, and now the way of return was closed—the Versailles army was around the city. She heard, even then, with shuddering starts, the burst of the obus that fell in parts of the town. It grew dark, but still she sat there, sadly, till, looking up, she saw beside her, a long cloak. She would have screamed, but a voice arrested her.

- "Do not cry out, ma amie," exclaimed Louis, "I am a lost man if you do. I have braved all to come to you."
  - "Lost!" exclaimed Katrine.
- "Yes, I am suspected of communication with the enemy."
- "Good God! Why do you come here then?" cried Katrine, forgetting her purpose in fear.
- "Could I know you here, and not see you, my own?" exclaimed Louis. "I have been in hiding for weeks, but I could not bear it. I disguised myself this evening and stole out; it may cost me my head."
- "But this—this public waiting-room," cried Katrine, "come—come to a safer place." And not waiting for propriety, she led him at once to the little chamber she called her own, meeting no one on the way, and, once safely in, locked the door.
- "There, I breathe again," she cried, sinking into a chair. "Now, sir, what have you to say to me?"
- The change in her tone struck Louis and appalled him. "To say, ma amie," he softly repeated, "what have I already said—that I love you more than life, as you see."

- "But not more than money," Katrine said, in a hard, cold tone.
  - "I do not understand," faltered her lover.
- "I have brought you here because I have something to say to you which I must say," Katrine went on rapidly; "I have come here from Autun, where I have left my old uncle appressed with care, for the purpose of saying it. When we stood in the moonlight that night, which you remember, and pledged our faith, I was guilty of a folly."
  - "A folly!" echoed Louis.
- "I told you of a treasure—a treasure of State confided to my uncle. I was weak enough to be very minute in my description. Will you be surprised, Louis, to hear that when we sought for that treasure in the morning, it was gone?"

Louis did look surprised; at least he seemed to counterfeit it well.

- "But that was horrible! what did you do?"
- "I went to you—at least, to your house," Katrine said, coldly.
  - "Ah! to seek my help," he said.
- "Right—to seek your help, and you were gone ; so I have come here."
- "But, mon Dieu! this is a tremendous affair," he said; "and now I am powerless—as bad as a prisoner."
- "Yet no one else can help me," said Katrine, in the same measured tone. "You see, the facts are very simple—you are the only person who knew where the treasure was concealed. It is gone; I come to you."

Like a flash of lightning the knowledge that the woman he loved believed him capable of this baseness struck to the heart of the young man. He staggered back as if stabbed; a cold sweat burst forth on his forehead.

- "You believe this, Katrine—you believe that I am a thief?"
- "I believe it," she said; "there is nothing left for you now but to return the money—and my vows."

Louis groaned.

- "There is nothing left, indeed. Life is no longer sweet, or death bitter. Katrine, was this the love you promised—a love without trust?"
  - "Give back the money," she cried, growing harder.
- "It is no use, I suppose," he answered, mournfully, "but I swear to you I never saw the money."

Katrine was silent—a silence which was broken by noisy voices below.

"They have traced me here," cried Louis—"now I can die."

Steps mounted the stairs, and hasty knocks resounded at the door.

- "What is it?" cried Katharine.
- "Trouble!" whispered Madame Ricot. "You must open; a committee from the Commune desire to speak with you."
- "Beg the honorable committee to wait till I arrange my dress," answered Katrine, trembling, "and I will come down."
  - "But they insist on coming up," cried Madame Ricot.
  - "Two minutes, then," she said.
- "You can save yourself in two minutes," she cried, turning to Louis. "See—it is dark; this window opens over the roof there; you can climb down by the piazzas into another street."
- "You—you wish to save my life, then?" stammered Louis,
  - "I wish it; lose no time."
  - "In hope of gaining the money, perhaps?"
  - "In that hope."
- "Then let me die—you deceive yourself. I swear to you, by the word of a man who may be shot in two minutes, and



go to stand before his Eternal Judge, that I have never seen that money."

Katrine's suspicions were shaken.

"Go-go!" she cried.

"You still wish to save me?" he asked.

"Yes—yes," cried Katrine," in a stifled voice; "I think they are mounting the stairs."

The window stood open. Louis took Katrine's hand: "I

forgive you," he said, "the wrong you have done me in your thoughts. Believe me, I am incapable of it; let my memory be free from stain, if I am going to my death now."

And Katrine, trembling in every limb, whispered, "Go—I believe you."

Then Louis pressed a passionate kiss on the hand, and was gone. The girl waited a moment, and opened the door. Two men stood there with Madame Ricot.

"Mademoiselle is long at her toilet," one said, with a mocking laugh; "she could not be more fastidious if she were dressing for a lover."

Katrine gave an appealing look at Madame Ricot, which that good woman answered in a distressed way.

"These gentlemen insist that we are harboring a

traitor and a spy," she said; "  $\mathbf{I}$  now tell them to search."

"Which we are about to do," cried one, advancing into the room.  $^{\sim}$ 

Katrine stood quiet and firm.

"A light here!" cried the man; "mademoiselle, it seems, then, makes her toilet in the dark."

The light, however, threw no light upon the subject. The search was in vain; and, with many curses, the men left the

house. The next day dawned with no solution of the mystery.

The Versailles troops were gaining ground now, day by day. The ambulances were full of wounded, and Katrine-found plenty to do in caring for the sick and dying. She ceased thinking of the money, and began to work for mercy.

So the last day came. The Commune had lost. Fierce,

maddened, wild revenge, for they resolved to lay Paris in ashes. Barricades were formed, pavements torn up, the torch applied to the rarest buildings. Katrine. staid by the sick beds that night. Among the wounded brought in was a soldier, who called, as they bore him by. with a dying breath, "Katrina!"

It was Pierre Dupont — shot at the barricades!

Katrina hastened to him. His face was stained with powder, yetlivid through the black mist.

"Quick, Katrine!" he said; bend low; be my father confessor. I stole your money." Katrine uttered a cry. "I heard your confidence to your lover; I waited my time. I meant first to take a small part, and return it, hoping to win you by means of it. It would have



THE STRANGER'S MONEY .- "QUICK, KATRINE . . . BE MY FATHER-CONFESSOR." - SEE PAGE 614.

made little difference to the State, I thought, if a few thousands were gone—if, indeed, the State ever came to recall it. Then I mixed with the Commune."

"And have spent it," gasped Katrine.

"No—it was not here—or it must have gone—in the old house at Autun—here, the key—a box of linden-wood—in a little secret closet;" and he strove, vainly, to find the key, muttering, "forgive—God be merciful."

At that moment the firing ceased; the barricades were no-

longer defended. A regiment of line occupied the Rue Boissy d'Anglais. The Versaillais occupied Paris!

Katrine breathed a prayer of thanksgiving. The dark days were over. Pierre Dupont seemed to listen.

"We have lost," he said, "and I am dying—forgive——"
"I forgive," said Katrine; and the glazed eyes closed

again.

One week after, she stood by her uncle's side, and laid a

package in his hands, with a smile.

"What is this?" cried the cure, too astonished, at first, to see the truth.

"The fruit of my mission in Paris," said the happy girl.

And in the days of peace the money was restored to
France, and the lovers to each other.

## UNLUCKY DAYS.

In a country town during our early days—which may be set down at sixty years since—there was an old gentleman who had a firm belief in lucky and unlucky days. He would only go on a journey on a Monday, and would on no account put on a new coat on a Saturday, as to do so would be very unlucky. He had likewise some whimsical superstitions about dressing himself. If he happened to draw on the stocking of his left leg before the right, disaster, as he thought, would be sure to follow. This aged personage was but a type of many others in these not greatly distant times. His notions were only a perpetuation of superstitions that prevailed in long-past ages, and of which we have a record in various historical annals.

One of the Saxon Chronicles mentions no fewer than twenty-four unlucky days in a year. Another specifies six days (January 3d, April 30th, July 1st, August 1st, October 2d, December 16th), as being bad, not only for killing man or beast, or for eating goose, but also for a child to be born; while another names particular days in the months of April and May on which we ought to be bled, if we wish to avert fever, gout, and blindness. The Red Book of the Exchequer contains part of a calendar, supposed to have been written about the times of John or Henry III., in which the favorable and unfavorable attributes of the several months, or rather days of certain months, are set down in a series of rhymed lines. There is another manuscript calendar in existence, of somewhat later date, in which thirty-two days in the year are specified likely to be of ill omen to those who marry, or fall ill, or commence any important undertaking, or set out on a journey. An old astrologer asserts, with that complacent positiveness which is so characteristic of these prophetic authorities, that the angel Gabriel revealed to Joseph that there are twenty-eight days in the year decidedly good for bleeding, purging, curing wounds, trading, sowing, building, traveling, and fighting battles; children born on any one of these days will never be poor; and children put to school on these days will become apt scholars.

These amusing freaks of credulity were not confined to medieval times; we trace plentiful examples of them in the days subsequent to the invention of printing. One enumeration in English of the time of Henry VIII. includes about as many unlucky days as some of the others, but is by no means similar to them in the actual days selected. Again, on the fly-leaf of an old Spanish Breviary, supposed to have belonged to one of the Redemptorist Fathers in the sixteenth century, there is a Latin enumeration of twenty-four unlucky days in the year, distributed impartially in pairs, two to each month. We will not weary the reader with the Latin; but it may suffice to say that the tenth comes out very badly, being an unlucky day in no less than six different months; the next in unfavorable odor is the third; after this

the first and the seventh. The second half in each and all of the months is peculiarly favored, having only one unlucky day among the whole—July 30th. Why this day is so unfavorably excepted, we are left to guess. An old English list of twenty-eight days in a year recommends them as being suitable days on which to apprentice boys to trades, and article youths to merchants, on the ground that the youngsters would by this auspicious beginning grow up to be skillful workmen and wealthy traders. Three of the months are credited with three each of these fortunate days, but poor August has only one.

Again, an old Book of Precedents, dated 1616, contains a calendar marked with no less than fifty-three days of an unlucky character; "such days," the record tells us, "as the Egyptians note to be dangerous to begin or take anything in hand, or to take a journey, or any such like thing." Query, did the Book of Precedents, or its author, know whether the Egytians ever adopted the Romish or European calendar? Possibly, Gipsies are meant. Just about one-seventh part of a man's life would be lost, so far as any useful pursuits are concerned, by the adoption of such a cautionary standard! There is a small manuscript in the great Paris Library, in which are enumerated, in very old French, thirty days likely to be unpropitious for certain avocations or undertakings, which are duly pointed out

One curious example exists of the days in certain months being associated in theory with some peculiar fitness for certain proceedings. The thirty-one verses of the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs were accepted as symbolical with the thirty-one days of the (longest) month. Several verses, relating to distances and the like, were to be studied by those who travel on the corresponding days of the month; another group were supposed to be important to the workers in linen; while others contain allusions likely to affect the workers in wool. It is obvious that this kind of manipulation is very elastic in character, and could be made to fit in with almost any theory.

Particular anniversaries, one day in each year, are accounted lucky or unlucky (as the case may be) on account of certain events which occurred thereon in past times. One day in the black list is Innocents' Day, December 28th—the day on which the children in Bethlehem were massacred by order of King Herod. A disastrous day has this ever since been regarded for the beginning of any work or important enterprise. The French king Louis XI. was very sensitive on this point, disliking to consider any public question on such a day of ill-omen. It was an unlucky day for marrying.

The coronation of Edward IV. of England was postponed for one day, in order to avoid this anniversary. The
women in some parts of Cornwall endeavor to dispense with
scrubbing and scouring on this day. On the other hand, a
proneness is manifested to select a particular day for commencing any important undertaking, simply because it is
the anniversary of some great event. During the Crimean
war, for instance, there were many soldiers who thought it
would be lucky to make one of the grand assaults on
Sebastopol on the 18th of June, that being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo—forgetting that this
day would be one greatly in disfavor with our French
allies.

Predicting the weather of one day from that of another is a favorite item in proverbial philosophy—such as the inference of a wet Sunday from a wet Friday; and the dictum that "if the sun shine on Easter Day he will shine on Whitsunday." There is another denoting the fact that when, on a particular day,

The sun hath shined,
The greater part of Winter comes behind.

Digitized by

As may reasonably be expected, the several days of the week have been eagerly scanned to see which of them might reasonably be associated with luck or unlucky prognostics. The seven days of the week (or rather six of them) have their respective good and bad qualities set forth in a Northamptonshire rhymed saying, just as dogmatic in its tone of assertion as such effusions usually are:

Monday health,
Tuesday wealth,
Wednesday for good fortin',
Thursday losses,
Friday crosses,
Saturday signifies northin'.

The contempt here expressed for Saturday is somewhat amusing. The county of Devon gives a different aspect to the matter, by connecting the days of the week with the good or ill-luck likely to befall children born on those days

Monday's bairn is fair o' face;
Tuesday's bairn is full o' grace;
Wednesday's bairn 's the child o' woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's bairn works hard for a living;
But the bairn that's born on Sunday
Is brisk and bonny, wise, and gay.

What was the impressive incident that rendered Sunday an auspicious day to Christians, every one knows. As to Monday, the rhymed proverbs and sayings are generally favorable; but there was a medieval belief that three particular Mondays in the year are likely to be disastrous to the human family. Cain was born, and Abel slain (so runs the legend) on the first Monday in April; Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed on the first Monday in August; Judas Iscariot was born, and Jesus Christ was betrayed, on the last Monday in December. A notion prevailed two centuries or so ago that Tuesday was a bad day for the house of Tudor-Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth, all having died on this particular day of the week. We must appeal to historians to give us the exact dates, and then to almanac-computers to count backward, and see whether the three dates really fell on Tuesdays.

Of all the days in the week, Friday is that which has been most uniformly associated with particular classes of events, for the most part disastrous or unfavorable. Unlucky Friday has existed in men's minds for centuries, and still manifests considerable vitality. An ancient monkish legends tells us that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and they both died on Friday.

The superstitions of mariners concerning Friday are very strong. The believers in the ominous theory relate a story of a ship having been laid down on a Friday, on purpose to belie the popular belief; it was launched on a Friday, placed under the command of Captain Friday, sailed on a Friday-and was never again heard of! The redoubtable Lord Cochrane, afterward Earl of Dundonald. on one occasion sailed in the Wellesley from Plymouth on a Friday; he was recalled into harbor by signal from the port-admiral before he had run far. The official reason for the recall was that he might take out a mail; but the sailors clung to the theory that the port-admiral was a believer in unlucky Fridays. The same theory or adage was strongly associated in the mind of one naval officer with the ship to which he belonged; he received his appointment on a Friday, joined the ship on a Friday, sailed on a Friday, and was wrecked on a Friday. The believers in unlucky Fridays dwell emphatically on a gigantic instance in their favor. The magnificent mail-steamer Amazon left Southampton on a particular Friday in 1852; the emigrant ship Birkenhead left Portsmouth on the same day; the one was lost by burning, involving the loss of 160 lives; the other was wrecked in a storm, when no less than 430 persons perished. "So, you see, we are right," said the Friday theorists.

It is scarcely necessary to urge that none of these ominous conundrums will bear scrutiny. We hear only of them when the prediction comes true, not of the overwhelmingly greater number which fail. Would the foretellers of unlucky Fridays apply to Lloyd's list, classify the ships in seven groups, and place in each group all those which sailed from our ports on a particular day of the week, they would probably find that there is just about the same ratio of recorded disasters to ships which sailed on Friday as to those which commenced their voyages on Thursday, Saturday, or any other day of the week. A resolute and faithful record of facts, whether telling for or against a particular theory, is the only effectual test of it in social life as in physical science; but this kind of impartial recording is not much in favor among foretellers.

The absurdity of prognosticating the weather from the state of the atmosphere on certain days is illustrated in the superstition concerning St. Swithin's Day, July 15th. The common belief about this momentous day is that, if it rains or is fair on that day, there will be a continuous track of wet or dry weather for forty days ensuing. There are two serious objections to the truth of this belief. The weather is not uniform on any particular day all over the globe, nor even in one country. A dull, wet day in London may be, and often is, a clear and bright day at Brighton; and so on. But there is a greatly more serious objection. The superstition about the day originated hundred of years sinceduring the regimé of Old Style. The introduction of New Style (in England in 1752) caused a shift of eleven days since 1800, twelve days. Our present 15th of July, therefore, is equivalent to the 27th by Old Style. Hence, what truth can there be in the belief about St. Swithin's? The change of style has proved a sad discomfiture to all ideas connected with particular days and seasons; and people with any sense of discretion should try to keep these facts in mind.

## Styles of Conversation.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox, in conversation, never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious. Grotius was talkative. Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll. Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity; he soared into every region, and was at home in all. Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running

water. Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy; and, if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist with the butt of it. Coleridge, in his conversation, was full of acuteness and originality. Leigh Hunt has well been termed the philosopher of hope, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs. Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well-stored memory.

## A SWIM AND A RUN FOR LIFE.

THE perilous adventure, a scene of which is illustrated, is a part of the traveling experience of Michael Tammany,

of Michigan. who some years since returned from a trading expedition through Southern Kansas. and as far along that line of the Pacific Railroad which at the time was completed. Mr. Tammany's partner, and a boy accompanying them, were murdered in the valley of the Platte River.

At one time Mr. Tammany was sharply pursued by seven of the Indians, on their fastest horses, and for a distance of about five miles they were not more than nine or ten rods in his rear. horse was a re-

markably fast one, but his best efforts failed to increase the gap between himself and his pursuers. At length, when Mr. Tammany had almost despaired of making good his flight, his horse suddenly came upon a bluff bank, dropping off into a deep slough directly in front of him. From this bank, which was not less than nine or ten feet high, the horse made a desperate leap, and instantly sank into the soft alluvium to a depth which completely submerged his body, leaving only his head exposed to sight.

At the instant of striking, Mr. Tammany was thrown over the animal's head, and completely covered with mud. The horse was entirely unable to extricate himself from his position, and Mr. Tammany closely clung to his neck, with his face only out of the mire, on the side of the horse's neck opposite the bank from which the jump was made. The Indians immediately appeared on the bank and fired a vollcy, several balls passing through the blanket saddle-cover,

just above Mr. Tammany, when the firing ceased-the Indians undoubtedly supposing that they had killed their victim-and Mr. Tammany changed his position sufficiently to be able to make an observation of the bank whence the firing had proceeded. The savages had left the bank, and he observed four of them, with long knives in their hands, making an attempt to cross to the ravine about ten rods above him, and three trying to get across below.

Although the horse jumped nearly across the ravine, Mr. Tammany was at the critical moment so nearly exhausted. that he at first thought he could make no further effort to escape the fate which he knew must be his if he remained a few minutes longer. But he jerked off his boots, leaving them his helpless horse, and crawled out, until he reached a. soil that would support him in an erect position, when he started on a very fleet run for the river; the dense growth of

alder-bushes. through which he crawled in starting from the ravine, favoring his retreat against the observation of the savages. until he could get some dis tance away. After running, as he thinks, about two miles, he reached the Platte River, and hearing his pursuers yelling on his track, jumped into the stream, and swam down it, keeping close to the clayey bank, which was several feet high, and so steep as in many places to reach several feet over the The water. water was beyond his depth.



A SWIM AND A RUN FOR LIFE.

but Mr. Tammany was an expert swimmer. After swimming down nearly two miles he came to quite a sharp bend in the stream, and upon turning the bend, he observed, near the middle of the stream, two or three islands, about half a mile below him. One of these he reached, and, concealing himself, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his pursuers.

He was finally rescued by a detachment of United States soldiers, who helped him to their wagon, and carried him in a terrible state of exhaustion to Fort Sedgwick.

It is an impressive truth that, sometimes in the very lowest forms of duty, less than which would rank a man as a villain, there is, nevertheless, the sublimest ascent of of self-sacrifice. To do less would class you as an object of eternal scorn: to do so much presumes the grandeur of heroism.

# A MONARCH'S DAUGHTER.

In a thick wood near his father's palace, a young prince was once walking with a nobleman who was his constant companion. Evening was coming on, and as they passed an old hollow oak-tree, nearly hidden in the ivy that grew up round it, the prince was startled by the melancholy cry of an owl.

"Tu whoo, tu whoo!" it said.

"Hark!" said the prince; "did you hear what that owl was saying? How mournful it was! It has made me feel quite sad."

"What the owl was saying!" replied the young nobleman who was with him; "your royal highness must be joking. I only heard the owl say 'Tu whoo,' like every other owl. But if it makes you sad, I will soon put a stop to it."

"How?" said the

"By fetching my bow and arrow," answered his companion. "I am not a bad shot, as your royal highness knows, and a wellaimed arrow would soon stop that doleful hooting."

"Do not think of such a thing," said the prince. "I shall be very angry if you shoot the owl; it does no harm, poor creature. Come, it is getting chilly, let us go in."

All that night the prince could not get the owl's mournful "Hoo, hoo, hoo" out of his head. So the next day he determined to find the owl, and went out to the wood

again; but this time without his companion. As he came near the hollow tree, he heard the owl repeating the same melancholy song.

"Poor creature!" thought the prince; "perhaps it is hurt."
And climbing up through the ivy he peeped into the hollow tree. There sat a large white owl. But instead of flying away, or hissing and pecking at him, as a common owl would have done, it sat still and stared at him with its great sad eyes.

It looked so strange that the prince felt half inclined to slip down again.

However, he was ashamed to be afraid of an owl, so he said:

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"Owl, why are you so sad?" The owl replied:

"Poor old owl!" said the prince. "Tell me about it, and I will try to help you." And the owl said:

"Strange the tale, and hard the task; Will you do whate'er I ask?"

"Yes, if I can," said the prince.
And the owl answered again:

"When the moon is shining low, You must wander out alone; You must pluck the flowers that grow Round a mossy, carven stone.

Steep in wine, and then divide it
Into portions three:
A third to drink, a third to keep,
A third to give to me."

"That does not sound very difficult," said the prince. "And shall I drink my third as soon as I have steeped the flowers?"

"He that sips
With sullied lips
His doom has quaffed.
Lip that's pure
May endure
The dangercus
draught,"

replied the owl.

"Mighty is the potion's power, Keep it for the fated hour."

The prince began now to consider whether his lips

had ever been sullied by an untruthful or unjust word.

"New then" said he "I shall containly being it all to

"Nay, then," said he, "I shall certainly bring it all to you. But, owl, why do you always answer in this odd, mysterious way?"

The owl, still looking sadly at him, replied:

"Fate, not choice,
Guides my voice,
Ask no more, go forth and do—
Tu whit, tu whoo!"

So that night, when the crescent-moon had sunk low in the West, the prince went forth to seek for the magic herb



A MONABCH'S DAUGHTER.—"CLIMBING UP THROUGH THE IVY, HE PEEPED INTO THE HOLLOW TREE. THERE SAT A LARGE WHITE OWL."

by that uncertain light. And as he walked he suddenly entered a moonlit glen, and before him lay what once had been the statue of a nymph, but it was thrown down and broken and moss-covered. Over the carved stone face there grew a plant whose small starry flowers shone like silver in the moonbeams. The prince immediately gathered it, and as he walked home he thought he heard a rustle of wings as though the owl were flying near him.

The next day, having poured his magic drink into three silver flasks, he went out to the ivy-tree. There sat the owl as before. The prince told her what he had done.

"And what shall I do next to serve you?" he asked. The owl said:

> "Will you serve me? Come, then, where Reigns the lady false and fair. But beware-Her softest smile Is full of guile; If thou art firm 'gainst flattery, Prince, arise and follow me."

The prince felt very curious to see the end of this adventure, so he said:

"I am not afraid of being flattered, and if you will show me the way I am ready to go with you."

And the owl flew out of the tree and answered:

"If thou wilt keep thy promise true, Mount and away-tu whit, tu whoo!"

Then the prince mounted his horse, and the owl flew by his side, and they traveled for three nights, sleeping by day and journeying by night. Early in the morning, after the third night's journey, they came to the end of the dominions of the prince's father. And across the border there rose to meet them a band of gayly-dressed horsemen, with fifes and trumpets. The owl tried to speak, but her voice was lost in the sound of the music, and the prince spurred merrily on. When he came up to them they all bowed low, and their captain said:

"The great Queen Lisonja, sovereign of this land, has sent us to greet your royal highness, and to entreat you to consider her palace yours, if you will deign to enter it."

"She is very kind," said the prince," but I am come on an errand which I wish to do with all speed, and to return home without delay.'

"The great Queen Lisonja knows your errand, O prince, and she bids us say that, if you will confide in her, she will rejoice to carry out your wishes."

As the captain spoke there was a blast of trumpets, and a queen in glittering robes rode up, followed by her court. She looked so fair and smiling that the prince thought, "Certainly this cannot be the false cousin who enchanted my owl." And, as she was getting down to greet him, he ran forward and kissed her hand. But she would hardly let him do so, and she told him how much she had heard of him, of his beauty and his valor and his wisdom; but that now she came to see him she perceived that people had not praised him half enough.

And the young prince blushed for pleasure; and he went back with Queen Lisonja to her stately palace, listening to her sweet sayings, and forgot all about his poor owl, who had never said such fine things to him.

Lisonja prepared a splendid feast in his honor, and it was not till it was nearly over that the prince remembered his errand, and said that he must be going.

"Ah!" said Lisonja, "I see your kind, generous heart has been touched by that owl's story. But, with your quick wit, you must have perceived that the poor thing is crazy; not half of her story is true. Besides, it was all her own fault, as such things mostly are. That enchanted wine that she

gave you-your royal highness has not drunk any, I

"No, not yet," said the prince.

"Ah, I am glad of that," said Lisonja. "The poor foolish owl believes it to be poison. It is not quite so bad as that, but it might disagree with you very much; let me strongly advise you to fling it away.'

"I cannot think that she believes it to be poison," said the prince, "for she said some of it is for herself. At any rate, I undertook the adventure, and I shall keep my promise."

"Spoken like your noble, valorous self!" cried Lisonja. "But not to-night; I cannot let my sweet prince go tonight. Your fair cheek is wan for lack of sleep; honor me by reposing this night in my poor palace."

So the prince staid; and he slept so soundly that he did not hear the melancholy "Hoo, hoo, hoo" of the owl as she

circled vainly round the palace.

The next day Queen Lisonja must take the prince to see her gardens, and then she must have his portrait painted for her to keep, and so on from day to day, until a week had slipped away, and still the poor white owl was forgotten.

One morning the prince went into an arbor in the garden. This arbor was so placed that he could see into a drawingroom where Lisonja and some of her ladies were sitting, and for sometime he amused himself with watching Lisonia playing with a little dog, which she seemed to be very fond of. But presently he grew troublesome, as little dogs will when they are too much romped with, and when she tried to quiet him he would not be quiet. One of the ladies tried to turn him out, but he would not go. Then the prince saw Lisonja get up and offer him a biscuit. Of course the little dog ran up to get it, and she led him to the door, still holding out the biscuit. Then, instead of the biscuit, she gave the little dog a kick that sent him whining out, and shut the door in his face. And she and all her ladies laughed, but the prince felt very angry

"I do not like her at all," thought he. "She is cruel and false. If she could cheat the poor dog like that, she may be cheating me; and, if she is unkind to him, she may have been unkind to my poor white owl."

And he went to his room, and began walking up and down in a very disturbed state of mind.

Before he had made up his mind what to do, they came to tell him that his horse was at the door, and that Queen Lisonja begged him to come out hunting with her. Her soft speeches were disagreeable to him now, and he parted from her as soon as he could, and rode away by himself.

As he rode along he thought he heard a faint cry of an owl from a neighboring thicket. He went to it, and there, at the bottom of an old dry well, whose sides had fallen in and were covered with fern, he saw the white owl lying, almost too weak to move.

She turned her mournful eyes to his as he stooped over her and said:

> "Oh, prince most faithless, most untrue, Who promised fair, but did not do-Tu whoo! tu whoo!"

The prince was so sorry that he did not know what to say, but he took the owl in his cloak and rode gently back with her to his room, and there recovered her with food and gentle words, until she was able to speak to him again.

"I will not fail you this time, dear owl," he said. "Only let me serve you again, and I will do anything for you that you ask."

And the owl replied

"Now is come the fated hour: Try the wondrous potion's power."



Meanwhile Lisonja and her attendants were riding up and down over the country, looking for the prince. At last they came home without him; and very soon afterward a page knocked at the prince's door with a message from Lisonja, begging him to come out and speak to her, that she might be sure he was not ill or hurt.

"I will come at once," said the prince, who had agreed with the ow what he was to do.

"Oh, my sweet prince, my noble friend!" cried Lisonja, as he came into the room, "how terrified I have been for you! how my heart——"

"Flatterer!" interrupted the prince. "Where is the Princess Verdadera, whom her dying father intrusted to your care?"

Lisonja looked startled for a moment, but answered:

"Oh, I see that crazy old owl has been with you again. Surely you do not believe her. I have told you the real state of the case, and how the wrongs she fancies are all her own fault. Your clear judgment, my prince——"

"If what you have told me is the truth, you will not hesitate to drink this," cried the prince, presenting her with one of the silver flasks.

At the same moment the white owl flew into the room. Lisonja fell on her knees.

"Oh, send her away!" she cried. "She wants to take away my character—she is going to poison me. Oh, noble prince—"

But the prince sprinkled on her a few drops from the flask, and so great was their magic power that Lisonja could no longer resist, but was forced to drink. The moment the enchanted draught touched her lips, sullied with falsehood and flattery, she sank down with a scream, and, behold, instead of the richly robed queen, a hideous snake lay wriggling on the steps of the throne! And all her attendants turned into snakes, writhing and coiling around her!

Now it was the prince's turn to drink; but he, seeing the terrible effect it had had on the false Lisonja, shrank from putting the flask to his lips. Then the snakes rose up hissing to attack him, and the owl cried out:

" Pause not to think— Drink, oh, drink!"

And he drank. There was no change in his appearance, except that his form grew more upright and his brow more open, and the snakes cowered and shrank and fied away from before him. But the prince stood covered with shame and dismay, for the magic draught seemed to have opened his eyes so that he saw what he really was—how silly and conceited in listening to Lisonja's flatteries, how thoughtlessly cruel to the owl, how idly he was spending his whole life in useless amusements, how careless of his people, whom he ought to be learning how to govern aright, how selfish in everything.

"Oh, owl!" he cried, "I have been behaving very badly. I am not fit—I do not deserve—to help you any more!"

But where was the owl? The third silver flask lay empty on the table, and beside it stood, not the white owl, but a lovely white-robed princess, with clear, beautiful eyes, and such a loving smile on her face that the prince knelt down and would have kissed the hem of her robe.

But she raised him up and said:

"Your white owl thanks you, prince, for having set her free from her enchanted shape, and her tongue from speaking in riddles. By your aid, I am the Princess Verdadera again, and queen of all this land. Rise up and tell me what I can do to prove my gratitude."

"Alas!" said the prince, "I have done nothing to deserve it. I have behaved so ill to you that I cannot tell why the magic draught has not done the same to me as it did to Lisonja."

"Because," replied Verdadera, "although you have been thoughtless, you have not been false."

"What is the wonderful herb that it is made from, then?" asked the prince.

"That little plant with the white starry flower is the herb of Truth," said Princess Verdadera. "We will keep some always by us, and then we need fear neither self-deceit nor flattery."

"Ah, Verdadera," said the prince, "if I may dare to hope that you will still trust me, I will try never to be vain and thoughtless again."

As he spoke, all the good old courtiers of the times of Verdadera's father, having heard that their own princess was come back again, crowded into the palace court to welcome her. And the princess allowed the prince to lead her forward, and presented him to her people as her deliverer. Then she turned to him and said:

"To-morrow we will ride to the court of the king, your father, and ask his blessing on our marriage. Then we will return, and govern our people with the rule of love and truth."

So they rode over the hills and through the forests to the court of the prince's father. And all the city came out to meet them, with the young nobleman, the prince's old companion, among the first. He little thought, while he looked at the beautiful princess, that he had once very much wished to shoot her.

As they passed the old ivy-covered tree in the palace grounds, Verdadera turned, smiling, to the prince, and sang:

"Once I was a lonely wanderer,
Sitting in the ivy-tree;
Now a happy maiden, riding
With the prince that set me free;
Singing, Joy joy joy, joy joy joy,
Oh, my heart is full of glee!
Full of love for those around me,
Most of all for him who found me
Sitting in the ivy-tree."

But I never could learn that Lisonja and her attendant snakes have been killed, so every one must take care to have a good supply of the herb of Truth always by them.

## AMONG THE GUATUSOS.

A Narrative of Adventure and Discovery in Central America.

THERE are a few aboriginal or Indian tribes or families. scattered at intervals over the continent, who, from their inaccessible position and other circumstances, have succeeded in maintaining an entire isolation from the rest of the world, and whose characters and habits are unknown, although probably little altered from what they were at the time of the discovery. An interesting example is afforded by the Guatusos, an Indian tribe occupying the basin of the Rio Frio, a considerable stream rising in the mountains of Costa Rica, and running northwest into Lake Nicaragua, which it reaches at very nearly the point of debouchure of the Rio San Juan. Many attempts were made by the Spanish missionaries and others toward the close of the last century to penetrate into the region, but they all failed through the firm and unappeasable hostility of the Indians. An attempt was made by the Costa Ricans, during the war against Walker, in 1856, to send a body of troops down the Rio Frio, to surprise the Fort of San Carlos, near its mouth, but they were met by the Guatusos and driven back.

As might be expected, the most extravagant stories prevail in Central America concerning these unknown and bellicose Indians. They are reported to be nearly white, with red hair, and to be as cruel as warlike. But these stories



have just been set at rest, and the secrets of the valley of the Rio Frio exposed by an adventurous countryman, Captain O. J. Parker, who for five years has been engaged on the steamers of the Nicaragua Transit Company, plying on the River San Juan and Lake Nicaragua. He undertook ascend the river in 1867 in a canoe, and penetrated to the head of canoe navigation. We subjoin his sim-

subjoin his simple, highly interesting yet unadorned narrative of the expe-

"My curiosity to penetrate into the valley of the Rio Frio, explore its course and learn its capacities, as well as something of the strange people called the Guatusos, who live on its banks, was early greatly excited by the numberless stories I had heard concerning the Indians and their country, and I had not been long in Nicaragua before I resolved on the adventure. I, however, sought for companions in vain; everybody denounced the enterprise as hazardous and foolhardy in the extreme. Some years of service with the Texan Rangers, and my experience in river navigation, led me to think otherwise, and after a year or two of effort, I succeeded in raising a canoe party, consisting of three Europeans, named A. C. Roberts and José Pëlang, Franco-Calfornians, and C. Debbon, a German, long resident in Louisiana, to accompany me; all good canoemen and ex-

perienced shots. Of course, we were well and heavily armed, and moreover furnished for a three months' journey. My canoe was of ordinary the kind in use upon the coast, twenty-two feet long, of a single cedar log, light and strong, capable of making six knots an hour with ease to three paddles, and drawing twelve inches of water with my party aboard.



AMONG THE GUATUSOS .- RIO FRIO CAMP .- SEE PAGE 627.

near the mouth of the river. They brought a light double-oared boat with them.

"Leaving Fort San Carlos at four o'clock, A.M., August 8th, we reached a plantain patch eight miles up the river, belonging to the fort, at sunrise. So far, the banks and adjacent country were low and swampy. By climbing trees on the river side we were able to see numerous lagoons connected by channels with each other, and with the river. This being the height of the rainy season, many of these lagoons were deep lakes, miles in extent, around which the picturesque coyol palm and gamalota were fringed in the solitary but beautiful landscape, as far as the eye could reach, with here and there small clumps of larger timber pleasantly relieving the uniformity. The river itself at the mouth, and for many hundred yards into the lake, is much obstructed by sand-banks and the alluvial deposit of the river, but there is a good though narrow channel to the

westward, carrying four feet of water. A short distance from its mouth the stream becomes and continues of an average width of one hundred yards, depth five feet, with a current in general of one and a half miles per hour. The temperature of the water is at least ten degrees lower than that of the lake; it also is clearer, and of a bluish color. Game began to be very plenti-

" Commenc-

ing our journey

from San Juan

del Norte, on

arriving at Fort

San Carlos, we were quite as

agreeably as

unexpectedly

joined by Cap-

tain Hart, of

the Transit

Company's steamer Grana-

da, and two

other Ameri-

cans, William

Hanger and

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den, who offer-

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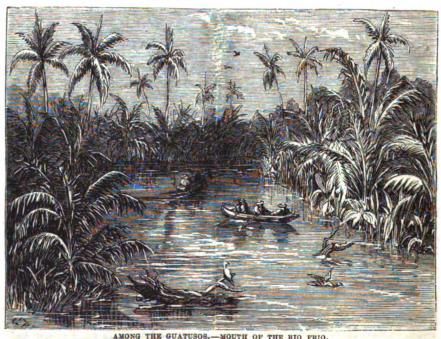
the distance on

a hunting trip,

very abundant

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game



NG THE GUATUSOS. - MOUTH OF THE RIO FRIO.

San Carlos, A

dam at the un-

per end of this

lake might easi-

ly be construct-

ed, and the

whole body of

water thus con-

fined to the

main channel

of the Rio Frio.

It also appears

to me extremely probable that

a complete ex-

amination of

the right bank

would discover

natural facilities

for joining the waters of the

Rio Frio and

San Juan below

Fort San Car-

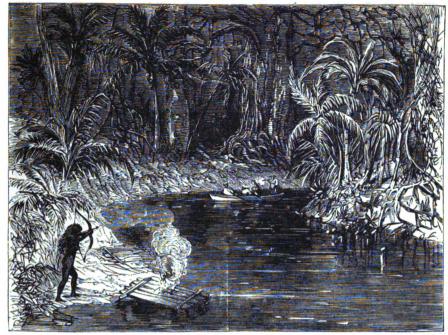
los, which

would be a mat-

ter of the great-

ful, particularly turkeys, ducks, and waterbirds, and on the banks, deer, guari (wild hog), and many varieties of the monkey - tribe. As we ascended. the mouths of the creeks we frequently came across the remains of old fish-traps, and fish of many varieties were observed, especially the gaupote, which is a fine-flavored, speckled fish, averaging five pounds in weight.

"At four in the afternoon



AMONG THE GUATUSOS .- RIO FBIO INDIANS SURPRISED .- SEE PAGE 627.

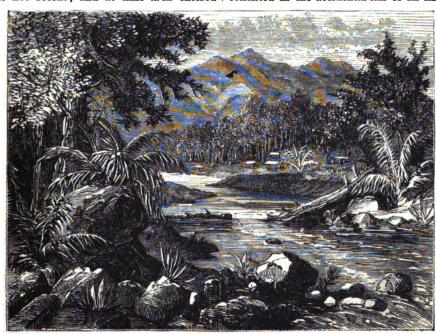
we reach a number of bends in the channel, and selecting a point in the left bank, which we named 'Godden's Bend,' went ashore and built a camp, covering a frame of poles with swallow-tail grass, known in the country as 'sweety,' which began to be abundant. We adhered to a plan during the trip, which was put in practice the first night, to secure us from any surprise or attack, namely, that of building a large camp-fire at fifty feet distance from our shelter, and stationing a guard thirty feet in an opposite direction, near whom the end of a long canoeline was made fast. Sand-flies and mosquitoes were numerous, but, having a large muslin bar, we slept soundly until daylight, having traveled thirty-five miles of deep water free from obstructions.

"Early in the morning of the second day we discovered Indian signs, but not recent; and at nine A. M. entered

'Blue Lake' by a short, deep channel from the left bank. We did not cross it, but estimated its diameter at ten miles. It is fed by the river, through a channel at its southeastern extremity, but twothirds of the water thus received is discharged by a channel at the western side. which, possibly, is the Rio Negro, falling into Lake Nicaragua eighteen miles west of est importance in navigation to both Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Resuming our ascent of the river, we observed high banks of red clay, larger and greater varieties of timber, and a luxurious vegetation. About three P. M. we were much amused in passing an immense drove of large red monkeys (ringtails). They appeared for a while determined to ascend the river in our company, swinging along the highest branches with an indescribable amount of chattering and grimacing. Our lowest estimate numbered them at fifteen hundred. We camped at 4:30 P. M. on the right bank, distant from last camp twenty miles. At 9:30 P.M. heard Indians, and, making careful examination, could smell fire; however, passed the night undisturbed.

"August 10th.—Continued our course at daybreak. At nine A. M., arrived at the first obstruction in the river. This consisted in the accidental fall of an immense 'Balsa' tree

> across the river. and through which we were compelled to cut a passage with axes. Close by the bank was tied a small raft, upon which had been a fire burning recently, and a quantity of freshly-cut plantains. Jumping ashore with Roberts, we struck into a well-worn path up the stream (in some places nearly a foot deep), but finding the trail cold, we returned to our party



AMONG THE GUATUSOS .- HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE RIO FRIO.

after an hour's absence. At two P. M. saw another raft, upon which two Indians were cooking plantains. They jumped ashore immediately on perceiving us, taking with them their arms (bows and spears), and uttering the loudest cries. We hastened to follow them, but, encumbered and cramped as we were, no wonder without success. We had brought several articles of great value in Indian eyes to barter or give way. I had also a gay old uniform, which I was anxious to give to the chief, if we could only effect communications with the tribe.

"It was pretty evident that they possessed neither firearms nor cutlery—indeed, during our trip we saw no metal of any kind, manufactured or unmanufactured, in their possession. Their arrow-heads and axes are made of coyol (a hard black palm) and stone; their cooking and other utensils, of course red-clay ware, similar to that used by the Indians of the lake, while the breech-cloth, which is their only covering, is simply a piece of ule (india-rubber) or mohagua bark, beaten into a kind of felt upon a smooth stone.

"The trail upon the left bank is much better than the one upon the right bank of the river; the latter is perhaps solely used for hunting, or in passing along to the fishing-weirs, etc. We carefully selected our camping-ground, about four P.M., upon the left bank, on a high point, round which the river winds in a sudden curve, having made, by our estimate, twenty-five miles since morning.

"Starting at daylight on the fourth day, we began to observe signs of cultivation, and after a while perceived on both sides of the river fair quantities of plaintain, cassava, kikisky, papayas, maize, and cacao, the last remarkably fine, and the trees, from their great size, evidently old. At nine A.M. passed a large sheet of water, 'Parker Lake,' which, however, we did not stop to explore, and an hour afterward came unexpectedly upon another Indian, who gave us a better opportunity of examining him, and I may as well take this opportunity of describing his appearance, and the characteristics of the tribe we encountered, so far as we could ascertain them. I can do so concisely, by stating that a Guatuso Indian, to the eye, in all respects, resembles a Comanche; but to those who may never have had the misfortune to meet this gentle specimen of humanity, I will add that, in stature, they average six feet, and in weight, two hundred pounds, the females likewise being of large size. They are of a clear copper color, untainted, apparently, by admixture with either white or negro blood, and are perfect models of strength and muscular development. Their faces are somewhat broader, with higher cheek-bones, than the Lake Indians, with coarse but not generally unpleasant features, whilst the long, straight black hair is allowed to fall around the body in both sexes until it sometimes trails on the ground. They were apparently without ornament, or, rather, disfigurement of any kind; and, altogether, the appearance to us of the Guatusos fully justified the appellation of 'Wild Indians,' in the strictest sense of the term, as applied by the natives of the country, who are, nevertheless, not a whit further advanced in the arts of horticulture, roadmaking, or in social progress than these Guatusos, and physically they are much inferior.

"We arrived at a small island in the river at 11 A.M. (Hart's Island); good channel along right bank. Constantly passed old rafts and deserted shanties, the latter being covered with waha leaf only, which is very perishable, and hence one would infer that the Guatusos villages are not located on the river, these buildings being merely used as occasion requires for visiting the plantations, collecting game, etc., and that the people permanently reside upon the slopes of the mountains, where they are not molested by musquitoes and other troublesome insects, and where the position would be more open and agreeable.

"From 11 A.M. to 4.30 P.M. passed great numbers of India-

rubber trees on both banks—a belt fifteen miles long, and from one hundred to eight hundred yards wide. The most experienced 'rubber-men' of our party had never seen such an immense grove before. Several creeks, likewise, which fell into the river on both banks, contained scarcely any other timber. The river here is less tortuous. We camped at 4.30 P. M. on the left bank, opposite 'Muddy Creek,' which some of the party declared contained more rubber than the river itself. We also saw several varieties of cedar of fine growth, and some mahogany. Estimated distance this day, thirty-five miles.

"Finding plenty of fresh signs around our camp, I made the most of our position, which was naturally a good one, by cutting paths from it up and down the stream from camp, and remembering old times in Texas, I drove half a dozen stakes into the ground around the fire, upon which were hung the wet clothes of the party, so as to somewhat resemble sitting figures. The guard was stationed near the point where the canoe was moored under a large chilimata tree. In the middle of the night I heard Indians down the stream, and rousing Roberts, heard them passing behind our camp, and soon afterward a slight crackling in the brands near the fire satisfied us of their immediate presence. Without disturbing the balance of the party, we lay waiting for 'what would turn up,' and shortly afterward an arrow flew with great force amongst the decoy stakes, striking one obliquely, and then glancing to the ground, where it firmly planted itself. Firing a couple of shots in the direction from which the arrow came, we heard no more of our visitors, and slept unmolested the rest of the night.

"FIFTH DAY, AUGUST 12TH.—In reconnoiting the vicinity in the morning, we found a spot not half a mile up the river, where at least forty Indians had camped during the night. Fires were burning, and there were plentiful supplies of plantains in every stage of ripeness ready for the morning's meal. We went ashore to examine the place, and tapped an immense India-rubber tree. At eight o'clock Captain Hart and his companions parted from us to join the steamer on the San Juan river.

"At the mouth of the eastern fork, which appeared rapid, rocky and unnavigable, is a small island which would be of use as the site of the pioneer fort or depôt. We therefore entered the western branch, and with considerable labor ascended the channel, which is full of rocks, trees, bars, and shoals, a distance of twelve miles, when we arrived at a broad gravel reach, about five hundred yards wide and nearly dry, over which it was impossible to pass the canoe, and referring to my log, found the distance, from the mouth of the river to this point, one hundred and thirty-five miles. Leaving the canoe, we proceeded a short distance up the channel, and sunk a hole on a bar in a favorable-looking position for gold, but without finding a 'color.' However, while walking about the bars and adjacent banks, I picked up a piece of bluish quartz, which was subsequently assayed by Jacoby & Co., at San Juan, and yielded very rich returns of both gold and

"The Marivalles Mountains cross the head of this branch nearly at right angles, and at apparently a distance of two or three miles only. Their uniformity and general appearance would, however, lead one to suppose it next to impossible to find through them a pass for a practical road to the valley beyond. Toward the east, and most likely following the canon of the eastern fork for many miles, is a great depression in the range, which would indicate this as the easiest, as it is the most direct, route for a road of communication between the valley of the Rio Grande de Costa Rica, and the head of navigation on the Rio Frio.

"We cut marks upon several 'soto-cavalho' trees with machetes, on the right bank, and commenced our return trip at 3 p. m.



"Between this point and the forks we saw in our ascent many groups of shanties, sometimes numbering a dozen together; but they were quickly vacated at our approach. Fires were left burning, and we saw the recent track of children's feet, heard dogs barking, and a great deal of noise made by the Indians in their flight. About four P. M. we came quietly within twenty-five feet of three Indians on a log at the riverside, shooting fish with arrows. Contemplating us for an instant with the most perplexed and curious air imaginable, they suddenly raised a great yell, and scrambled up the high bank with the most surprising agility. They, like all the rest, ran into the forest, screaming at the top of their voices.

"Repassing the forks, we shortly after saw a man and woman landing from rafts tied to the right bank. On examination, the ground showed unmistakable signs of at least three hundred persons having crossed quite recently from the left bank. Running the canoe as quickly as possible alongside, we strenuously endeavored by words and signs to induce a parley. They were each armed with bows and spears, and 'retreated in good order' to a plantain patch, making several stands meantime, as if to show us that fear had less to do with their movements than policy, and soon afterward commenced the usual yelling and screaming, which we unanimously agreed could not be outdone by any other tribe on earth.

"Two miles below, and whilst regretting the futility of our efforts at communication with the Indians, we approached a raft tied to the right bank, upon which was seated an Indian, busily engaged in plucking the feathers from a speckled bittern nearly the size of a turkey, which he had just shot with his bow, which lay beside him on the raft. When within a few feet of him he first saw us, and, instantly seizing his arms, ran ashore, apparently in the greatest fury. He immediately fitted an arrow to his bow, but appeared to disapprove of it, changing it rapidly for another, we, in the meantime, by every means in our power, endeavoring to arrest his movements and attract his attention, calling to him in the various Indian dialects with which we were acquainted - Spanish, French, and English - without any avail. Continuing his preparations amid the wildest cries and gestures, he at length drew the arrow full upon me as I sat in the stern of the canoe, and at the same moment he dropped dead by a shot from our party. I very much regretted this unfortunate result, which I did my utmost to avert, strictly enjoining no shot to be fired in any event, unless we were surrounded by numbers, and I was willing to take the chance of the arrow-shot in the hopes of securing the Indian afterward. He was about thirty years of age, fully six feet high, and of large, robust limbs. He had a large head, covered with hair reaching below the hips, which, combined with a savage expression of face, rendered his appearance and gestures somewhat more ferocious than fascinating.

"After this unfortunate occurrence we continued our descent of the river in heavy rain the whole night without stopping, passing Camp No. 2 about one A.M., and arriving at Fort San Carlos soon after daylight, or about fifteen hours after commencing our return. Captain Hart and party had arrived the previous night in safety. Allowing two miles per hour for the current, as the rain had raised the creeks considerably, add an average speed of six miles for the canoe, we have as the length of the river 120 miles, of which distance 108 are capable of steamer navigation."

Consumption. — Natural history of consumption: Two thin shoes make one cold, two colds an attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis one mahogany box.

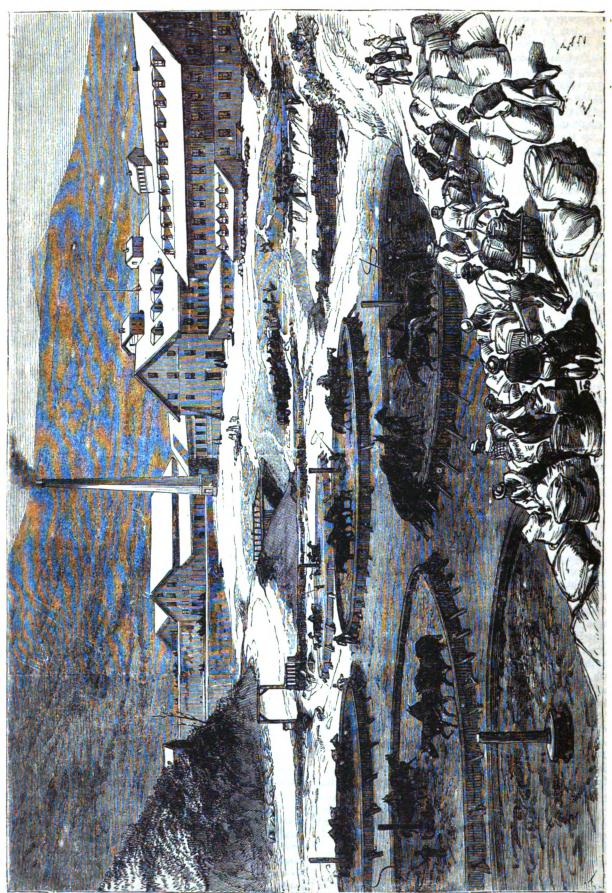
## POWER OF HABIT.

That balancing moment, at which pleasure would allure, and conscience is urging us to refrain, may be regarded as the point of departure, or divergency, whence one or other of the two processes (toward evil, or toward good) take their commencement. Each of them consists in a particular succession of ideas, with their attendant feelings; and whichever of them may happen to be described once, has, by the law of suggestion, the greater chance, in the same circumstances, of being described over again. Should the mind dwell on an object of allurement, and the considerations of principle not be entertained, it will pass onward from the first incitement to the final and guilty indulgence, by a series of stepping-stones, each of which will present itself more readily in future, and with less chance of arrest or interruption by the suggestions of conscience than before.

But should these suggestions be admitted, and, far more, should they prevail, then, on the principle of association, will they be all the more apt to intervene, on the repetition of the same circumstances, and again break that line of continuity, which, but for this intervention, would have led from a temptation to a turpitude or a crime. If, on the occurrence of a temptation, formerly conscience did interpose, and represent the evil of a compliance, and so impress the man with a sense of obligation, as led him to dismiss the fascinating object from the presence of his mind, or to hurry away from it; the likelihood is, that the recurrence of a similar temptation will suggest the same train of thoughts and feelings, and lead to the same beneficial result; and this is a likelihood ever increasing with every repetition of the process. The train which would have terminated in a vicious indulgence is dispossessed by the train which conducts to a resolution and an act of virtuous selfdenial.

The thoughts which tend to awaken emotions and purposes on the side of duty find readier entrance into the mind; and the thoughts which awaken and urge forward the desire of what is evil more readily give way. The positive force on the side of virtue is augmented by every repetition of the train which leads to a virtuous determination. The resistance to this force, on the side of vice, is weakened in proportion to the frequency wherewith that train of suggestions, which would have led to a vicious indulgence, is broken and discomfited. It is thus that, when one is successfully resolute in his opposition to evil, the power of making the achievement, and the facility of the achievement itself, are both upon the increase, and Virtue makes double gain to herself by every separate conquest which she may have won. The humbler attainments of moral worth are first mastered and secured, and the aspiring disciple may pass onward, in a career that is quite indefinite, to nobler deeds and nobler sacrifices.

If the peculiarities of our feelings and faculties be the effect of variety of excitement through a diversity of organization, it should tend to produce in us mutual forbearance and toleration. We should perceive how nearly impossible it is that persons should feel and think exactly alike upon any subject. We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtue and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weakness of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce nor easily counteract. No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate.



# THE HISTORY AND PRESENT PRODUCTION OF SILVER.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

SILVER is a metal to which unusual attention is directed at the present time in consequence of its proposed substitution for fractional paper currency, and because of the irrepressible discussion of the propriety of adopting it as a standard of coinage. In view of the interest attaching to the subject, it may be worth while to study the history, manner of occurrence, method of preparation, and principal properties of the metal.

In ancient times it received the name of *luna*, or the moon, after the chaste Diana, and one of its compounds, now much used in the arts, still retains the old name, and is called lunarcaustic. Silver occurs in nature, under so many forms, and as-

sociated with such a variety of mineral gangue that it may, with propriety, be looked for in nearly every geological formation. The native metal is found crystallized in octahedrons, cubes, and dendritic shapes, but more usually in small grains, or in amorphous masses of various magnitude. At the mines of Kongsberg, in Norway, a specimen, weighing 500 lbs., was at one time found, and similar masses have been taken from the mines in Saxony and Mexico. "The Poor Man's Lode," in Idaho, has yielded large nuggets of native silver, and the copper of Lake Superior often contains it disseminated through it. Mineralogists have described forty ores and minerals containing silver, many of them, however, so rare as to possess only a scientific interest. The principal sources of the metal are silver-glance, which is a sulphide, and may contain as high as 87 per cent.; ruby-silver, by which is commonly

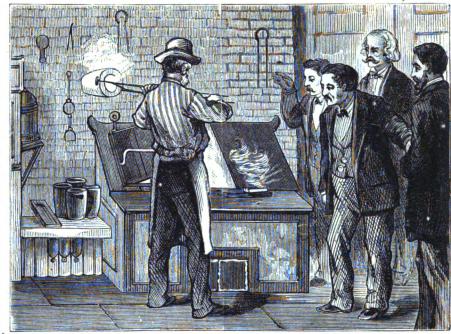


FIG. 1.—BLACK LEAD CRUCIBLES FOR MELTING GOLD AND SILVER.

understood a mixture of antimony and sulphur with silver, usually possessing a fine red color; native silver, argentiferous galena, and argentiferous copper ores. All of these varieties are found in considerable quantities in the United States, and the extraction of the metal from them has proved a great source of wealth to the country. The State of Nevada, where are situated the celebrated Washoe, Comstock, Virginia City mines, is one of the richest silverproducing districts of the world. The miners of this region sent \$51,500 in silver bricks, weighing 100 lbs. each, to the Sanitary Commission, as their contribution for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers at the time of our late war. Among the silver-mining districts of the Pacific, in addition to Washoe, may be mentioned Esmeralda, Coso, Arizona, and Potosi. They have produced so many million pounds of the metal as to materially affect the price of silver

> bullion as a commercial article. The occurrence of such large deposits of silver, combined with sulphur, antimony, etc., rendered some improvement in the old methods of working the ore absolutely essential. Much time and money was wasted in testing all manner of impracticable devices which were proposed for overcoming the difficulty. The most successful invention was made by Stetefeldt, at one time assistant in Columbia College, New York. This accomplished chemist discovered that silver ores, no matter in what combination the metal occurs, mixed with salt, are completely chloridized if they fall against a current of hot air, rising in a shaft with no obstructions whatever to check or retard the fall of the ore particles. He devised a furnace in which the yield of silver is said to be greater than by any other process. The ore is mixed with the necessary

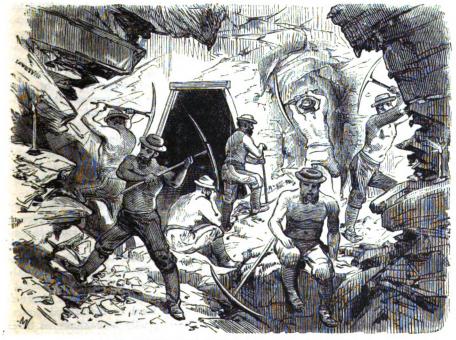


FIG. 4.—INTERIOR OF A SILVER MINE, VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

amount of salt

on a dry kiln

and very finely

crushed, and

run through a

screened pulp

is taken by an

elevator to the

top of the fur-

nace and discharged into a

bin connected

with a hopper, whence it is fed

into the fur-

88 and 92 per

cent. of the sil-

ver actually contained in the

ore is chlorid-

In this

between

nace.

way



FIG. 3.—CUPELLING THE GOLD, TO SEPARATE IT FROM ITS ALLOY, ALL EXCEPT THE SILVER.

ized ready for amalgamation. The next step is the ancient process of amalgamation.

When mercury is brought into contact with metallic silver, the two readily unite to form an amalgam; if mercury and chloride of silver are brought together, a portion of the mercury takes away the chloride, leaving the silver free to combine with another portion of the mercury to form an amalgam. The operation is performed in a large pan. Wooden mullers, shod with iron, are caused to revolve in this pan, bringing the ore into contact with the mercury. Water is added to the pulp, which is next run into the agitator or separator, and the pan washed out. The liquid amalgam is drawn off, carefully washed in clean water, dried in flannel, and strained through thick canvas bags. The dried amalgam is finally placed in cylindrical cast-iron retorts, and the mercury distilled off it at red heat.

When cold, the retorted silver is broken up, melted in graphite crucibles, and cast into bars or ingots. The black crucibles (see fig. 1), in which the gold and silver is melted previous to casting into bars, were formerly imported from Passau, in Bavaria. The late Mr. Dixon invented a method of making equally good pots, and they are now extensively manufactured in Jersey City, and sent to all parts of the United States.

In the early stages of Western mining, the process of amalgamation was conducted after the primitive manner of the Mexicans. The crushed ore is spread out upon a paved court or "patio," about sixty tons at a time; to this 3 to 5 per cent. of common salt is added, and then the mass is well trodden by mules for a few hours (see fig. 2), when it is allowed to remain at rest until the following morning. Calcined copper pyrites ("magistral") is then added, in the proportion of twenty-eight pounds to every ton of ore. The mules are turned in again for an hour, or more, until a perfect mixture is obtained. The mercury is next added to the extent of five or six times the supposed quantity of silver, by squeezing it, in the form of spray, through a sheet. The mass is then well-trodden and also turned over by hand every other day, sometimes for a month, until the amalgamation is known to be complete. The heap is then carried away to be thoroughly dried, and the excess of mercury squeezed out, and the cakes of about thirty pounds each are subjected to heat to expel the mercury, while the silver is melted down in the usual way. This is a very old and wasteful method of amalgamation, and is likely to be entirely superseded by the common California and Nevada system of pans. The

slimes from the stamps in Nevada, which were formerly washed, are now saved, and the tailings are also collected on a series of inclined planes covered with blankets. A railroad now connects Virginia City with the Central Pacific, starting at Reno, and winding over heavy gradients a distance of fifty miles. The town is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and contains 20,000 inhabitants.

The entire hoisting-works at Virginia City, destroyed by fire last year, have been rebuilt on an enlarged scale, with many improved conveniences in the various departments. A two-story building, one hundred feet by fifty feet, is in the process of erection, to be used for the assay and bullion department, and it is now about one-half completed. When finished, there will be room and facilities for melting and assaying \$5,000,000 of bullion per month,

Whenever the silver is found associated with lead, in the ore called argentiferous galena, its separation and recovery is accomplished, either by what is known as the Pattinson process or by the zinc process of Parkes. In the Pattinson kettles, when lead containing silver is fused and slowly cooled, being continually stirred, the first crystals that form contain but little silver—these are dipped out and again melted. The now richer liquid portion is ladled into another kettle, and the operation continued until the former becomes poor enough to be sold as lead, and the latter rich enough to pay for cupelling. The desilverization of lead by zinc is founded on an observation made by Karsten, more than forty years ago, that zinc, when fused with argentiferous lead, on cooling, will rise to the surface, carrying with it all the silver. Alexander Parkes, of Pembrey Copper Works, South Wales, patented this process in 1850.

The practical application of the method found little favor at first, for the reason that small quantities of zinc remained with the lead, rendering it much less valuable for foil, tubing, and the like. Various methods of overcoming this difficulty have since been devised, and the zinc desilverization now appears likely to supersede all others.

It is an interesting fact that the first portions of the zinc added to lead, in addition to the silver, also take up any gold that may be present in the ore. Copper also goes to the zinc, and antimony is removed by subsequent treatment with steam, sometimes leaving an alloy suitable for typemetal. The pure silver is cast into ingots, which are first assayed in order to test their fineness. For the purpose of the assay, a small quantity of each melt is granulated by pouring it into water. The metal to be tested is drawn into thin laminæ under steel rollers, and the silver assay is conducted by weighing out 1,115 milligrammes of the metal under trial, on balances that are sensitive to the twenty thousandth of a gramme-1,005 parts of pure silver are weighed out at the same time to be tested, by way of comparison. The weighed specimens are introduced into numbered bottles, when nitric acid is added and a gentle heat

The silver assays are made by weighing out 1,115 parts of the metal under trial, these parts being milligrammes, and 1,005 parts of pure silver, by way of comparison. All the weighed specimens are introduced into numbered bottles, when nitric acid is added and a gentle heat applied.

The solution being complete, precipitation is effected by introducing from a pipette, into each bottle, one decilitre of a standard solution of pure table salt, so prepared as to contain in this measure 542.74 milligrammes of the salt—the quantity necessary to precipitate one thousand milligrammes, or one gramme of silver. The white curdy precipitate of chloride of silver is made to subside by violent shaking; for this purpose a mechanical agitator called a jigger is employed, put in motion by hand or mechanical power, which expedient contributes greatly to economy of time. When the liquid is clear, a small pipette is used, graduated

so that each division indicates a quantity of the reagent sufficient to throw down one milligramme of silver, and the number of these parts which are required to complete the precipitation fully, exhibit the proportion of pure silver in one thousand parts of the metal under trial.

Nearly all of the gold of California contains silver, and in order to ascertain the amount of the less valuable metal recourse is had to an assay by quartation. The sample to be tested is rolled into a thin lamina, and clippings of pure silver are added (see fig. 3) in sufficient quantity to render the alloy soluble in nitric acid, and the whole is wrapped in pure lead foil and placed in bone-ash cupels and exposed to a high heat in a muffle furnace. Here the assay remains until the base-metal is separated; it is then withdrawn from the muffle, hammered, annealed, and laminated between two rollers, and stamped. The thin lamina is next rolled into a cornet, with the number visible on the end, and is deposited in a matrass, and boiled for twenty minutes in nitric acid; then washed in distilled water, heated to redness, and finally weighed again. In this way the fineness of the gold is determined.

After the gold and silver is converted into coins, samples of each melt are preserved in a box called the "pyx," and every year these samples are carefully counted and tested by a commission appointed for the purpose by the President of the United States. The annual trial of the "pyx" has just taken place at Philadelphia, and was fully described in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for March 4th, 1876. The same commission subjected specimens of coins from all of the mints of the United States to a careful scrutiny, in order to secure proper weight as well as uniformity in the standard of fineness.

The famous silver mines of Nevada are situated in the centre of a group of mountains composed of igneous rocks—syenitic and porphyritic rocks abound and amygdaloidal formation is often observed—the whole presenting indubitable evidences of extensive upheavals in early geological ages. The Comstock Mine has produced during the last twenty years \$200,000,000, and the Consolidated Virginia is at present yielding \$30,000,000 annually.

The present Nevada system of milling enables a vast quantity of ore to be treated, though but 70 to 80 per cent. of the precious metals are extracted. The Consolidated Vir-

ginia employs 2,700 hands at \$4 a day. The system of working the mines, as described by Mr. David Coghlan, is substantially as follows:

Adit levels are driven at a vertical distance of about 100 feet along the hanging wall of the vein; these are connected at intervals by winzes, and crosscuts are driven at different points on each level toward the foot wall, or at times, instead of cross-cuts, a diamond drillhole is used, the sediment from which is separated at stated intervals and assayed, so giving a rough idea of the richness or poverty of the vein. Enormous amounts of timber are consumed for constructing the shafts, galleries, and railway tracks, as well as for fuel at the mills.

The mode of construction in all the shafts is similar, cribs of twelve-inch timber being inserted every five feet, supported by vertical posts of the same size. (See fig. 4.)

The cribbing is covered on the outside by lagging of three or four inch planks. A tramway is laid on the floor for transporting the ore to the shafts or to the mouths of the mine (see fig. 5), and heavily timbered trestle-work, provided with shutes, affords a way for dumping each car-load into strong wagons (see fig. 6). Every load is weighed (see fig. 7), and the whole contents taken to Virginia City to be ground and reduced.

The consumption of timber is so great as to occasion serious apprehension in reference to the future supply, as the only timber which grows within many hundred miles is on the Sierra Nevada, and this is being ruthlessly sacrificed without any care for the morrow, and there must eventually come a period of scarcity, such as exists in Mexico at the present time, particularly when we consider that more wood is used for fuel than for timbering. The nearest available coal is obtained, of a poor quality, from the Rocky Mountains at \$19 a ton. The wood is supplied at the mines at \$11.50 a cord.

It is at the Nevada mines that a flume has been constructed fifteen miles in length, with a descent of about one inch to the foot, for the conveyance of timber from the mountains. It is formed of two twenty-four-inch boards, nailed in a V-shape, and resting on trestles, or on the ground. A stream of water floats down logs and fire-wood. It has a capacity of 500 cords of wood a day, or of 500,000 feet of lumber. Another troublesome feature, in addition to the cost of timbering, is the excessive heat of the mines, rendering ventilating engines necessary for cooling purposes quite as much as for providing pure air. The heat is so great that the workmen must be frequently relieved. For the purpose of draining the mines, also for facility of access to the metallic veins at great depth, and for ventilation of the Comstock mines, a great engineering undertaking, called the "Sutro tunnel," has been devised, and is now well under way. It is being driven in from the foot of the mountains, and will, when finished, be about four miles long to where it will cut the vein, which it will do at a depth of 2,000 feet. About half that distance has been completed, and the advance is rapid, sometimes exceeding 300 feet per month. If continued steadily, it will probably be completed in two and



FIG. 5.—CARS OF SILVER ORE COMING FROM MINE AT VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA

a half or three years. The mine-owners are said to be strongly opposed to the tunnel, as they say the tax will be very heavy and the tunnel useless to them. The utility of the work, considering the vast cost, is pronounced to be very doubtful.

The skillful manner in which the mines of Nevada are worked at the present time affords a remarkable contrast to the way in which the various operations were performed in Mexico and South America for a great number of years. Instead of ingeniously-contrived mills for stamping and grinding the ore, this operation was accomplished by Indians in the manner represented by the cut. (See fig. 8.) Heavy stones were thrown violently upon the ore, and it was in this manner crushed and pulverized. If the silver occurred in galena, small hammers were furnished for breaking up the cubical masses. This work was frequently done by prisoners of war with a loaded cannon menacing the gang, and armed guards to enforce obedience. (See fig. 9.) The Apache Indians have frequently been compelled to do this degrading work, and a deadly feud exists between this tribe and the Mexicans. In order to transport the products of the mines to the city of Mexico, a strong military escort is necessary to prevent the capture of the treasure by the predatory tribes of Indians who always had their scouts

recent literary labors, had occasion to prepare a table of the world's product of silver since the discovery of America in 1492, from which we compile the following statement:

			. , , ,
Production in Europe during the same period			200,000,000
Mexico and South America, 1804—1848			1,244,380,794
Europe and Asiatic Russia, same period			325,000,000
From 1848	8 to 186	8, United States \$ 73,000,000	
"	"	Mexico 380,000,000	
**	**	South America 200,000,000	
**	44	Australia 20,000	
"	**	Europe & Asiatic Russia 160,380,000	
			813,400,000
From 1868	3 to 187	5, United States\$163,000,000	
"	"	Mexico 140,000,000	
"	**	South America 56,000,000	
"	**	Other parts of world 63,000,000	
			422,000,000

Some years ago there was a report that all the copper-bottomed ships brought home silver from the salt water of the



FIG. 6.-WAGON-LOADS OF SILVER ORE GOING TO THE MILLS AT YIRGINIA CITY TO BE GROUND.

posted on the route the caravan was to take, and were constantly on the alert to seize any treasure that was left unguarded. (See fig. 10.) Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the Mexican Government to protect the property of mining companies, much treasure has been seized, and the Government has been called upon to pay the damages. A case in point was decided on the 29th of December, 1875, by Sir Edward Thornton, who was selected as umpire to settle a claim made by a New York company against the Mexican Government. After a hearing of both sides, the umpire has decided that there be paid by the Mexican Government, in principal and interest, previous to the 1st of August, 1876, \$683,000 in gold. This amount, though large, is not more than about 20 per cent. of what the company claimed to be due.

Mr. John J. Valentine, General Superintendent's Office, Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, estimates the bullion product for 1875 of the States and Territories west of the Missouri River, including British Columbia and the west coast of Mexico, at \$80,889,037, being an excess of \$6,487,982 over 1874. He estimates the aggregate yield for 1876 at \$90,000,000, of which it is anticipated that Nevada will produce \$50,000,000.

Professor R. W. Raymond, the accomplished editor of the Engineering and Mining Journal, in the course of some ocean, and mathematicians at once went to work to compute the enormous quantity of the precious metal that must be contained in the oceans of the world; but since the original discovery nothing further has been said on the subject. In 1849 silver was also found in the blood of several animals, especially of the ox, but in all of these cases the occurrence is generally considered to be accidental.

The uses of silver are numerous, and are continually on the increase. It is too soft to be employed pure for coinage, but when alloyed with copper is much harder and better suited to the wear of a circulating medium. The value of silver to gold is as 1 to 15%, and the specific gravity as 15 to 18, so that for the same sized coin the value of the pure gold has 29% the relative worth of the silver of the same size and weight. Silver wire and silver foil have long been extensively employed, and various methods have been prepared for cleaning the articles made from it. Among the liquids that have been employed for this purpose may be mentioned a solution of permanganate of potash, also cyanide of potassium, hot hydrochloric acid, borax, and potash. The so-called silver beads and pearls for embroidery are made of tombac metal, which is rubbed with silver amalgam and freed from mercury by heat. Brass can also be plated with imitation silver by rubbing it with a preparation

metal. For the

period from 1848 to 1873

this relation

was precisely

reversed, the

percentage of

gold constitut-

ing sixty-eight and that of

silver thirty-

two per cent.

of the whole

yield. Now, that in a highly

organized com-

mercial system the questions

of convenience

in computation

and transport

and of econ-

omy in coinage

composed of equal parts of mercury, tin, and bismuth, and one and a half parts prepared chalk—a trifling amount of silver makes the color and appearance of silver much more enduring.

Silver has the property of reflecting nearly all the rays of light that fall upon it, and hence it has been largely employed in

the manufacture of mirrors. Silver mirrors can be readily prepared by making use of the following solutions, recommended by Mr. D. C. Chapman, of New York:

No. 1. Reducing solution: In 12 ozs. of water dissolve 12 grains Rochelle salts, and boil. Add, while boiling, 16 grains nitrate of silver dissolved in 1 oz. water, and continue the boiling for ten minutes more, then add water to make 12 ozs.

No. 2. Silvering solution: Dissolve 1 oz. nitrate of silver in 10 ozs. water; then add liquor ammoniae until the brown precipitate is nearly but not quite all dissolved; then add 1 oz. alcohol and sufficient water to make 12 ozs.

To silver: Take equal parts of Nos. 1 and 2, mix thoroughly, and lay the glass, face down, on the top of the mixture while wet, after it has been carefully cleaned with soda and well rinsed with clean water.

Distilled water should be used for making the solutions. About 2 drachms of each will silver a plate 2 inches square. The dish in which the silvering is done should be only a little larger than the plate. The solutions should stand and settle for two or three days before being used, and will keep good a long time.

A writer in the New York Sun gives a very clear and sat-

isfactory explanation of the causes for the decline in the value of silver, with which we propose to close our present article:

"A classification by values
of the collective bullion
product between the years
1500 and 1848
exhibits three
billions of dollars in gold,
and nearly
seven billions
in the white



PIG. 7.—WEIGHING A LOAD OF ORE AT THE SILVER MINES, VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

outweigh all others may be considered demonstrated by the fact that the last-named period, when the disturbance of equilibrium was entirely due to gold, was distinguished by the almost unanimous renunciation of a silver standard throughout Europe.

"The movement naturally was initiated by England, which had established a gold standard in 1817. For half a century, however, most European countries clung to the delusion that the oscillations of the bullion market might be counteracted by the makeshifts of a double standard, as if a disturbance of relative values would not entail the withdrawal of the appreciated metal from circulation. At length, in 1865, by the so-called Latin Coinage League, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy accepted in principle the gold standard to which Spain and Portugal, the Scandinavian kingdoms, Roumania, and the United States, now conform. Lastly, the German Empire, with the beginning of the current year, declared its definitive adhesion to the same measure of values. Alone among the great commercial States, Austria and Russia uphold a silver standard, Holland having lately taken a preliminary step toward identification with the general European system.

"The tremendous shrinkage of demand occasioned by the almost universal repudiation of silver as a measure of value

> undoubtedly constitutes an important cause of its present depreciation. Two other circumstances, however, have notably co-operated. One obviously is the unpreceden led expansion of silver production in Nevadaduring the last few years, coincident with a signal falling off in the yield of Australian, and

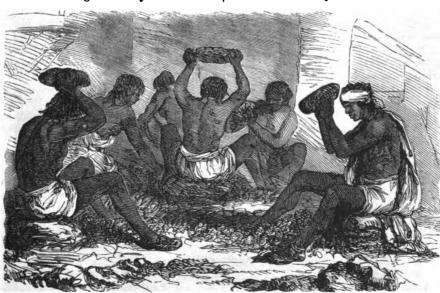
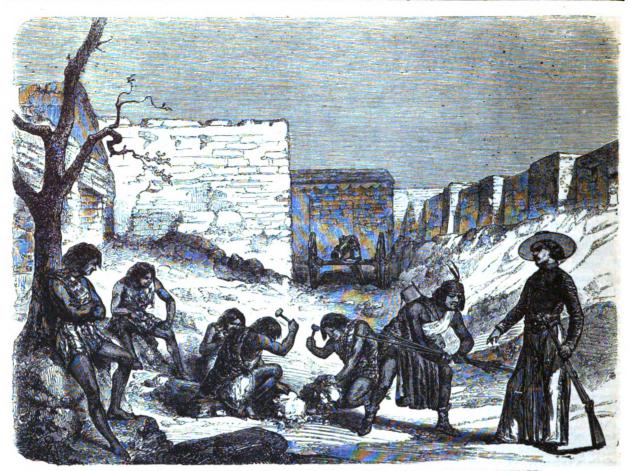


FIG. 8.—INDIANS AT PARRAL, MEXICO, BREAKING ORE



APACHE INDIAN PRISONERS BREAKING ARGENTIFE :: OUS GALENA AT THE GALEANA SILVER WORKS, CHIHUAHUA.

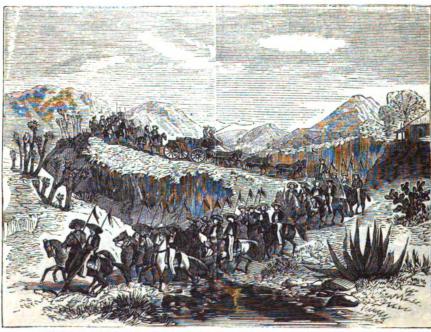
California gold fields. The other is the sudden and mysterious contraction of the outflow to the East, the amount of silver shipped to China and the Indies having sunk from 65,000,000 in 1861, and 35,000,000 in 1866, to less than 25,000,000 in 1874, the decline in the export of this metal being accompanied by increased shipments of gold. It is owing to these concurrent causes that the silver ounce,

which ten years ago was worth sixty-two pence in the London market, was in May, 1875, worth less than fifty-seven, revealing a relative depression of 7 per cent.

"Apparently
the dethronement of silver
as a standard
of values is
conclusive and
irrevocable.
Yet a reversal
of the present
conditions of
production
— the exhaustion, or example, of the

Comstock lode, coupled with a discovery of vast deposits of gold — might go far to rehabilitate the discredited metal. In all questions respecting the ultimate supply of the precious metals, as well as of the useful minerals, China represents an unknown factor which may one day nullify our calculations. The gold mines and placers of northern China are reported to be the richest on the

globe. To what extent their vigorous development, following the displacement of the Tartar dynasty by a great European power-supposing that Russia should attempt and accomplish so immense an enterprise - might revolutionize our standard of value, must be classed among the problems of the future."



CONVEYING SILVER FROM THE MINES OF REAL DEL MONTE TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

--:0:--

Prevention is the best bridle.

#### RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

SETTING FIRE TO THEPENTINE BY BLEACHING-POWDERS -Some SETTING FIRE TO TUREENTINE BY BLEACHING-POWDERS.—Some turpentine oil was by accident spilt upon the top of a small cask of bleaching-powders, and, in the course of an hour, a strong smell called attention to the cask, and on opening it the contents were found to be glowing hot. In a few minutes the woodwork of the cask would have taken fire. The accident shows that it is not safe to bring turpentine into contact with chloride of lime. The explanation is that the chloride has such an affinity for hydrogen as to set it on fire it on fire.

Carbonate of Lithia.—An improved method for the preparation of this compound is followed at the chemical works of E. Scheering, in Berlin, which consists in attacking the mineral with sulphuric acid, exhausting with water, neutralizing with milk of lime, precipitating with earbonate of potush, re-dissolving in hydrochloric acid, re-precipitating the carbonate of lithia a beautiful white, voluminous powder, by means of carbonate of ammonia The demand for this salt is constantly on the increase, owing to its consumption in medicine and in the manufacture of artificial mineral waters. About 6,000 pounds are now annually required, and the price has been reduced from \$60 to \$5 a pound.

PROFESSOE TYNDALL ON SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.—The triangular controversy between Professor Tyndall and Professor Pusteur, opposed to the doctrine of spontaneous generation on the one side, and Dr. Bastian in favor of it on the other, still wages in England and France. Professor Tyndall has shown by brilliant experiments that, if solutions open to air soon swarm with life, it is because they have been impregnated by living particles floating in the air. He also proved that the germs can be destroyed by fire, by acids, or by filtering through cotton-wool, and that air thus purified will not transmit light. A glass chamber filled with the purified air remains dark, even when placed in the track of a concentrated beam of light. There is nothing to reflect or scatter the light, and it may now be accepted as an axiom, that air which has lost its power of scattering light has also lost its power of producing life. Dr. Bastian answered that he succeeded in raising of germs in the pure air, where Tyndall failed. Pasteur rejoins, confirming Tyndall's observations, and reiterating the original conclusion to which he arrived some time ago, that, "Dans l'état actuel de la science, l'hypothèse de la génération spontance est une chimère." PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.—The trian-

A METEORIC SHOWER OF FROGS' SPAWN—As if to beard the lion in his den, a strange shower of what at the time was supposed to be meat recently fell in Kentucky, not many miles from the residence of Professor J. Lawrence Smith, who, as it happens, has devoted more attention to the analysis and research of meteorites than any scientist in America. Dr. Smith soon studied out the phenomenon and explained that it was not the first time such a thing had happened, and that the mysterious matter was probably the spawn of frogs blown into the air from a neighboring pond by a heavy gale. He says of the specimens which were sent to him: "In appearance they resemble gelatinous matter of various forms, and with transparent edges. When placed in water they become swollen. They were without any fibre. When placed under the microscope no trace of animal tissue could be found. They have been transported from the ponds and swampy grounds by currents of wind, and have ultimately fallen on the spot where found. A similar occurrence took place in Ireland in 1675, and is recorded by Muschubroeck. He describes the substance as glutinous and fatty, and when held in the hand emitted an unpleasant smell when burned. The egg of the frog is a round mass of transparent jelly, in the centre of which is a black globule. In the case of the samples shown to Dr. Smith, he found them hard, on account of their pas-age through the air. The doctor thinks that there is great exaggeration as to the quantity of dead spawn which has fallen. He promises to analyze other samples, and, if he should see any reason to change these views, will make them public."

ARTIFICIAL PRECIOUS STONES.—The manufacture of paste or glass imitations of jewels has been pushed to a great degree of perfection in France. By the addition of salts of magnesia the hardness has been made to approach the native mineral very closely, and by putting in baryta the specific gravity is also closely imitated. It is becoming a difficult task to distinguish a false from a genuine jewel. Imitation diamonds are made in large quantities of nothing but glass, the actual cost by the ton being scarcely greater than that of good fiint-glass. The manufacturers give a very amusing account of the way in which they are made, which, if it were true, would enable us to produce artificial diamonds at an alarmingly cheap rate. Unfortunately for the interests of science, the electro-deposit of carbon, in the way described, is not possible. The circular says: "The body is of crystal, which is the best substance that could possibly be used for the purpose. Then, after the crystals are cut in the proper shape, they are put into a galvanic battery which coats them over with a liquid that is made of diamonds which are too small to be cut, and the chippings and cuttings that are taken off of diamonds during the process of shaping them. Thus all of the small particles of diamonds that have heretofore been comparatively worthless can now, since this discovery, be used to produce diamond liquid." The hardness and sparkle of the diamond-coated gems, which it is claimed make them equal in durability and desirability to the real diamonds, are set forth fully with much bad grammar, though why the possessor of the secret of diamond dissolution does not turn his attention to the manufacture of Koh-i-noors from "the small particles comparatively worthless," is not stated. ARTIFICIAL PRECIOUS STONES .- The manufacture of paste or

#### ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"Gorng for the bottom facts," is what the conscientious Brooklyn mother calls it now when she slippers her eldest for fixing a clothes-pin on pussy's tail.

A YOUNG shaver had had several teeth extracted with the assurance that they would come again. With an eye to the immediate future, little Johnnie inquired, "Will they come again before we have dinner?"

A round lady, while walking with a gentleman, stumbled; and when her companion, to prevent her falling, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, she simpered, "Oh, sir, if it comes to that, you must ask pa!

"Pur out your tongue a little farther," said a doctor to a female patient; "a little farther, if you please—a little farther still." "Why, doctor," cried the gaping individual, "do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?

THE Southern negroes are mystified over the recent visits of cyclones and hurricanes, and an aged Savannah darkey remarks, "If dese yere winds can't be tuned down a little, what's de use of buying mules and 'cumulating a family?"

A STORY is told of a venerable negro in Iowa who was on trial for an offence against the State. When the case was announced in court, "The State of Iowa versus Sampson Casar," the aged African exclaimed: "What! de whole State of Iowa agin dis chile! Den I surrenders."

#### SONG OF THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

SIXTY little urchins Coming through the door, Pushing, crowding, making
A tremendous roar.
Why don't you keep quiet?
Can't you mind the rule?
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Teaching public school.

Sixty little pilgrims On the road to fame,
If they fail to reach it,
Who will be to blame?
High and lowly stations—
Birds of every feather— On a common level Here are brought together.

Dirty little faces,
Loving little hearts,
Eyes brimful of mischlef,
Skilled in all its arts. That's a precious darling!
What are you about?
"May I pass the water?"
"Please, may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are shuffling, Slates and books are rattling—
And, in the corner yonder,
Two puglists are battling.
Others cutting didoes,
What a botheration! No wonder we grow crusty From such association!

A LADY says the first time she was kissed she felt like a tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutnegs and cranberries. She felt as if something was running through her neives on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread melted with

- "Plase sur, what's the fare from Dublin to Glasgow?" inquired a son of the Emerald Isle one day of the clerk of a shipping office.

  "Eighteen shillings," replied the other.

  "An' what d'ye charge for a pig or a cow?"

  "Oh, 1s. 6d for a pig, and 3s. for a cow."

  "Well," replied Pat, "book me as a pig."
- "MAMMA," said a little Danbury boy, "in the Summer-time, when it's very dry, they pray for rain, don't they?"
  "Yes, my dear."
  - "And the rain comes?"
- "Why don't they pray for snow?" he next asked, looking anxiously at his sled.
- "How MUCH is my bill?" inquired a sad-eyed youth in a Chicago confectionery store the other day.

  The proprietor looked over his books a minute and then replied:

  Sixteen dollars and fifteen cents."
- As the youth drew forth his wallet to meet the account, he sighed deeply and said, "I tell you this is tough!"

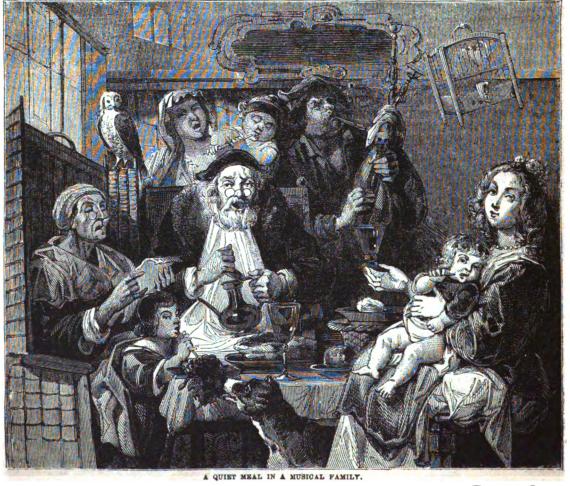
  "How so?" asked the confectioner.

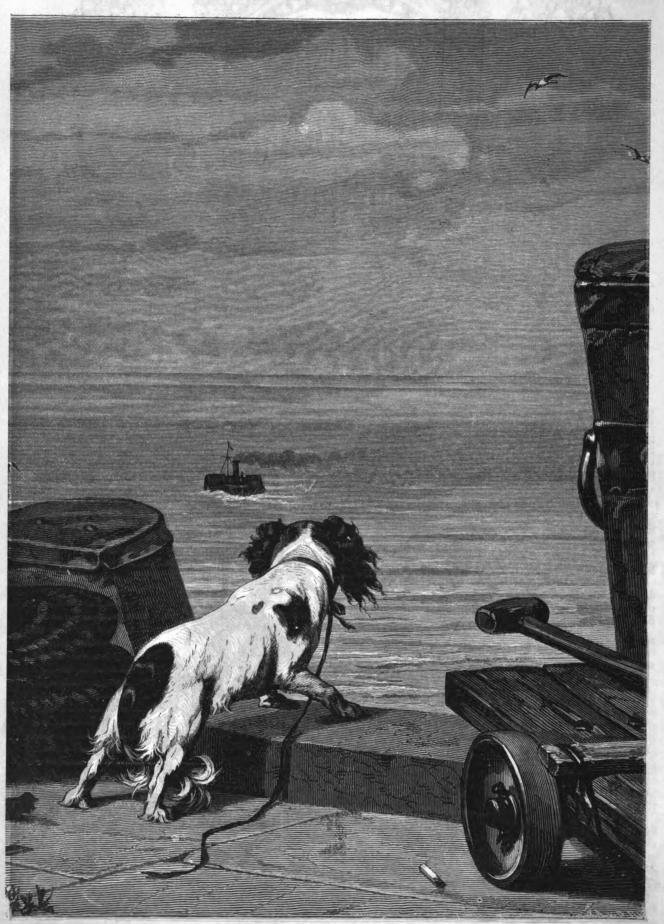
  "Oh, she's gone back on me."

  "Wie?"
- "Who?"
  "Oh, she—the girl that eats all this candy," continued the unhappy youth, "and I tell you it's hard to pay for so much sweetness after it's gone and soured en a fellow."
  The candy man acknowledged that it did seem kind of rough.



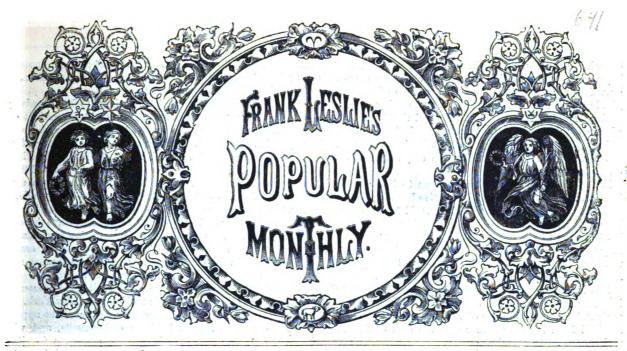
ACTORS IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES





"LEFT BEHIND."

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Vol. I.—No. 6.

JUNE, 1876.

\$2.50 PER

# ALEXANDER TURNEY STEWART.

### THE STORY OF A HUNDRED MILLIONS.

In the May number of the POPULAR MONTHLY we presented to our readers a sketch of the life of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and in commenting upon the character and experience of the "great Railroad King," took occasion to be

We philosophical. reasoned, briefly, that the life of such a man as Vanderbilt could not justly be taken as an incentive to exertion, or encouragement an to ambition on the part of the majority of young men. We disputed, in fact, the currently accepted theory that

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime,"

reasoning that the great man or the successful man was the result of favorable combinations and adventitious circumstances, as well as of his own exertions.

The course of reasoning which answered for the life of Commodore Vanderbilt—who may still have many years of vigorous life before him—is equally opportune in the Vol. I., No. 6—41.

case of Alexander T. Stewart, whose recent death the entire American press have had occasion to notice, accompanied by a variety of eulogistic comments.

As one of the three wealthiest men of the United States-

Vanderbilt and Astor being the other two - Mr. Stewart was a man who had reached high consideration through labor and through success. It is appropriate, after his death, that the story of his life should be fully told, and its lesson, if there be any, promulgated for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Alexander Turney Stewart is believed to have been born in Belfast, Ireland, about 1802, of Scotch-Irish parentage. There is very little known concerning his early life, Mr. Stewart's marked aversion submit to interrogatories concerning himself having been a prominent quality in his character, and the fact that he had no relatives whatsoever in the latter years of his life precluded the obtaining



MR. STEWART INSTRUCTING ONE OF HIS CLERKS NEVER TO MISREPRESENT THE QUALITY OF GOODS TO A CUSTOMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CLERK IN HIS ESTABLISHMENT.

(The only characteristic portrait ever made of Mr. Stewart.)

of such information. It has been believed, however, that the boy was brought up in his early years under the care of his grandfather, and that he received a college education, beginning in an academy at Belfast and closing at Trinity College, Dublin, it being then intended that he should be educated for the ministry. The sudden death of his grandfather and guardian interfered with this plan, however, and left Mr. Stewart and his mother the only survivors of the direct family line.

It is believed that Mr. Stewart came to this country in 1823, and that his first advent into active life was made as an usher in the school of Isaac F. Bragg, said to have been in Roosevelt Street. An anecdote concerning this portion of his life runs to the effect that he proposed marriage to a lady teacher in the school, but was refused. If this was the case, the young lady has doubtless ere this experienced a sentiment of chagrin at her haste in the matter.

The inaccuracy of current newspaper stories concerning Mr. Stewart's early life has been shown in the variety of their statement. While one of these assert that Mr. Stewart received from his grandfather only the sum of £700, with which he came to America, another alleges that he returned to Ireland, after having been for some time in this country, in order to receive the legacy left him by his grandfather, amounting to \$10,000. Again, it is said, on the one hand, that he drifted into the dry goods business by assuming the stock and trade of a person to whom he had loaned money, in order to recover his debt; while, on the other hand, it is alleged that he commenced this business on his own part by importing embroidered dresses from the neighborhood of his birthplace. Finally, it is said that he came to this country in 1818; and again, that this happened in 1823, while the period of his birth even is affected by mystery to the extent of a difference of seven years. Concerning all these matters, it is only necessary to state that the weight of evidence as to the date of Mr. Stewart's arrival in this country goes to show that it occurred in 1823.

Referring to what is perhaps the best evidence extant as to his early movements, we are met at the outset by a certainly curious sequence of events, to which we desire to turn the attention of our readers. The authority to which we allude is the New York City Directory, in which, up to the year 1824, we find no mention of Alexander T. Stewart, and only one name similar to that, "Alexander L. Stewart, 141 Houston Street," the business not given. In 1824, however, we find that a second "Alexander L. Stewart," has got his name in the Directory; business, dry goods; location, 283 Broadway; and now the two Stewarts continue side by side in the Directory until 1827, when Alexander L. Stewart, dry goods, disappears from this work, and is never after heard of. He is, however, replaced by Alexander T. Stewart, dry goods, 262 Broadway, who has continued in the New York Directory ever since. The residence of Alexander L. Stewart is given as No. 3 Reade Street; that of Alexander T. Stewart does not appear until 1830, when it is represented to be No. 5 Warren Street.

Referring now to the work entitled "The Art of Money-making; or, the Road to Fortune," by James D. Mills, a New York merchant, we find on page 372, in the sketch of Alexander T. Stewart, the following: "He rented a little store on his return, at 283 Broadway, and there displayed his stock, which met with a ready sile, at a fair profit." It will be observed that 283 Broadway is the number in the New York City Directory attributed to "Alexander L. Stewart, dry goods," from 1824 to 1827. Whether Mr. Mills has managed to make an error between the two numbers, 283 and 262; whether Alexander T. Stewart and Alexander L. Stewart were one and the same person; or whether this is only "a remarkable coincidence," we leave to the consideration of our readers. One curious feature of the problem,

however, is that whoever "Alexander L. Stewart, dry goods," may have been, we never hear of him again under that name in the New York City Directory.

In 1830 Mr. Stewart moved his business to 257 Broadway, and the firm name became Alexander T. Stewart & Co. Here he remained until he removed to the corner of Broadway and Reade Street. In the meantime, his residence, from No. 5 Warren Street, changed to No. 7 St. Mark's Place; in 1842, to No. 5 Depau Place; in 1846, to No. 6 Depau Row, Bleecker Street, where he remained until his removal, in 1862, to 331 Fifth Avenue. From this residence Mr. Stewart finally removed to his "marble palace" at the northwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, a few years ago, the change of residence being immediately occasioned by an outbreak of small-pox occurring among the servants in his other house. In 1841 Mr. Stewart married Miss Cornelia M. Clinch, who survives him.

Returning to his early business history, it is to be observed that in the earlier years of his residence in New York, Mr. Stewart sent to Ireland for his mother, a woman who appears to have possessed large business endowments, and who, shortly after her arrival in New York, opened a furniture store on Catherine Street, and for years carried on the business so successfully that she was enabled to add considerably to the rapidly increasing fortune of her son.

The superb building, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, was built by Mr. Stewart in 1848-9, the property having been sold by John H. Costar for the sum of \$65,000. The great iron building at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway was completed by Mr. Stewart in 1862, at a cost of \$2,755,000. The property on which it stands is leased ground, forming part of the Sailors' Snug Harbor Estate, the lots covering an area of two and a half acres. To this store on its completion Mr. Stewart removed his retail business, leaving the down-town establishment for his wholesale trade. This down-town store occupies the site of what was once Washington Hall, at one time a place of fashionable resort.

From the time that Mr. Stewart made the daring move which placed him in the most magnificent retail business structure in the world, his business increased enormously. By this time he had established his agencies in various cities in Europe, and always buying for cash, and of course at the lowest prices, was able at any time to control the market.

It has been a remarkable feature of Mr. Stewart's business life that he has always been successful in times of great public depression. This has arisen from the fact of his foreseeing financial disturbances and turning them to his own advantage. Thus in the panic of 1837 Mr. Stewart, who was already prosperous and successful, discerned the embarrassing situation which was approaching, and made good use of it. Marking down all his goods to their lowest possible rates, he immediately achieved a reputation for "selling at cost," and as everybody was complaining of "hard times," his goods at these low rates sold in every direction. While other merchants were sending their goods to auction, Mr. Stewart attended these auctions regularly, and purchased the goods thus offered, on which he realized an average profit of 40 per cent. It is said that he purchased \$50,000 worth of silk in that way, and sold the whole lot within a few days at a profit of \$20,000. In certain lines of goods Mr. Stewart was able to accomplish a monopoly; English, French, and German manufacturers making a concession to him, which no one else could obtain.

He, however, soon began to establish the system of branch houses, both in Europe and in this country, through which he has been able to create and carry on his magnificent business. These branch houses are at present in Boston, Philadelphia, Paris, Lyons, Manchester, Bradford, Nottingham, Belfast, Glasgow, Berlin, and Chemnitz. Mr.

Stewart's far-sightedness in the matter of acquiring property, which he deemed would be valuable to him, was only equalled as a quality by his persistence in that direction in spite of all opposition.

An instance of this will be remembered in the case of the construction of the iron building between Ninth and Tenth Streets. On the corner of Ninth Street was the store occupied by the New York agents of the French house of Goupil, Vibert & Co. This corner was of course necessary to enable Mr. Stewart to complete his design of occupying the entire square. The lessees, however, held out for an exorbitant bonus, refusing liberal offers on the part of Mr. Stewart. Determined not to accede to the terms, which he considered outrageous, Mr. Stewart gave up the idea of purchasing the lease, and instead of this built around the store, leaving it in its place until the lease expired, and the foolish occupant was forced to retire without any bonus whatever.

As has been before remarked, this is the largest store of the kind in the world, and Mr. Stewart's investment in the building alone is estimated at \$2,755,000. It has eight floors, each of which covers an area of two and a quarter acres. The building is heated by means of an engine of 520 horse-power, which also runs the elevators and furnishes power for the large number of sewing-machines on the fourth floor. Two thousand employés are engaged within these premises, and the running expenses are estimated to be over \$1,000,000 per annum. The sales of the wholesale and retail stores have aggregated as high as \$50,000,000 in a single year.

With regard to the distribution of the business: At Manchester, the English goods are collected, examined, and packed. At Belfast is a factory belonging to the house, where linens are bleached. At Glasgow is the depôt for Scotch goods. In Paris are collected East India, French, and German goods. The woolen house is in Berlin, and the silk warehouses are at Lyons. All continental business centres in Paris, where the payments are made. Meanwhile, there are numerous mills in Europe and the United States manufacturing goods exclusively for the house of A. T. Stewart & Co., while buyers and agents are always traveling in various directions engaged in forwarding the interests of the house.

The following mills in this country are owned by the firm: "The New York Mills," at Holyoke; "The Woodward Mills," at Woodstock; the "Mohawk" and "El Bœuf," at Little Falls; the "Ianthica Mills," New Jersey; the "Glenham Woolen and Carpet Mills," the "Utica Woolen Mills," the "Washington Mills," at New Hartford, near Utica; the "Catskill Woolen Mill," and the "Waterville Woolen Mill." Besides these are also thread mills at Catskill, and a large manufactory in this city.

Mr. Stewart's first store, that at 283 Broadway, is said to have rented at \$375 a year. It was a single room, twelve feet front and thirty feet deep. Here Mr. Stewart labored alone for a considerable time in his early experience, making himself acquainted with the business, in which he had engaged, by the most careful study and analysis of which it was susceptible.

It is a little curious that of the number of persons living in New York, who remember Mr. Stewart's advent into mercantile life, no one can recall to mind any anecdotes or incidents illustrating his habits. It is generally conceded, however, that he commenced business with the determination to conduct it with strict integrity, and with the purpose of developing it to its utmost capacity. Mr. Stewart seems to have scorned the usual tricks and dodges of small traders, and to have continued his low estimate of this kind of commercial acumen as his establishment grew larger and his business more extended. Scrupulously neat and exact in his own habits he required the same qualities in those

who served him, and rebuked any departure from what he considered orderly conduct with considerable severity. So whenever in his store he perceived any fault or derangement, he made it his personal business to set it right, and among the incidents of his life which have come down to us, several are mentioned illustrating this peculiarity. An old clerk relates, that Mr. Stewart never spoke to him but twice; once when he had torn a piece of weak wrapping paper roughly, he was told that people did not "like to get shiftless looking bundles"; again, when the clerk wound a bundle around with an extra turn of string, Mr. Stewart said: "Never waste even a piece of string, waste is always wrong." No case of any sale of goods in his establishment accompanied by misrepresentation ever passed his knowledge without re: uke. Another of Mr. Stewart's peculiarities, was his close familiarity with the smallest details of his affairs. He carried everything in his own head, from the most costly importations down to the minutest article in the Yankee Notion department. Thus was he always fully aware of how much stock he was carrying in each line, and kept a constant watch that he should not be overstocked, marking down goods to the lowest possible rates whenever this happened. In the meantime, however, his mind was not devoted by any means entirely to the details of small matters. He conceived and executed plans in his own proper business of very considerable magnitude, adding from time to time, as occasion seemed to demand it, further departments to his business, and competing through these with smaller establishments, often to the destruction of the latter.

It is difficult to say when Mr. Stewart first commenced his investments in real estate outside of his business. At the time of his death, besides numerous establishments connected with this, he owned the Metropolitan Hotel, Niblo's Theatre, and a great many houses and lots in Bleecker and Amity Streets and West Broadway, the Globe Theatre, his marble mansion in Fifth Avenue, the large iron building at Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, the vast estate at Hempstead Plains, the old St. Ann's Church in Eighth Street, a number of buildings in Fourth Avenue, some in Cornelia and Bedford Streets, near Minetta Lane; his former residence, No. 1 East Thirty-fourth Street; several pieces of property in Elm Street-all of which, within the city limits, was assessed at \$6,212,700, its estimated actual value being about \$10,400,000. The amount invested in his business has been judged to be about \$10,000,000.

The Hempstead Plains property is about twelve miles long and two and a half wide. "Garden City," as it is called, is four miles from the western end, and has upon it 102 houses, renting from \$150 to \$1,200 each. At present its population is about 300. In the centre is a large brick hotel, tastefully constructed, which cost, furnished, \$100,000. Near the railroad depôt is a large three-story brick house, used for the offices of the superintendent and surveyor, and also a warehouse with small elevator. There is also a stable, which cost \$30,000, with a steam-plow, steam-roller, and traction engine. Nine thousand acres of this land were bought in 1868, from the town of Hempstead, for \$450,000, and to this area 1,000 acres have been recently added. A contract has also been made for waterworks, to cost \$125,000, to consist of a large wheel, 50 ft. in diameter and 35 ft. deep, with machinery to pump 2,500,000 gallons a day, if required. That part of the Central Railroad of Long Island running from the western end of Garden City, four miles to Farmingdale, was owned by Mr. Stewart, and leased to the Central Railroad Company, together with the road of one mile to Hemp-

At the time of his death, Mr. Stewart had in his employ about 8,000 persons, of whom nine-tenths had families. This did not include his hundreds of workmen which he kept

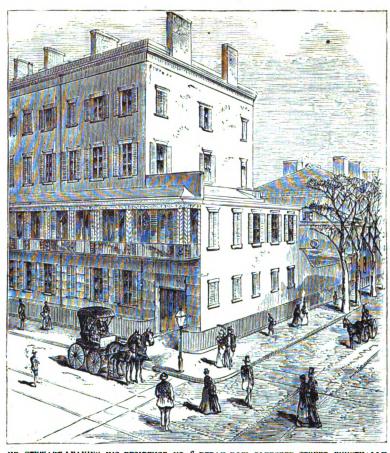
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constantly engaged. All his mills were in full operation, while large carpet-mills were in process of being built at Glenham, one of which alone consumed 3,000,000 of brick. There was also being built there a 34 ft. dam.

The design of the Garden City scheme was to furnish comfortable and convenient homes for workingmen at the lowest practicable cost-something, in fact, on the same principle as the Peabody charity in London. The term "charity," however, applied in this direction, is a misnomer. It is certain that, in Mr. Stewart's plan, no idea of its not being self-supporting was entertained.

As to the actual charities of Mr. Stewart, we may mention two or

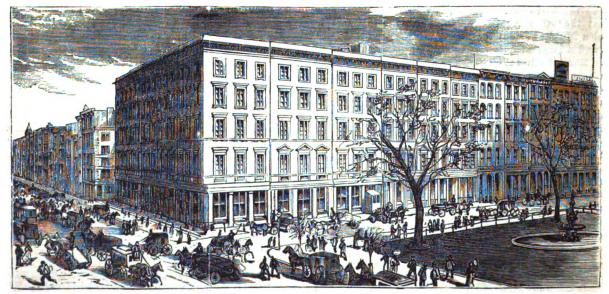
three of importance. During the famine in Ireland, in 1847, he chartered a vessel, insisting that it should be American, and manned by an American crew, loaded it with provisions, and sent it, under the American flag, to the harbor of Belfast. His agent at Belfast was directed to advertise for young men and women desiring to go to America, to the extent of the vessel's capacity. A free passage was given to these, the only requirement being that each applicant should establish the possession of a good moral character, and the ability to read and write. In the meantime Mr.



B. STEWART LEAVING HIS RESIDENCE, NO. 6 DEPAU ROW, BLEECKER STREET, PUNCTUALLY EVERY MORNING AT NINE O'CLOCK.

Stewart sent out a personal circular, announcing the expected arrival of his immigrants, and asking employment for them. When the vessel reached New York Harbor, after having performed its benevolent mission, situations were in readiness for nearly all of the new arrivals. At the close of the Franco-German war, Mr. Stewart chartered a steamer and dispatched it to Havre, with 3,800 barrels of flour for the relief of the sufferers of the manufacturing districts. Again, when Chicago was nearly destroyed by fire in 1871, he gave the sum of \$50,000 for the relief of the sufferers. During the late rebellion Mr. Stewart presented \$100,000 to the Sanitary Com-

mission, and in 1862 contributed \$10,000 for relief to the Lancashire operatives. But the act which Mr. Stewart doubtless intended for his chief effort in behalf of the poorer classes, was the proposed construction of the Women's Lodging-house, designed to be a grand hotel for young women, in which they could secure all the comforts of a good home at a minimum price. Over this idea he studied for years, the result of his reflections being the erection of the vast iron building in Fourth Avenue, extending from Thirty-second to Thirty-third Streets, and nearly half

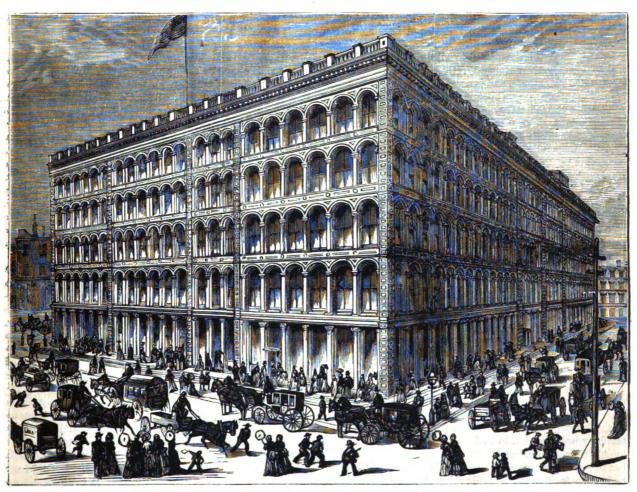


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way through the block toward Madison Avenue. This enterprise Mr. Stewart anticipated would cost him \$3,000,000, and upon its completion it was his intention to devote a similar sum for another building, on the same plan, for the benefit of young men. The interior of this structure was never finished, work having been stopped upon it for some time. It is believed, however, that this will now be prosecuted to completion. On Fourth Avenue this building has a frontage of 192 ft. 6 in., and on Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, of 205 ft., the breadth of the area of the building being 197 ft. 6 in. The whole structure covers an area of 41,000 square ft. The main building is six stories in height, with an additional story in the mansard. Over the central portions, on each side, and embracing a width of 100 ft. in the respective fronts, is an additional story, having

social meeting of the occupants, handsomely furnished, with piano, etc.; a reading-room, supplied with daily papers and leading periodicals; and a library filled with a judicious selection of standard works; also a lecture-room, bath-rooms, and other conveniences and necessities. The design contemplates receiving only working women and all those seeking employment, the object being to cheapen the expenses of living, while affording the comforts and refinements of a home.

Mr. Stewart's marble palace, built on the site of the large structure formerly the residence of Dr. Townsend, is perhaps the handsomest and most costly private residence in the country. This building, elegantly furnished, constructed with lofty and spacious rooms, has been an object of curiosity to sight-seers ever since it was completed. Certainly the



BROADWAY FRONT OF A. T. STEWART'S RETAIL STORE, BROADWAY AND FOURTH AVENUE NINTH AND TENTH STREETS.

also a mansard roof, making the building, at these centres, eight stories high. At each extremity of these central elevations, are turreted mansards, or towers, each 24 ft. in width and height. Similar towers are on the angles of Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets. The entire height of the central portions of the building is 109 ft., and that of the side portions 103 ft. The spacious interior hall is to be paved with marble, having a fountain in the centre. Aquaria and flowers form a portion of the design. The economy of the interior devotes a single room to every woman, except in the case of two sisters, for whose accommodation double rooms have been constructed, these apartments to be well furnished, and well ventilated and heated. Further, there is to be a laundry for washing, as in large hotels; a dining-hall, spacious and handsomely ornamented, where meals would be served on the European plan a drawing-room, for the general

most interesting feature of the building, however, is the art gallery in the rear, where are located a large number of important and valuable works, selected by Mr. Stewart during his numerous visits abroad, or by means of his agents, many of them having been purchased in the studios of the artists, or directly ordered from them. Mr. Stewart's collection surpassed in importance and value any other in the country, and is estimated to be worth at least \$600,000. The picture gallery is about 50 ft. by 30 in dimensions, and in this areplaced the principal works, a large number, however, being hung in the parlors, drawing-rooms, and corridors. The latest and most valuable purchase by Mr. Stewart, was a picture by Meissonnier, for which he received \$65,000. It is called "1807," and represents Napoleon reviewing a troop of cuirassiers. There are also in the collection two other works by Meissonnier, "L'Aumone," and "Le Sentinelle,"

for the first of which Mr. Stewart paid \$18,000, and for the other \$20,000. There are three master-pieces by Gérome: "The Chariot Race," which cost Mr. Stewart 125,000 francs; a picture representing a Gladiatorial Duel, which was exhibited at the Vienna Exposition, and which cost \$17,000; and another picturing an interview between Moliere and Racine, for which Mr. Stewart gave \$6,000. By Fortune, there are "The Snake Charmers," which cost \$6,000, and an Italian Court scene, for which Mr. Stewart paid about the same price.

Of Zamacois there are two important works, "The Court Fools" and "The Begging Brother," worth about \$10,000 each. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is here, for which the artist received \$20,000. From Knauss there is "The Children's Feast," which cost Mr. Stewart \$10,000. By Yvon, there is a large allegorical painting representing an American subject, painted to Mr. Stewart's order, and which cost \$20,000. It is not a great work, and is hung in Mr. Stewart's bath-room. "The Prodigal Son," a gigantic picture, which has been exhibited in all the principal cities in the country, by Mr. Henry W. Derby, is well-known. It was painted by Dubufe, and is a very attractive work, probably worth \$20,000. Of Galoit, there is "The Confessional," which cost \$3,000. Troyon is represented by two cattle pieces, valued at \$8,000 each. Ziem by a magnificent "View of Venice"; Kaulbach by "Cupid and Pysche," and Carl Sohn by "Diana and Acteon." There are also fine specimens of Piloty, Carl Daubigny, Verboeckhoven, Col. Robie, F. Wilhems, Baugniet, De Noter, Toulmouche, Simonetti, Imenez, Lesrel, Madrazo, Agrassot, Fred Preyer, and Meyer Von Bremen. By Merle there is "Hamlet and Ophelia," which cost \$5,000, and another by Bouguereau. Here are also Mr. Church's "Niagara," for which the artist received \$10,000; Mr. William Hart's "Golden Hour," which cost \$4,000; "The Disputed Boundary," by Erskine Nicol, a Scotch artist, valued at \$10,000; and Mr. Huntington's "Lady Washington's Reception," said to have cost about \$10,000 or \$15,000. The collection of statuary includes Powers' "Greek Slave" and "Eve," and Rogers' "Nydia." It is stated that this entire collection of works of art will be disposed of at auction.

We come now to the consideration of the subject of our sketch in his personal characteristics.

An incident illustrating Mr. Stewart's economical ideas, and also his disregard to conventionalities in his early business days, was frequently related by the late Mrs. Hall, of Charlton Street, New York. When the great shopkeeper was still occupying his first little store at No. 283 Broadway, this lady had occasion to make a few purchases, amounting to only a small sum, but forming a package inconvenient for her to carry. Mr. Stewart accordingly asked her if it would be in time for her, if the goods reached her in the evening. On her replying that it would be in ample time, he said that he had given up keeping a boy, to save expense, and would carry the package to its destination himself, after he had put up his shutters and closed his store.

Mr. Stewart is said to have been extremely superstitious, and various incidents are related, illustrating this peculiarity of his temperament.

It is said of an old applewoman, who for many years occupied a place on the sidewalk near his marble store at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Streets, that on the completion of his up-town building, the merchant caused her to be removed, with her stock, to that locality, having a very decided conviction that the act would ensure the prosperity of his new establishment. It is asserted that the delay in removing his family to his marble palace in Fifth Avenue after the completion of that building, was occasioned by a superstitious dread originating in some unfortunate matter connected with its erection. Another story is to the effect

that a lady, whose acquaintance Mr. Stewart had made just previous to the opening of his new store, warned him not to sell anything there, until she had first purchased something in the store; and on the opening day, early in the morning, she called and bought nearly \$200 worth of goods, princi-Years afterwards, Mr. Stewart, while pally Irish laces. traveling in Europe is said to have been informed that this lady was residing in the city in which he then happened to be, in destitute circumstances. He immediately sought her out, when he learned that her husband had squandered her entire fortune, leaving her in indigence. Mr. Stewart immediately furnished an elegant suite of apartments in which he placed her, and afterwards settled upon her a handsome annuity, supporting her during her life in comparative luxury, and all this from the belief that her early purchase in his new store had brought him luck.

Mr. Stewart's early classical education was considered by him to be of sufficient importance to be kept up at least to the extent of reading occasionally the classics in the original. Mr. Parke Godwin states that Mr. Stewart devoted a portion of each day to the reading of Greek. Mr. Godwin also says that on one occasion he met Mr. Stewart who, after inquiring after the health of Mr. William Cullen Bryant, desired to know how far the latter had progressed in his translation of "Homer's Iliad," upon which the venerable poet was then engaged. Mr. Godwin replied that Mr. Bryant was making fair progress, doing fifty lines a day, On this, Mr. Stewart observed that it was his own habit to read a certain number of lines of Greek every morning. Mr. Godwin says further, that Mr. Stewart found time to study the French and German languages, while actively engaged in his business affairs; that he had also devoted himself to the study of the various questions involved in the relations of Capital and Labor; and that he was a master of the science of Finance.

Mr. Stewart's profound antipathy to having any portrait made of himself, or any sketch of his life written, was a marked trait in his character. Wilson McDonald, the sculptor, was at one time in the habit of seeing Mr. Stewart frequently, and took the opportunity to study his features, afterwards modeling them in clay in his studio, from memory. When the model was completed, he invited some of the gentlemen in Mr. Stewart's employ, to look at it, and was informed by them that in their opinion it was a good likeness. This model, however, was permitted to dry up, and was set aside. The artist now, however, proposes to bring it to light, and complete it. The only portrait known to have been made of Mr. Stewart was by T. P. Rossiter, forming one of a group of merchants, said to have been painted at the suggestion or instigation of the Century Club. Mr. Stewart, after sitting a few times to Mr. Rossiter, was dissatisfied with the latter's non-success in catching his expression and features, and ceased his sittings abruptly. Afterwards this painting was sold at auction by Mr. Leavitt in Astor Place, and was purchased for \$300 by a speculator, who sold it to Mr. Stewart at a greatly increased figure.

It has been rumored that Mr. Stewart once sat for his portrait to some lady artist; but this statement lacks confirmation. In explanation of his reluctance to being depicted on canvas or by photography, Mr. Stewart is said to have remarked, "I have passed my prime, and I don't want to be handed down to posterity as a worn-out, old man."

After his death, Mr. Albert Bierstadt took a cast in wax of his features, and from this there will doubtless be produced an oil portrait, and possibly a bust.

Twice during Mr. Stewart's life he received appointments expressive of the confidence which was felt in his wisdom, judgment, and integrity. In 1867 he went to Paris as one of the representatives from the United States to the French Exposition, being President of the Honorary Commission

appointed by the Government. In 1869 he was nominated by President Grant to the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Such an appointment, however, being in conflict with a law which forbids any one holding the position while engaged in business, and Congress refusing to amend this law, the nomination was obliged to be withdrawn—although Mr. Stewart offered to place his business in other hands during his term of office, with the understanding that they should be diverted to some charitable purpose.

Mr. Stewart is said to have obtained his employés and held them at lower rates of pay than any other merchant in the business. This was certainly the case as to the majority of those who served him. He never would pay beyond the lowest market rates, and never found any difficulty in supplying his necessities at those rates; but in the selection of experts in the various departments of his business requiring such persons, he paid the very highest current salaries. The fact is, that he was overrun with applications for situations, and had only to pick from the great number who offered themselves, and who were anxious for employment on any terms, possibly as much as anything because they found it easier to obtain other and more lucrative situations if they could sustain their application with a good record from Mr. Stewart's establishments.

Mr. Henry C. Bowen, who was the senior partner of the old and well-known firm of Bowen, McNamee & Co., has given certain anecdotes of Mr. Stewart, who, according to Mr. Bowen, was considered by New York merchants to be the shrewdest of all of them. As an illustration of this, it is observed of Mr. John Rankin, formerly a large importer, that on receiving goods from abroad, it was his custom to invite the leading buyers to visit his place and inspect them. The cases were opened, the prices of each line and quality of goods determined upon, and then the merchants were received. Many buyers came, and among them Mr. Stewart. And while the others went about the store, feeling the fabrics as to how thick this was, and how thin that was, and wasted time in hemming and having and debating with each other, Mr. Stewart would take Mr. Rankin through the store with him, selecting the best of his stock and purchasing it at once.

Mr. Bowen also says that Henry Sheldon, an extensive importer of French goods, had one time sold Mr. Stewart goods to the amount of \$25,000 or \$30,000, and felt a little timid about increasing his credit with him. He informed the merchant that he desired to know a little more about his capital and business than he then knew. In reply, Mr. Stewart referred him to Mr. Lewis Tappan, of the firm of Arthur Tappan & Co., saying, "As you sell that firm largely, and have confidence in them, if you will be satisfied I will ask Mr. Tappan to come here and examine my books, and you may then know all I know myself." Mr. Sheldon consented, and Mr. Tappan spent several evenings in Mr. Stewart's counting-room, studying his books. He reported, when his task was ended, that Mr. Stewart was abundantly good, and was worth about \$70,000. This report established Mr. Stewart's credit, which was never afterward questioned.

During the late war, as in the panic year of 1837, Mr. Stewart realized large profits. Foreseeing at an early period the inevitable rise in cotton, he bought largely of fabrics in this material, and was thus enabled to control the market. Besides this, he had contracts with the Government, directly and indirectly, which amounted to an enormous business in themselves. It it is said that Potter Palmer, of Chicago, and John Shiletto, the rich Cincinnati retailer, were greatly favored, and reaped considerable advantage from Mr. Stewart's confidence in them at this time.

Early in his business history, Mr. Stewart managed to control certain styles of goods, as for instance, the Alexandre glove, compelling all who desired this line to purchase of him, and at his price. In old times, before the days of the telegraph, he frequently sent agents through the market with orders, and learned by this means just how much of certain styles of goods could be found in this city, Boston, and Philadelphia. Then he purchased all that could be bought, made a corner, and advanced the price of the article to suit himself.

Mr. Stewart rarely consulted any one in regard to his transactions. He would obtain such facts as he wanted from his bookkeeper, think out his plans of operation by himself, and then, having made up his mind, act decidedly and vigorously. If he foresaw loss, he hastened to sell as soon as possible, often while people were hesitating, getting his money in hand before the final crash came, and replacing his goods at much less than he sold them for. It was much the same with him when he bought for a rise. He always took the tide at its turn.

Only one man in the world, during Mr. Stewart's lifetime, beside himself, knew exactly the value and extent of his property. That man was his confidential bookkeeper, who was in the habit of gathering up the balance-sheets of the various departments, and from them making a general account of the business, which was kept under lock and key, and never shown to any one but Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart was not much given to investing in stocks or bonds, except those of the United States. For many years, also, he did not insure any of his real estate against fire, but insured himself.

It is stated that he had spent \$1,250,000 for his property in Saratoga. A portion of this he bought from John Morrissey. Recently he had opened a branch store in Saratoga, a course of action which was greatly displeasing to the local tradespeople, who depended on their Summer trade for their livelihood.

An amusing story is told of Mr. Stewart's early life, to the following effect:

An incident occurred shortly after he had started in business, when, desiring to obtain a reputation for his goods in fashionable society, he made inquiries among his friends, and learned the name and residence of the fashionable leader of that day, and also the church which she attended. He next leased a pew in that church, directly in front of that of the lady, and regularly, Sunday after Sunday, occupied his seat, and took part in the services-meanwhile watching his chances for a business movement. One Sunday, as the congregation was about leaving the church, a rain-storm commenced; and the fashionable lady's carriage being at some distance from the church-door, she stopped irresolutely upon perceiving the drops of rain, dreading injury to her costly dress. Mr. Stewart, who was right behind her, fortunately had an umbrella, and raising it, offered his services to shelter the lady beneath it until she should reach her carriage. The proffer was accepted, and the young man was heartily thanked therefor. This act brought about a speaking acquaintance, and interested the lady in Mr. Stewart; and at length, having inquired from a member of the church the nature of his business, she said to him on one occasion:

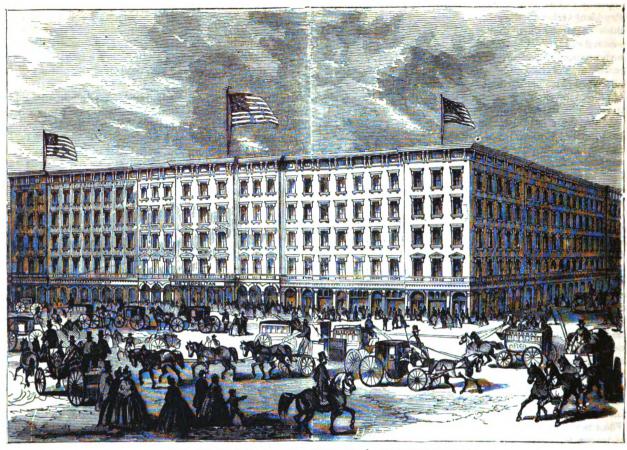
"Mr. Stewart, have you any articles at your store that you think I would like to buy?"

"No," he replied, "I don't think I have anything."

"I would like to aid you in your business in some way."

"You can in this way. I have noticed that your coachman exercises your horses every day, and you not caring always to take a ride, I presume, the carriage is frequently empty. If, on the days that you do not wish to use the carriage, you will order the coachman to take it to my store, and remain in front of the store for half an hour, you will do me a good turn."

The lady was amused at Mr. Stewart's suggestion, and did



METROPOLITAN HOTEL AND ENTRANCE TO NIBLO'S THEATRE, BROADWAY.

as requested. The frequent appearance of the carriage in front of the store was soon noticed by other ladies, and Mr. Stewart's scheme resulted in starting the stream of fashion in his direction, which has since ceaselessly run in and out of his establishments.

Personally, Mr. Stewart was unassuming, modest in appearance, and quite affable in his demeanor to his friends. He dressed plainly and with good taste, and wore no jewelry. As to this latter habit, he objected to it in his clerks; and if it were persisted in, he was accustomed to establish

a watch, which frequently resulted in the exposure of dishonest clerks. One day, Mr. Stewart was walking through his retail store, when a massive gold chain and locket in the button-hole of one of his clerks attracted his attention. Stepping up to him, he said, "Young man, if I were you I would button up my coat on that;" and, pointing down to his own plain black silk watchcord, he said, "That is the best I can afford to wear; take my advice, and keep it covered up."

It is said that he was exceedingly kind to clerks who lost their health while in his service, and that he has been known to pay the salaries of clerks for months while they

were lying on a sick-bed—even assuming the physician's expenses as well. His discipline was stringent, certainly not an unnecessary element in such large establishments. It is not shown, however, that this was cruel or unreasonable.

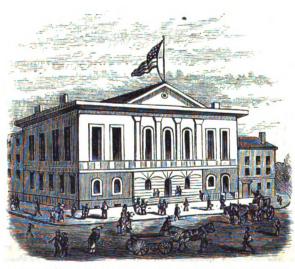
One of his business peculiarities was shown in his never displaying any sign. On being asked by a lady friend his reason for this eccentricity, he replied by quoting the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

While he always ascribed his success to his inflexible honesty in trade, yet when asked if he believed in luck,

it is said he replied, "Indeed I do. There are some persons who are always unlucky. I sometimes open a case of goods, and sell the first piece to some person who is unlucky, and I lose on it to the end. I frequently sell goods to unlucky people, whom I would avoid if I could."

His mistake in life, he said, was that he did not open his retail store above Twenty-third Street. He believed that he would have had better returns on his stock.

It was almost impossible to reach Mr. Stewart in business hours. He was to be seen only at the down-store; and on a visitor inquiring there for him, he would have to run the gauntlet of the floor-walker, a watchman.



WASHINGTON HALL, FORMERLY ON THE SITE OF MR. STEWART'S WHOLESALE STORE.

probably Judge Hilton, and very likely others; and then, unless his business was exceedingly important or his credentials of special interest, he would be obliged to confide his errand to a subordinate, or go away without attending to it.

As to the nature of Mr. Stewart's business, it is a fact that this brought dismay and ruin upon many small dealers as it progressed insidiously toward the remarkable proportions which it finally reached. Of late years, however, the tendency to concentration in the retail business has been manifestly increasing in this country. Its advantages, as regards the convenience and comfort of the public, are certainly not to be denied; and if there are sound and valid objections to it as a question of social economy, this is not

the place to discuss the question. Large capital and economical organization can, without doubt, do better by and for the public than can small stores with heavy rent and taxes.

Not the least remarkable peculiarity in Mr. Stewart's vast and comprehensive business relations consists in the fact



MR. STEWART REPROVING A CLERK FOR HIS WASTEFULNESS.

that he was so seldom deceived or defrauded, either by his customers or partners, or by his employés. This remarkable exemption from the losses which constantly overtake men in business who have much less to look after than he had, was attributed by himself to the rigid method which he had adopted in the conduct of his affairs.

A rather good story is told, whether it be true or not, which illustrates Mr. Stewart's opinions. It is said that an anxious inquirer asked Commodore Vanderbilt the secret of making a fortune. "There is no secret about it," said he; "all you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead." George Law, on being asked the same question, replied, "There is nothing so easy as making money when you have money to make it with.

The only thing is to see the crisis and take it at its flood." Finally the anxious inquirer went to Mr. Stewart, from whom he obtained the following response: "I consider honesty and truth the great aids in gaining a fortune."

The venerable Peter Cooper states that on one occasion while strolling through the Tenth Street store, in company



THE WORKING-WOMEN'S HOME ERECTED BY MR. STEWART. Digitized by

with Mr. Stewart, the latter gentleman looking at the salesmen, ushers, and other persons in his employ, said abruptly: "Do you see all these persons about here? Well, there is not a man of them who is allowed the slightest discretion. Every one of them does just as he is told; he is a machine working by rote and according to rule."

Illustrative of his sentiments and conduct during the rebellion, the following letter, written by him at the beginning of the war to one of his Southern customers, may be properly quoted:

DEAR SIR-Your letter requesting to know whether or not I had offered a million of dollars to the Government for the purposes of the war, and at the same time informing me that neither yourself nor your friends would pay their debts to the firm as they matured, has been received. The intention not to pay seems to be universal in the South-aggravated in your case by the assurance that it does not arise from inability; but whatever may be your determination or that of others at the South, it shall not change my course. All that I have of position and wealth, I owe to the free institutions of the United States, under which, in common with all others, North and South, protection to life, liberty, and property have been enjoyed in the fullest manner. The Covernment to which these blessings are due, calls on her citizens to protect the Capital of the Union from threatened assault; and although the offer to which you refer has not in terms been made by me, I yet dedicate all that I have, and will, if need be, my life, to the service of the countryfor to that country I am bound by the strongest ties of affection and duty. I had hoped that Tennessee would be loyal to the Constitution; but, however extensive may be secession or repudiators, as long as there are any to uphold the sovereignty of the United States, I shall be with them supporting the flag.

> Yours, &c., ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

New York, April 29th, 1861.

A: the beginning of the war, the Government experienced great difficulty in clothing the troops which had been hurried to the front. Mr. Stewart bought the entire production of several woolen mills of this State and in New England, and from those goods made uniforms and flannel undergarments, which he sold to several State Governments in large quantities and at low prices. It is stated as an instance of his fair dealing and patriotism, that he manufactured a great many flannel garments, called "California Shirts," at twelve dollars per dozen, and supplied enough for the use of several regiments every day; and although the price of cloth continued to increase, Mr. Stewart continued to supply the clothing at a very small increase on the cost price.

Concerning this matter, we may properly quote a letter from Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York:

#### EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY, June 21st, 1861.

DEAR STR: . . . Your generous offer to continue to furnish the shirts, as heretofore, at twelve dollars per dozen, although you have control of the goods, and the rise would justify a marked increase in the price, is an act so characteristic of you, especially where the public interests are concerned, and is withal so unselfish and patriotic, that I cannot withhold the expression of my thanks, and my regret that the bright example has so few imitators.

With the sincerest regard, I am your friend,
E. D. Morgan.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART, Esq.

As to personal charities and subscriptions for charitable purposes, it is stated of Mr. Stewart that he depended chiefly for his conclusions with regard to such upon the character of those who solicited him. An introduction or solicitation from certain parties was quite sure to meet with a favorable response.

Mr. Stewart's habits were simple and his life methodical. He usually breakfasted at eight o'clock, that meal being composed of plain food. After that he was driven down to his retail store, where he spent two or three hours, walking through every part of it, questioning salesmen, acquainting himself with the quantity of stock on hand in each line, and further observing how his business was being conducted. Then he went in his carriage to the wholesale store, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. There he read his correspondence, and transacted business until five o'clock. For many years he was accustomed to dine at Delmonico's, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and latterly he dined at home.

Mr. Stewart was not very much given to hospitality, bu' made it a practice to entertain his friends at dinner on Sunday afternoons. Nearly every week some stranger of distinction thus became one of his guests, and the interior of his house and the character of his hospitality were perhaps as well known abroad as here.

Mr. Stewart has owned a pew in St. Mark's Church for thirty years. He was not a regular attendant, but was frequently seen in his pew, No. 32, a little more than half way up the aisle on the left side of the church, the prayer-books in the rack bearing Mr. Stewart's signature, written in his own business hand, accompanied by a long flourish. The second pew from Mr. Stewart's, next to the east wall, is that of the Stuyvesant family, arranged in the old style, with double seats and solid table, supported by large, post-like legs.

St. Mark's Church is one of the most venerable landmarks in New York, and the quiet churchyard lying to the east of it, on Second Avenue and Stuyvesant Street, is a strange feature in the midst of the busy city. In 1820 and 1830 this was largely converted into a burial-place by the construction of family under-ground vaults. Six noble and far-spreading elms give a beautiful appearance to the churchyard, and three of these, close together in the centre of the yard, shade a tablet bearing the inscription, "No. 112. A. T. Stewart's Family Vault." Here lie the remains of Mr. Stewart's mother; his two children, who died young; and Miss Clinch, a niece of Mrs. Stewart.

East of Mr. Stewart's vault are the family vaults of John A. Graf and Edwin Townsend; on the south side, the vault of George Watherspoon, dated 1845; and on the west side, the vault of Benjamin Wintrop. Nicholas Fish, the father of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, lies buried in a vault near the church-walk; and David D. Tompkins, once Vice-President of the United States, is interred in the vault near the vestry door. But the most venerable of the dead of St. Mark's Churchyard lie in a vault near the east wall of the church, which is distinguished by a tablet fastened to the wall beneath the second window, bearing the following inscription: "In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherlands, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands, died in A. D. 1675, aged 80 years."

St. Mark's Church is small, and will not seat comfortably more than 800 persons. The interior of the church, like its exterior, is old-fashioned, but stately in appearance, and richly upholstered in crimson damask. The present pews were put in about thirty years ago. They are commodious and well cushioned, and the railings are heavy and of polished mahogany. The windows are double and small, and the glass of a dingy color. The altar is plain, and back of the beautiful lectern—the only conspicuous piece of church furniture to be seen—is the inscription, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Several memorial tablets are built in the walls.

Mr. Stewart was extremely sensitive to personal attacks and newspaper criticisms. Some years ago he discovered that one of his employés had been writing newspaper articles, commenting very bitterly on his method of directing his establishment, and on the severity of the discipline enforced in his retail store. On discovering the offender, Mr. Stewart expelled him from his employ, displaying the greatest indignation. It is stated, however, that Mr. Stewart was generally esteemed and liked by those in his employment.

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Mr. Stewart was fond of bright colors and lively combinations in fabrics, and in the selection of his paintings this preference influenced him largely, he invariably choosing, when he selected for himself, such as united with a large and prominent figured subject bright and striking colors. At one time a few artists and private friends met at his house to examine a French artist's new painting, which had just arrived, having been painted to Mr. Stewart's order some time before. In the course of the conversation Mr. Stewart remarked, that in his opinion the colors were not bright enough, and in reply, one of the gentlemen said that the artist painted for the future, that the colors would become brighter by age, and that in fifty or one hundred years the picture would be more leasing than : painted in brighter colors. To this remark Mr. Stewart characteristically responded: "But, confound it? I do not expect to live fifty or one huncred years: I want to enjoy it now."

The firm directed by A. T. Stewart was formerly composed as follows: Alexander T. Stewart, of New York; Mr. Worden, f Paris, France; Mr. Fox, of Manchester, England; and Mr. William Libby, of New York. The latter gentleman came in the employ of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. between twelve and fifteen years ago as business manager of the New York wholesale house of Broadway, Chambers, and Reade Streets, and a few years after his admission he was taken in as partner of the house and placed in charge of the downtown store. The others of the partners are dead.

As to Mr. Stewart's habits in the expenditure of money, it should be observed, that when he had concluded upon any course, his action was the reverse of niggardly, and he never seemed to consider of importance the gross amount of the necessary expenditure. Not long before his death a conversation occurred between Mr. Stewart and the superintendent of the Garden City improvements, which illustrates this trait.

At that time the great Garden City Hotel had just been erected, but the grounds in the neighborhood were entirely unimproved, and Mr. Stewart apparently was not satisfied with the delay in the work. He was about changing agents at that time, and consulted the one then in charge in regard to the cost of the work, and the time required to finish it. He was told that it would cost \$2,500, and three years' time would be required for the proper cultivation of the ground, planting of trees, and preparing the road-bed. Mr. Stewart was not satisfied with this statement, and at once consulted the gentleman who afterward received the position of superintendent, and questioned him as to his views. The latter, at once appreciating Mr. Stewart's ideas, and his evident desire to see the work hurried forward, said he could do the work for \$20,000, and have it all done in six weeks. Mr. Stewart seemed to be astonished at the extravagant sum named, but said: "That is a great deal of money to lay out, but go ahead." The superintendent did go ahead, and the grounds were broken, graded, several hundred trees planted, and every desired improvement finished in the time named.

As displaying something of the personal opinion with regard to Mr. Stewart of gentlemen who were familiar with him, and on whose judgment the public are apt to rely, a few quotations from interviews with them may be given.

Mr. John J. Cisco, who was a personal friend of Mr. Stewart, and had known him from boyhood, said that he was one of the most estimable men he had ever known. He could not speak too highly of his ability and integrity. His qualities of mind were most rare, and some traits of his character were wonderful. Those who knew him best esteemed him most.

Mr. Morris K. Jessup said: "As a merchant, Mr. Stewart stood at the very head. His success proved what industry

and perseverance can do. His one great idea was to make his profession a success, and he did it."

Mr. William A. Booth remarked that, "For managing, systematizing, organizing, and controlling, Mr. Stewart was the ablest merchant in this city. I have looked upon his management," said Mr. Booth, "with astonishment. On one point there can be but one opinion, namely, his justice to every person that bought of him. Every purchaser knew that he was buying Mr. Stewart's goods at a fair price, and this most creditable principle of equity in dealing with his customers, always deserves to be emphasized in connection with his name."

Fletcher Harper, Jr., said: "In the Union League Club, Mr. Stewart was prominent and greatly respected, and had he lived another year he would probably have been elected president of the club."

Mayor Wickham said: "He was undoubtedly one of the greatest merchants of this or any other age, and by those who knew him best, his social qualities were most appreciated."

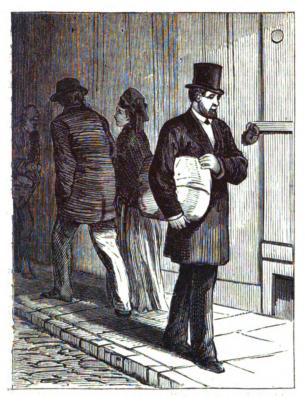
Jackson S. Schultz observed that "Mr. Stewart was a highly appreciative member of the Union League Club, and always very liberal in his contributions. He never allowed any other man to give more than he did, and in most instances he gave double. Especially during the war, when patriotism was most needed, did Mr. Stewart exhibit the intensest patriotic feeling. He was a great merchant," continued Mr. Schultz; "the chief characteristic of all his business transactions was truthfulness. He so insisted himself, in conversation one day with me on the subject. It was not his one-price system, as I had suggested, he said, but his truthful dealings with his customers."

A. A. Low said: "I suppose that he was a marvel to everybody. It was wonderful how he could not only organize, manage, and sustain his immense regular business, but also enter upon so many extra enterprises, and provide capital for so many outside interests. Every one seems to admit that he was the greatest merchant in the City of New York."

The Union League Club placed itself on record as to its estimate of Mr. Stewart's character, and the loss which his death had inflicted upon the community, in the following



THE GLOBE THEATRE, BROADWAY, OPPOSITE WAVESLEY PLACE, N. T.,
OWNED BY MR. STEWART.
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MR. STEWART, IN HIS EARLY BUSINESS LIFE, CARRYING HOME A BUNDLE.

resolutions, offered by Peter Cooper, seconded by Parke Godwin, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of the Union League Club have received with deep regret the intelligence of the death of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, who was from its organization an active and devoted member of the Club, and for many years one of its vice-presidents. For more than a generation the name of Mr. Stewart has been closely identified with the progress and prosperity of this city, to which his vast wealth and gigantic business enterprises in a measure contributed. There was nothing accidental or fictitious in the marvels of the success of his undertakings, and the rapid strides of his fortunes. The strictest integrity in every transaction, the unrivaled diligence in his business, and the absolute devotion of his life to its pursuit, would not alone have enabled him to achieve such signal commercial triumphs, but all these great virtues were coupled with a matchless genius for trade, which raised him in early manhood to a conspicuous rank, and long since secured for him the acknowledged position of the most successful merchant in the world. But, notwithstanding Mr. Stewart's intense devotion to his own private affairs, he at all times exhibited a public spirit and a hearty interest in the welfare of his city and country, which did him great honor, and inspired the confidence of his fellowcitizens. He uniformly threw his whole weight into the scale for pure and honest government, and against fraud, and corruption, and jobbery in public affairs. In the patriotic struggle which the honest people of this city have waged at fearful odds against politicians and plunderers, he gave the influence of his name, his counsel, and his money, to the right side, and every man who aimed at the proper administration of the affairs of the city, or the good of its citizens, was sure of his support and sympathy. In the concerns of the nation he took an active and abiding interest. His patriotism was unquestioned, and his loyalty unconditional. He allied himself with the Republican party while that party was engaged in its great contest against slavery and rebellion, but was never blind to its faults or disposed to applaud its errors. His experience and sagacity led him in the last years of his life to pronounce most emphatically for reform, and the reawakening of public virtue. In the affairs of this Club, his interest and his influence were very marked. He contributed

liberally to all its undertakings, and entered into them with characteristic zeal and energy, laboring diligently to increase and widen its power and influence.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Stewart, a committee of fifty be appointed by the president to attend his funeral.

As to Mr. Stewart's own opinion with regard to his plan of life and his business system, the following is quoted from himself: "My business has been a matter of principle from the start. That is all there is about it. If the golden rule can be incorporated into purely mercantile business, it has been done in this establishment, and you must have noticed, if you have observed closely, that the customers are treated as the seller himself would like to be treated were he in their place. That is to say, nothing is misrepresented; the price is fixed, once and for all, at the lowest possible figure, and the circumstances of the buyer are not suffered to influence the salesman in his conduct in the smallest particular."

Conducted, as is alleged, on this basis, the trade transacted by Mr. Stewart became almost fabulous. The sales in the two establishments are said to have amounted to \$203,000,000 in three years, and the income of Mr. Stewart has been the largest in the mercantile world. In 1863 his income was \$1,900,000; in 1864, \$4,000,000; in 1865, \$1,600,000; in 1866, \$600,000—an average of about \$2,000,000. When he was nominated for Secretary of the Treasury in 1869, he estimated his annual income at \$1,500,000.

At the time of his nomination, Mr. Stewart and his family, accompanied by Judge Henry Hilton and General Daniel Butterfield, visited Washington, and occupied apartments at the Ebbitt House, a private entrance on Fourteenth Street, near Newspaper Row, being arranged for his personal convenience. It was understood at the time that only the objection made by Senator Sumner prevented his confir-



MR. STEWART'S TRADE SUPERSTITION,—MOVING THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN
TO HIS TENTH STREET STORE.

mation by the Senate. Late in the afternoon of the day on which the nominations were sent in, rumors got afloat that there was a law, understood to have been really written by Alexander Hamilton while Secretary of the Treasury, prohibiting an importer in active business from holding the position of Secretary of the Treasury. A newspaper correspondent obtained the law bearing on the case and carried it to General Butterfield, who conveyed it to Mr. Stewart and his legal adviser, Judge Hilton. They immediately consulted Chief Justice Chase, and he confirmed the view which had been taken of the law by those who first brought it to Mr. Stewart's attention. It was understood at the time in Washington that Mr. Stewart proposed to retire from business and devote the entire profits that might accrue during the time he held the office of Secretary of the Treasury to any charitable object which might be named; but this was decided to be a measure which would not be proper, either for him to carry out or the Government to accept. Immediately after seeing Chief Justice Chase, Mr. Stewart and Judge Hilton drove to the White House and laid the facts and opinions before the President, who, on the next day, wrote a message to the Senate, asking that the law of 1788 be set aside, so as to enable the candidate to hold the office. This the Senate declined to do, and Mr. Stewart remained, so far as his political aspirations were concerned, in private life. He had been a strong and active advocate of the election of General Grant to the Presidency, and one of the largest contributors to the present of \$100,000 made the latter by the merchants of New York, as an acknowledgment of his services during the war.

In connection with Mr. Stewart's interest in political affairs, it may be observed that he fought the Broadway Railroad project year after year, and its ultimate defeat was due mainly to his efforts.

Mr. Stewart died at his residence in Fifth Avenue on April 10th, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and after a sickness of about three weeks, although for three years he had been to some extent under the influence of the disease whose recurrence caused his death.



MR. STEWART IN PRIVATE LIFE-STUDYING GREEK.



MR. STEWART OFFERS HIS ESCORT AND UMBRELLA TO A FASHIONABLE LADY.

As has been already stated in the course of this article, Mr. Stewart was in the habit, every Sunday, of giving a dinner-party to his friends and to such distinguished visitors as might be in the city. On the occasion of the last of these there were present, among others, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, of the Court of Common Pleas; Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the artist, and Mrs. Bierstadt; Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Allen; Dr. Marcy, Mr. Stewart's physician; Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, and others. It is asserted, as illustrating Mr. Stewart's superstition, that owing to the non-appearance of certain of the invited guests, thirteen sat down to table—the fatal number. It is also said that Mr. Stewart observed this, and made some effort to extend the circle of guests, but without avail. After the dinner Mr. Stewart exhibited to those present his art-gallery and library, and while moving about in these rooms remarked that he felt cold, and, going out, presently returned, wearing his overcoat and hat. Soon afterward he complained of pain in the side. On the following day he was suffering severely, and the damp, unseasonable weather that ensued intensified the violence of his malady. The affection of the bladder, from which he had long suffered, now became complicated with the new disorder, and inflammation set in. He was, however, treated so successfully by Dr. Marcy that he rallied from this first attack, and was even able to walk about his house. On the Thursday preceding his death, however, he exposed himself, took fresh cold, and was again prostrated, this time with inflammation of the bowels. From this period he began to sink, and on Monday became unconscious, in which condition he died.

Immediately on the fact of his death having been made public, Mr. Stewart's stores were closed, and the flags were raised thereon at half-mast; and this was also done on all the public buildings, hotels, and larger business establishments in the city. The announcement of the death of Mr. Stewart created a decided sensation throughout the city—partly from the fact that it was unexpected, and largely because of the mystery which was observed with regard to it. The fact that he was dangerously ill had been concealed by his friends and partners, and for hours after his death was known in the newspaper offices, and even while his stores were being closed, no information could be obtained from those nearest to him.

Arrangements were at once made for the funeral, which was set down for Thursday, April 13th. The following gentlemen were selected as pall-bearers: Gov. S. J. Tilden, Ex-Gov. John A. Dix, Chief-Justice Daly, William Libby, Ex-Gov. E. D. Morgan, Royal Phelps, R. S. Stuart, Charles H. Russell, Stephen Ray, Gov. Alex. Rice, of Massachusetts; Judge Noah Davis, Peter Cooper, Judge H. E. Davies, Jacob D. Vermilye, Francis Cottenet, and James Lenox.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the funeral, the employés of the dead merchant gathered in Thirty-fourth Street, formed into procession, and moved through the house, and passed the coffin to take a last look at their late employer. Nearly two thousand men and boys were in this procession, each wearing upon his arm a piece of crape. The casket containing the remains rested on a bed of roses, three feet high, in the main hall of the mansion, and was surrounded with other floral designs, wreaths, crosses, anchors, and broken columns without number. The casket was made of oak, covered with the finest black Lyons velvet, the lid secured with solid gold nails, and extension handles mounted with gold in their proper places. Upon the lid, engraved on a solid silver plate, was the following inscription:

ALEX. T. STEWART, Born, October 12th, 1803,

Died, April 10th, 1876.

The funeral cortége moved from Fifth Avenue to St. Mark's Church via Broadway and Ninth Street. Large numbers of people gathered along the route, while crowds occupied the immediate vicinity of the church, clambering upon fences and establishing themselves in all directions at good points of view. The services were conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, assisted by Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., and Rev. Dr. Rylance. At their conclusion the casket containing the body was lowered into the vault in the churchyard already described.

The will of Mr. Stewart, which was filed in the Surrogate's Office on the day after the funeral,

1. Bequeathed all the property and estate of the testator to his wife, Cornelia M. Stewart, her heirs and assigns forever.

2. Appointed Henry Hilton to act for the testator, and in behalf of his estate, in managing, closing, and winding-up his partnership business and affairs, and empowered him in respect thereto as fully as the testator was authorized to do by the articles of copartnership of the firm of Alexander T. Stewart & Co.

8. It bequeathed to said Henry Hilton \$1,000.000.

4. It revoked and annulled all other wills, and appointed as executors, Cornelia M. Stewart, Henry Hilton, and William Libbey. This was signed March 37th, 1873, and witnessed by William P. Smith, of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue; W. H. White, of 228 Fifth Avenue; E. E. Marcy, M.D., of 396 Fifth Avenue.

This was followed by a codicil bearing the same date, in which the following legacies were bequeathed:

To George B. Butler, the sum of \$20,000; to John M. Hopkins, the sum of \$10,000; to A. R. P. Cooper, the sum of \$10,000; to Edwin James Denning, the sum of \$10,000; to John S. Green, 10,000; to George H. Higgins, \$10,000; to Henry H. Rice, \$5,000; to John De Bret, \$5,000; to Robert Prother, \$5,000; to — Dodge, \$5,000; to Hugh Connor, \$5,000; to William Armstrong, \$5,000; "each of whom have long and faithfully served me in my business affairs." Also to William P. Smith, \$5 000; to William Lynch, \$2,500; to Martha Turner, \$2 500; to Rebecca Turner,

\$2,500; to Sarah Turner, \$500; to James Cummings, \$1,000; to Edward Thompson, \$1,000; to Michael Riorden, \$500; "all faithfui servants of my house."

### This codicil concluded as follows:

And whereas I desire to testify my sincere regard for Sarah Morrow and Rebecca Morrow, now residing at No 30 East Thirtyninth Street, in the City of New York, the friends of my early youth, and at whose father's house I enjoyed in my youth a hospitality and welcome which I cannot forget or repay. It is therefore my will, and I do direct that my executors shall set apart from my estate a sum sufficient to produce an annuity of \$12,000 in quarteryearly installments. Such sum of money so set apart I give to my executors in trust to hold, manage, invest, and re-invest during the lives of said Sarah and Rebecca Morrow, and until both shall die; and from the income and proceeds thereof, to pay over to said Sarah and Rebecca such annuity of \$12,000 in equal shares during their joint lives, and upon the death of either of them to pay the whole of such annuity to the survivor during her life; such payments to be made in quarter-yearly installments in advance, and commencing on the day my said will shall be admitted to probate.

Further, I do give to the said Sarah and Rebecca Morrow, and to the survivors of them, the use, during life, of the said house and premises now occupied by them, No. 30 East Thirty-ninth Street, in the City of New York, together with the furniture, etc., contained therein, free from all taxes, assessments, etc.

Lastly, I give to Ellen B. Hilton, the wife of my friend Henry Hilton, the sum of \$5,000.

Finally, I ratify and confirm my said will, dated March 27, 1873, in every respect, so far as the bequest therein to my wife is diminished or modified by the various gifts, legacies, etc., therein contained

This was followed by a second codicil, dated March 28, 1873, bequeathing the following gifts and legacies:

Charles P. Clinch, \$10,000; Anna Clinch, \$10,000; Julia Clinch, \$10,000; Emma Clinch, \$10,000; Sarah Smith, the wife of J. Lawrence Smith, \$10,000; Cornelia S. Smith, \$10,000.

It also continued the said Anna, Julia, and Emma Clinch in the use and enjoyment of the house, lot, and land at 115 East Thirty-fifth Street, during their several lives. It further bequeathed to Charles J. Church the sum of \$10,000.

This was followed by a document in the form of a letter, addressed, "To my Dear Wife," dated March 29th, 1873, and which proceeded as follows:

It has been and is my intention to make provision for various public charities; but as any scheme of the kind I propose will need considerable thought and elaboration, I have made my will, with the codicils in their present shape, to guard against any contingency, knowing I may rely upon you supplying all deficiencies on my part.

I hope and trust my health may be spared, so that I may complete the various plans for the welfare of our fellow-beings which I have already initiated; but should it be ruled otherwise, I must depend upon you, with such aid as you may call about you, to carry out what I have begun.

Our friend Judge Hilton will, I know, give you any assistance in his power, and to him I refer you for a general understanding of the various method; and plans which I have at times, with him, considered and discussed.

I am not unaware, also, of the fact that there are many who have served me faithfully and well in my business, and otherwise, who should be recognized and rewarded, but for whom I have not, as yet, made any special provision. Your own recollection, aided by Judge Hilton's knowledge on the subject, will doubtless bring these persons to your attention, and I feel satisfied their claims will be justly considered by you. Especially, however, I do desire that you will ascertain the names of all such of my employés who have been with me for a period of ten years and upward. And I request that to each of those who have been in my employment for a period of twenty years, shall be paid \$1,000, while to each of those who have been with me for ten years, shall be paid \$500.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

The promulgation of the will, codicils, and other directions of Mr. Stewart, was followed by the published agreement concluded between Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton, by which a complete transfer of the business of Alexander T. Stewart

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& Co., in so far as it involved the interests of the late Mr. Stewart, to Judge Henry Hilton, in consideration of the payment by the latter to Mrs. Stewart of the sum of \$1,000,000, was consummated.

Following this there was announced the formation of a copartnership between Judge Hilton and William Libby, for the purpose of carrying on the business under the firm name of Alexander T. Stewart & Co.

This announcement completed the history of the life of Alexander T. Stewart, so far as this is known, by promising

would make a man a very great millionaire in England, though that would not exceed a sixteenth, or at most an eighth, of the sum named. But the very minute, though not always very consistent, accounts of Mr. Stewart with which the American journals are so characteristically filled, and his will, which has been published, all bring out one somewhat interesting point—namely, that great success as a man of business implies capacity at once exceedingly rare in its degree, and exceedingly ordinary in its kind. There is nothing which has been told of Mr. Stewart which is not



CROWD AROUND MR. STEWART'S RESIDENCE ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS DEATH.

the perpetuity of the vast business house to which he had given his name.

The leading English journals are still discussing the life and business success of the late A. T. Stewart. The average of their views is well expressed by the *Spectator* in the following language: "The result appears to justify completely the anticipation which we formed a fortnight ago of the wealth accumulated by the millionaire of New York, Mr. A. T. Stewart. That wealth will certainly not fall short of £16,000,000 sterling, and may amount to as much more as

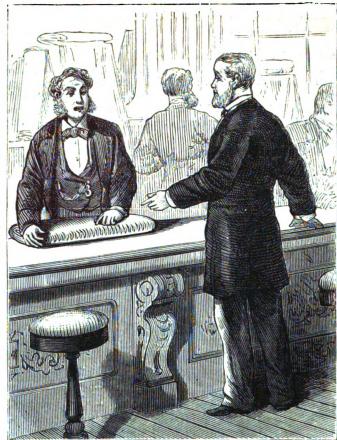
ordinary in kind. His honesty, which was singularly firm, and was the root of his success, is, we hope, a quality ordinary in kind, though rarely so steady and inexorable in its resistance to circumstances of temptation. His chief business principle, to pay cash and insist on cash, and to turn over his stock as rapidly as possible, even at a partial sacrifice, was the principle of common sense, and in him only remarkable because, like his other principles, he acted so steadily and with so organized a method upon it. It seems that, in the commercial panic of 1837, when there was a

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general fall of values all over the commercial world, he promptly reduced his goods to cost price, sold them off rapidly at that rate, and with the ready money thus acquired bought silks and other imported goods at 60 per cent. less than it would have cost to import them. In other words, he incurred the inevitable loss, but turned it into a vast gain by using the resources thus acquired to obtain, in a market which was every day declining, the means of making a vast profit in future. So, too, he always reduced his stock at the end of the season, to prevent its remaining on hand, being aware that even a loss, followed rapidly by a succession of gains on the capital on which the loss had been incurred, would result much better than an ordinary profit very slowly made. All this was common sense, very steadily applied, and so was the policy by which Mr. Stewart prevented the loss which threatened him from

the civil war. The South traded largely with him, and, of [ course, it was certain that he would lose some of his best customers by their poverty and ruin. He saw the true way to fill up the gap, and bought up at once the materials which he knew that the Northern Government would most of form and color, the sweetness of the fragrance, the deli-

need for the clothing and covering of the troops. When at last a large army had to be put into the field, Mr. Stewart was the only man with whom the Government could contract for uniforms, blankets, and other such goods, and what he sold he sold of good quality and at reasonable prices. These are quite sufficient illustrations of the kind of faculty which made Mr. Stewart the richest, or next to the richest



MR. STEWART'S DISLIKE OF DISPLAY-REPROVING EXTRAVAGANCE

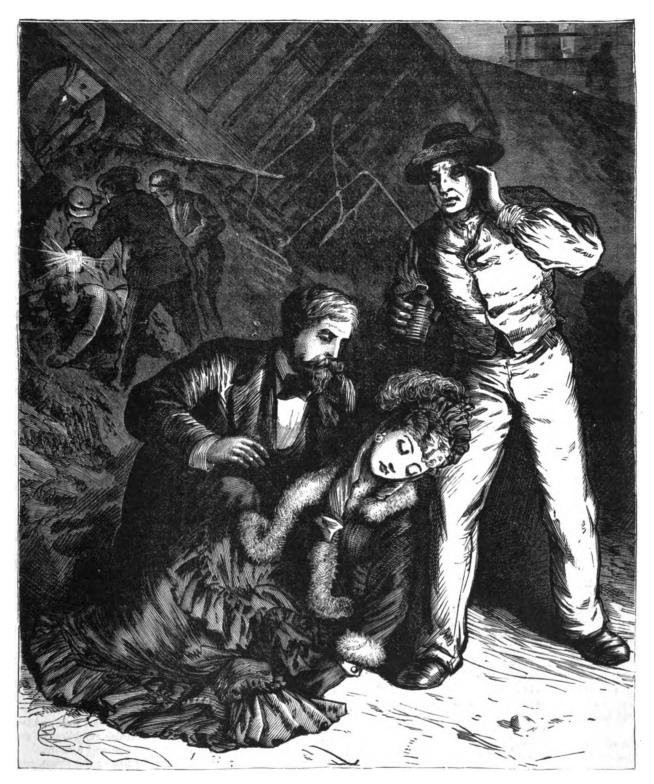
MR. STEWART LYING IN STATE.

man of his age-ordinary qualities vigorously and pertinaciously acted upon, good sense systematized, and carried everywhere into detail."

A Pious acquaintance, remarkable for the quaint shrewdness of his observations, one day, when walking in a garden, having pulled a flower of exquisite loveliness, after expressing, in his own characteristic way, his admiration of its various beauties, took up a clod of the soil in his other hand, and naïvely, but emphatically, exclaimed, "What but Almighty power could extract that from this?" If there was anything ludicrous in the manner, there was nothing but truth and sublimity in the sentiment. Everything in the operations of the Creator is worthy of devout admiration, lut I scarcely know anything in the inanimate world, which brings together and concentrates so many wonders of designing wisdom and benevolence as

the structure and qualities of a flower—and assuredly not a little is added to the surprise and pious feeling with which this delightful production is contemplated, when we think of the crude materials from which it is elaborated. The beauty

cate and skillful nature of the organization, the careful provisions, the forethought, the contrivance, the suiting of parts. as regards the propagation of the species, the adaptations to the subsistence and enjoyment of the insect tribes-all produced by the artificial union of a few simple and apparently unfit substances, cannot fail to excite in the reflecting mind the most lively sentiments of astonishment.



A GIRL'S ADVENTURE.—"I BECAME DIMLY CONSCIOUS THAT I WAS LYING ON THE EARTH, WITH A GREAT LIGHT SHINING ON MY FACE.
MR. CHESTER LIFTED ME ON HIS STRONG ARM. "MY DEAR CHILD," HE SAID, KINDLY, "ARE YOU RETTER?"

## A GIRL'S ADVENTURE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "The Birthmark," etc.

OUR old girl-life was broken. My sister Letty was married, and the honeymoon and its usual tour, had passed. She and Fred had taken possession of their new home, and here my story finds me.

Vol. L, No. 6-42.

The nest of these new housekeepers had, of course, the attraction of novelty, and, feverish with a deep unrest, I had flitted restlessly through it. But the time came for me to leave Letty, and the home of which she felt so proud.

My love-life had not been crowned with happiness like hers. My heart had gone out to one whom my guardian and Letty both viewed with distrust. I could not but compare sadly her apparently strong probability of happiness

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with the doubt and uncertainty and discouragement that hung over my future.

I am afraid Letty felt hurt at the scant praise that I accorded to her charming house and all its belongings. Yet I had seen all.

From the garret to the foundation I had looked over the house, impartially admiring everything which it contained, from the buhl and velvet of the parlors to the bright, new kitchen saucepans sent by some thrifty aunt of Fred's as a wedding-present. I had pounded out my favorite sonata from the grand new piano, and hung a horse-shoe over the door of Fred's smoking-room for good luck—had laughed at Letty's new matronly airs, and patiently listened to her tireless chatter concerning the wedding-journey and her happiness—the latter not to be compared to anything on the earth or in the heavens above the earth—and now it was time to go, and I sat in the bride's blue-and-gold boudoir, looking in her dear fair face, and holding her fat little hand in mine.

She little knew why I held it so closely, why I pressed it so fervently. She little knew how hollow was all my assumed cheerfulness and vivacity; how I yearned for one to whom I could without restraint open my whole heart and seek not advice, for I felt I could take none, but encouragement, a word of approval.

"Well, Letty, dear," I sighed—she was my one only sister, and senior by five years—"you ought to be thankful that you had no guardian to interpose betwixt you and Fred. Just see how happy you two are, darling, and then look at poor Charlie and I!"

Letty's blonde face, surmounted by frizzles of fair hair, and a silky braid like a cable chain, looked really troubled.

"Does not Mr. Kerr soften at all to his nephew, Nan?"

"Soften!" I echo; "I should think not! Cross old thing! There is no end to the abuse which he heaps upon him, Letty, dear—calls him a pig—a simpleton—says he will not pay his debts—says we shall not be engaged—says a bank-clerk with his habits, has no right to marry. Letty, I have not seen him—Charlie, I mean—for weeks and weeks except by—by stealth."

Letty grew very grave.

"By stealth! Oh, Nan! that is not nice, you know, and you so young, too! I don't like that!"

"Nor I. But what can we do?"

"Did Charlie ask you to meet him in that way?"

"Certainly."

"I think it very mean of him," said my bride-sister, promptly. "I like men to be upright and honorable—Fred always is. I hate clandestine courtship! Without doubt, Charlie has fallen into bad ways, Nan. Fred says the bank-officers have already spoken to him regarding his habits—says he will be sure to lose his place. Were I you, I would not hurry about an engagement. Where do you meet him, and how?"

"Mostly in the grounds. I never go outside the gate. Of course you must abuse him because Fred does. If he has bad habits now, he will abandon them when he marries me—he loves me well enough to do anything for my sake. It's all very well for you to cry not hurry—you, married and happy—it shows how selfish the best of people can be."

Letty little knew, as I delivered this cross speech, that in my heart of hearts I was longing to throw my arms around her and sob out this confession on her breast:

"I not only meet him, dear, but I have promised, this very night, to fly with him. In a few hours I, too, shall be a bride—not in lace and orange flowers"—and I sigh at this point—"but a fugitive in a common traveling-dress, and all alone with Charlie. I came in town, darling, to bid you good-by, and how do I know that it many not be forever? for to-morrow we sail for Europe!"

"I am not selfish," protested Letty; "it's an acknowledged fact that all married women delight in match-making. But I don't like Charlie Kerr. Do you see that house opposite, Nan? If you were settled there, for instance, I would be the happiest—the very happiest woman on the face of the earth!"

I peer through the parted lace curtains of the boudoir, and see across the way a brown, imposing structure, with plate-glass windows and a general air of splendor.

"Why that house?" I cry, scornfully; "it looks altogether beyond Charlie's means. I cannot expect to begin life as you have done, Letty."

"I didn't mean Charlie at all," she snaps; "hang Charlie!—as Fred would say. Somebody lives there who saved my darling's life in the dreadful war-time. So, of course, I am very glad to have him for a neighbor. He's a bachelor, too, and—very, very nice."

"Indeed!" I say, frigidly, as I drew out my watch; "I have just time to catch the next depôt car, Lotty. It is rather late for you to begin to praise Fred's bachelor friends to me."

I step to the dressing-table, and put on my velvet hat, with its long, gray feather, and draw on No. 6 gray gloves. Every woman likes to be pretty and well-dressed, and the glass in which I look tells me that I am both. I see a face oval and pale, with long, violet eyes, and a handsome red mouth. I see a figure in a stylish walking-jacket, bordered with bands of silver-fox fur, and black gros-grain skirts, kilted like Lizzie Lindsay's in the ballad—to the knee.

"You ought to make a good match, Nan," meditated Letty, as she watched me, "for you are prettier than I—even Fred says that."

"Every woman makes a good match when she marries her heart's choice," I answered, loftily; and then I snatched Letty in my arms, and kissed her again and again, thinking darkly to myself:

"Oh, what would she say if she knew all—and when—when shall I ever see her again?"

"Good-by, darling," I sobbed. "God bless you and Fred, always—always!"

A moment after I was out upon the pavement, my eyes blind with tears, my heart like a lump of lead in my bosom, rushing away toward Tremont Street, which I reached just in time to signal a depôt car. I entered it, and sank into a seat by the door, murmuring over and over to myself:

"Good-by, Letty—forgive me, darling. I shall never, never see you again!"

By the time the car stopped in Causeway Street the short Winter day was fast departing. Gaslights flickered in all directions. I hurried into the depôt—a cold, gloomy wilderness of a place, with an arched, iron-ribbed roof, and two parallel tracks, where the different trains rumbling in and out have always been to me a delusion and a snare.

I was late. I heard the warning fizz of the steam, and, running down the platform to the track close by the wall on the right, I sprang into the first car to which I came. I had barely time to settle myself therein when the train moved off, panting and puffing over the bridge.

This ride in and out of town had not yet become a familiar thing to me, for it was but six weeks since I had taken up my residence with guardy, and previous to that event, I do not remember that I ever traveled this road at all. Leaning back in my seat, my thoughts a wild jumble of Letty and Fred, and Charlie Kerr, and the momentous step which I this night contemplated, I watched outlide objects—houses, trees, water, bits of distant landscape, rush

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madly past as I whirled along. The train seemed to move with unusual speed, and it made very few stops.

Down came the dark presently and shut the outer world from my view. I glanced around the car. The seat behind me was occupied by a woman in black and a crying baby. The seat before me by a man, wearing a cloak and a sealskin cap, and reading a newspaper.

More miserable than I had ever been before in all my life, I sank into my own corner, and straightway gave myself up

to gloomy reflections.

I did not notice the conductor when he passed for tickets, nor did he disturb me. Presently I began to think that, in spite of our unusual speed, we were a long time getting to the station where I was to alight. I turned to the woman in black.

"Can you tell me," I said, thrilling with a sudden vague fear, if we have yet reached W——?"

"We passed W—— long ago," she answered, dryly. "This train does not stop there—it is the —— express."

I started to my feet. My heart for a moment seemed to cease beating. I had a wild idea of jumping from the window—of shricking to the engineer to stop the train, but both these things being impracticable, I had to sit down again.

"The ——express!" I cried, in a voice which I am sure was full of agony. "Merciful Heaven! what shall I do?" She stared at me in weak astonishment.

"I'm sure I don't know; perhaps you'd better speak to somebody more used to the road than I."

The newspaper in front of me rustled. It's owner, I suppose, had overheard this little conversation. He turned quickly and gave me a searching and critical look.

"Shall I call the conductor?" he said.

"Yes," I answered; "oh, yes."

He arose instantly and left the car.

To me it seemed an eternity; in reality it could not have been more than three minutes before he was back again, bringing with him the official named. The latter investigated my case with great kindness and sympathy.

It was, of course, all my own fault. I had entered the wrong car at the depôt, and he had mistaken me for some season-ticket passenger whom I resembled.

"The best and only thing which you can now do," he said, "is to go on to —, and either remain there over night or take the last train back to Boston."

Then he departed, and left me to meditate upon my situation.

What passed in my heart at that moment no words of mine can tell. In any case I could not get to W—— this night. And at eight o'clock I had promised to meet Charlie. The steamer in which our passage was engaged would sail at noon next day. I fancied him waiting at the tryst—a gate at the lower end of the grounds—waiting and watching for me to come; swearing, no doubt, because I did not come—for he had a temper; calling me dreadful names, tearing his hair, perhaps, in despair. Oh, it was too much! A great dry sob, which I could not repress, tore up from my throat. I longed to die then and there.

"Pardon me." It was the voice of the gentleman on the seat in front—a cool, cultivated, reassuring voice. It's owner had not, I think, taken his eyes one moment from my face. "You seem greatly distressed. Can I be of service to you?"

I shook my head.

"Were you ever in ---- ?" he persisted.

"No.'

"You have no friends there, I presume?"

"None."

"Do you wish to return to Boston to-night?"

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"Don't think me impertinent. I ask these questions from a desire to serve you, if I may; I am going to——. I shall leave it again by the last train. May I ask you to put yourself in my care? The prospect of passing two or three hours alone in a strange city, at this hour of the night, cannot be pleasant to you. I will esteem it a great privilege to take you in charge and restore you to your friends."

I had heard and read of the perils of traveling alone—who in this wicked age has not? I lifted my woeful eyes and, for the first time, surveyed him critically from head to foot.

He was dressed like a gentleman, and he had the general look and air of one. Young, he was not, nor handsome, according to my ideas of masculine beauty. His figure was rather undersized, and his features looked as if cut from gray stone. He had fair hair and a fair peaked beard, and calm, gray, speculative eyes, and a certain indescribable something in his general appearance which instinctively led one to feel that his walk in life lay somewhat apart from that of the common herd.

He bore my inspection with a very amused air—as if, indeed, he rather liked it. Then he said, quietly:

"Well?"

"May I ask your name?" I answered, with all the dignity I could command.

"Surely."

He took a card from his pocket, wrote something thereon, and passed it over the back of the seat to me.

I need not here transcribe that written name. Throughout the length and breadth of the land it is a household word. Triple honors it wears of the camp, of the bar, of councils of state. It is that of a brilliant soldier, an accomplished scholar, a bright and shining light of the law. In this story I shall invent one in its place, and simply call him Mr. Chester.

He seemed greatly to enjoy my surprise and confusion.

"Will I do?" he asked.

I gave him a dismal smile.

"You are very good," I answered; "many thanks. Take care of me, please."

"I will, with pleasure."

That was all. I put his card absently in my pocket, and leaned back in my corner again, my thoughts turning anew to Charlie and my troubles.

At one of the few stations at which we stopped, new passengers entered the car. Mr. Chester vacated his own seat, and took the one with me. His object was, I think, to shield me from curious eyes, for he could not help but see that I was crying bitterly behind my handkerchief.

Into the depôt at —— the train rumbled at last. He touched my arm.

"We have reached our destination," he said, in a low voice. "Come!"

I arose to my feet. I felt sick and giddy. The other passengers had already left the car. He took my lace handkerchief, and quietly wiped my wet eyes.

"Surely," he said, in a surprised and uncomfortable voice, "you are distressing yourself needlessly, Miss......"

"Wynne," I inserted.

"A few hours, at farthest, will rectify the mistake you have made. Before midnight you will be with your friends again."

"It is not that," I cried: "it is something a great dead worse. Don't mind me, please."

"Indeed! Can I do anything for you?"

"You can help me to find a telegraph-office. I must send a message at once to—to some one at home."

We alighted from the car on a long, cold, dreary platform, traversed it, and found at its far end a carriage waiting for Mr. Chester. He handed me quietly in.

"We are going to a hotel near by for supper," he ex-

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QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CUP .- SEE PAGE 663.

plained. "You will find a telegraph office there, and there, too, you can decide how you wish to pass your time till the departure of the train."

I said nothing. He had promised to take care of me, I was sure he would do so. The hotel in question was but a few rods away. I dispatched my message to Charlie, with Mr. Chester standing by, reading my face with his speculative gray eyes. How brief and cold the words seemed: One cannot be tender in telegrams. I wrote and re-wrote mine, but without improving it. Then, almost in tears, walked off with my new acquaintance to the Ladies' Parlor. Fortunately for me it chanced to be empty.

"Will you come now to supper?" said Mr. Chester.

I shook my head.

"Excuse me, please; I wish for nothing." "I will order tea for you in a private room."

"Don't mention it. Food would choke me to-night."

He looked impatient.

"What folly: Let me, at least, send you a glass of wine."

"Indeed, no! Leave me alone, pray-pray, leave me alone!"

He thought this rather ungracious, I suppose. He went off without another word. As for me, dismal and hopeless, I leaned my forehead against the cold glass of the window, and stared blankly out into the night.

By this time Charlie had reached the tryst. Without doubt he was at this very moment pacing the fir-walk at the end of the garden, watching, listening for me to come. What would he think of me? Not till he returned home, tired out with vain waiting, would he receive my telegram. Meanwhile what wrath, and doubt, and perplexity would be his. Perhaps he would never forgive me.

In the midst of my dark forebodings back came Mr. Chester. Somehow I fancied that he had not enjoyed his supper. He drew out his watch.

"Miss Wynne," he began, "I came to this place to-night

to deliver a lecture. I am due at the hall in ten minutes. Will you go with me and make one of my audience, or will you remain here?"

I arose from the window.

"I will go with you, if I may."

"Most certainly; I shall be only too happy."

There were scores of people about the doors and in the passages as we went down, each and all intent, as it seemed, upon shaking hands with Mr. Chester and saying polite things to him. He passed out with me to the carriage with me, who ought at that very moment to have been far away with Charlie Kerr !--and we entered it, and drove off through the strange, cheerless city streets.

I recall as I write the vast hall into which I was ushered: the crowd which awaited him there-dense, enthusiastic, well-dressed, well-bred. I was conducted to a seat on the right of the platform, where not a word or look of the speaker could escape me. Immensely flattered he must have felt at his reception; it was enough to raise the roof.

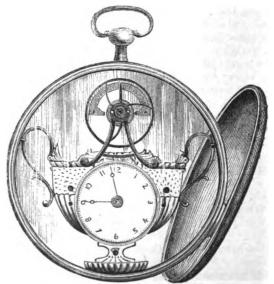
What the lecture was about does not matter here, nor did I myself know for a full half hour, at least. I would not listen! What right had I to be amused or entertained? I had been brought to the spot by a disastrous mistake, which was likely to wreck all my future happiness. It was but proper that I should be wretched, and wretched I was determined to be.

But after awhile, slowly, gradually, and in spite of myself, I began to attend—slowly, gradually, I became aware that the crowded hall was as still as death, and that on the platform a rather small man, with a sharply cut face, was talking most gracefully, most brilliantly, in a voice sweet, sonorous. smooth as oil. Had his language been Sanscrit, that voice was enough in itself to charm one's very soul.

Against my own inclinations, I grew interested; I began to watch the remarkable play of his sharply-cut features, his gestures full of polished grace. I had never before heard what is called a brilliant speaker, and was therefore the more easily impressed with this man's elegance and happy tricks of speech.

Under excitement, too, his face was quite unlike what it had been in the car and the hotel parlor. It now looked to me like a vase burning with white flame like an exquisitely chiseled cameo; it was superbly handsome. I recalled vague memories of what I had heard of his bravery on the battlefield, of his eloquence in courts and councils—yea, verily, I sat there and admired him.

When the crowd applauded him in a grand, hearty way, as



A RELIC OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON, -SEE PAGE 664. Digitized by

it often did, my heart thrilled as if—preposterous idea!—I had some part in him and the delight he was giving them. Once or twice he turned his gray eyes toward the right of the platform—toward me—gave me a brief, quiet glance, as if to make sure that I was being diverted just a little from my trouble.

I could not help looking back at him brightly; I could not but think that it was immensely kind of a man like this to torment himself with me and my affairs.

He came to me when it was all done.

"How wearied and bored you look!" he cried. "Courage! The worst is now over."

"I may be weary, but I am not bored," I answered; "quite the contrary."

"Thanks for the implied compliment. Shall we set our faces now toward that homeward train?"

We drove straight to the depôt. There was not much time to spare. It was a pitch-black night, cold, rainy, desolate. I heard the sleet smiting against the car-windows as we steamed out of the city.

Mr. Chester had evidently left his eloquence at the lecture-hall. He spoke not a word. I was glad of this, for I was in no mood for conversation, and to avoid the possibility of any I drooped my head against the side of the car, and pretended to sleep.

Away we went, faster, it seemed, and ever faster into the impenetrable dark. Of all earthly things the

A CURIOUS NEW ZEALAND PLANT .- SEE PAGE 665.

We stopped at one or two stations, then thundered on again. I tried to count the miles over which we were speeding. At any rate my luckless adventure was almost over. A little while and I should be with Letty—Letty whom I had thought never to see again. Much as I loved Charlie Kerr, I felt a wild longing to go down on my knees to her and confess everything. Lying there with closed eyes against the side of the car, I was silently debating the consequences of such a step in the present complicated state of my love affairs when suddenly I felt a shock—heard a cry. Instinctively I started to my feet, so also did Mr. Chester. There was one awful confused instant in which I stood clinging to him as to the strongest and best thing within reach, in which

dearest to me is night-travel at a high rate of railroad speed.

he clasped me convulsively to his side, and then—then came a violent jerk, a wild thud, a noise of I know not what. Still folded in his arms, I seemed falling down infinite depths of darkness, and after that I knew no more.

My soul wandered away on one of those mysterious flights which have puzzled wiser heads than mine. After a long, long while it returned, and I became dimly conscious that I was lying on the earth, with a great swinging light shining down upon my face.

"Ah, worra, worra, the pretty darlint!" cried somebody close beside me; "she's kilt intirely! Try another dhrap o' the crayther. Whist! whist! Is it your wife, sir?"

"No," answered the voice of Mr. Chester.

I opened my eyes. On one side of me stood Paddy, holding a lantern; on the other, with a flask of brandy in his hand knelt Mr. Chester, striving to pour the liquor

betwixt my set

"Begorra, she's come to herself again!" cried Paddy.

Mr. Chester lifted me on his strong, sustaining arm.

From head to foot I felt bruised and full of pain.

"My dear child," he said, kindly, "are you better?"

"Yes, yes," I gasped—"oh, yes. What has happened?"

"An accident.
Part of the cars
are over the embankment here
—the result of
a broken rail."

I looked around, and by the light of Paddy's lantern descried the débris of a wreck underlying the wet, brown bank, also figures coming and going, ghost-like,

through the dark, and lights moving everywhere like willo'-the-wisps. A very suckening thrill went over me.

"Is anybody hurt?"

"Yes."

"Killed?"

"Yes."

Out of my weak, hurt body fled my frightened soul again. For the second time that night, I swooned away.

Acr s 'he wet, brown field which stretched at the foot of the embankment was Paddy's little house. To this they carried me. There was another and more pretentious dwelling near, but thither the wounded had been conveyed, and, out of consideration for me, Mr. Chester accepted this humbler shelter. Shall I ever forget the room upon which I opened my bewildered eyes? In size and appearance it was very like a respectable pigpen. Paddy's wife was no foe to dirt. The accident had aroused her from bed, and amazingly disheveled and unkempt she was; but her hospitality more than compensated for any lack of personal comeliness.

"Hivinly powers! but it's a mercy that ye got off wid yer lives and yer limbs," she cried. "Ah, worra, worra, take a sip o' the tay, darlint. It's a poor place for the likes o' ye. Put more wood to the fire, Paddy; she's perished intirely wid the wet and the cold, the darlint!"

Mr. Chester forced me to drink a little of the hot tea which the woman had made. Then Paddy took his lantern and returned to the scene of the accident, and his wife withdrew to the "childers" in some unknown quarter of the house. Mr. Chester and I were left alone.

The rain was pouring on the roof, the wind shrieked at the one window of the room. A tree outside pounded the clap-boards with gaunt arms. I sat on a wooden bench by the fire, wrapped in Mr. Chester's cloak, which he had taken from his own shoulders to shield me, and he stood beside me, leaning his back against the wall, and looking preternaturally grave and solemn.

"Must we stay here all night?" I queried.

"Heaven forbid! Help has been telegraphed for; it cannot be long before it arrives." Then he added, ruefully, "This is a hard experience for you, Miss Wynne. However, let us not be ungrateful. It might have been infinitely worse. We have had a narrow escape."

"True."

I shuddered, thinking of the fate which had overtaken some of our fellow-passengers.

"You were never before eye-witness to a railway disaster?" he said, gravely. "Not so with me."

A great tide of remorse and terror swept suddenly over me. The strange place, the hour, the dreary dropping of the rain, the mournful wail of the wind, Mr. Chester's solemn face, conspired to affect me most unfavorably. I looked up at him as he stood against the shanty wall.

"There was a Jonah on that train," I burst out.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. It was I."

He looked as if he thought my brain was going.

"This is my reward," I cried, incoherently, "for deceiving guardy and Letty—dear, unsuspecting Letty! Oh, the wicked are always punished—all good books say that—and I am wicked and treacherous, and altogether detestable, and this is just my recompense for it—it is, indeed!"

This outbreak seemed for a moment to strike him dumb. He opened wide his gray eyes.

"You look wretched, and frightened, and worn out, Miss Wynne, but not at all wicked. What heinous crime have you committed to merit such punishment?"

The impulse to unburden my guilty conscience—to make, as is vulgarly said, a clean breast of it—was too strong for me.

"It was nothing less than an attempted elopement," I cried. "I was going to run away this very night with some one that Guardy hates—that Letty quite abhors. He is waiting for me at this very moment, for all that I know, and—and—you see yourself how I have been prospered in my undertaking."

And then I told him all about my guardian, and Letty, and Charlie Kerr, and our unlucky passion, and how he had been gradually forced to propose this step to me, and how I had consented to it, partly in love, partly in despair.

The light of Paddy's kerosene lamp flickered on the bare wall of the shanty, and concentrated all its force on Mr. Chester's clearcut face as he looked at me in utter silence.

"I don't know why I should make you my father-confes-

sor," I said, with a little hysterical laugh. "An utter stranger, too! You think me very dreadful, no doubt; but I have reached that pass when I must speak to somebody."

"Shall I tell you what I think?" he answered, in a very odd voice, "even at the risk of making you angry? This lover of yours is either a simpleton or a villain, or perhaps a combination of both. The time will come, be sure, when you will thank Heaven for the mishaps of to-night."

"You are greatly mistaken!" I blazed. "You don't know Charlie. He is the dearest—the best fellow in the world. I know that we have both done wrong, but don't think that I mean to break faith with him. If Letty and my guardian will not consent to our marriage, after what has happened tonight, I shall make up my mind to remain single for the rest of my days."

He looked sarcastic.

"I do not see that anything has occurred which ought in the least to soften them toward Mr. Kerr. Were I your guardian, you should never again see the fellow's face. But you are ready to hate me for what I have said. A woman may bear to hear herself abused, but woe to the one who assails her lover!"

"But I tell you that Charlie is good—noble—splendid!" I cried, as if reiteration would strengthen my words—"the best—yes, the very of men!"

"The very best of men," he dryly answered, "would hardly be guilty of prompting a young, infatuated girl to deceive a sister who loved her, a guardian who sought only her well-being——"

"Now you are turning my own words to arrows against me. I wish I had not told you."

His face changed at once.

"Don't say that. You and I must not quarrel, Miss Wynne—neither about your lover nor about anybody else. If I have grieved you, forgive me."

After that we spoke but little. He did not find the conversation pleasant, and I was too weary and exhausted to wish to pursue it. Nobody came near us; nobody disturbed us. I curled myself up on a corner of the wooden bench, and after a little while Paddy's light began to fade from my sight—so did Mr. Chester's pale, severe face. The world and its troubles fled from me. . I slept.

By-and-by somebody moved me to an easier position, drew my head to his shoulder, and passed an arm around me to keep me firm on my hard seat. I was in the midst of an ugly, confused dream, when Mr. Chester's voice brought me back to the realities of Paddy's shanty.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said; "but a train has arrived; it is time to be moving."

He aroused my benumbed faculties by walking me up and down the place a few times, and then we stepped out together into the darkness—splashed off together over the wet, brown field.

"But for you, what should I have done to-night?" said I, humbly.

Behold me, somewhere in the wee, sma' hours, standing, limp and draggled, at Letty's door, while Mr. Chester pulls the bell with right good will.

We are a long time waking my somnolent relatives; but finally Fred appears in a picturesque déshabille, and starts back in profound amazement at sight of the pair soliciting entrance at that unearthly hour.

"Hulloa! What, in the name of heaven—— Why, Nan! Bless me! where did you come from?"

"Oh, Fred! such a dreadful time as I have had!" groaned I, and I stepped into the hall; and, while he was fumbling about to light the gas, I communicated to him my story. At its close I looked around for Mr. Chester, but he had disappeared.

- "He said 'Good-night,'" remarked Fred, "but you did not hear him. Lives opposite, you know. Superb, is not he? I'll step over and thank him after breakfast."
- "Fred, you never mean to say that he is Letty's neighbor—the—the—bachelor of whom she was speaking to me?"
  - "The same."
- "Oh, impossible! She talked of him as if he was an ordinary mortal."
- "That was her little game, most likely. Women are deep—dreadfully deep."

Then Letty appeared, and I went over the story again, telling her of everything but my intended elopement. That confession, which had fallen almost involuntarily from my lips in Paddy's shanty, now hung fire. I determined to wait, and see what the coming day would bring forth.

Home to W—— I went at an early hour, and without catching so much as a glimpse of the neighbor across the way. All day I wandered about the house, staring out into the wet evergreens that lined the avenues, and up at the leaden, rainy sky, waiting for tidings of Charlie Kerr. Was he very, very angry? Why did he not come, and let me explain all.

In the late afternoon a letter was brought me. I opened it with shaking hands. My heart misgave me before I had read a line. It was as follows:

"False, faithless girl! You have broken your word, wrung my heart, betrayed my trust, and now I am done with you. You will never look on my face more. The woman who cannot hold to a man in evil as well as good report is not worth having. I have sinned more for your sake than for my own. Farewell. Make haste to forget me—as I shall you.

C. K."

I stood, stunned, bewildered, turning the sheet in my hand. What did he mean? What strange words were these about evil report, and of having sinned for my sake? He gave me up—cast me off without waiting for explanations! I flung the bitter, cruel letter from me, and sank into a chair.

The room grew dark. Presently the door opened, and my guardian entered. Miserable as I was, I could not but notice how grim, and haggard, and altogether strange he looked. He had just come from the train, evidently, for he was dripping wet. In his hand he held a yellow envelope. He flung it into my lap. It was the telegram which I had sent Charley Kerr from ——.

"Hulloa!" he cried, with a forced cheerfulness. "So you are here, safe, at last, midget! I met Fred in town, and received from him a history of your adventures."

"Did you?" I quavered. "Somewhat serious, were they not?"

"Ay; and I thought you safe at Letty's all the while. Nan, look me in the face. By the Lord! ill-tidings travel fast, indeed! Somebody has already told you!"

"Told me what?" I cried, in querulous pain, snatching up the telegram. "Guardy, where did you get this?"

His old eyes flashed fire.

The officers of the bank gave it to me. I don't ask what it means; I don't want to know; but from my soul, Nan, I'm sorry for you. That scoundrel—that villain—your lover and my nephew (God help us both!)—has stolen fifty thousand dollars from the bank—bonds placed there for safe-keeping—and fled, Heaven only knows where—gone, the thief!—gone, and left a good name covered with disgrace!"

Why should I dwell upon that time—the blackest, the bitterest that I ever knew? He had meant, no doubt, to make me the sharer of his flight and his booty alike; but, through the agency of one little blunder, Heaven had ordered it otherwise for me, What passed in my heart, as I reviewed the matter, I need not here tell.

Do not think that I forgot him all at once. A woman, once loving, can seldom do that, let her brazen idol show his

clay-feet as he may. Month after month went by. One June night, when the roses were swaying in clouds on the piazzas, and I sat steeping my senses in their fragrance, a step came up the walk of evergreens, and I looked and saw Mr. Chester.

It was no unusual sight, for of late he had become a constant visitor at what Letty called our suburban snuggery. His face was as sharply cut, his eyes as gray and speculative as on the night when I first saw them. Faithfully, too, had he kept the secret of my attempted elopement even in the midst of all the excitement following Charlie Kerr's flight.

"Nan," he murmured, as he hung over my garden-chair there in the shadow of the roses, "did I take good care of you that night?"

"Excellent. Have I not told you so hundreds of times?"

"Insatiate being that I am, I am greedy to hear it again. It emboldens me to ask you, now that your sorrow is spent—now that you begin to be happy once more—to entrust yourself to me for all time, Nan."

A moon rose out of the East, grand and calm, and touched his face with its white light, and shone upon me through the roses.

- "I am not good enough for you," I answered, humbly—
  "for you, so famous, so noble, so infinitely superior to other men——"
- "Hold!" He took my face in his two hands, and looked down in it with proud, pleading eyes.
- "You are the one thing which I hold precious in the whole world—the pearl of price, for the possession of which I would gladly barter all else that I have. Will not this suffice you?"
  - "What! After all that you know of my past?"

"I care nothing for your past—it is the future which I ask you to give to my keeping."

"Take it, then," said I; and, though no other words were spoken, my heart went, a free gift, with the two hands which I placed silently in his.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CUP.

This costly example of olden taste is in the possession of Colonel Gwatkin, whose mother (a niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds) obtained it from her sister, who married the Marquis of Thomond, in whose family it had been preserved for a long period of time. The cup is of silver gilt; the rim around the cover is engraved with an arabesque, and bears traces of colored enamels and stones which have decorated the leaves and flowers of which it consists. This is the only piece of engraved work upon the cup; for the cover, sides, and knob are completely covered with precious stones, many hundreds in number, secured in separate cells and ranged closely together in rows entirely round the vessel. These stones are amethysts of various tints, the interstices of the setting of each being filled with small turquoises, which are, in some instances, as minute as seed pearls, to allow every part of the cup to be incrusted with jewels. The knob on the top of the cover and the three upon which it stands are similarly covered with iewels. Those which form the feet unscrew; a hollow tube affixed to the bottom of the cup passes partially through each, and a screw, the head of which contains an amethyst, fits into this tube from beneath and completely conceals the mode of securing them. A false bottom of thin silver is held on by these screws, and covers a cypher; the letters being "E.R.," conjoined in a scroll characteristic of the reign of the sovereign whose ownership has thus been carefully stamped upon it.

The weight of the cup is considerable; it holds about half a pint. It exhibits more barbaric magnificence than real taste, yet is characteristic of the time in which it was made.

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In the reign of Elizabeth a superstitious belief in the hidden virtues of precious stones was current, which gave them a value independent of their rarity and beauty. The amethyst, in particular, was believed to possess the power of repelling intoxication, and it therefore became a fitting incrustation for the cup of a female sovereign; hence this gift was liberally decorated with so valued a stone.

The belief in the medical and magical virtues of precious stones was a doctrine much inculcated by the Arabian naturalists, who believed that the amethyst prevented inebriation, and the turquoise strengthened the eyes and was a remedy against poison; and it was from the East that we obtained our belief in their hidden efficacy. During the time of Elizabeth it is not likely that much faith was placed

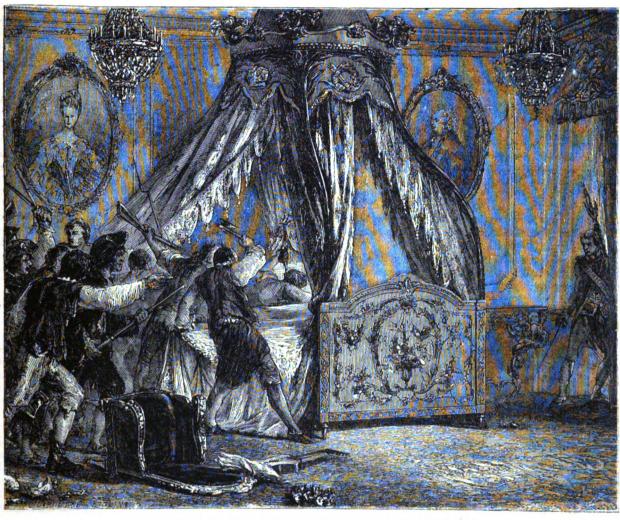
in such mysticism; but the affectation which characterized her court might have induced the maker of this cup to resort to the quaint conceit of an older faith, to render his work the more acceptable.

### A RELIC OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

MEMENTOES of persons who played prominent parts in the events of the last century are usually regarded by matter-of-fact Yankees with much distrust.

In the case of a watch, however, that came, some time ago, into the possession of J. F. Klarenaar, Esq., of Louisville, Ky., there are historical memoranda to prove its antiquity, and investing it with rare value as a relic.





THE MOB INVADING THE BED-CHAMBER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.—SEE PAGE 666.

Sometime about the year 1812 or 1813, while traveling in a coach and six through Holland, on a visit to the Hague, Napoleon passed through the fortress of Nemwegen. A procession was formed, and many of the soldiers who had served under the Emperor in his campaigns turned out as a guard of honor. While approaching the quay on the River Waal, the horses attached to the imperial carriage became unmanageable, the vehicle was run on the verge of a precipice, and was on the point of turning over, when, with a reckless disregard for his own life, one Wilhelm Behnen dashed through the crowd and between the frightened horses and the brink, and succeeded in arresting them.

Napoleon alighted from his carriage and inquired his rescuer's name, at the same time offering him, as a recognition of his service, a commission in the army, but Mr. Behnen declined the offer. The Emperor then asked him why he had endangered his own life to save him, and was so well pleased with the answer, that he took his watch from a pocket and presented it to him.

Mr. Behnen afterward kept the post-haus, or post-office, at the village of Elten, and at his death the watch fell to the possession of Theodore Goris, an uncle of Mr. Klarenaar, where it remained until his mother visited Germany. On her return to America she brought the trophy home with her as a present to her son from his uncle. Since this remarkable watch has been in this country it has been shown to numerous connoisseurs and collectors of articles of vértu.

The works are set in a gold urn, on the face of which is the dial, and above it is the balance-wheel, pivoted on a small dial. This pretty mechanical arrangement is inclosed in crystals on both sides, but protected on the back by a gold shell, like an ordinary watch.

#### A CURIOUS NEW ZEALAND PLANT.

In presenting our readers with an engraving of a most interesting and curious plant, known to botanists as "vegetable sheep," we are indebted to the Curator of the Museum at the Royal Gardens, Kew, for his courtesy in supplying us with the following valuable account of it:

"The plant which bears this peculiar appellation is a near botanical relative of that 'modest crimson-tipped flower,' our common daisy, as well as to the Michaelmas daisy, dandelion, etc. In short, it belongs to a group of plants numbering about a thousand species, and very widely distributed in all parts of the globe.

"This group, or natural order, is called by botanists the Compositæ, from the composite nature of its flowers, for what is popularly called a flower in this family of plants is, in fact, an indefinite number of small flowers arranged in one head on a fleshy or succulent disk, called a receptacle. The sunflower, which is likewise a member of the same family, offers a good example of a composite flower, inasmuch as its parts being on a large scale, a microscope is necessary to examine them.

"The receptacle is that part which, after the flowers have died off, is seen studded with little black appendages called

seeds, but each of which is in reality an individual fruit, perfect in itself, and called an achene. Each of these so-called seeds, during the flowering of the plant, had a perfect flower attached to it, the organs of which, in the course of nature, performed their functions, and produced and ripened the fruit. These small, distinct flowers are called florets, and the florets are often of a distinct shape; as, for instance, the 'crimson-tipped' petals on the circumference of the daisy are larger and more spreading than those in the centre Hence, those on the outside of the circle are called florets of the ray, and those in the centre florets of the disk.

"Though these characters are more easily distinguishable in small plants, as the sunflower and daisy, they are, nevertheless, present in the sheep plant, and similar tufty growing plants of the same order.

"To look at these tufts as they grow, or even at the specimen in the Kew Museum, the plants appear as much unlike daisies, or anything approaching to daisies, or even to plant life, as it is possible to be.

"The tufts or masses vary considerably in size, some being so large that in the distance, up the mountains, the shepherds are frequently deceived by them, mistaking them for sheep that have strayed from the flock. Nor is this deception dispelled by a nearer approach, the shaggy appearance being very like the woolly coat of sheep. The shape of the masses is somewhat varied; but they are mostly of such an irregular spherical form as to be easily mistaken for a sheep when that animal is partly curled up in a reclining posture.

"Upon a closer examination of these tufts, it will be seen that the whole mass is divided into numerous small tufts, or knobs, irregular in form, and varying in size, but averaging from the sixteenth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. Each of these little knobs is an entire and individual plant, containing leaves and flowers, both of which are, of course, microscopically minute, and are hidden and densely compacted together by the numerous woolly or velvety hairs with which they are covered. The flowers, though so minute, are in compound heads, like the daisy, though the florets do not exceed ten in number.

"Thus we see that the extraordinary woolly appearance of these singular plants is due to the large development of glandular hairs, which so cover the leaves as to hide both them and the flowers, so that one of these tufts is made up of a multitude of individual plants, so compacted together by the hairs on the leaves as to give an idea at first sight, and in the distance, of its being a veritable sheep, and even upon closer examination it might be taken for a mass of sponge, or, perhaps, some huge fungus.

"The scientific name of the plant is Raoulia eximia, being given in honor of Raoul, a French naval surgeon."

#### MARIE ANTOINETTE.

By Henry Barton Baker, Author of "Mazarin," "Richelleu," etc.

THERE are two names in the queenly record of history which are always fresh in sorrow, and appeal directly to the human heart. Mary, Queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, are inseparably united as they flow down the stream of time, and will, doubtless, draw tears for all generations.

Marie Antoinette was the youngest daughter of the Emperor Joseph of Austria, and the famous Maria Theresa, and was born in Vienna, November 2d, 1755. As though to mark her life with a symbol of misfortune, the day of her birth was that of the appalling earthquake at Lisbon. On the 16th of May, 1770, the beautiful daughter of Maria Theresa was married to the French dauphin, and, as

though to emphasize the evil portent of her earthquake birth, the nuptial day was distinguished by one of the most frightful storms that ever devastated France.

From Strasburg to Compiègne her progress had been marked by one continuous fete; her eyes have looked upon naught but smiling faces, holiday attire, and roadways strewed with flowers; no harsher sounds have rung in her ears than the peal of the bells or the feu de joie. while every breeze has wafted shouts of welcome and words of devotion. At Compiègne she has been met by Louis XV. and her future husband, and by them has been conducted, amid even greater rejoicings, to Versailles. Happy bride, to be the object of so much homage; happier bridegroom, to be the possessor of so much loveliness! Surely Fortune had emptied her cornucopia over the cradle of both! Where is the seer whose eyes can penetrate the depths of the future and see the shadowy form of the "Red Mokanna" stalking behind her—the glittering ax hovering above her neck—the hour when the poorest outcast, whose bed is the stones, and whose meal is the crust out of the gutter, would not change places with the beauteous Queen of France? "Call no one happy until he has passed over the last day of his life," wisely said the old Greek.

Magnificent are the wedding preparations at Versailles! The morning has been fine and bright, but, while the wedding-party is gathering, dark, threatening clouds begin to sail across the sky; the growl of the thunder is heard, and large drops of rain patter upon the leaves. Darker and darker grow the heavens, and down comes the storm in all its fury. Out of the black clouds descend sheets of water: the streets of Versailles, of Paris, are foaming rivers. The blackness of night, broken only by the blaze of the lightning, enshrouds the day; the thunder crashes and rolls and echoes and re-echoes, drowning the voice of the priest, blanching the cheeks of the bride, and striking terror to the hearts of the fine ladies and gentlemen who attend upon her. But the storm passes away, and the sun shines brightly again when the wedding cortége comes forth. At night the park and gardens are lit up by four millions of lamps. Looking at those myriads of lights shining and twinkling and clustering among the dark, shadowy foliage, one might fancy that the heavens have fallen, and that all the stars had lodged among the trees and shrubs. To add to the illusion, a bouquet of three thousand rockets ascends. filling the air with a gorgeous shower of meteors.

On the 30th of May the rejoicings are brought to an end by a splendid illumination and pyrotechnic display in Paris. It is doomed to be a black memory in many a household. The sight is magnificent, and every street is thronged with people and ablaze with light. The crowd is all gaieté de cœur, as only a French crowd can be. But all of an instant the spell is broken by cries, not of joy, but of anguish-of screams, not of laughter, but of terror. The Place de Louis Quinze is seen to be enveloped in flames. A grand pièce de feu d'artifice has taken fire accidentally and ignited its fixtures. The place is crowded with carriages; the horses take fright; madly breaking from control they plunge among the crowd, trampling down the people at every step. The human mass sways, surges, falls back upon itself, and is seized with delirious panic. Groans, yells, shrieks, imprecations, clash and mingle with the laughter that yet reverberates in the air. There is a purposeless rush, a frantic effort to get—no one knows whither. Some houses are being rebuilt; the foundations, open and encumbered with dibris, gape like huge pits; into these fall men, women, and children, until they are filled with a writhing mass of human suffering, and over this road of flesh tramples the flying crowd, breaking arms, legs, and crushing to death. Men draw their swords and pierce their way through the swaving human wall that encompasses them; others hang on to the

carriages until the occupants, fierce with "Nature's first law," cut them down or slash off their clinging hands; some cast themselves into the Seine, others into the ditches of the Tuileries, where they are smothered in the coze and slime. Artificial scaffoldings, erected for spectators, give way and precipitate their crowds and their beams upon the struggling wretches beneath, crushing them like egg-shells. Robbers pounce like vultures upon the helpless, and strip them of their valuables; in their savage haste chopping off fingers to secure the rings, tearing the earrings through the women's ears. The illuminations light up a charnel-house, and serve as torches for those who seek and bear away the dying and the dead. The wails of wives, husbands, fathers, the cries of children and the groans of the sufferers, penetrate even to the nuptial chamber. Overwhelmed with grief and horror, the dauphin and dauphine send their whole income for the year to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relations on that disastrous day.

On the 10th of May, 1774, died Louis XV. When the announcement of this event was made to the dauphin, his wife cried "God guide and protect us, we are too young to govern."

Let us call upon Madame Vigée Lebrun to paint us a portrait of this heautiful creature: "Tall, admirably proportioned, fully developed but not stout, superb arms, hands and feet small and perfectly formed. She had the finest carriage of any woman in France, carrying her head with a majesty that instantly marked the sovereign even in the midst of her court, yet without that majesty in any way detracting from the sweetness and pleasantness of her aspect. It is very difficult to give an idea of so much sweetness and nobleness combined. Her features were not regular. She inherited from her family the long, oval, narrow countenance peculiar to it. Her blue eyes were not large, but they were soft and brilliant; nose good, well-chiseled; her mouth not too large, although her lips were rather full. But the great beauty of her face was her complexion. I have never seen any like it, any so exquisitely transparent. The last time I went to Fontainebleau I saw her in full costume, covered with diamonds, and as the sun shone upon her she looked truly dazzling. Her head, supported by her lovely swan-like neck, gave her in walking so majestic and imposing an air that she looked like a goddess in the midst of her nymphs."

We will now take from Madame de Campan an amusing description of the etiquette observed at the toilet of the young queen: "The princess's toilet was a masterpiece of etiquette; everything done on the occasion was in a prescribed form. Both the lady of honor and the tirewoman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the first femme de chambre and two inferior attendants. The tirewoman put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the queen. The lady of honor poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body linen. When a princess of the royal family happened to be present while the queen was dressing, the lady of honor yielded to her the latter act of office; but still did not yield it directly to the princess of the blood. In such a case the lady of honor was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who, in her turn, handed it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting her rights. One Vinter's day it happened that the queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the lady of honor came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it; a rustling was heard at the door; it was opened, and in came the Duchesse d'Orléans. She took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the lady of honor to hard it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess. A further noise—it was the Countess de Provence;

the Duchess d'Orléans handed her the linen. All this time the queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold. Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and, in doing so, knocked the queen's cap off. The queen laughed to conceal her impatience; but not until she had muttered several times, 'How disagreeable! how tiresome!"

From her accession to the throne to the very day on which she laid her head on the block, Marie Antoinette was the subject of many outrageous calumnies. Perhaps the most atrocious was that of the "Diamond Necklace."

Now that Time has dispelled the illusions of party and personal malice, the facts appear to be these:

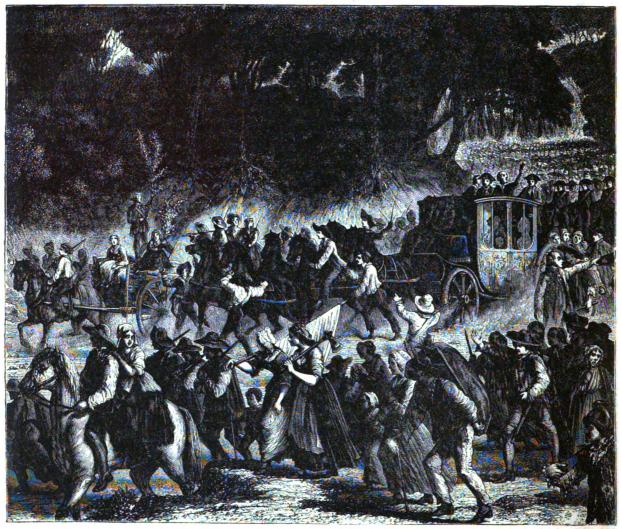
Cardinal de Rohan, at once a roué and a dupe, cherished a guilty passion for the queen, which was known to several about the court. Among these was the Countess de la Motte, who conceived the idea that she might realise a fortune out of his criminal weakness. From the judicial proceedings taken at the time, it would seem that the Countess de la Motte, who was one of the ladies employed about the person of the queen, privately informed the cardinal that his passion was not so hopeless as he imagined, for that she had heard the queen speak of him with great tenderness. She also persuaded him that the queen had set her heart upon the magnificent diamond necklace which had been made for Madame de Barry by order of Louis XV., but which, owing to the death of that king, was still in the hands of the jeweler. The cost of this necklace was fixed at four hundred thousand dollars. The low state of the royal finances rendered it impossible for Marie Antoinette to pay for it, but the scheming countess proposed that if the cardinal would guarantee the payment of this sum, upon the queen giving him a written acknowledgment, the jeweler, M. Bochmer, would deliver up the precious necklace. Seeing how completely this would throw the object of his passion into his power, the cardinal eagerly consented. To delude him still more the countess told him that at her solicitation the queen would meet him in the park of Versailles, the next evening. La Motte then bribed a courtesan, named Gay d'Oliva, who resembled Marie Antoinette in height and figure very much, to personate her. The night was dark and the cardinal was on the spot. A veiled figure made its appearance—the enraptured cardinal sank on his knee, and passionately kissed the hand so graciously extended to him. At this minute the Countess de la Motte rushed forward, to say that some one was approaching. The veiled figure immediately fled, but in its flight dropped a rose, murmuring, "You know what that means!"

On the 1st of February, 1786, Bochmer delivered the necklace to the cardinal, who sent it ostensibly to the queen by a page in royal livery. It is needless to add that the precious ornament was never given to the queen, but was appropriated by Madame de la Motte, who, while she was disposing of the jewels piecemeal, amused the deluded cardinal with imaginary messages from Marie Antoinette.

At last the jeweler called on the cardinal to redeem his guarantee. Then the bubble burst. The countess, the cardinal, and several others were arrested, and tried. After a long trial the chief actor in this conspiracy, Madame de la Motte, was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and to be branded with V——. The others were acquitted, but the cardinal was banished.

It was said at the time that the plot was the suggestion of the Duc d'Orléans, but this idea probably originated in the well-known antipathy existing between the high-spirited woman and the unprincipled man of the world, who so soon perished after his brother and his sovereign. The gossip of the day also implicated that notorious charlatan, Cagliostre, in the scheme; but the settled opinion now is that the

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MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVI. CONDUCTED BACK TO PARIS.—SEE PAGE 666.

Countess de La Motte was the sole person responsible for the scandal, and that it had its origin in greed.

On the 21st January, 1781, the dauphin was born, an event which was celebrated with the wildest rejoicings. On that day eleven years afterward, Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold.

But the long arrears of misgovernment, which had been accumulating for ages, was about to give the restless spirits of conquest and designing demagogues their long cherished opportunity of climbing to unbridled power on the ruins of the monarchy; and, taking advantage of the public distress, these men inflamed the passions of the mob till law and order were trampled in the dust.

To meet this tempest of discontent and revolution, there were a weak and frivolous king, who would have made a much better locksmith than monarch—a capricious woman, who labored under the disadvantage of being an Austrian—a corrupt clergy, and an effete aristocracy. These offered a very feeble barrier to the loosened passions of a people which had been brutalized by generations of oppression.

It was but natural that the daughter of Maria Theresa should cling to royal prerogative. She was strongly opposed to the convocation of the States-General. Wiser than king or ministers, she perceived the extreme danger of such a step in the then fermenting condition of the country.

At the approach of danger all weakness and frivolity were eliminated from her character; no more masquerades, no more games at romps, no more coquetry, but every inch a

queen; fearless in the defence of her rights, dauntless to the menaces of her enemies; patient to endure, a devoted wife, a loving, tender mother—in a word, a true woman! Each day her trials grew more bitter, and each day her nature grew more noble. Each day some beloved —end swelled the tide of emigration, now constantly flowing trout the shores of France, until she stood alone with husband and children. In vain did her brother and her family urge her to seek shelter in Austria. Her answer was ever the same. "My duty keeps me at my husband's side to share his danger. I will never quit him with life."

It has been asserted that her rash and haughty counsels precipitated the conflict between the king and people, or, to speak more precisely, established order and the demagogues. Some contend that, had the weak-minded king acted with the vigor she had recommended, the National Assembly would have been checked in the beginning; but Carlyle well observes that it was beyond the power of any man, however vast his genius, to have stayed the storm.

Nevertheless, it is well known that the queen had far more daring than her husband. Mirabeau said of her:

"You do not know the queen. She has prodigious strength of mind. She has the courage of a man!"

On the 5th of October a wild, furious mob, chiefly composed of women, marched to Versailles, clamoring for food and for the return of the royal family to Paris. After slaughtering one or two soldiers, they were in some way appeased and fed, and encamped for the night about the

grounds and out-houses of the palace. But at dawn next morning a fancied insult aroused their slumbering ferocity. About six o'clock an attendant, besmeared with blood, rushes into the queen's chamber, entreating her to flythe mob are close at hand. The royal family and their attendants have taken shelter in the Œil de Bœuf, waiting the assassination that now seems inevitable. She has only time to throw on a dressing-gown and fly by another door, when, with yells and curses, the ruffians trample upon the attendant and rush into the chamber. Foaming with rage at the escape of their prey, they slash and cut the bed to atoms with their swords and knives as they would have done her body. With clubs and hammers they dash out the brains of the guards who attempt to stay their progress. Suddenly the galloping of horses is heard without; it is Lafayette, who has just been aroused from his bed at the Hôtel de Noailles, hard by. In a few moments the murderers are driven out of the palace; but they are not dispersed, they gather in the grounds, and howl for the queen to appear before them. In the hope of quelling them by gentle means, the whole of the royal family, children and all, appeared upon the balcony. But their cries redoubled.

"The queen, the queen! we do not want the children!" they shout.

Ready to immolate herself to save those who are dear to her, by a quick movement she thrust back the king and the children into the room, and, calmly contemptuous of death, faces alone the infuriated rabble, presenting, as it were, her head to the blow. For an instant the wild beasts are awed

by her sublime courage, and, to complete the impression, at that moment Lafayette steps out upon the balcony and respectfully raises her hand to his lips. A shout of applause rings through the air. But the mob insist upon the return of the king and queen to Paris. So Lafayette escorts them, and the assassins cut off the heads of the soldiers they have murdered, and, sticking them upon pikes, bear the ghastly emblems of fidelity beside the carriage all the way, sometimes thrusting them through the windows. But they cannot shake the firmness of the heroic queen. Through the whole of this terrible day, until eleven o'clock at night, she has to endure every insult that a foul-mouthed mob can utter; but calm and dignified, with not one quiver of weakness, she endures all, driving the hatred of her persecutors beyond all bounds by her very heroism.

The Assembly would not countenance assassination, so they sent judges to receive her deposition upon the affair of the 6th of October; but, above the pettiness of revenge, she answered to all their queries:

"I saw all; I knew all; and I have forgotten all!"

A noble reply—a severe reproof. Each day a mob came to her apartments to insult and threaten her. When one of the ministers wished to close the doors against them, she answered:

"No; we have still the courage to endure!"

She had not only the courage to endure, but the sublimer courage to return good for evil. Even during this time she sent money to the Hospital of St. Cloud, and expended



THE HEAD OF THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE PARADED BEFORE THE PRISON OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

40,000 francs in redeeming the pledges of the poor from the Mont de Piété. Her time was chiefly occupied in educating her children; surrounded by spies, every action of her life, every word that she uttered, was bruited abroad and twisted and tortured into treason against the people: the reception of a few friends was stigmatised as a licentious orgie. Not even her bedchamber was sacred from intrusion; the door was never allowed to be closed, and sentinels during the night were only separated from her by a screen.

She wrote almost all day, and spent a part of the night in reading; her courage supported her physical strength; her temper was not at all soured by misfortune, and she was never seen in an ill-humor for a moment. And yet she was represented to the people as being absolutely furious whenever the rights of the crown were in any way called in question.\*

But there still beat French hearts that could feel for the sufferings of this noble woman, as the following touching story will testify:

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon" (Madame Campan loquitur); "the guard was not set, there was scarcely anybody at St. Cloud that day, and I was reading to the queen, who was at work in a room the balcony of which overhung the courtyard. The windows were closed, yet we heard a murmur from a great number of voices, which seemed to articulate stifled sounds. The queen desired me to go and see what it was; I raised the muslin curtain, and perceived more than fifty people beneath the balcony; this group consisted of women, young and old, perfectly well-dressed in the country costume, old chevaliers of St. Louis, young Knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the queen that it was probably an assemblage of the people of the neighborhood who wished to see her. She rose, opened the window, and appeared upon the balcony; immediately all these worthy people said to her, in an undertone: 'Courage, madame! Good Frenchmen suffer for you and with you; they pray for you; Heaven will hear their prayers; we love you, we respect you, we will continue to venerate our virtuous king.' The queen burst into tears and held her handkerchief to her eyes. 'Poor queen, she weeps!' said the women and young girls; but the dread of exposing her majesty, and even the persons who showed so much affection for her, prompted me to take her hand and prevail upon her to retire into her room; and raising my eyes, I gave them to understand that my conduct was dictated by prudence. They understood me, for I heard them say: 'That lady is right'; and, afterward: 'Farewell, madame,' from several of them; and all this in an accent of feeling so genuine and so mournful, that I am affected at their recollection, even after a lapse of twenty years."

Offers of succor were sent to the king, and she urged him to place himself at the head of his army and cut his way to the German frontiers, where the émigrés, backed by the forces of Austria, awaited him. Vigorously executed, the scheme must have succeeded. But, oppressed by his fatal weakness and indecision, dreading to follow in the steps of Charles I., whose fate was ever before his eyes, he could not be induced to act. At last, after long importunity, she prevailed upon him to try the chances of escape. Then came the flight, and the arrest at Varennes. Even in that fatal hour decision would have saved him. De Choiseul and De Gougelat came up with their soldiers; the queen urged him to authorize those officers to force their passage to the frontier, but he persisted in relying upon the good feeling of the people, and hesitated until the arrival of Lafayette's troops snatched away the opportunity. The journey back to Paris occupied eight days. The heat was terrible, the dust stifling. Confined in a close carriage, the sufferings of

herself and children were indescribable. Streaming with perspiration, fouled with dust, parching with thirst, the small quantity of air admitted by the windows kept back more than half the time by the heads of horrible wretches who looked in to mock and curse. At Près de Saint Ménéhould, an old servant who came to pay his homage to fallen royalty was slain before her eyes, his body cut in pieces and carried as a trophy with the cortége.

"The first time I saw her majesty, after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey, I found her getting out of bed. Her features were not very much altered; but after the first kind words she uttered to me, she took off her cap and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It became in one single night as white as that of a woman of seventy. Her majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princess de Lamballe; it contained a lock of her whitened hair, with the inscription, 'Bleached by sorrow.'"\*

It is the last day of the monarchy—the fatal 10th of August. There is the queen, in the darkness of the night, listening with blanched cheeks to the terrible clang of the tocsin until it mingles with the stir of the gathering multitude. An awful night of tears and agony. But with the rising sun comes resolution—the king must be roused from his lethargy—a defence must be made. Alas, at the last moment, Louis resolves to seek the protection of the Convention. The brave Swiss guards are left in charge of the Tuileries. The mob gibe at the sentinels, as they pace up and down the terrace above them, and drag some down with boat-hooks. But all is endured without retaliation, until a ruffian dashes out a soldier's brains. They are roused at last, and fire a terrible volley among the surging mass beneath; it falls back for a moment, then, rallied by the fierce "Marseillaise," dashes forward with demoniac howls, to be again driven back by the leaden hail. These sounds penetrate to the Hall of Convention, where Louis and his family have to be iron-screened against mob-fury. They do not stir his sluggish blood or quicken his heart to resolution; on the contrary, he sends to command the Swiss to cease firing. He has not the energy to strike one blow in defence of wife. children, or crown. He deserves to lose it, and his head in What brave man can sympathize with such a sluggard? Paralysed by the command, the guards cease firing, and the next moment the wolves are upon them, stabbing, crushing, rending-soldiers, servants, male and female, in one indiscriminate butchery. During three days, sometimes fourteen hours at a stretch, have the royal family to endure insufferable heat, fetid atmosphere, and cruel insults in that crowded hall. At the end of that time the deposition of the king is pronounced, and all are consigned as prisoners to the Temple.

A little time after the separation from her child, Marie Antoinette was consigned to a dungeon of the Conciergerie. Richard, the concierge, and his wife had hearts in their bodies, and endeavored to alleviate her sufferings by some acts of kindness; these being discovered they were placed under arrest. Another jailor, who dared to solicit for her the loan of a cotton blanket, was threatened with the guillotine. To the outrage of all decency, two gendarmes were stationed in her cell night and day. She was almost naked, for her gown and stockings rotted and fell to pieces with the damp.

But the end of all was at hand—her trial and death. No one could be found bold enough to defend her, and the tribunal was itself obliged to appoint the mockery of a counsel. It is on a dull October morning that she is conducted from the Conciergerie through the dark winding passages of the ancient monastery in which the trials are held. The

Hall of Convention is large and gloomy, with sparse and narrow windows, through the dusty panes of which the dull, yellow wintry light without creeps sluggishly. A few dimly-lit lanterns are scattered here and there, but the atmosphere is heavy and foggy, and half the Hall is indistinct and full of shadows.

On the lower benches sit the butchers with their bloodstained aprons, and long sharp knives gleaming in their belts. Above them sit the tricoteuses—terrible as the Parcæ weaving the weft of fate; some have cards in their hands, upon which, by the prick of a pin, they count the votes for and against as they are declared from the Tribune. Everywhere are scattered scowling faces eager for the blood of the unhappy prisoner.

From without come the murmurs of the savage crowd, threatening death to every deputy who dares to vote against the condemnation of "l'Autrichienne"; and as the doors open and shut, the stir and the fierce cries surge heavily into the court. The trial lasts three days. On the last day the proceedings begin at noon and last until four the next morning. All these hours the Queen of France stands in this fetid stifling atmosphere, without aught passing her lips. Burning with thirst, she begs for a drink of water; no one dares to stir, lest he should be marked as a suspect. Faint and exhausted, she asks a second time, and then an officer of gendarmes, in whose heart a spark of humanity yet lingers, puts a cup of water into her eager, trembling hands. A howl of disapprobation follows the act. He will be dismissed, but history will immortalise him.

The indictments brought against her are numerous, some absurd; for instance, one is the number of shoes she has worn out! The money she has distributed in charity is charged against her as bribes to buy over the people.\* all, her answers are calm, simple, and concise, until Hébert accuses her of having corrupted her own child. At that horrible accusation a shudder runs through the court. She is silent, but the muscles of her face quiver. The question is pressed, and then, with a heaving breast, she turns upon the ruffian with sublime indignation, crying, "If I have not answered, it is because nature itself revolts against such an accusation brought against a mother. I appeal to all mothers who are here—is it possible?" A murmur runs through the court—even the furies of the guillotine are softened by that pathetic appeal.† Calmly she listens to the sentence of death, and leaves the court without a murmur. It strikes four as she is conducted back to her cell.

A few hours more, and the tumbril conveys her to the Place de la Révolution. There, facing the gardens of the Tuileries, the guillotine raises its grisly head; and there, facing that palace, whither she had been conducted by a king amidst the acclamations of a nation, surrounded by adoring nobles who would have risked their lives a thousand times to win a smile from her lips, consort to the heir of the most splendid throne in Christendom, young, dazzlingly beautiful, brilliant in jewels, buoyant with happiness, knowing sorrow only as a name, a prematurely aged woman with white hair, a pallid worn face furrowed by tears, attired in filthy tatters, lays her weary head beneath the knife amidst the obscene songs, the execrations of the vilest of the human race; and the body of her who for thirty-five years had reposed upon velvet and satin is cast into a ditch and consumed with quicklime.

The character of Marie Antoinette was extraordinarily contradictory, even for a woman. It presents two utterly distinct phases. For thirty-three years she was vain, coquettish, satirical, passionate, haughty, recklessly gay, ardently fond of pleasure, and hoydenishly full of animal spirits. During the four last years of her life, the sublimest of heroines. For if heroism be the power of endurance, the sublime attribute of the soul which raises it above the ills of life-if it be the fortitude to bear the very extremity of cruelty and insult with calmness and dignity, unsullied by impotent rage or vengeful feelings, then Marie Antoinette was the most heroic of women. The faults of her youth were the exotic blossoms of her training and early associations; the virtues of her last days were the natural fruits of her soul. She was coquettish, because she was beautiful beyond her sex. Reared in the faith of the divine right of kings, she clung hard to prerogative. A heart full of fire, gayety, and animal spirits led her into many indiscretions, but no quilt. In her days of tribulation never was mother more tender, more loving, more devoted; never was wife more true, more faithful unto death; never was woman more sublimely courageous; never was Christian more longsuffering, more forgiving of injuries.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

Or the many myths which diverge from every little incident of Our Saviour's career, the legend of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, is certainly the most striking and widely distributed. According to the old ballad, in Percy's collection:

He hath past through many a foreign place; Arabia, Egypt, Africa, Greece, Syria, and great Thrace, And throughout all Hungaria.

All the nations of the Seven Champions have it in some shape or other, and it is amusing to note the way in which the story adapts itself to the exigencies of time and place. In Germany, where he appeared A. D., 1547, he was a kind of polyglot errant, battling professors and divines with the accumulated learning of fifteen centuries. In Paris, he heralded the advent of Cagliostro and Mesmer, cured diseases. and astounded the salons by his prodigious stories. He remembered seeing Nero standing on a hill to enjoy the flames of his capital; and was a particular crony of Mahomet's father at Ormus. It was here, too, he anticipated the coming scepticism, by declaring, from personal experience, that all history was a tissue of lies. In Italy the myth has become interwoven with the national art here. When he came to Venice, he brought with him a fine cabinet of choice pictures, including his own portrait by Titian, taken some two centuries before. In England John Bull has endowed him with the commercial spirit of his stationary brethren, and, to complete his certificate of naturalization, made him always thirsty! But the Jew of Quarter Sessions' Reports, who is always getting into scrapes, is not the Jew of the rural popular legends; in which he is invariably represented as a purely benevolent being, whose crime has been long since expiated by his cruel punishment, and therefore entitled to the help of every good Christian. When on the weary way to Golgotha, Christ fainting, and overcome under the burden of the cross, asked him, as he was standing at his door, for a cup of water to cool his parched throat, he spurned the supplication, and bade him on the faster. "I go," said the Saviour, "but thou shalt thirst, and tarry till I come." And ever since then, by day and night, through the long centuries, he has been doomed to wander about the earth, ever craving for water, and ever expecting the day of judgment which shall end his toils.

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<sup>\*</sup> A similar accusation was brought against the king—the only one that broke down his firmness. His eyes filled with tears and his voice quivered with emotion at this vile misrepresentation of acts of pure charity.

<sup>†</sup> When, some months afterwards, Robespierre sent Hébert to the guillotine, one of the accusations he brought against him was, that by injudicious charges he had made "the widow Capet" interesting!

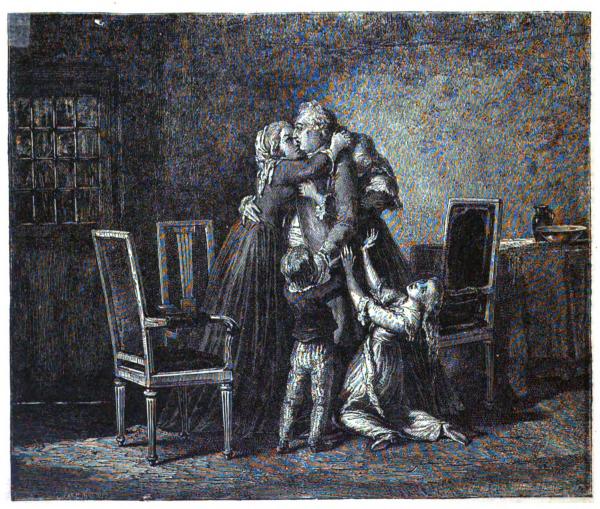
Sometimes, during the cold Winter nights, the lonely cottager will be awoke by a plaintive demand for "Water, good Christian! water for the love of God!" And if he looks out into the moonlight, he will see a venerable old man in antique raiment, with gray flowing beard and a tall staff, who beseeches his charity with the most earnest gesture. Woe to the churl who refuses him water or shelter. If, on the contrary, you treat him well, and refrain from indelicate inquiries respecting his age—on which point he is very touchy—his visit is sure to bring good luck. Perhaps years afterwards, when you are on your death-bed, he may happen to be passing; and if he should, you are safe; for three knocks with his staff will make you hale, and he never forgets any kindnesses. Many stories are current of his wonderful cures.

In the Athenœum, No. 2036, it is ingeniously remarked: "When it is remembered that these Wandering Jews were received at great men's tables, and were kept as guests as long as they had any wild story to tell (they all grew old till they were a hundred, and then began again, at the age at which Christ found them) it is simply astonishing that we do not hear more of these clever and erratic parasites." The writer then relates the last on the mysterious roll.

"From the year 1818 (perhaps earlier) to about 1830, a handsomely-featured Jew, in semi-Eastern costume, fair-haired, bare-headed, his eyes intently fixed on a little ancient book he held in both hands, might be seen gliding through the streets of London, but was never seen to issue from or to enter a house, or to pause upon his way. He was popularly known as 'The Wandering Jew,' but there was some-

thing so dignified and anxious in his look, that he was never known to suffer the slightest molestation. Young and old looked silently on him as he passed, and shook their heads pitifully when he had gone by. He disappeared, was seen again in London some ten years later, still young, fair-haired, bare-headed, his eyes bent on his book, his feet going steadily forward as he went straight on; and men again whispered as he glided through our streets for the last time, 'The Wandering Jew!' There were many who believed that he was the very man to whom had been uttered the awful words, 'Tarry thou till I come!'"

Roger of Wendover, a monk of St. Albans, and Matthew Paris, a Benedictine monk of Chigny and likewise of St. Albans, give the oldest traditions of the Wandering Jew. According to Menzel ("History of German Poetry") the whole tradition is but an allegory, symbolizing heathenism. M. Lacroix suggests that it represents the Hebrewrace dispersed and wandering throughout the earth, but not destroyed. In Germany, the tradition of the Wandering Jew became connected with John Bultadæus, a real person, said to have been at Antwerp in the thirteenth century, again in the fifteenth, and a third time in the sixteenth, with every appearance of age and decrepitude. His last recorded apparition was at Brussels, in April, 1774. Southey, in his "Curse of Kebama," and Croly, in his "Salathiel," trace the course of the Wandering Jew, but in violation of the whole legend: and Eugene Sue adopted the name as the title of one of his most immoral novels ("Le Juif Errant"), though the Jew scarcely figures at all in the work. ("Wheeler's Noted Names of Fiction.")



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THE INFANT PRODIGY AND THE ENVIOUS YOUTH.

# THE PINK COUNTESS.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

# CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE OLD ADMIRAL PROPOSES.

T was ten o'clock, and the boat from Colico at the head of Lake Como, which brought down the hosts of tourists from the Engardine and other places of resort in the Swiss Alps, was whistling off the little wharf.

The arrival and departure of this boat were the events of the day. This Bellagio was the great half-way place between the Alps and Milan. Everybody stopped here at least a day to rest; many stopped months. But it was on this boat that travelers came who had been in the Tyrol or the Alps, and it was on this boat that tourists took passage for the nearest point on the railroad, which was at

Como, who wished to visit France, England, America.

Hence the coming and going of this boat was a great event; and there was meeting, and greeting, and good-by, and all that, all the time, from the moment the people began to land till she had taken on her load of down-passengers and pushed off into the lake for the edge of the plains of Lombardy.

The artist, wishing to forget for a moment the task before him and the fortunes and misfortunes that lay hidden away from him in the folds of the next few hours, stood out on the great balcony of the hotel that looked over the lake, and watched the coming and going of the people, the excitement, the embraces, the farewells, the hurry and bustle about the boat, which had just arrived and was about to depart.

Vol. I., No. 6-43.

There was a man being carried on the boat in a litter.

"Poor fellow!" sighed the artist; "he has come to Italy for health and found death. He will never live to see old England again; the long ride through the hot towns of France will kill him."

A carriage was driving tardily down the short road to the wharf.

The boat whistled, a bell rang, the rope was cast loose, the boat pushed off. Then a lady was seen to rise up excitedly in the carriage, call out in terror, wave her handkerchief, and call to the boat. She had been left behind.

The lady sank back in the carriage, and then a little boy put his arms around her neck, and they wept together. He moved on the other seat soon, and the crowd—which had hidden the carriage and all but the face of the lady—now melted away, and the artist started with amazement. It was the lady in pink, the Countess Edna!

He hastened down-stairs as soon as he could catch up his hat and cane, and was on his way to her side before he took a second thought. This man was not accustomed to take a second thought when he found any one in trouble. Had he reflected here, he might have been less demonstrative, but it is doubtful if he had deviated the least bit in his course, or in any of his conduct which followed his meeting with this woman in this unfortunate condition, at this most inopportune time.

Her little hand was fluttering with excitement as it reached to receive him.

"We have been left. My poor father is gone, and gone only with that miserable Italian servant to attend him."

"And, dear lady, how could you allow them to separate you?"

"There is something wrong; there has been all the time. I tell you some one is at the bottom of this. I suspected it this morning. I told the proprietor of the Hôtel Grande Bellagio."

"And you were at the Grande Bellagio? Why, I am there also."

"I know it, I know it. We only arrived last night—rested all night, and were trying to push on to England, for father is ill indeed, and wants to go home to his native land. Yes, I heard you were there, but as we had only sickness and concern to tell you about, I did not care to trouble you. But as I was saying, I told the proprietor of the hotel that these servants were up to mischief, and would either get my little boy away from me or leave my poor father behind."

She leaned her head over to the artist and whispered:

"I promised to not leave Italy, but I must. I must get my father to England. I cannot remain here without him, and then it is not right that he should travel the long and dreadful journey without me."

"Well, well! It is too bad. But you can't sit here in the hot sun. Now what is to be done? Tell me what I can do and I will be glad to do it."

"When can I go on?"

"Not till the evening boat. Your father by that time will be in Milan."

"Merciful Heaven!" sighed the lady, and she put up her little, helpless, baby hands, as if to hide her eyes from the sight of the admiral before her.

"I am rough but honest," said a great voice, and a man in many jewels came forward and put out his hand to the countess, which somehow she felt compelled to take. "Yes, I am a rough but honest sailor, and I have come upon the ground to help you,"

"Can you help me, Murietta? Will you, will anyone, help me and get me out of the clutches of these treacherous men that seem to hold my very life in their hands?"

"Countess!" thundered the old man, coming forward and stroking his chin and pulling his long gray moustache right and left, "I can help you, and I will help you."

"Only let me get to my father, get to England. I will give you money—heaps of money."

"Good! Now we will get on; now we will understand cach other," said she man, lifting his hat and laying his hand on his heart.

"Get back to the hotel," said Murietta, "and out of the sun, or you will be ill, and then make such arrangements as you can to join your father. He will certainly await you in Milan and telegraph you from the first station."

The old admiral stood there, as if waiting to take possession of the countess so soon as the artist stepped aside.

"Will you please sit by me? Take a seat here," she said, as her little pink hand drew back the rose and pink and silks at her side nervously, as if she was frightened almost to death at the bold attitude of the admiral.

The artist stepped into the carriage, ordered the man, who was evidently in the pay of the admiral from the glances they exchanged, to drive back to the hotel, and sitting there as the carriage turned up the hill, he saw the doctor and the old admiral talking together in that loud and belligerent voice and manner common only among low and treacherous Italians.

The lady returned to her apartments, and the proprietor of the hotel smiled as she entered again, as if he had really done a good piece of business by detaining her.

"Now let us see what is to be done," said Murietta, cheerfully, as he sat down opposite her in her saloon, and saw how terribly she had been worn by her trials and troubles in the Tyrel, and how she was now shaken up by this new trouble.

"Think it out, Mr. Murietta, and tell me what to do and how to do it. I do not know. Father could give the directions and I could take care of him, and that is the way we maneged it. But here I am with my little boy, quite broken

down myself, and quite at the mercy of these wretches that surround me."

Murietta knew perfectly well that the case was just about as bad as it could be, but he pretended to laugh at it all, and assured her that she would be able to get off by the evening boat and join her father at Milan that night. Thus it was agreed to wait for the evening boat, since nothing else could be done, and then Murietta went out and down in the walk of trees by the water.

"Now, sir, I am a plain, blunt man. One word with you."
The artist attempted to pass on down the narrow walk of
yew-wood, but the great monster of a man still stood before
him.

"I have a proposition to make. You are a friend of the countess; she will do just as you tell her. Now, sir, you wish to serve her. She wishes to get out of Italy with her father."

"Yes, and will get out of Italy with her father, without either your assistance or mine. And now do you stand aside or I——"

"Do it! Please to do it, and I will put you in prison and take possession of the countess myself, body and soul."

"You insufferable old villain! What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I carry my heart in my hand. I am a rough but honest man. And now, sir, since you will not oblige me by knocking me down, you will, perhaps, listen to my proposition. It is this." Then the old admiral stopped a moment, sighed, reflected a time, and then went on. "I have not lived the most regular life, I admit. I was born a gentleman, a poor Italian prince. Youthful indiscretions drove me to the sea. My brothers usurped my title and small estate. I have been a very unfortunate man, but now I have saved money, and am getting old and wish to retire."

"Then, old man, why not reform and retire, and leave off persecuting a helpless woman and a dying man?"

"Because—because I cannot leave that woman. Because I love her!"

Murietta clutched him by the throat for a second, but let go and pushed him from him.

"Please to choke me, sir. Please to do it, and I will lock you up and have the field for myself, and get damages for the assault besides. But listen to me. You are a man of the clouds. I am a practical man, I am at the head of the Brothers of the Altar. We are a host. I am at the head of a little army. You see what I can do. I knew the countess must come this way. There are but two roads out of the Tyrol. I came here with my men. I waited. You see what I have done. I have sent her old father off alone, in charge of one of my men. She cannot leave Italy without my consent. Now, sir, her weak and silly husband, the count, who dares not disobey a word of my commands, is and will remain in Rome till I give him leave to come away. Now I wish to get out of all these meshes of orders and associations that are no longer either creditable or pleasant. I swear to God that I will reform. I wish to go to America, and there settle down and end my days in peace. The countess can take me with her. Go to her-tell her to take me with her out of the country. I can escape under the pretence that I am still watching her, for you see I too am watched as well as others, and watched by my own men. Tell her to take me and I will treat her honorably. I will never say an impure word to her now, but will win her love by devotion to her interest and her pleasures. Tell her that if she refuses me this she shall not leave Italy. No! her boy will be taken here, her father there, and she will be so tormented that she will wish a thousand times that she had taken even the vilest of my propositions."

Murietta had stood there with his arms folded up and doubled in, lest he should be tempted to strike this monster

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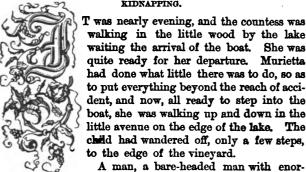
and thereby only involve the countess in deeper trouble. Then as the man finished he turned away without a word and went down the other end of the walk.

"You will not serve the countess, then, by delivering my proposition?" The artist did not answer or look around.

"Well, then," thundered the man down the avenue of dark wood, "her blood and the blood of her father and her child be on your hands!"

#### CHAPTER XXIX

#### KIDNAPPING.



A man, a bare-headed man with enormous ears and a red face, came up out of the grape vines, spoke to Giuseppe, the courier who had charge of the child, and then darting forward caught it under his arm, and turned to fly. There was a struggle and a scream, and the thief stumbled and fell there as he looked back, for Murietta was upon him.

The kidnapper dropped the child and escaped into the field of vines. The little thing was terribly frightened and fearfully bruised about the head. Life seemed extinct.

The boat came and went, but the countess sat all the time by a little bedside with her hands wrung together, and weeping through her falling hair as if her heart would break.

Who should stand by her side at such a time? This man, who had waited for this present hour saw it go by. He saw his promise broken, as he sat there alone with the lady and the little black-eyed villain of a doctor, whom they had called in as the only person present bearing the name of doctor, and watched with the little unconscious child whose life flickered like a dying lamp on the edge of eternity, and did not speak of Annette even to himself.

The little sufferer sat up in the morning and spoke to its mother. The danger was over, and the little doctor once more, in the good favor in which his skill had placed him, tried to approach Murietta on a subject uppermost in his

Italians advance directly upon nothing. If they wish to talk about paradise they begin about purgatory.

The doctor stood before Murietta washing his hands in the morning sunlight on the little balcony before the lady's parlor.

"The old gentleman, her father," he began, "will not stop long in Milan. It is too hot. Besides he is dying, and dying men are never satisfied anywhere. If he lives he will push on to England at once. But then he will die when he comes to the end of the journey by the great sea, for the excitement of travel will be over. There will be a reaction, and then the man will die."

He stopped talking, stopped washing his hands, and waited for the artist to answer. But he did not answer. He lifted his face up toward the little pine-topped mountain and a house there with a balcony looking down on the two lakes, but did not speak.

The low-browed, black-eyed Italian doctor began again to

wash his hands, and to wag his tongue. This time he moved a little nearer to the subject of his thoughts.

"The admiral wishes to get out of Italy, I think," said the doctor cautiously, and washing his hands very slowly. "You see, he has got all the money, and he intends to keep it. He got at least a hundred thousand francs from the countess when she left Rome; and here! just look at my clothes. Not a centime! No, sir! not a sou did I get out of all that sum! I have followed him, sir. He intends to try to cross the border. He lingers about the edge of Italy with the pretence that he must follow the countess, and keep her from revealing the secrets of the Order of the Brothers of the Altar."

"Well! well!" said Murietta, sharply, as he turned upon the man, for he was not in a mood for diplomacy, "come to the point. What do you propose? What do you

"Signor, I want money. If I cannot get what is really mine from the admiral; if he persists in keeping me in rags and wretchedness, I shall enter the service of some one who will be more just and generous. Ay! even enter the service of the State of Italy!"

"Very well, I certainly have no use for knaves. Enter the service of the State, or the State prisons, for aught I care;" and Murietta turned back to the countess who had just re-entered the saloon.

"I have just dismissed Giuseppe and my maid," she began. "I have paid them off and paid their wages to Rome. They were in a league against me, and I am certain were in the pay of the old admiral. Now I am a little more free," she said, coming forward and half smiling at some remark of the little invalid, who was sitting up in bed and playing with a lot of toys.

"Dismissed them both? And how, then, do you expect to get on your journey?" exclaimed Murietta, for he knew full well that these dismissed servants would now make mischief.

"Well!" exclaimed the lady, sharply, "I could not get on my journey with them. If I do not get on without them, I shall be no worse off. I cannot afford to have brigands and kidnappers by my side at such a time, for I know there is no law in Italy that will protect me from them, with my husband on their side."

### CHAPTER XXX.

### A BOAT-RACE ON LAKE COMO.

"THESE men, whoever they may be, who float that barge and fly that banner, must now assist this woman. I have done all I can do. I have sacrificed everything, and achieved nothing. I am not a patient man. I shall now go to older and abler heads, and tell them just how this lady is situated. I will get up a feeling among her countrymen in her favor that will bear her right along lightly and safely over all this sea of trouble."

So musing, the man passed through the gate, stepped into a boat, and drove with double oarsmen across the lake to Menagio.

He met a party of young Americans under the trees before the half-primitive house known as the Victoria Hotel. He told them at once the story of this unfortunate lady, and, all the time leaving his own name out, asked them what should be done.

"Wal," answered the Yankee spokesman, "send for her husband, let her send for her husband. Or else go down to Rome with the courier. If she has been with him through all the Alps, she can certainly go the ten days' ride to Rome with him, and not hurt herself. As for her father, I reckon the old man is of age, and can take care of himself."

"Yes," said another sovereign from the great R public

"let her go down to Rome, where her home is. Let her go to her husband if he won't come to her. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, let Mohammed go to the mountain. They say she's about half-crazy anyhow, and a fellow don't like to get mixed up with a crazy woman; bad enough when they are in their senses."

"And so you have heard something about this poor lady already?" inquired Murietta.

"Heard about her! Wall now, I reckon we have; guess everybody has. It's the talk all over the lake. You see she's got a fellow with her that's about as crazy as she is, and that makes the thing a great deal worse. If she'd pitch him into the lake, and give some other fellow the full sweep, she might get on. But I guess she'd better go back to her husband, the Italian count."

"Why, what do you mean, sir? Do you know this lady?" said Murietta, excitedly, as he rose up from the iron seat under the pine-tree.

"No, no, not at all," answered the other, quietly. "Only I've heard a great deal about her to-day, and they say she's got a sort of a painter, or a fiddler, or something of that kind."

Murietta had stepped rapidly down into his boat as the man began to drawl out this speech and reveal to him the current stories that the cunning Italians had set affoat and made the gossip of the lake, and, lifting his hat, did not wish to hear its conclusion.

His boat touched at Cadanabia as the craft with the broad canvas and canopies, with its bands of music and pleasureparty, drew in to the shore. He had resolved to make one more appeal to simple manhood.

As the gay party stepped ashore he was delighted to see a face here that he had met in Rome. It was that of McCrary, an Irish porter of San Francisco, and the millionaire who had purchased the new antiquities in Rome.

The Irishman extended his hand with a voluble welcome to Como, and a pressing invitation to the artist to remain and make one of his party at dinner.

"Yis, yis, ye must remain wid me and dine, and meet the Prince of Lodi. That is the Prince of Lodi, a walking wid my wife into the hotel."

The Irishman pointed with his thumb over his shoulder and stooped his back as he did so, as if he was bearing a trunk on his back upstairs.

And then he went on to talk about this wonderful Prince of Lodi in the most garrulous way, and about every other word was sandwiched in between "the Prince of Lodi."

A wonderful boy was this young Prince of Lodi. The Irishman was full of anecdotes and adventures of and concerning this Prince of Lodi. Not that he had ever been in war, or even in the saddle or out of Italy, or even long out of the hands of his nurse, but still a wonderful man was this Prince of Lodi.

"I will present ye."

"No, do not disturb him."

"But he will not mind," urged the Irishman, who perhaps for the first time had found himself the companion of a prince, and was quite carried away; "he will not mind it in the least."

"Look here! Mr. McCrary, I am busy," said Murietta, nervously. "I have a matter on my mind and hand, and have come to see you about it, and at once. Hang your prince! What harm have I done that I must be bored by this idiotic and stripling prince? What good has he done that he has a right to my time? Why, he is a helpless toy. I am weary with toil in the world. I am covered with the scars of battle, and yet you would make this man my companion and my equal, and condemn me to tolerate him. Now, come! Here if a matter worthy of

the attention and the strong arm of a prince of nature. Will you assist me?"

"Wid all me heart, barrin' your poor opinion o' the Prince of Lodi."

"Spoken like a brave, warm-hearted Irishman," cried the artist, reaching his hand. "Now, sir, here is a work that the most chivalrous knight ought to be proud to strike a blow to promote."

"And ez it a Californy gold-mine? or an oil-well?" asked the shrewd ex-porter.

"It is a lady in trouble," replied Murietta, soberly. And then he proceeded to tell the whole story of the day and the day before to the Irishman, as they sat on an iron seat under the shade of the great sycamore-trees by the lake.

"Come now," said Murietta, as he concluded, "you sail the largest craft on this lake that carries the American colors."

"Yis, yis, I carries the flag o'my country; but what has that to do wi'the countess?"

"Only this. She is an American—you are an American. Since these Italians are so clannish against strangers in the land, let Americans be a little clannish, too, and stand by each other. This woman will have her child taken from her to-morrow morning. That child will not be taken to Rome, I am certain, but will be carried off to some hiding-place by these brigands in disguise, and kept there till ransomed by her money. Now, sir, what I ask is this. Send your boat and your men under your flag, and take that lady and her child to Como to-night."

The Irishman rose up, stooped, picked up a pebble, pitched it into the lake, and then turned to the artist and laughed in his face.

"Take her to Como," pleaded Murietta. "From Como to Milan—it is but one hour—and at Milan she will be under the protection of the American consul, and even the British vice-consul will not see her separated from her child. Nay, there is not one Englishman in the ten outside of a shop-keeper but would put his shoulder to the wheel and see her through it all, if he saw this case and understood it as I see and understand it."

"The Prince of Lodi-" began the Irishman.

"Will you, can you assist the countess to get to Milan to-night?"

"The Prince of Lodi-"

"Hang the Prince of Lodi!" cried the artist, furious it the thought of having to entreat this vulgar fellow to do the simplest service for a lady in trouble; "will you do this or not?"

The Irishman shook his head, stooped, picked up another pebble, tossed it into the lake, and then said he thought it would hardly pay.

"No. You are right, it will not pay," answered Murietta, as he entered his boat in despair, and now pushed off with the prow toward the Grande Hotel Bellagio. "I forgot," he continued, talking to himself, "it really will not pay him. He is only a porter still; I mistook him for a gentleman."

"You have left me all alone all day. You knew how lonely I was here, and yet here I have been left without a friend—left with that terrible little monster of a doctor, who would poison us all for a penny."

The countess was bitter in her reproaches. The poor, spoilt child! She had never been so alone before. She did not even have her keepers about her now.

"I have got another doctor," she said, leaning over the balcony and looking down at a fine young fellow leading the little child in a walk slowly up and down the avenue of trees by the lake: "Here, take this roll of money and go find the other doctor and pay him off."

The beautiful woman was severe and imperious, but Muri-

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etta had too much on his mind to heed anything she said or did. He had resolved now to see her through this peril at every hazard. The insinuations, the sneers, and the cold caution of those to whom he had appealed had maddened him. He was now desperate with this resolution, and heeded nothing but that which either facilitated or retarded his contemplated enterprise. He therefore took the

feared she would break quite down under it, and he did not see the good that would come of reciting the unpleasant

Giuseppe did not put in an appearance at the Grand Hotel that day. He was a coward, every inch of him, and the recollection of the little encounter in the anti-camera of the palace in Rome no doubt had something to do with keeping



THE LITTLE NURSE. BY PAUQUET.

money as if he had been a courier or sort of upper servant, and went down, found the doctor, paid him liberally, and came back.

The lady had just received a telegram from her father. He was at the Royal Hotel, Milan.

Poor lady! She walked the floor, half-wild again. Yet she did not dream of the greater trouble that now encompassed her, and Murietta did not dare so tell her. He

him aloof from the presence of Murietta. "I like the looks of that new doctor," said Murietta to the countess, attempting to divert her thoughts.

"He is a gentleman," she answered, as she came up and looked down and threw a kiss to the little one at his side; "he is a born rentleman, the only one I have seen in all this place. I should nave died but for him to-day."

The artist 'elt the pitter taunt, but only went down and

icined the little party in the walk. Then the countess came down, and as they stood there by the lake the boat from up at Colico with the travelers from the Alps and the Tyrol came and discharged her load of tourists for Bellagio, and took in her load for France, England, and America.

"Oh, why can I not go, too?" cried the countess, as she saw the boat push off. "Why did you not tell me to get ready to go? I could get into the boat, go to Como, drive to the station, take a ticket, and be in Milan with my father before morning. I can do it. I will go and get the very next----"

The old admiral was walking up and down through the cypress avenue on the hill-side above them, and as the lady saw him she stopped suddenly and bowed her head, and hid her face in her hands, and, trembling, sank into a seat. She knew too well that this man was her keeper, and that while he lived and was free she must remain a prisoner.

The young doctor was greatly affected. He also now saw that something was certainly wrong here, and he, though a Frenchman just from school, had lived long enough in Italy to make a pretty shrewd guess at the cause of the trouble.

"I must get away from here, and soon, or I shall go mad," said the countess, lifting up her face and looking through the cypress avenue for the cause of her terror, as a woman always will when she has been frightened.

"Lady, I am arranging to go to-night," said the artist.

"To-night! Can we go to-night? Oh, let us go to-night, now! Come, let us go!"

"Soft, soft; mind what you say. These very trees have ears. The old admiral is on the watch. He has sworn that you shall not go without taking him."

The lady looked at him with her great eyes wide open, and helpless as any babe. He had seen fit to tell her this much in order to put her on her guard, and make her the more cautious in getting away. But more than this he did not tell her.

The sun went down, and the party retired to prepare for the departure. The young doctor kept the child constantly by his side, for he had been engaged by the countess to remain with her, unless called away by a case of most urgent necessity. As he was a young man and a stranger, it was not likely that that event would happen for a long time.

It was ten o'clock at night. Fire-rockets and Roman candles were going off in every direction. It was like a great battle-field. These vulgar hotel-keepers, forgetting that people came there for peace and rest, took this means of advertising their respective houses. There were persons who remonstrated with the long-nosed, shrewd Swiss fellow who kept the Grande Bellagio, but it did no good. Every evening at eight, and from eight to ten, the whole garden and groves and hill-side were ablaze with these intolerable tireworks.

"I wish to take the countess and her child out of this noise for an hour," said Murietta to the proprietor. "Is there not a place around the forks of the lake, on the other side of the little pine-topped mountain, where there are no hotels with rockets and fireworks?"

The man answered that there was, and also told the artist that on the other side of the little mountain there was a famous echo that the countess would certainly be pleased to hear.

"Give me a boat with four oarsmen, and the best young men to be found, for the countess has been sorely tried, and must have some diversion."

The man promised the boat should soon be ready, and also that he should have the best men in Bellagio to pull him and his party around the mountain; and the artist withdrew to his room.

He rolled up a picture that was there, with his face averted. He did not look at it. He did not dare to. He

rolled it up tight, tied it, and then, taking up his brush, wrote on the back of it this one word, "Rubicon."

Then he went down and stood by the side of the countess on the balcony. The doctor and his little charge were watching the lights with great pleasure and interest from another balcony within call. The artist left the countess a moment, stepped to the doctor, whispered in his ear, after making sure that no spies were at that moment watching them, and then went back to the countess.

"It is all right. He will be with us as far as Como. He does not know all the trouble that surrounds us; you do not know, perhaps I do not know, and, after all, it is not best to know. But we are off in half an hour, and you must not say one word till safe away on the water."

"Safe away! Oh, Heaven! And you will see me through it all?"

"I will see you through it all, God helping me," the man said, with a trembling voice, for his face was lifted to the hill and the house in the pines where his heart should be left for ever behind him.

"Murietta," said the lady, "I know what it costs you to go away with me to Milan."

"Do you know?" he saked, looking in her beautiful, childish, and helpless face. "Do you know what it costs me?"

"Ah, yes. I know what it costs you to leave here and go with me down to hot and dusty Milan. I know you want to stay in Como for a month still, and to rest here and be quiet. Instead of that, you must go down just in the flush of the season to dull, dusty Milan, and all only to oblige me. You see I know what it costs you. I appreciate what you are about to do, and Heaven will reward you, for I cannot."

"Oh, woman! woman! woman!" sighed Murietta, as he once more, and for the last time, lifted his face to the house hidden away among the pines and ruins on the weedy little mountain. "And you fancy you really do know what it is costing me to go to Milan!"

"All ready, signor."

"Very good. Say that we will be there presently," said Murietta to the man. And the man bowed low and with-

"No, no; leave that," whispered the artist to the countess, as she began to throw her shawl over her shoulders. "Leave everything just as it is in the room. Touch nothing. Take nothing with you. It is too sultry at this hour for shawls and wraps, and however much you may need them to-night, they must be left behind. This is a desperate game, and it must be played reckless of cost."

The party entered the boat and pushed off and drove hard for half an hour up the lake and around the little high pine-topped mountain with its nose pushed into the forks.

"What a beautiful night for a ride to Como!" exclaimed the countess, as if in a spirit of banter.

"Beautiful!" answered Murietta; "but you would get very weary of it before you rode that distance."

"Would I, though! Not half so weary as you, my dear artist."

"Try it and see."

"Try it and see! Do you dare me?"

"Well, I think I can endure almost as much boat-riding on Lake Como as the fair countess—that is all."

"Captain, how much to Como and back, and without touching land all the way down, or stopping to rest, or doing anything by which my friend the artist can find other diversion than sitting in the boat?"

It was indeed a dangerous enterprise. Two people of this party were attempting to deceive Italians. That is a hard thing to do.

The captain of the boat spoke to his fellows in the patois



of the country, and then he answered, politely, "Fifty francs, Senora Countess, at night, with four oars."

"But you would get out as we neared the hotel, would you not?" she said, turning to Murietta with a well-assumed air of banter.

"Try me, and see. I think I can sit here certainly as long as your ladyship."

"Oh! I will not give you a chance to leave us. You shall not even be in hail of Bellagio again till we return from Como."

"Captain! Como!" cried the beautiful woman, half rising with excitement, and acting her part with a skill that amazed Murietta.

"It will be fifty francs, Senora Countess, and the sum that we were to have for the excursion besides."

"You shall have it; and bona mana besides."

The Italian boatman bowed and smiled in acknowledgment, and the little craft spun around and the prow was pointed down the water toward the plains of Lombardy.

It was a moment of intense anxiety as they came opposite Bellagio and glided on their way down through the still, warm water of the lake. What, if the wily Italians suspected something, and should make some excuse to pull in—to get their coats, a little wine—anything?

No; the boat did not veer from its course. Not an oar lost a note. The tall, handsome, half-Greek boatmen kept time, and they shot ahead with a speed that was surprising.

The artist sat silent, and with folded hands. He had not slept for the past two nights, but even now his brain was at work, and he was wide awake and watchful; he had done what he knew to be his duty. Yet, sitting there, he knew that on the morrow men and women would couple his name with that of the countess in a way that would cover his head with shame. He had sacrificed all—everything. He had sacrificed more to serve this woman by his side, to help her through a trouble, than most men ever possess. He had counted down his good name, broken his idol, left his heart, with all his broken hopes, on the pine and vine-clad hill at Bellagio.

Yet, for all this that he had done, he, sitting there with folded hands, knew perfectly well there could, among men, be but one reward—the reward of a ruined name. He was not regretting anything now; he was simply sitting there looking back at the ugly fact, and sometimes asking himself if he could not have done otherwise, and all the time answering that he could not have done otherwise and had his own self-respect.

This, then, was the outlook. He had lost the world's good opinion, but had retained his own. After all, if he had been compelled, at any time of his stormy and troubled life, from the date of his discretion, to choose which should be sacrificed and which retained, the world's good will or his own, he never would have hesitated or had two opinions for a moment. He had been driven to the wall here, and had been compelled to choose. He had made his choice, and did not regret it. Yet it was so hard, so very hard, to leave her, and disgraced! He was thinking that if he had died then it had been so very much better. She then would perhaps have thought of him at least with respect; now, she would never think of him but with shame.

And this is all for woman—to aid a woman who will forever be a stranger to me, in soul and body, because she, like the world, will never understand me; and she is bearing me away from my love.

"She is bearing me away from this one woman—the One Fair Woman—of my life! The light that I have followed, the lady I saw on the mountain of fire, and in whose path I strewed roses. This boat is bearing me from her presence, and in eternal disgrace."

It was a sultry evening. Away down the long narrow

like there was a great waterfall plunging down from the high, savage mountain into a little bay, to the left of the weary oarsmen.

They asked permission to rest a moment in the cooling spray; and the kind countess, who was now light-hearted and full of hope, cheerfully allowed the boat to lie still, and rock and rest at will.

The bold, strong boatmen soon pushed on again, for a wind was springing up ahead, and the fair face of the lake began to grow wrinkled, as if getting up a storm.

The air was chill now as the wind blew in, and the doctor took off his cloak and folded it around the countess and her child.

Murietta sat there silent and still. His pliable and easy nature had at last been intensified, and now he was as a man of iron.

There was a sound of oars. A man leaned over the boat and listened. The artist drew a pistol, cocked it, and said, "Pull! pull for your lives! Double pay if you reach Como before them!" And then he lifted the shining steel to the moon, "Death if you do not!"

"Is it—oh! is it—the admiral?" asked the countess.

The doctor looked terrified, and tapped the plank in the boat with his boot, and sat very restless in his seat.

Singularly enough, the captain and his men only smiled with pleasure at the lifted pistol and the promised double pay. These fellows had seen runaway affairs before. They now leaned to their cars, and entered into it with heart and soul. They thought this was a love affair, and laughed to see how cleverly it had been managed, for Como has long been famous for its many adventures in this field. These fellows supposed the artist was stealing the countess, and they liked his dash and daring, and particularly liked the promise of double pay.

Notwithstanding the promise of the proprietor of the Grande Hotel that the boat and the men should be the best on the lake, this was now doubtful, for the pursuers were gaining at every stroke. They were now almost within a pistol-shot.

The doctor crouched down, so as not to catch the wind, and the countess, with her child in her arms, lay almost flat on the seat, while Murietta turned his face to the boat that followed, took another pistol from his side, and calmly waited results.

"You will take notice, captain, and all of you, that the doctor here, and the countess, have no hand in this matter. It is all my own affair. If any of these men are killed who come after me, remember it is I, and I alone, who do it," said the artist, with an iron expression in his voice, as he lifted a pistol toward the pursuers.

It was breaking day at last, and the boats began to leave the little towns along the edge of the water, and put out on the lake, for business or pleasure, and cross to other towns.

They were now nearing the city of Como. The boat that followed hailed, but had no answer. Murietta sat silent as a man of stone, waiting his opportunity to send the admiral into eternity. He had endured quite enough. He was now desperate. His heart was really set on the death of this man. His mind was full of murder!

It is a sad but a true confession that this man, the artist, sitting there with his half-hidden pistol, was really wishing that the boat was only a little closer, so that he could send the bullet to his heart with perfect precision. He had determined to kill him, and to kill him with his own hand. Having once made up his mind to this, he was impatient for the moment to come.

It was unfortunate that the doctor was in the boat. Every pound of weight was now telling against our party. The men were bold, strong fellows, and, no doubt, faithful enough, but they had been on the water at least an hour before the

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pursuers had taken their cars. Besides, when the admiral determined to make chase, he had the pick of the best and swiftest boats in Bellagio.

The Italians were pulling indeed for life. They had seen how settled and determined was the artist, and they knew that blood must flow if they were overtaken. For very good reasons they wished to avoid anything serious, and were, therefore, making the best possible use of their strength.

The pursuers were dangerously close. They could almost pierce the boat of the countess with a pike. The artist had been too anxious to kill this old admiral; his mind had been too determinedly set on murder to exhibit his pistol as he drew near. He even held it low down in the edge of the boat, as a sportsman holds his gun out of sight when coy game is coming near. He was only waiting for a dead-centre shot to the heart.

There was a boat putting sharp across the lake in front and at right angles. It was driving straight across their course. It whistled, but our boatmen did not heed. Closer and closer they drew together. The steamer and the little boat were closing in, bow to bow.

Once, twice, thrice, the steamer whistled, but the Italians were desperate. To stop then would be to give themselves over to the pursuers.

"Stop, in the name of the law!" cried an officer in the pursuer's boat, as he held up a paper.

Murietta lifted a pistol in each hand, and half rose. "I will shoot the first man who dares to slacken for a second!"

"But the boat! the boat! the steamer!" cried the terrified captain.

"On! and under her! On, I say!"

The men sprang to the work as if they had been springs of steel.

Right under the prow they shot, with barely room for their oars, and as they came out and darted on from the other side—on over the swelling waves, and shot for the shore, there was a shout of admiration from the steamer's deck, and a waving of handkerchiefs from fair hands, that showed how the reckless deed had been appreciated, even by those who had been about to run them down.

As they touched the shore and climbed into a carriage, they looked back, but the boat of the pursuers was not to be distinguished. Other craft were crossing the lake, and perhaps it was confounded with them.

Then, as they drove further away, and up the little sloping hill toward Milan, they saw that the steamer had turned about on the lake and was lying there quite still. It was not yet fairly dawn, and they dashed away toward Milan in doubt of what had become of the admiral or his men. The countess wondered why the vessel had stopped in the middle of the lake and was resting there. Perhaps she was picking up the pursuers, who had fallen under her wheels.

# CHAPTER XXXI.

#### IN MILAN.

It is one hour from Como to Milan by rail, or more; but you can drive to it in three hours. The railroad is not so direct as the carriage-road. It is a lonesome ride through a bare and not over fertile land, considering that it is the plain of Lombardy. There was no train for two hours, and they took a carriage.

You pass through a dozen or two poor, tumble-down towns, all with one long street, and all paved with cobblestones, over which your carriage bumps and thumps in the most agonizing manner you can imagine.

The wondering doctor had been left with the delighted boatmen, who were wild with delight at their accidental test and their trebled pay; and the countess held her child in her lap and sat looking with her great brown eyes at Murietta, who scarcely spoke the whole weary way to the gates of the city of the plain.

There lay Milan. A wall of five miles girdle, and wide enough for a small army to march abreast upon. This wall is the great drive of the great city. It is called the Bastion, and is planted with double rows of great trees. This was built by the Spaniards centuries ago.

In the centre of this city stands a little mountain of marble, in a low and uncomely site. This mountain of marble is topped by a forest of barren and boughless pines, and all are as white as if wrapped in perpetual rime and snow.

If you wish to see and enjoy the great cathedral of Milan, keep away from it. At all events, never enter it. It is a lonesome place inside. It is so large you may get lost. And the famous silver bishops and popes are not solid silver. Tap them with your finger, and you will find them hollow and as thin as tin—as thin and hollow, in fact, as if they were still alive and striding up time, professing Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Down-stairs, are live francs, they will show you the black and ugly bones of a good man, who deserves a better fate than this foul exhibition of his decaying corpse. And that is about all there is to be seen inside, save the cunning frescoes away up in the arches overhead, and some stained windows. There is nothing here to compensate you for the disappointment you feel on entering, after you have centemplated the beauty and airy proportions from without.

Climb to the top of this awful edifice, and you will find that the figure of a mountain with a forest is not altogether inappropriate. You will find a garden of flowers there, all of marble. In fact, every plant of Italy, even to the most common vegetables of the garden, are chiseled out and set up there for you to walk through and admire.

There is something more here on those little spires, and in this marble garden of plants and flowers, than all that. On one of these spires is a hen and her nest. It is made very beautiful, singular as it may seem, and is much admired.

Away yonder, in an obscure corner, looking dewn into the crowded street, stands a statue of Adam. He is leaning on his mattock, and seems very weary of life. His face is a blended face of Christ and of Cain. It is the best of all the thousands of statues here.

Our little party of three reached the Hotel Reyal, and in the heart of Milan at last, worn and exhausted.

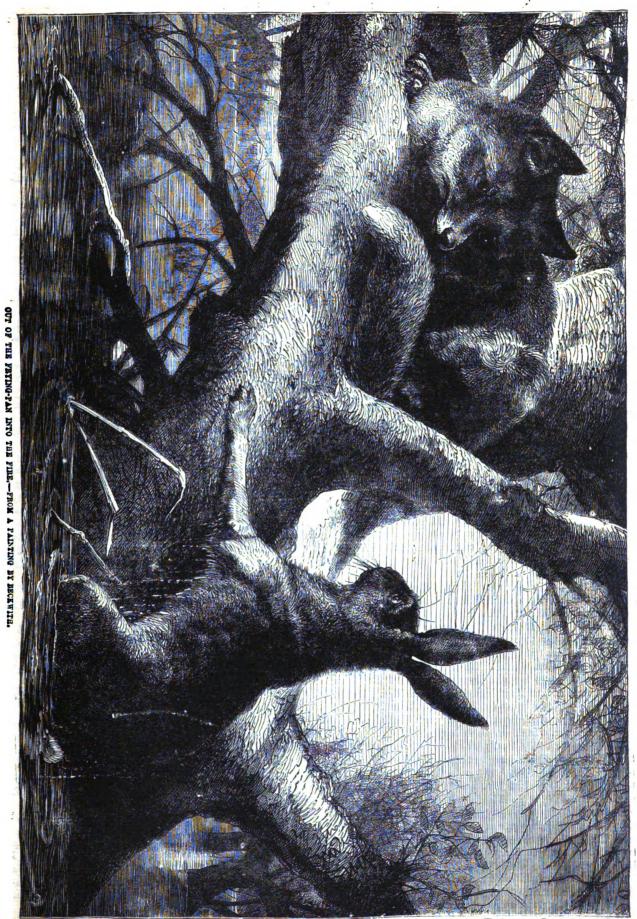
The countess had been so overcome by the agony and intense excitement of the past few days that she had to be borne from the carriage to her room.

There lay Milan in the middle of the great plain, teeming in yellow corn, and covered with fruit and flowers and vines, and literally steaming in the intense heat. It was intolerable. The old father of the countess had pushed on the next day for England, leaving kind messages and most urgent letters for her to follow at once, for he was dying, and he could not live a day longer in Milan.

It was impossible for our party to move that evening, eager as they were to leave the burning town, Italy—everything—while all seemed clear and open for the flight. The countess was prostrated, and must remain till to-morrow.

They rested. Yet, long before the countess had opened here yes, the artist was, next morning, down in the court of the old palace, which was now converted into a hotel, quietly arranging for the departure. He sometimes felt certain that the end was not yet. Where was the count? What had become of the doctor with the retreating moustache and low brow? And had the admiral and his crew of followers really perished? Certainly not, else the event had been chronicled in the journals of Milan. The artist looked

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them eagerly through. He found no tidings there; nothing to tell him the fate of those who had followed that fearful night of the flight from Como.

Then, if the old admiral was not dead, he was alive. If alive, he would be upon the track of the countess, and that soon, again. That big chin of his would brook no delay, or hesitate at nothing. It had the iron energy of an engine, and the man was now moved with a sort of desperation and hate that must find vent either in the capture of the countess or the death of Murietta.

The sun was just rising in sultry Milan. It was but a few minutes' walk to the great cathedral, where there was room and place to breathe in the great open space surrounding it.

The artist stood on the steps in the fresh morning shade cast by the great marble edifice, and had not yet entered the cathedral. The people were as thick in Milan, even at this early hour, as in a Roman carnival. You could hardly move along. Standing there on the marble steps, Murietta could scarcely see the ground for the moving masses of people. Italy is so very, very populous.

There was a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. The artist started, for he was still nervous from the excitement of the past few days, and backed against the wall.

"Shake hands. Come! let us be friends. I carry my heart in my hand. I am a rough but honest man, and you will yet live to see it. Take it! Take my hand, it is the olive-branch of peace. I offer it to you now for the last time. Will you not take my hand?"

Murietta had backed close against the wall, and the old admiral stood there reaching out his hand and offering him his friendship. The artist only shook his head, and looked the old monster hard in the face.

"Very well, very well. But you shall remember this. I will bring this back to your mind some day, and in a way and in a place that you little suspect."

Then the old admiral, black with passion, pulled at his long gray moustache, and twirled it about his finger.

At last he began again, standing all the time boldly before Murietta as if to prevent his escape, and pulling mercilessly at his long grey moustache with his stained fingers. "If I prove to you that I really want to leave Italy, and that it is necessary for me to leave Italy, and to leave in the company of the countess, and if I take the place of courier, or even of a common servant, will you not advise her to take me? Think, think, before you answer. She must get on if she ever sees her father alive again. You see what I have done, and you know what I can do. It was only an accident that pulled you through at Como. Now, sir, if you wish to serve this lady, if you really are the bold, chivalrous, and disinterested friend that you profess to be, take me with you. I will go as a common servant. Nay, more, I will pay you to let me go with you; to go in disguise. Come! I can prove to you that I am, at least, honest in this matter. I must leave Italy. I knew you would come to the cathedral. I have stood here all night waiting for you. I offer you my hand once more. Is it war or is it peace?"

Murietta was not the least part of a politic man. He had stood there pushed back against the wall with this old villain's vile breath in his face as long as he could bear it. He stepped forward, pushed him aside, and returned to the hotel.

All over the city were posted great red posters, headed with this tempting announcement: "Fifty thousand francs reward!" People were reading these posters eagerly. They had just been put up. They were still wet and warped from the fresh paste. The artist stopped and read one of them at the portal of the hotel as he returned. It was a reward offered for the arrest and conviction of forgers of Italian currency.

"Ah," cried the English clerk of the hotel, who had seen

the artist reading this bill, "they should have made the reward at least a half a million. Italy is full of it. Look there! The prettiest forged paper you ever saw. It is really better than the original, finer than the genuine. That is the way we detect it."

"There is a gentleman waiting to see you, sir, and he says his business is urgent," said a boy with a silver plate in his hand to the artist as he passed on up to his rooms,

It was the black and low-browed doctor. He was dressed up now, and looking very smart. His fee for healing had healed his threadbare dress, and but for his villainous face he might now have been quite presentable.

He stood bowing before the artist, twirling his hat in his hand, and looking nervously around him as if he half suspected he was watched.

"You wish to get rid of the admiral," began the visitor. twirling his hat faster than ever.

"And you propose to poison him for me, you dog; is that what you are here for this morning?"

"No, no, no. Really, signori, you do me a great wrong. Nothing of the kind. I told you I should leave the service of the admiral, and enter the service of my country."

"Well, go on, get done with what you have to say, and then get out of my sight, and soon."

"Well, signori. If I was to have the admiral looked up in the prison at Milan, so that he would never again be free, how much money would you pay me?"

"Not a sou. Is that all you have to say?"
"No, signori, not quite all." The hat twirled in the nervous hands faster than ever.

"Well, you had better go. If you must betray your friends you must take them to some other market. I am a poor man. Besides that, I would not bribe you; nor could I trust you if I should."

"But will signori listen one moment more? You have seen the immense reward that is offered. Good! You have noticed the stained finger-ends of the admiral. Good! Signori, listen to me. All the plates for printing Italian money were made in America, with few exceptions. Why? because this new Italy could not trust her own men. She was afraid if these plates were made at home that there would be duplicates made also. Very good. These plates were made abroad, and duplicates were made notwithstanding the suspicions of the new Italy."

"Well, this is very tiresome; and what has it all to do with locking up the admiral?" asked the artist, very

"Ah! that now is the point, that is the pith of it. The admiral is a miser. He is worth a million. He has loads of money, and he has starved me for years. I want my revenge. He pretends to despise me. I will show him! I will show him!"

"Come, fellow, come to this point you speak of. What is it you propose?"

"Signori, I come to you. I say, give me twenty—ten five thousand francs. Give me that sum, and I will lock up the admiral, and you can go on your ways uninterrupted. You refuse. Very good. You will not give me money. No matter. I will have that which is dearer to an Italian than money, or fame, or estate. I will have revenge! Revenge, signori! Revenge! Revenge!"

Murietta beckoned the man to the door. He did not move, and the artist stepped to the bell.

"One moment, signori. The Government offers fifty thousand francs. But I do not like the Government. I therefore ask you but five thousand francs. You refuse a single sou. Very good. I accept the offer of the Government. I turn State's evidence. The admiral will follow you no further. Signori, I wish you a very good-day."

The black-eyed, narrow-browed, doctor bowed himself

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out, and the artist stood there alone, wondering what the fellow really meant.

Fifty thousand francs reward! The old admiral worth a million! Counterfeit currency! The stains on the admiral's fingers! His eagerness to get away in the company of respectable travelers, if even in disguise! Putting this and that together, the artist began to feel pretty certain that there was really something in the wind, and that the mission of the dark-browed doctor that morning meant something more than to beg for money.

# CHAPTER XXXII.

# A VERY UNFORTUNATE MAN.



HE countess could not leave her bed all that day. Still there was hope that if no further trouble was encountered they could leave sultry Milan the day following.

It was nearly midnight when the doctor, walking between two officers, called to see Murietta. The Italian's face was black and red and white by turns. He was wrinkling his brows with all his might.

"It is not me, Signori Murietta, that is a prisoner. It is not me. It is the admiral. And it is all as I told you it should be. You can leave Italy to-morrow, but the admiral will never

leave Italy. Revenge. Ho, ho! Revenge, and fifty thousand francs! No, no, no, I am not a prisoner at all. These officers are not sent with me till I find bail to appear on the trial. But I will appear. Do not fear that. Even if I do not find bail I can walk about with these officers, my friends, and be quite happy till the day of trial. You would see the prisoner in the morning? Good. A little present, Signor Murietta, and one of the officers will lead you to the prison in the morning."

"And the admiral is really under lock and key? A big man with a big chin?" continued the artist to one of the officers.

"A big man with a big chin and a long gray moustache," answered the officer, politely. "He made flight and fight also. He leapt over the bastion at last, and then he swam the canal, and at last, when brought to bay, he fought like a wolf."

The artist took a long breath of relief. He walked to the window, looked out, and felt a sense of satisfaction that he had not known for days. There was even a smile on his face as he handed the officers each a real Italian note. After all, this man was very human, and perhaps enjoyed this almost as much as the revengeful Italian. Yet his was an unselfish satisfaction. This meant the freedom of the countess and the ad of her persecutions.

I will have. 'ew hours to spare in the morning before the express leaves 'or aris, and I want one of you to come and take me to the old admiral in prison," said the artist, as he opened the oor and wished his tall visitors good-night.

They bowed all the wry downstairs, and promised to call at sharp ten in the morning.

You cannot tear up the heart by the roots and let it die like a flower, try as you might. Murietta had so often and so devoutly wished he could, for his heart was all the time turning back to Como, and hovering there like a lost bird of night over the pine and vine-covered mountain that rose up in the forks of the beautiful lake.

He was an older man now. He looked in the glass next morning as he stood waiting for his promised visitor to lead

him to the prison, and there saw that a tinge of frost was on his temples. Snow had fallen here in the terrible storm of the heart in the days just past, snow that only the wings of death should brush away.

How sober this man was now! He was as a monk that had renounced the world. Yet for all that he could not keep his heart in Milan, do what he might.

A savage sense of duty, an iron independence, and a pretty clear sense of what was right at the bottom of things, no matter what the world might say, had led him into terrible straits. However, these same qualities will lead a man through to the pure white light and up to the shining hills of heaven. You have only to persevere. The straight road, even though it be out of the great highway and popular road of life, will lead you finally to the right place, though you be torn by briers and set upon by wild beasts in the new way. The only danger in the whole matter is that you may get discouraged and attempt to turn back or reach the high road, when in the midst of briars and beasts, instead of pushing ahead.

At ten o'clock the artist stood before the prison. And such a prison!

With the most splendid edifice that Christianity has ever reared, Milan has under its very shadow, as it were, the worst prison that the barbarian ever built.

The city has been destroyed time and again. More than once it has been leveled to the ground. Yet this old, ugly, massive heap of stones crouching down there under the bastion has never been touched save by time. It crouches down there, as if it were ashamed of its own ugliness. The light of the sun refuses to touch it.

How the old ruin groaned as the great doors swung open! Chains, and bolts, and great rusty rings in the iron-bound windows and in the black stone floors. The place was damp and even cold. It was more terrible than the tomb.

At last they came to the narrow stone coffin where the admiral was confined. It was a miserable little cell, but better than many of the others, for this one really had a window.

The daylight came in at this window, but timidly. It came in as if it was afraid—was not used to the place, and was very doubtful about the propriety of being there at all.

There was a row of stout rusty bars, drawn up like a file of grenadiers on guard, across this window, through which the sunlight stole into the prison. And it did not pass unchallenged, for a number of busy spiders were very busy mending a broken web that had run right across the front of this file of iron grenadiers, as if to shut out the light altogether.

The admiral sat there on a stone bench, with his head bowed down toward the door, and his hands dragged down between his legs by the weight of the rusty chains. Or more properly, one hand was drawn down, for but one hand and one foot were bound in irons. He lifted his eyes, but did not lift his head as the artist and officer entered.

"I am a very unfortunate man."

He said these words very slowly, and one at a time, and as if to himself. They came out of his throat as if jerked out one at a time by fishhooks, and from very deep down.

He moved his hands as he spoke, and the chains clinked and chimed in between the words, as sometimes do the bells between the braying of the mules in the Sierras.

"I am a very unfortunate man."

The old audacity was gone. The dash and dare-devil character which this man had assumed and played—and played very well—for perhaps half a century, had quite for saken him now. He was now drawing from his true nature and he found that, once thoroughly caught in the coils, he was the veriest coward alive.

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Prick a child's balloon, and you can hold it between your thumb and finger.

The old admiral sat there on the stone bench with his head down, and he kept picking at and rubbing the ends of his stained fingers, as if he found them burning him now.

He was utterly overcome, and could only keep rubbing and picking his fingers, and still slowly repeating his brief but mournful story, "I am a very unfortunate man."

"Well, admiral, I have come to see you, to make sure that you were here, and now, finding you, I must say goodby."

The sun kept hesitating and hanging about the iron row of sentinels up in the narrow window, and the spiders kept busily weaving at the broken web. What had broken that web? There was the mark of a man's hand on the high window-sill, in the dust. A link of the chain had touched there also. One of the iron sentinels had the rust rubbed off about his waist. It was the middle sentinel. The rust on these bars was scaling off like the bark of a tree. A chain had certainly been passed around the rusty waist of this iron guardian. What had the admiral been doing at that window all the night? He certainly could not have hoped to escape through it. It was not large enough to admit half his body through.

It was very pitiful. The conquered old man was utterly crushed. His utterly forlorn and helpless state touched the heart of the artist.

"Can I do anything for you to make you more comfortable here?"

"Nothing, nothing! It is all over! They have betrayed me at the last moment. And now that you are kind enough to come to see me," said the prisoner, for the first time lifting his head, "I wish to say to you that I was perfectly sincere in what I proposed. I really wished to get away and live a better life."

The old man's throat was dry and his voice was husky.

"They will not let me have any wine. They have taken away all my money, and no one comes near me now or sends me a glass to refresh my bruised and broken body and mind."

"Bring a flask of wine and a case of cigars, and keep the change for your trouble." Murietta handed a red Italian note to an officer as he said this. The officer soon returned with a large flask, a glass, and a case of cigars.

The admiral took up the glass, tilted the flagon, filled the glass to the brim, and drank it off at a draught. He drank like an American, and not at all like an Italian, for the latter only tastes his wine and never drinks it.

He filled the glass again as before, and emptied it as before. Then taking a cigar, he drew a long breath, looked up and about his cell, up at the busy spiders in their conspiracy to keep out the last bit of daylight, then taking a light which the officer had brought him, he began to resume the old devilish look and air of audacity.

"You have saved my life, sir, and I thank you. You are, after all, a very kind-hearted man," said the prisoner, from behind a cloud of smoke, as he again emptied the glass. "Now, sir, look here! I am a blunt but honest man. Ah! you smile at this. You seem to think you have heard it before. No matter. Some day you will come this way in your journeys through the world, and you will find my tombstone and grave, and above the dust of the old admiral you will write, "Rough but honest."

The old nature was rising under the flask of wine which a had entirely emptied. He kept the cigar burning like a furnace. It was nearly up to his gray and grizzly moustiche. He filled his glass again, and graning up at the window, with its row of rusty sentinels and the busy spiders, a said, as he again looked at Murietta:

"Your health, Signori Murietta, and a pleasant journey to Paris, and a long and a pleasant life with the countess."

Murietta bit his lips but said nothing.

"You may find trouble at Turin," continued the old admiral, as if he again held matters in his hand and was about to dictate terms of surrender. "Yes, you may find trouble at Turin, for the Prince Trawaska is stationed there with Giuseppe. You see, the Order cannot allow so wealthy a lady as this to leave the country. Besides, there are certain Catholics interested in keeping this little boy in the folds of the Church."

"Trawaska and the knavish courier at Turin?"

"Yes, yes; I do not mind telling you and doing you any service in my power, since they all have deserted me, and some of them have betrayed me. If they hear of my arrest and confession, however, they will be the last to trouble you. But, if not, they will still go on under my orders given last night, and will surely intercept you before you touch the line of France."

The man again emptied his glass and then blew the last of his cigar through his gray and unkempt moustache.

The artist stepped up to take his leave of the old man, and offered his hand.

"You triumph, now!" said the admiral. "You triumph at last! But it was not my faun. If men had been true to me, I should have landed you in hell." And the them terrible man laughed a terrible laugh, that sounded as if it came up from the abode of the damned.

The artist said good-by, and was going. The eld admiral arose and said, looking down at the chain about his leg, with that perfect Italian politeness, and a bow that was courtly and elegant, "You will excuse me for not seeing you to the door."

"Certainly, admiral."

"Signor Murietta," called out the prisoner.

"Well!" answered the artist, turning back.

"I will not ask you for money, but I must ask you one little favor, since my friends do not come near me, and I am almost dead from pain and trouble."

"What can I do?"

"A little more wine. And, Signor Murietta, you wear a rich, red sash about your wast."

"Well ?"

"Will you not give me that sash as a keepsake? I will wear it as long as I live."

The artist hastily unwound the sash, stepped back, handed it to the man, and then leaving a note with the officer for another flagon, hurried away to the light of the sun.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

# VIS-A-VIS WITH TWO MONKS.

SEATS in the express train had been taken by the little party for Paris, without the lease ripple of trouble.

The countess had received a telegram from England. Her father had leached the shore of the great sea that lay between him and his home. But he was dying.

"For the first time in five years," said the lady, as the train shot away over the fertile fields of Lombardy and over the battle-field of Magenta—"for the first time in five years, I teel like a free woman. I am no longer watched."

She did not know the fate of the old admiral. She still fancied he might be at the bottom of Lake Como, and thoughth all their troubles over. Yet she was not cheerful, but unusually sad.

As they neared Turin, and looked up at the little Campo Santo on the hill, with its tombstones and monuments shining in the setting sun, she suddenly turned to Murietta and said:

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"It seems to me, if Count Edna, my husband, were here, and going home with me, I should be aimost perfectly happy."

Murietta looked out at the white tombstones, as they shot past, tapped the butt of a pistol, just visible under his waistcoat, and said to himself, wondering, "Oh, woman, woman, woman! you are certainly past finding out."

It was raining at Turin, and dark, as they changed cars for the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

"You will remain here in this coupé, you and your little boy together, and you will remain locked up. It is just big enough for you two. I will have a seat in the car adjoining. I entreat you, do not move," said Murietta; "we may have trouble yet."

He turned, and two monks with immense cowls were looking over his shoulder at the countess and her little boy.

He stepped into his adjoining car, after handing the conductor a liberal present, and took his seat. The monks instantly followed and sat together opposite.

Around the rocky spurs of the Alps, under arches, over bridges that those perfect Italian engineers have made for the world to wonder at, and the line of France was near at hand.

The monks whispered together. In half an hour they would be at the station, where you are expected to show your passport, or bribe the officer. This latter is, perhaps, the most common, as well as the most convenient way. The little boy had no passport. As the monks whispered together, one of the cowls was tossed off by a sudden lurch of the car, and the large red ears of the wearer were uncovered.

Murietta caught his breath, but said nothing. By a sort of inspiration, he then at once knew that these monks were Prince Trawaska and the courier Giuseppe, and he knew that the last struggle would be made at the little mountaintown where you are expected to pay or show a passport.

"I am sick of this pistol-practice; it is getting monotonous. But come, my little iron bull-dogs, you may have to bark at these men, and bite—and bite even to the death."

He cautiously drew his hands under his cloak, and drew his pistols around where they could be pulled in an instant. "Trawaska!"

The man in the monk's cowl and gown sprung up, only to find a pistol pointed into his face.

"Sit down, sir. There, that will do. Your hands behind your back. There, fasten them there. Lock your fingers in together behind the back of your neck. There! so! The moment a hand comes down, you die!"

"Giuseppe!"

Giuseppe did the same without being told in words. He understood the signs.

"There! you will both keep your hands in that position till we pass this station. I will see about your passports. Fifty francs will settle the whole matter. No, no! Take care; take care, there! You see, I should be perfectly de-I ghted to kill you both. It would sound so well to have the name of a Polish prince and an Italian colonel mixed up in matter of this kind. Child-stealing, eh! A valiant business, indeed! And then, an Italian colonel to be found in the car in monk's clothes, with a bullet through his head. How would it sound, Trawaska? Just let me kill you to see what a sensation it would produce. Or even let me just mention the matter to the next officer we meet, either civil or military. Let me turn you over to him in your monk's clothes! Bah! my brave men! An Italian colonel and a Polish prince have obtained leave of absence to go childstealing in monks' clothes. Soft, there!"

The men were trembling in their seats, and suffering from their painful positions.

"Come, we will vary this a little. Here is another pistol;

one for each of you. Yes, it hurts you, I know, to hold your hands there; it affects the spine finally, and stupefies you. If you were to take your hands down now you would find them helpless; the blood and the strength is gone out of them. Take down your hands and try them, Giuseppe, if you like; you will find them as useless as the hands of the dead man you hid away in the dark vault at Rome."

The train stopped for an instant, and a man ran along on the rail at the side of the cars, taking money and glancing up at passports, or old letters and the like, which men saw fit to hold up for a second, still folded, before his tace.

Murietta stood at the window, looking back over nonshoulder at the two motionless men that sat there but prinoners. A pistol was in his right hand, and held down behind him.

He drew a fifty-franc note from his vest pocket with his left hand and held it out to the officer.

"These good fathers do not need passports. The lady and the little boy are my friends, and go to England in my charge. Take this, and drink our healths and a happy voyage."

The officer smiled, bowed, put his finger to his lip, and hurried on.

In less than an hour they stopped once more. They were now in France. The two men were pale and help-less.

"Now you can get out and go about your business; or would you prefer to be handed over to these French gentlemen in this garb?"

Murietta stepped out on the platform as the train was about to move off, and the two men, with great effort, followed him. Then, turning about, he returned to the car and took his seat alone as it shot out of the station, and left the two men standing there on the platform alone in the dark.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE BLESSED ISLES.



death."

HE work was done. Nothing was now required but time and patience to complete the journey which had been begun and carried thus far under such fearful difficulties.

They reached England, and found the old father there waiting for his child.

He put out his hand to his daughter, and said, faintly:

"I am waiting here—I am waiting to cross the great sea and go home."

The countess, pale now with travel and trouble, turned to Murietta, for her heart was bleeding at sight of this.

"Oh!" said she, "it is not the great sea that he will cross to go home; it is the dark river of

And so it was. Still talking of home, and rest, and peace, under the cool trees on the other side of the great sea, he folded his hands and died.

And now the poor, beautiful, but broken-hearted woman was more alone than over before. She fell down and wished to die and be buried, and be at rest from it all. Then for many days she was very, very ill, and was will and out of her mind with a fever.

Murietta watched with her then, and did all that a brother could do—all that a father could do, for now he was, indeed, old. He was as cold at heart almost as the old man he had just seen borne to his grave.

While he watched by the bedside of the countess, and

when she was almost recovered again, he received a package of papers from the consul at Milan.

There was one, an illustrated paper, with a frightful picture. It was the picture of a man—a large man—hanging by his neck to the bars of his cell. A cord—a rich red silk sash—the paper stated, had been passed around the middle bar, and by this the man had hung himself, and was found dead the second day after his imprisonment.

The old admiral, the founder of the Order of the Brothers of the Altar, was dead. Murietta shuddered as he thought of the red sash, and then remembered how that once on the banks of the Tiber the countess had shuddered at the sight of it, and said that it looked like blood. Carlton had said, "That man will be hanged!" The prophecy had been fulfilled.

During her illness the countess had spoken more than once about her husband. Would he come to her? Could he come to her? Then she would begin to talk about the admiral, and say that it was impossible, and that he loved his clannish companions better than his family.

Murietta had noted this, and had not been idle. But now that he knew the admiral was no more, he at once decided what to do, and acted accordingly.

Soon the countess was able to be wheeled into her parlor. She seemed more beautiful than ever, yet more sad than ever. Murietta tried in vain to rouse her and call her spirits back again to the beautiful things of the world. I was no use.

One day she was standing by the window with her little boy as the artist entered. She was nearly well now, and he, still weary, still worn from strife and trouble and thought, had come to say good-bye, for he wanted to get away, to be alone—to go up into the mountains and pray, as it were.

"I have written to the count," she began, smiling sadly, "and—and I have written him a long letter to-day. Perhaps you had better read it."

"I read your letter, lady!"

"Well, no, not that. But you understand how things are better than I do, and perhaps you might dispose of the letter." Then she hesitated, drooped her great brown eyes, liffed them up again, and said, "At all events, I want you to send him some money. Send him plenty of money. Send it at once—by telegraph—to-day—now."

"Lady, I have sent him money. All the time that you have been ill you spoke of it, and he has not been left in want."

The brown eyes were again on the carpet, and then looking up and opening them very wide, she asked:

"Do you not think he would like to see his family?"

"Certainly I do."

"But no, no, no; he cannot come. That oath, that order, that terrible man, the admiral. Ah! I shall go mad at last!"

"As for the old admiral, he will trouble you no more. He is dead," answered the artist, solemnly.

She clasped her little hands, and (shall it be told?) said "Thank God!"

She held her head down a long time in thought and in tears. At last, looking up, she said:

"You will send for Count Edna for me at once. Send at once—send by telegraph and say he is needed here. Say anything, only so that he leaves that country and comes to me, to a Christian land."

"Lady, I have already sent for him."

"What! Have you?"

"I sent for him days ago, and have had answers, and he is on his way to join you."

"Heaven is merciful! And when will he arrive?"

"" This evening—this hour."

.She sank in a chair, and hid her face in her hands as if in

prayer. Murietta stood up before her, and was very pale. Her delicate foot tapped nervously on the floor in the old way, as she looked up, half-smiling through her tears, and with a brighter face than she had shown for a long, long time.

"I have come to say good-bye, for I am going away. I shall return now to my work, and busy myself once more with creatures of imagination."

Her little fingers were winding themselves up in the tassels of her crape shawl. At last she put out her round, soft, baby hand. She looked down into her lap with her great brown eyes, half hidden under the drooping lashes, and said:

"Good-bye."

Murietta did not speak. He leaned forward, bowed above the beautiful woman, kissed her tenderly on the fair brow kissed her for the first and the last time—and was gone.

He had done what he had conceived to be his duty. He had done this at a countless cost. What she thought of it now was another matter. What the world thought of it was nothing to him now. He left her with her husband, and went on his way alone. He was satisfied with himself, and that was his recompense.

Murietta had returned to Italy. Fair Italy! With all its faults, the fairest land upon earth. Gentle Italians—with all their follies, the only real artists—saving the exceptions—in all the world.

He felt that he was in disgrace in the great cities, and kept well away. He had a studio in Perugia, and worked there very faithfully. He was a silent man, and as abstemious as a monk. His hair was turning gray, and yet his heart was warm to the poor and the distressed about, and people came to understand that this man hiding away among them, and who was growing prematurely old, had a history.

There was a beautiful picture of a beautiful woman in his studio, and the Italian artists, who sometimes came to visit him, often stood before it with silent admiration. This was the picture of a lady looking back over her shoulder. On the back of this picture was the one word, "Rubicon."

The artist had been here nearly a year alone and quiet, and, in a measure, contentedly at work. Two people climbed up to the lofty studio, with its windows looking out on the Upper Tiber. He did not look up from his work. He supposed them some other artists who had more leisure than he, and that they knew how to make themselves at home. He went on with his work. He was dreaming.

And this man was dreaming now of Annette, the One Fair Woman. In fact, it would have been difficult to find a moment in his life now when he was not dreaming of her, and her only. The world took no part of his time or attention. He thought only of this beautiful real ideal, and went on with his work.

There was a rustle of silk, and a soft hand touched his own. He turned his eyes, and then he dropped his brush. He could not realize it at first, but stood gazing into the face of the wonderful being before him, and mute and quite overcome.

Then he thought it was a vision, for he had been thinking of her, but there was the dreamy old general behind her, and he was looking at a picture on the wall close by.

"This is the picture, Annette, that was promised you, I know."

"You see, Mr. Murietta, we have come after my picture. And will you not shake hands? Will you not speak to us?"

How gentle, how like a dream she was, yet how matchless and magnificent! All the man's life came tiding back to his veins again, and the blood mounted to his face in confusion.

He did not reach his hand to her. He could not speak. He was stopping to pick up his brush.

"No, no," she said, laughing pleasantly at his confusion; "let your brush lie there on the floor. Let it lie there for a time, at least, and let us shake hands over the dead year that is gone.

He reached his hand, and looking in her face said, earnestly:

"Beautiful woman, is it best to reach hands over the gulf that rolls between us? You see I am satisfied here—tranquil at least—half content. Why shall I suffer myself to return again to the rack and torture? Fate decided against me at Como. I accepted the verdict."

"At Como you were a simpleton." The lady laughed, and he looked puzzled. "You are the veriest child in the world. Why did you not come to me with that poor lady's misfortune instead of running to strangers? Do you not know that I would have been proud to assist you through it all?"

"And then you know all and understand all?"

He looked in her face as he spoke, and holding her hand, drew her close to his breast, and called her his own in a whisper, and she did not shrink away, but held her head and listened to what he chose to say.

"No, do not think women blind," she said at last. "Men do not deceive women as often as they suppose, either for good or evil. I understand you better than you understand yourself. Had you flinched from your duty to that lady when she needed your help, I should have hated you, my hero."

#### EXPLANATION OF THE WATER-CURE.

About three-fourths of the weight of the human body consists of water; and as it is constantly being thrown off by the skin, lungs, and kidneys, it requires to be continually renewed, and water is therefore an essential alimentary principle, and more necessary to our existence than even solid food. In the few observations we have to make on liquid aliments, we shall not, however, enter into the various uses of water, but only advert to the effect which an increased employment of water produces, by its solvent power, in augmenting the wearing away of the tissues, thereby increasing the quantity of the secretions, and either diminishing the weight of the body, if more food be not taken, or improving the appetite, by which a supply is created to obviate the increased waste. The experiments made by Dr. Boker, of Bonn, on himself, have not only shown this, but have likewise afforded a reasonable explanation of the cold-water system of treatment, which is undoubtedly of use in some chronic diseases, where an evacuating and renovating action (waste and renewal of the tissues of the body) is required in conjunction with hygienic bracing treatment. Since the use of a quantity of water beyond what is required for the performance of the functions, and what the feeling of thirst prompts us to take, has this remarkable power of accelerating the waste of the tissues and of causing their removal by increased excretion, whilst at the same time the digestive functions are quickened, it is easy to understand that the nutrition of the whole system must be improved; and it is not, therefore, surprising that not only dyspeptic disorders, but others arising from inactive habits and such causes as impair the activity of the excreting organs, should be greatly benefited by the abundant use of cold water, and by the bathing, the regulated diet, the exercise, and pure bracing "air, with which this mode of treatment is conjoined.

## THE POWER OF LOVE.

THE Countess Bertha sat in pride, Her lovely daughter at her side; Behind her oaken chair of state The ladies of her castle wait. "What sounds are those?" the countess cried; When thus her little page replied: "An aged minstrel, lady, waits Your pleasure at the castle gates. So weak he seems, he scarce can bear His harp against the mountain air. And with him is a little girl, About whose head the breezes whirl In mazy folds each golden curl." "Go, trusty page of mine, and bring The girl and minstrel to this hall, And we will hear him play and sing-The high-born ever heed the call Of Song and Sorrow."

Forthwith hies
The page, and soon they stand before
The countess on the hall's broad floor.
Delight came from the young girl's eyes
As she beheld the gorgeous room,
Tempered to a stately gloom,
Through the golden pageantries
Of painted windows, which flashed through
On the curious tapestries,
All the splendors of the skies.
"Bear to them both some cake and wine,"
The countess said, "Oh, page of mine,
And then we'll hear the minstrel's might
In songs of sorrow, love or fight."

# THE ARMS OF THE DOUGLASES.

This house, which is one of the most celebrated in Europe, is in all probability of Norman origin, although tradition assigns to it a more remote antiquity. It is said that Solvathius, one of those early Scottish kings whose existence is problematical, having been nearly routed by Donald Bene of the Isles, was enabled to restore the battle and gain the victory by the assistance of a stranger chieftain, who came up with his forces. On asking for him after the fight, and inquiring his name, the bystanders pointed out to him one whom they called in their Gaelic speech, "Sholto dhu glas," or "Sholto the black or swarthy-colored man," and as the king, mistaking these latter words for a family name, constantly applied them to Sholto, they were at last actually converted into a surname. Possibly the savage man cinctured, which forms the dexter supporter of the family, may refer to this swarthy-colored man.

The ancient coat of the Douglases was, azure, three stars, (or mullets) argent; but their present paternal coat is—Argent, a man's heart gules, ensigned with an imperial crown proper, on a chief azure three stars of the first. The heart and crown were added from the following circumstance: Some time before his death, King Robert Bruce made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but having been continually prevented by the cares of his kingdom and the frequent attacks of the English, and finding himself at last seized by a fatal malady, he called to him the Lord James of Douglas, one of the firmest and eldest of his friends and supporters, and said to him:

"Thou knowest how that the grave cares of my realm and the malice of my southern enemies have hindered me from journeying to Christ's sepulchre, which of all things I most heartily desired to do. Now, since my time of departure is nigh, and I know that with the eyes of the flesh I never may behold that which I most craved to see, I pray and command thee, as my friend and liegeman, that when I

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Money is a useful servant but a tyrannical master.

am dead thou take my heart from my bosom, and, putting it into a casket, or take such order as shall seem good to thee for its safe keeping, so carry it with thee into Palestine, and there bury it by that blessed tomb to which, when alive, it might not attain."

To this dying request of his king and friend Lord James assented, and accordingly, when the heart embalmed and placed in a casket, set out, attended by a body of trusty knights, for the Holy Land. On his way, however, having been driven on the coast of Spain by stress of weather, he, at the request of the Spaniards, who were then at war with the Moors, went with his comrades to their assistance. When the battle was joined, and infidels pressed so hard

upon the Christians, that the latter began to give way, upon which Douglas, the more to encourage his little band, who were in the foremost rank, threw the easket with the heart of Bruce into the midst of the Moors. The Scots charged with redoubled fury in order to rescue their monarch's heart, and Douglas was unhorsed and slain in the mêlée. The rescued casket was carried to Palestine by some of his surviving companions, and his family, to record the charge intrusted to him, and his glorious death while fighting against the unbelievers, assumed the crowned heart as part of their armorial bearings.

The supporters of the arms of Douglas stand within a pale of wood wreathed the dwellers on both sides of the border, were held to be not merely profitable, but honorable also.

Man's intellect has indeed great power over all outward things. This we are not disposed to question. In these days, more especially, we all take far too much pride in it, and make presumptuous boast of it—nay, are apt to fall down and worship it, as the one great miracle-worker, the true mover of mountains. But, powerful as it may be, omnipotent as we may deem it to be, over the world around us, over the outward fields of nature, there is one region where our hearts and consciences tell us—

sometimes in half-

muttered whis-

pers, sometimes in

cries of anguish

and agony - that

it is almost power-

less; and that region is the dim,

visionary, passion-

haunted one with.

in our own breasts. We all know but

too well - every

one whose life has not flowed away

in listless inanity

-every one who

has ever struggled against the evil

within him, must

have felt but too deeply that our

intellectual con-

victions, clear and

THE POWER OF LOVE .- SEE PAGE 687,

for a compartment, which is said to have been taken in memory of a former exploit of the said Lord James while he was only Sir James Douglas. Having heard that a strong body of English were entangled in Jedburg forest, he went after them with all the forces he could collect, and succeeded, without alarming them, in shutting up every approach to the place in which they were encamped so closely with stakes and palisades, that it became impossible for them either to advance or retreat. The story does not inform us whether they were forced to surrender at discretion, or whether they preferred starvation to death at the hands of one so merciless as the good Lord James. The mullets in the more ancient coat of this family most probably refer to those predatory exploits which, by

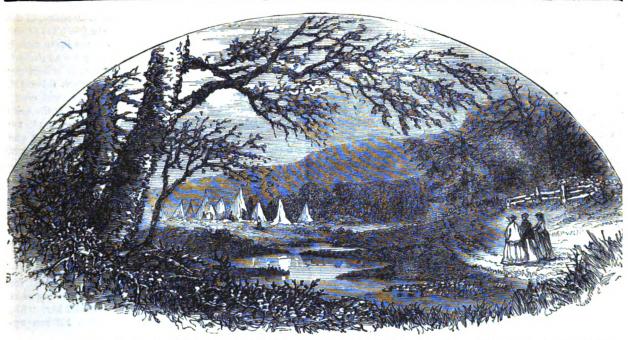
strong as they may have been, have never of themselves been able to shake the foundations of a single sin, to subdue a single vice, to root out a single evil habit. Ever since that severing of the heart from the intellect, which took place when man gave himself up to the lust of godless knowledge, the Passions have made mock at the Understanding, whenever it has attempted to control them, and have only flattered and pampered it, when it was content to wear their livery, and to drudge in their service; while the Will has lifted up its head against the Understanding in haughty defiance and scorn. Moreover, this lesson, which we learn from our own grievous experience, is confirmed by all the evidence of history; where, in example after example, we see how vain and impotent the enlightening of the understanding has been to elevate and purify man's moral being; and how, unless that enlightenment has been working together with other healthier powers, and

energies, to crumble the primitive rock into sand.

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been kept in check by them, its operation on the character

of nations has rather been to weaken and dissipate their



A LENGTHY AND SOMEWHAT TIRESOME WALK, WE CAME IN SIGHT OF THE ENCAMPMENT. IT WAS A MOST PICTURESQUE SIGHT—THE WHITE TENTS DOTTING THE DUN-BROWN EARTH."

AN HOUR OF TERROR; OR, MADGE'S FORTUNE.

OME, Madge, and you, too, May. We are going to a gipsy encampment, only two miles from here, and we want you to join us."

The words were addressed to my pretty girlish sister and I. We were twins, but Madge was the handsomest and merriest, and her blue eyes sparkled and danced with anticipated delight, as our mutual friend, Sadie Selwyn,

rushed (I can use no other words to express her impetuous entrance) into our cozy sitting-room.

"You see brother Dick came home and told me, last night," Sadie continued, hardly pausing for breath, "and this morning I started out, and Daisy Brent, and her cousin Minnie, and Lu Payne, have promised to go, if you will both

Now, do say yes, and begin to get ready;" and Sadie looked coaxingly into my face, for she had Madge's consent in her bright bewitching face, all dimpled with smiles at her friend's impetuous outburst.

"Sadie, something here warns me not to go," and I pointed to my heart as I spoke. Had I received a warning?

"Ha, ha!" and Sadie's gay laugh caused me to smile. "Is the dear girl afraid of losing her heart to a jetty-eyed gip? Well, we won't let her, if she'll only go. We'll say to the naughty fellow: 'Go way, and don't let our pretty May see you, because she don't want to fall in love with you!' Oh! May, do go! We'll have our fortunes told, and it will be such fun!"

And my gay friend put her arm caressingly around my waist, and looked so sweetly coaxing, that I consented, and in a short time we were ready—all of us as merry and mischievous a party as ever made the woods ring.

After a lengthy and somewhat tiresome walk, we came in sight of the encampment. It was a most picturesque sight the white tents dotting the dun-brown earth (for it was the first week in October, and Nature had donned her autumnal robes); the various and gorgeous hues of the leaves that lay | future predicted for medized by

thick on the ground; the forms, tall and lithe, dressed in gay and many-hued dresses, the men having gorgeous scarfs knotted around their heads in the style of the Italian brigands.

We paused in admiration, a short distance from them, to take in the truly beautiful landscape, but a loud laugh from merry Sadie caught their attention, and at first they seemed to be angry, by their loud gesticulations and angry voices; but a small girl, of seventeen, soon came forth from one of the tents, and directing her black eyes toward us, invited us to come nearer. We were emboldened at the glimpse we had of them to go nearer, when the girl addressed us in the gipsy dialect. We, of course, could not understand her; when, with a light ringing laugh, she spoke to us in English.

"Will the pretty ladies have their fortunes told? Yes! yes, the pretty ladies will! Cross my palm with silver, Skyeyes!" and she addressed Madge, who, eager and merry, placed a silver half-dollar in the small brown palm.

And then such a fortune as we listened to—of "how a beautiful man, tall and dark, was coming across the sea to woo and win the pretty lady, and take her back to his splendid home; and the pretty lady will be so happy." And the young gipsy's brown palms went together ecstatically, while Madge's white hand fell to her side, and she burst out into a peal of rich laughter.

"Oh, thank you, for my fortune, Black-eyes! If it comes true, I'll appoint you a rich living on my future husband's estate. But now tell my friends' fortune; you first, Daisy, Lu next, then Sadie, and lastly, my other self, May.

The bold black eyes of the gipsy glanced round the group, and singled out myself. Something in the eager eyes of a tall swarthy, but splendid fellow, arrested my attention from the fortune-teller while she was engaged in telling my sister's fortune; and now, as I was addressed, I started and shivered, and could find no reason for my folly.

"No, let Sadie have hers told," and I laughed, trying to shake off the terror—for terror it was that came over me.

The fortune-teller frowned, but in an instant laughed scornfully.

"The pretty lady fears to have her fortune told!"

This taunt had the desired effect. I instantly held out my hand, and listened to a lengthy and somewhat terrible

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The other girls had good fortunes, and I laughed at the petty malice of the girl, and glanced to where the tall gipsy stood, and saw him not; indeed, they had all disappeared as if by magic, and with a grand wave of the little brown hand, our fortune-teller was soon out of sight, and into one of the camps.

We started for home, and on our way met a gipsy lad of ten; my sister stopped him, attracted by his great beauty (for Madge was an artist, and went half crazy over a beautiful face and form), and untying a crimson and orange silken scarf from her white throat, fastened it picturesquely around the boy's jetty curls. He kissed her hand in passionate gratitude, and ran gayly off.

We soon reached home, all gay and happy save myself; and the girls laughingly asserted that "May had really lost her heart to that tall, splendid gipsy, and it was no wonder indeed."

But they were mistaken; a strange terror had taken possession of my heart, and it was many days ere I could shake 't off.

Two months after our frolic, we were invited to a large fancy-dress ball at a friend of mamma's—Mrs. Orancliffe's—and we were half wild with joy, for it was to be our first appearance in society. My sister's dress, of cerulean blue velvet, trimmed with white lace and rare old pearls, became her exquisitely, while I fancied that my corn-colored crèpe became me equally well.

Arrived at the rooms of Mrs. Orancliffe (our hostess), we were soon introduced to a friend of hers—a tall, handsome man, dressed in the costume of Louis XIV. He was unmasked, and a more magnificent specimen of manly beauty it was never my fortune to behold. Such starry eyes, such coal-black satiny hair, such white gleaming teeth, such a rich creamy complexion! Oh! I was fairly enraptured with him! I looked at Madge. She was suffused with blushes, and I plainly saw was deep in love at first sight.

Benita Madrure was Madge's constant attendant that night, and many nights after; and I soon saw my sister bend to every wish of her foreign lover's. I beheld her form quiver as he approached, saw the beautiful blue eyes droop in maiden bashfulness, and noted the deep carmine on brow and cheek. Surely this was love; and I wondered not at it, for I had half lost my heart to him when I first beheld him.

Mrs. Orancliffe, when questioned by my mother as to "Senor Madrure's standing," said that he brought her a letter of introduction from a dear friend of hers in Italy. This letter spoke of him as being wealthy and distinguished. And my mother breathed a deep sigh of relief at the intelligence, and gave an earnest assent to the senor's proposal for Madge's hand that night, and in a few weeks the marriage was to be solemnized with great pomp, and my sister was to leave me for years—perhaps forever. I shivered at the thought, for we loved each other with an almost idolatrous love. Again that unknown terror seized me.

I was seated alone in the parlor (for mother had long ago retired to rest, and Madge also—at least I fancied she had). I loved dearly to play on the piano when all was quiet around me; and so I went in the parlor, and turned the gas but half on—for this dim light was another of my whims. As I sat idly running my fingers over the instrument, I thought of the gipsy's prophecy, and smiled as I said to myself:

"For once a gipsy spoke the truth. Dear little Madge's fortune has come true."

In thinking this over, my fingers had unconsciously lain idle, and a sound as of some one moving startled me into the present position of affairs.

It was after one, I learned on consulting my watch, a tiny bijou of green and gold enamel, that mamma had given me but a few days before. I placed it in my belt, and, turning

again to the piano, almost lost my sense and reason at the sight of an eye peering cautiously out from the folds of the satin damask curtain. For an instant only my brain reeled, and I almost fell from the music-stool—only for an instant. I ran my fingers again over the instrument, to collect my scattered senses, and form some scheme to outwit this thief, burglar, or whatever it was. My hands had several costly rings on them, and I imagined the robber counting the costs of them. Suddenly a footstep outside the door made me jump in spite of myself. I turned toward the window, and saw a knife gleam for just one second. Then it disappeared as the door opened to give ingress to my sister.

"What, not yet gone to rest?" was my eager query as I met her loving smile. "Why, mamma has gone long ago, and I thought you had also." And I laughed, not knowing what else to do.

"No, but I'm going now. Do hurry up, dear; I'm so sleepy; and I want to see you as much as possible before—before—"

She hesitated.

"Before you are married. Eh, Madge?" I finished for her, all the time in agony for her safety as well as my own. "There, do go now," and I sprang up and kissed her. "Let me finish just this little canzonette, and then I'll run upstairs." And I hastily thrust her out into the hall, and she immediately came back again.

"No. I'll wait here for you. I'll be as quiet as a mouse." Then, with a little shiver: "I don't like to go up alone, May; and I won't." And she half pouted.

It was an hour of terror to me, for the moments seemed

to drag by as hours, it was so terrible for me to remain, almost crazed, with my cherished and willful sister to share the unknown danger.

Something must be done, and quickly. I remembered on mamma's dressing-table lay a loaded revolver that she kept there—more to frighten herself with than aught else, though she said "It was well to be prepared for burglars." To reach that was my one hope. In that "our lives" were held.

I looked at Madge, then controlled my feelings sufficiently to say:

"Madge, did you take that sweet canzonette and leave it in mamma's room?"

"Oh, yes! How stupid I am! I'll run and get it," was her quick answer. "I was fixing my hair, I remember, and left it on the toilet-stand."

"No; I'll go, and then we'll go to bed;" and I yawned sleepily.

In an instant I flew across the hall to mamma's room, and snatched up the revolver, and like a flash I was back again by my sister's side, only to find her cronching low down, with terror showing plainly in her face as well as in her attitude.

"See there!" she whispered, and pointed spasmodically to the bay-window, whose curtains were swaying gently.

I glanced forward, caught the gleam of those eyes, saw the flash of steel, and, raising the revolver steadily in the range of his eyes, fired. A groan and a fall, and we both screamed. Mamma and the servants were soon in the room, and they went to raise the dark form from the window recess. One glance into the pallid face, and I groaned aloud.

"God help us! It is the senor!"

And it was, in truth, my sister's betrothed. And—horror of horrors!—it came to me then, the dreadful truth, that the "tall gipsy and Senor Madrure were one and the same."

I looked at my sister, who was bending over the prostrate form lying now on the sofa. She was showering kisses on the white lips and face, caring nothing for any one but the man she so wildly and passionately loved.

Medical skill was called in, and, after a long illness, he recovered from the wound he received from my hands—

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recovered, a changed and penitent man, acknowledging the imposture he had practised, and his intended crime.

For months my beautiful sister was almost an imbecile; but after awhile she became more herself. She was sought after by many, but she could never love again. The wealth of her young affection had been given to an unworthy object, and life could never wear a roseate glow for her.

It was a long time ere I recovered from that "hour of terror" and its results. But I have been a happy wife and mother many years, and, as I look up to the pale, sadeyed woman by my side, I sigh for the wreck there, caused by Madge's Fortune.

## REGNIER AND VESINS.

VESINS was a Catholic, of an austere character, but of the utmost bravery. Just before he was killed in the battle of Cahors, he had performed an act of rare generosity, considering the bigotry of that time. His bravery, degenerating sometimes into ferocity, had made him numerous enemies; among these was a gentleman named Régnier, of mild and polished character. Their neighbors and friends had exerted themselves in vain to reconcile them. Régnier was a Huguenot and Vesins a Catholic.

Whilst the cities of France were being stained with the blood of the Huguenots, Régnier retired to Cahors for safety. But the king had made Vesins governor of that city, and Régnier was living in daily expectation of being sacrificed to the vengeance of his enemy, when his door was broken open, and he saw Vesins, with a drawn sword in his hand, and with the appearance of furious rage, enter, followed by two armed soldiers. Régnier, believing his death certain, fell upon his knees and implored the mercy of Heaven. Vesins, in a menacing voice, ordered him to get up, follow him, and mount a horse that was standing at the door. Régnier left the city with his enemy, who conducted him as far as Guienne without stopping, and without speaking a single word to him. They arrived together at the château of Régnier, where Vesins, without alighting from his horse, said to him:

"I had it in my power, as thou mayest see, to profit by the opportunity I have been so long in search of; but I should have been ashamed to avenge myself thus on a man so brave as thou art; the peril must be equal when our quarrel is settled; and it is on that account I have spared thy life. Thou shalt always find me as disposed to terminate our differences in a manner suitable to a gentleman, as thou hast found me prompt to deliver thee from an inevitable death."

"I have no longer, my dear Vesins," replied Régnier, "either resolution, strength, or courage against you. Your kindness has extinguished the heat of my enmity; it is destroyed by your generosity, which I can never forget. I will henceforward follow you whithersoever you go; I will be always ready to employ in your service the life you have given me, and the little bravery you attributed to me."

Régnier wished to embrace his benefactor; but Vesins, preserving all the asperity of his character, said:

"It is thy business to see whether thou art my friend or my enemy; I only saved thy life to put thee in a condition to make a choice."

Without waiting for a reply, he put spurs to his horse, leaving Régnier, stupefied with this strange adventure, to wonder at the greatness of soul and generosity of him whom he had considered as his most cruel enemy.

# LE CHATEAU D'HEIDELBERG.

THE City of Heidelberg was called by the Romans Myrtiletum, and is celebrated for its famous Tun, which was once the largest receptacle for wine in the world. Its celebrated

Château we give on page 696. Heidelberg is the city of the Grand Duchy of Baden, on the Lower Rhine, and has a population of about fifteen thousand persons. It is also famous for its university, which was founded by the Elector Rupert I. in the fourteenth century. In 1384 the Emperor Wenceslas signed in the Château the celebrated union of Heidelberg, by which the different leagues of German cities were united in one.

# THE BLIND GIRL'S STRATAGEM:

OR, THE CODICIL.

CHAPTER I.



OB PENTHORNE, my father, was the schoolmaster of the quiet, obscure village of Essex, and I was his only child. To say that he was much respected would only convey a faint idea of the real esteem in which he was held by both rich and poor. That I should love him very deeply was only natural, for I never remember hearing an angry word from him. Even in his gravest moments he would contrive to muster up a sunny smile for me, although I have thought since what a plague I must frequently have

been to him, and how many faults he must have had to pardon in me.

Essex was a pleasant village, cozily sheltered under a range of sloping hills. Our cottage stood solitary and alone, some little distance from the old gray church, with a pretty flower-garden in front. An abundance of roses and honeysuckle grew round the doorway, and went clambering over the windows, filling the air with a delicious perfume. Swallows built their nests under the thatched roof, and birds twittered in the great apple-tree which stood in the middle of the garden. Serenity prevailed, but there was a charm even of sweeter peace within that humble abode.

At length, however, a great change came, startling and sudden. My father was stricken down with paralysis, the school was closed, and through many weary months he lay prostrate and helpless. It was a bitter time for all of us, and my mother seemed to feel the blow with unusual severity. Her step grew daily heavier, and the lines in her smooth face perceptibly gathered into deepening furrows.

The Summer was gently waning into Autumn, the sun was slowly sinking down the western heavens, and the first faint shadows of twilight came creeping silently into the sickchamber. With them, too, came the noiseless shadow of death. Tranquilly as a young child falling into a peaceful slumber, my father's spirit glided to its eternal home; and the cheerful face that had never been darkened by a forbidden frown toward me was fixed in its last smile. A week later, as I turned from his silent grave, I felt that new and solemn duties opened before me. My father's lingering illness had swept away all that his frugal industry had scraped together; and when the expenses of the funeral had been defrayed, my mother and I were almost penniless. Murmurings and repinings I knew were useless. The cross had fallen on my shoulders, and I must bear it with a brave and self-reliant trust.

I had been taught the art of lace-making, more with a view to fill up my leisure time than as a means of livelihood. The employment was not a very lucrative one; still, by assiduous application, I could earn sufficient to procure many of those small comforts we had been accustomed to in my father's lifetime. At this period I was about eighteen, and, except the remarkable brightness and fullness of my eyes, and the profusion of brown hair that

hung in abundant curls round my neck, I possessed no peculiar traits of beauty. Indeed, I believe that by most people I was considered a plain girl. There was, however, one in the village who appeared to be of a different opinion. What my thoughts of him were in that far-off time I cannot now define; I well remember, though, that whenever Andrew Glenford came to sit an hour with us, his presence seemed to fall like a fresh burst of light, and his hearty voice seemed to ring with a silvery sound in my ears. There was a marked refinement in his nature, and a truthful manliness in his character that went straight to the heart at once. When a child, he lost his father, and had been brought up solely by his mother.

It appeared that Miss Heyrick's marriage with Martin

Glenford, the miller of Essex, had severed every link that bound her to her father's home; and, after her husband's death, Squire Heyrick, who owned the best farms in the neighborhood, still kept his heart relentlessly steeled against her. Those who knew him intimately called him eccentric; he might have been so, but I thought him very wicked.

The only fault the squire could trace in Martin Glenford was his poverty, and when he discovered that, although he had previously en-couraged his advances toward his daughter, he immediately forbade him ever again to cross his threshold. But it was too late; to uproot the love he had once smiled upon had outgrown his strength, and on his own conscience lay the sin of his child's disobedience.

At length, after fighting the battle of life singly and nobly by herself for twelve anxious years, Mrs. Glenford was laid beside her husband in the peaceful churchyard, and soon after the doors of Andrew's home were closed against him. I always admired him for the dauntless courage

with which he bore up against his hard fate; and though a strange pang struck to my heart when he told me he had entered Farmer Woodthorpe's service as a common plow-boy, yet I felt proud to see how modestly he bent his head to the storm.

Nearly every evening through the Summer and Winter Andrew would take his seat in the arm-chair beside the hearth. It was in the long Winter nights that I first became conscious of a growing weakness in my eyes, and when I looked at them in the glass, I perceived a bright, tremulous glitter in the pupils, which I had never noticed before. Then a dimness, as if a thin film was forming over them, vailed out distant objects or rendered them obscure.

I kept the painful knowledge fast locked in my own breast for many months, hoping, trusting, that when the nights shortened, and I could pursue my toil entirely in the daylight, the old strength would return to them. Vain hope—vain trust! The bright Summer flooded our little room with its rosy light, yet my eyes received no gleam from its radiance, but darker and darker the misty shadow closed over them.

A glimmering beam from the fading sunlight was stealing noiselessly across the window-sill; the cawing of the rooks in the old elm-trees that grew in the green lane, and overshadowed the churchyard, intermingled with the vocal music of the birds, filled the drowsy air, as, pausing in my work, my ear caught the sound of a footstep walking along

the garden pathway. Presently the cottagedoor opened, and Andrew Glenford entered the room. My wearied fingers trembled a little. and I felt conscious that a tingling blush was suffusing my cheeks as he fixed his eyes upon me in thoughtful silence. After looking at me for a minute or more, he placed a basket which he held in his hand on the table. and taking from it a nosegay of fresh-gathered flowers, said:

"There, Eleanor, I cut them for you myself."

I tried to speak my gratitude, but my tongue remained perversely silent. I tried to repay his kindness with a smile, but a tear rolled down my cheek, and dropped amongst the flowers. He went back to his basket, and handing it to my mother, said:

"Here are some plums and a few peaches for you, Mrs. Penthorne. Mrs. Woodthorpe gave me permission to gather them."

"Thank you, Andrew," smiled my mother; "leave them on the table, and take your old seat in the arm-chair. I am glad to find you are so happy

and thoroughly comfortable at the farm."
"Oh yes," he said, in a cheery manner; "and I think the farmer has taken a fancy to me; he is going to raise my

wages at Michaelmas."

"You are a good, deserving lad, Andrew," said my mother;

"and I am as proud of you as it you were my own son. I am sure, too, that Eleanor loves you as much as though you were her brother. You must be frugal and put your money in the bank; then, by-and-by, when you have saved a nice lump, you will be able to turn it to good account."

"That is what I intend to do," replied Andrew, in a tone of honest pride. "It would be a dreary prospect if I thought I should have to spend my days at the plow.



REGNIER AND VESINS .- SEE PAGE 691.

No; I'll have a bit of land of my own yet, and a stack or two of wheat, or my name is not Andrew Glenford. But there," he laughed, "I have boasted quite enough about myself."

"Nay, Andrew," said my mother, "you are no boaster."

He came to my side then, and bent his face close to mine, noticing, as I thought, the painful habit I had contracted of half-closing my eyes.

"Your eyes are still weak, Eleanor," he said, in a subdued voice.

"They will be better soon, I trust," I said, as a suppressed sigh escaped me. "Doctor Lintfold has examined them, and he says they will be as strong as ever if I follow his prescription."

"Yes," said my mother; "but he has forbidden her to work, and says that his medicines will be of no avail unless she has entire rest."

"There is no necessity for that, mother," I replied, although my conscience inwardly reproached me for falsehood.

"There is," persisted my mother, "though you will not acknowledge it. You only perceive the stern necessity of my wants."

Andrew stepped back a pace or two, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the two bright rows of buttons in his waist-coat, as though he was holding an important consultation with them. At length he said, "Eleanor, there is no doubt you must get well. A month or two of rest may do wonders; don't shake your head, and don't be offended at the offer I am about to make you. Promise me that."

I felt my heart beating very audibly, as I answered, "No Andrew, not offended."

"Well," said he, "I have saved a little money, and I wish you to make use of it. You can repay me when you are strong enough to begin work again, and you can give me interest, too, if you like. It will afford me so much real pleasure, Eleanor, to know that even in the smallest way I have been enabled to release you from the drudgery that is wearing out your health."

His kindness touched me deeply, but my pride rebelled against his offer, and I resolutely answered "No."

"And why?" he asked, "there is nothing wrong in it."

"I think there is, Andrew," I replied, very decidedly; "to take your little stock of money, without a certain prospect of repayment, would be a crime in my estimation. But I do not require your proffered aid. If it be the will of Heaven that my affliction should increase, I have still a little fund of my own to fall back upon."

My mother seemed sorely puzzled at my answer, as though she fancied I was indulging in some wild dream, and well she might; the many sacrificings and pinchings we had been put to since my father's death, the trifling vanities of a new ribbon or a smarter shawl which had been so cheerfully renounced, came into her doubting mind, and her dear wise head shook with a severe solemnity. It was true, though, notwithstanding. Every week a trifling sum had been abstracted from my earnings, and secretly hidden away. An inward foreboding had crept into my heart that a darker hour than any that we had yet experienced would one day overshadow us, and I prepared myself to meet it.

Andrew remained silent; what his thoughts were I do not know. He dropped the subject, however, at once, and never recurred to it again. After a lengthened pause he said, "It is growing quite dusky, Eleanor; will you come with me in the garden?—the tulip-bed wants thinning."

A perfect Eden was that tiny patch of garden, thanks to Andrew's careful pruning and grafting and planting. The little summer-house, too, embowered amongst lilacs and fuchsias, and overrun with roses and clematis, was delightful. Beside it murmured a narrow stream, that ran scampering

through woods and glades, until it widened miles away into a stately river.

By the time Andrew had culled the weeds from the different flower-beds, darkness had fallen, and, after exchanging "Good-nights," he took his departure.

On the following evening I looked for him at his customary hour, and felt a sickening fear at my heart as I watched the deepening shadows fall into the room without his presence.

It was toward noon on the third day when I heard his well-known footstep on the garden-walk. Before I had time to recover from my surprise he was standing in the room, not in his usual working-garb, but in his well-kept suit of mourning, which I had never known him to wear except on Sabbath-days. As I lifted my dull gaze to the bright sunburnt face, and caught its expression of grave excitement, my heart throbbed with a trembling fear. My mother was the first to speak.

"Andrew," she said, in a quaking voice, "not at the farm?"

"No," he replied, quite cheerily; "I have left the farm."
"Left the farm, poor lad!" exclaimed my mother, fairly taken aback.

"Oh," he laughed, as if enjoying my mother's bewilderment, "I have parted very good friends with the farmer and his wife. And as for Susan Woodthorpe, her eyes looked as though she had been peeling onions when I went to say good-by to her."

Susan Woodthorpe! It was the first time that I had felt an inward sting when he mentioned her name; not that I did not feel sure of Andrew's love as if he had uttered all the vows that man ever spoke. Besides, I had too profound a faith in my own worth, and was too proud to dread his inconstancy; yet a sort of dread came over me even to hear her name, especially from his lips.

"Whatever will you do, Andrew?" inquired mymother.

He gave a quiet laugh, and sat down in the arm-chair. After a pause he said, "There is such a thing as conscience, after all."

"Conscience!" stared my mother; "what has conscience to do with your leaving the farm?"

"A good deal, I fancy," he replied, with the smallest tinge of sarcasm in his voice. However, not to keep you longer in suspense, you shall know all about it. I was sheafing barley in the holm field two days since, when chancing to turn my head, I saw a face peering at me over the fence. Whose do you think it was?"

My mother lost herself for a minute or two in a maze of wild conjecture, and then despairingly gave up the puzzling question.

"It was my grandfather, Squire Heyrick," he replied.

"Squire Heyrick!" we exclaimed, simultaneously.

"'Who are you?' he asked, in a gruffish voice, that nettled me a little, for I thought he might have found time to have solved that question many years ago.

"'I am one of Mr. Woodthorpe's laborers,' I replied."

"'I am not blind, booby!' he shouted out at the top of his voice. 'What is your name?"

"'My name, Squire Heyrick, is Andrew Glenford,' 1

"'Then,' said he, 'throw down that sheaf of barley, Andrew Glenford, and come with me.' He saw that I hesitated, so he squeezed a sort of half-grin into his face, and added, 'There isn't a man on old Woodthorpe's land that wouldn't give his best limb for half the fortune that is waiting for you, if you have the wit to look before your nose.'

"I looked before my nose at once, and sprang over the fence. He walked on in silence, and I followed, still looking before my nose, until I found myself in the library at

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the manor-house, with my grandfather seated opposite to me, and my eyes fixed in a broad stare on his fat, purple face.

"'You are my grandson,' he began. 'Don't interrupt me, but hear me out; I am not going into the past, so don't you name it. You know the Cherry Farm. It has been held by Matthew Dunstead, until every acre of land about it is either under a blight or choked with weeds. But I know the soil, and if any man goes to work in a sensible manner he can make it grow what he likes. Here is the lease of it for twenty years. The stock can be had at a fair valuation, and the purchase-money may stand over. I only require a nominal rent. I offer the lease to you. Will you have it? Yes or no?'

"'Yes,' I promptly answered.

"'There it is, then,' he said, as he placed the lease in my hands. 'You can take possession of it to-day, if you like. Come to me in six months and tell me how you are getting on.'

"He opened the library door at once, wished me goodmorning, and closed it with a bang. I walked straight over to Cherry Farm, and took possession."

My poor mother's tongue wandered into such a silvery stream of congratulation that I began to fear it would never find its way back into its old sober trim.

"And what did Farmer Woodthorpe say to your good fortune?" she inquired, with a mild flourish.

"Well, to say the truth," replied Andrew, "he has puzzled me even more than my grandfather. 'You will need some cash to start with,' said he; 'laborers can't wait for wages till crops are in the market. I will lend you five hundred dollars on your note of hand.'"

"Well, that was kind," exclaimed my mother.

A strange suspicion took possession of my mind. Farmer Woodthorpe was reputed to be a shrewd, calculating man, and one whose benevolence was far from being proverbial in the village. That he had some hidden motive for his seeming generosity I felt assured. I lost myself a thousand times in the solution of the problem, and the only answer I could get from my musing thoughts was "his daughter Susan."

My reverie was broken by Andrew coming unexpectedly to my side, and, laying his hand on my toiling fingers, said:

"Eleanor, you are pleased, I am sure, at this unexpected change in my fortune."

"More than pleased, Andrew," I replied, still keeping my face bent down on my work; "most proud, most happy."

He took my hand in his own, and with a fervent pressure, whispered, "Your eyes will soon have a chance to rest now, Eleanor."

My heart seemed throbbing in my throat, and a dizzying rush of blood swept across my brain. His love had never been spoken, and yet I knew he loved me, and never till that moment did I feel how insuperable a barrier was growing up between us.

"My sight is stronger now than I have felt it for a long time, thank you, Andrew," I said, in a cold, almost harsh tone, and I drew my hand from his and pursued my work.

He returned to his seat, and sat musing for some minutes. At length he rose abruptly, and referring to his watch, said, "I have to meet Farmer Woodthorpe at three o'clock. He made me promise to drive him and Susan over to Cherry Farm, as he wishes to look over the stock."

Susan's name again! Another stab at my jealous heart.

Andrew lingered a short time in conversation with my mother, and as he left us, said, in his usual cheerful voice, "Good-by, Eleanor, I shall have better news for you than ever when I come again."

I worked on through the afternoon with an acute pain in my eyes, and long before the sun went down I was compelled to throw aside my task, and seek relief in rest.

The next morning, when I returned to my toil, a shadowy mist seemed to darken my vision, and a sharp, pricking sensation in the pupils of my eyes pained and bewildered me. I could no longer see my work, and the thought of that appeared to increase the agony.

Days passed on without one comforting voice save my mother's; six weary days, and no form crossed our threshold except Doctor Lintfold's. Had Andrew's brighter prospects darkened me in his memory? Had Susan Woodthorpe's gold purchased the love I felt assured was mine? Six weary days, and my malady had increased with every hour, until I stood upon the verge of total blindness.

I was seated at the window overlooking the little garden, with my head bowed amongst the roses, musing over the past. My mother had been wandering amongst a number of our air-built castles, and had selected one as my particular habitation, which she designated by the modest name of Cherry Farm. Not liking to disturb her pleasant visions, I suffered her to dream on, and yet I felt a sort of inward self-reproach, for my own heart too fatally told me that I never could be Andrew Glenford's wife; but the kind soul looked into the future, and saw a world full of Summer and joy, whilst I saw only gloom and affliction.

Suddenly the little hand-gate leading from the lane into the garden creaked on its hinges, and the next moment my painful reverie was broken by my mother's exclamation of "It is Andrew! he is come at last."

With an irresistible impulse, I sprang from my chair to meet and welcome him, but as his form darkened the threshold I shrank back as if I were about to commit a sin.

"Why, Andrew," cried my mother, "what a stranger you are! We feared you were ill."

"You have missed me, then?" he asked, in his old homely way. "And Eleanor, too?"

"Oh, yes, A drew, I have missed you," I replied, in quite a careless tone; "and so have the flowers. But we must expect your absence now, and learn to bear it."

"Eleanor," said he, losing all at once his cheerfulness, "this little break in our old life has not been caused by any willfulness, by any change of mine. Since I saw you last I have been working almost night and day, toiling harder than I have ever done before. The farm was a complete wilderness of stones and briars. Matthew Dunstead had suffered everything to run to waste. However, I have done a trifle toward putting the place in order."

"Ah!" cried my mother, with a sage shake of her dear, wise head, "you'll be a great man one day."

"I have no wish to be a great man, Mrs. Penthorne," he replied, laughingly; "I have only one ambition," he said, and his hand stole into mine with a truthful, fervent pressure. "Need I tell you, Eleanor, that which you must have known long since. I have had but one hope in the past, and that was that I could one day build a home where you could be its mistress. That day has come earlier than my wildest dreams imagined, and now I am here to ask you to become my wife."

I turned my head aside from his truthful face, and tried hard to close my heart against the happiness his words promised.

"I have loved you, Eleanor, since we were boy and girl together," he continued; "but was too poor to ask you to share my humble lot. Now Providence has sent me unlooked-for prosperity, and I wish you and your mother to exchange this old home for a happier one, if I can make it so, at Cherry Farm."

"Ah, Andrew!" sighed my mother, "I am old and

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wrinkled now, but it seems but yesterday since I heard words like those spoken to myself."

The recollection of her own fresh, hopeful youth started before her.

My reply was on my lips, and although I felt conscious that my answer would leave a hopeless void in my future life, still I did not shrink from uttering it. I placed my sacrifice on the stern shrine of duty—with regret, perhaps, but not with reluctance.

"I thank you, Andrew," I said, as I lifted my filmy eyes to his face. "I shall always remember with gratitude your generous, honest words, and I will answer them as I think an honest girl should do. The last few days, which have been so full of promise and hope to you, have been the reverse to me. My malady has assumed a graver aspect. Dr. Lintfold told me only yesterday that I was threatened with total blindness."

"No, no!" cried Andrew, as he caught me to his breast, and bent his clear, penetrating gaze into my eyes.

"Yes, Andrew," I continued; "look well into my eyes, and see for yourself the misty film that has gathered over them. You are quite near me, and yet I see you only as through a thick vail. I have been compelled to cease from my labor; and my mother's face, the green fields, and the sunshine are quickly fading away into gloom and darkness. A wife should be a helpmate, not a useless burden. Ask yourself, then, whether I, who now stand upon the very threshold of blindness, and who, possibly, within the next few days, may be unable to cross our little garden-walk without a hand to guide me; ask your own calm judgment, not your passion or your love, whether I am fit to become your wife? No, Andrew, it is beyond my power to accept your offer."

"And you reject me?" he half interrogated, in a voice of

deep emotion.

"Yes," was my unwavering, firm reply; "I reject you, Andrew, because my consent would bring sorrow, may be ruin, to you."

He pressed his hand to his forehead, and remained standing in deep thought for some moments. At length he asked, in quivering, half-doubtful accents:

"Do you love me, Eleanor?"

"If otherwise," said I—"if I loved you less than woman should love the man in whose keeping she would joyfully trust the weal or woe of her life—think you I should have spoken to you as I have?"

"But, my dear child," said my mother, "you ought not to despair. Dr. Lintfold said your case was by no means

hopeless."

"Did he say that?" cried Andrew, eagerly.

"He did say that, certainly," I replied; "but---

"But what?" he interrupted. "Is it time you require? I can wait submissively and patiently for the happy hour of your recovery. But tell me all Dr. Lintfold has said about your case."

"He told me that my malady required peculiar treatment, and greater skill than he possessed, to master it."

"And did he say where you could obtain it?" asked Andrew.

"Yes," I replied, "at the Hospital for the Blind, in New York, and where, he also stated, should my recovery become impossible, a trade would be taught me, by which I could still earn a livelihood for myself and mother. The doctor kindly offered to obtain for me an admission; but I cannot go—I cannot tear myself from my dear mother, and leave her here in lonely solitude. This cottage, too, where I was born, and where I have passed so many peaceful days, is so dear to me; and to separate myself from every little joy, and take up my abode with strangers—perhaps to die amongst them—would be a trial more than I could bear."

There was a long, painful silence, broken at intervals by my mother's fretful sighs. At length Andrew said, "There is great wisdom in the doctor's advice, dear Eleanor, and if you reflect calmly, you will perceive it. If you love me—and I do not doubt it—you will follow his advice. Do not fear for your mother; she will doubtless miss your companionship, but if a son's watchfulness and care can be any compensation, it will not be withheld. Let me hear you say that you will go."

"Mother!" I cried, with a bewildering look toward her. She held her arms out, and I hid my weeping face in her

bosom

"I can bear it, my child," she murmured—"bear any grief without a sigh, if I can only see the light restored to your dear eyes."

"Then I will bear it, too," I said, resignedly. "Yes, An-

drew, I will go."

"When?" he asked.

"To-morrow morning," I replied.

"One boon more precious than all, Eleanor," he said, as he took my hand; "should the darkness of one long night be destined to fall across your life, promise me that when this ordeal is over, you will accept me as your light, your guide, your husband."

"No, Andrew, I cannot," I replied. "But if I return with this heavy affliction removed, and your heart still clings to

its old love, then I will be yours till death."

### CHAPTER II.

RRIVING, under the care of good Dr.

Lintfold's housekeeper, safely at
the asylum, ere many hours elapsed
I was taken to the physician's consulting-room. He assured me there
was hope, if I would resign myself
to a lingering treatment. His
words inspired me with new courage, a new trust, and with the
prospect of a crown to sustain me,
I felt that I could endure my cross.

I pass over the painful operation, and the dreary weeks, now gleaming with hope, now chilled with despair, that followed it. At length my sense of pain slowly diminished, and then my sight came back, tremulous and uncertain at first, but gradually

gathering its former strength and vigor. At the end of six weary, patient months, I was presented with my discharge,

and the next day I journeyed back to Essex.

The May sunshine was playing among the elms and glimmering on the gray towers of the church as I alighted from the coach at the end of the green lane. The rooks were swinging and cawing high up in the branches of the trees, and the young birds were twittering in the hedgerows. My dismissal from the asylum had come so sudden that I had been unable to forward any intelligence of it to my mother. As I neared the cottage my heart thrilled with a wild joy, and as the dear, familiar spots came upon me I grew blind again with tears. I passed swiftly through the garden, entered by the dear old cottage-door, and the next moment my mother's arms were entwined around my neck, and my cheeks were wet with her tears.

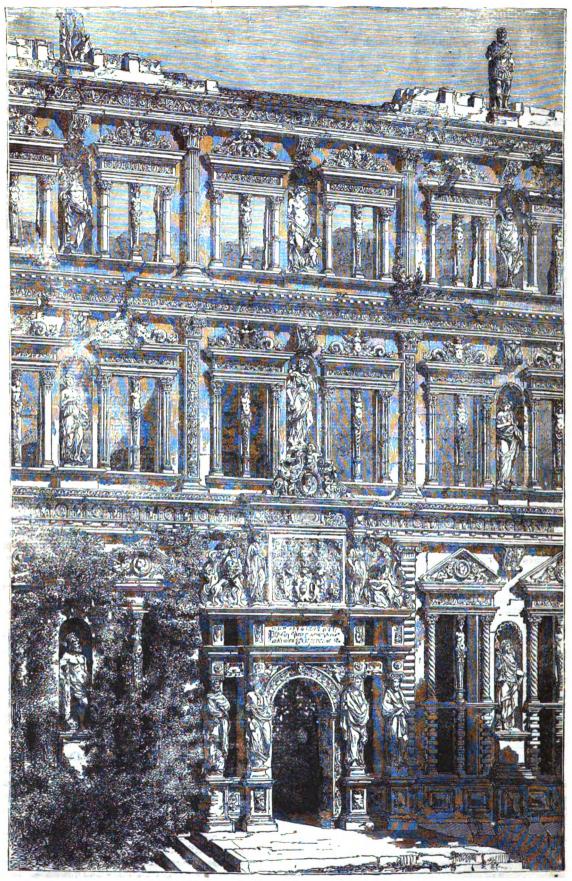
"Look at me, my dear child," she sobbed, hysterically; "can you see my furrowed face?"

"Yes, mother," I smiled; "thank Heaven, my sight is quite restored."

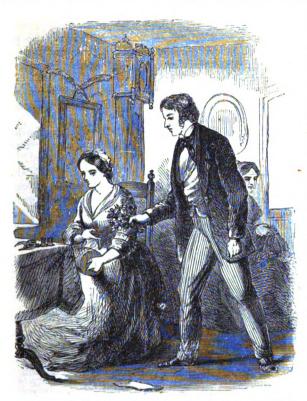
"Oh, yes, she cried, drawing my face to hers, "your sweet blue eyes are as clear and bright as our running stream."

"True, dear mother," I said; "but I fear it will be some

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LE CHATEAU D'HEIDELBERG .- SEE PAGE 691.



THE BLIND GIRL'S STRATAGEM.—""THERE, ELEANOR, I CUT THEM FOR YOU MYSELF.""—SEE PAGE 691.

time yet before I can resume my old employment. The physician told me that for months to come rest would be more necessary than ever, and desired me more than all to wear a deep green shade over my eyes. Any continuous glare of light, he said, might prove fatal. You do not know how deeply, next to Heaven, my thanks are due to him; he has been so tender, so patient. And you, dear mother, how have you borne my weary absence?"

"In ceaseless prayers for this happy moment," she replied.

"And Andrew?" I asked.

"You have not forgotten him," she said, in a tone so peculiar that I felt a sudden chill at my heart.

"Forgotten him!" I exclaimed; "forgotten Andrew, mother?"

"No, no, I did not think you had," she said.

"Mother," I cried, almost impatiently, "there is something you fear to tell me. Don't keep it from me; I can endure it as I have endured all my sufferings, meekly and in obedience to my Maker."

"His grandfather, Squire Heyrick, is dead," she replied. That was not the secret, I felt assured; still, I remained silent, and she continued:

"Died on New Year's Day, quite suddenly; so I suppose your marriage will have to be postponed."

"Is that all, mother?" I asked, after a long pause.
"It must be right that I should tell you," she said, reluctantly; "but the poor boy is in great trouble."

"Andrew in trouble!" I exclaimed. "What trouble?"

"He has been improving the farm, planning, and building, until he has turned it into a perfect Paradise," she replied, "and now his creditors have come down upon him like so many hawks upon a sparrow. They will not give him time to get his crops to market; and the most exacting amongst them is his old master, Farmer Woodthorpe, who, after encouraging him in his imprudent outlay, threatens to seize the farm, unless-

My brain felt stunned by the prophetic fear that crossed

it, still I quelled every outward show of the misery which came stealing into my senses, and said, quite passively:

"Go on, mother. Unless what?"

"Unless he consents to marry Susan Woodthorpe," she

I felt conscious that my lips were moving, and yet I was powerless to utter a single word.

"Oh, Eleanor, don't look so pale, don't tremble so, my child," entreated my mother, as she nestled my head upon her bosom. "You need not fear for Andrew's truth; his heart is faithful to you still, and ever will be."

"How do you know that, mother?" I asked, with a re-

awakened joy in my voice.

"Because he told me so," she replied; "told me he would make any sacrifice, work through all his life as a common laborer, rather than break his word."

"Did he say that, mother?" I asked, proudly.
"He did," she answered. "Ah! if you knew his real worth, you would never doubt him for a moment."

"Mother," I said, firmly, "I have not doubted him. But it would be a mean requital for his kindness were I selfishly to accept the sacrifice he is ready to make. In saving him from a life of poverty and toil I shall spare my own conscience from a ceaseless reproach. He must marry Susan Woodthorpe."

"He never will," was my mother's emphatic rejoinder. "Besides, could you I reak your promise to him? I was a witness to it, Eleanor; remember that."

"Mother!" I cried, impatiently, "would you wish your child to be a drag—an encumbrance—on the man who loves her?"

"No, no, Eleanor, I could not wish that; not with Andrew, especially," she replied. "It would break my heart to see it."

"He must be released from his plight to me, and in such a manner that he can hold his own conscience blameless," said I. "He must be kept in ignorance of my recovery; the deep shade which I am enjoined to wear over my eyes will



" STATE THAT I MIGHT SAVE THE ELIND GIRL'S STRATAGEM. TOU. MY SIGHT RESTORES TO SAVE TOUR STILL.

assist the pardonable deception. You, I know, will preserve the secret."

- "I do not like deceit, Eleanor, in anything," said my mother, gravely.
- "Nor  $\overline{I}$ ," was my reply; "but what answer can I give to Andrew when he claims the fulfilment of my promise?"
  - "The truth," said my mother.

"I tell you, mother, I will not marry him to make him a beggar," I cried; "to see his brave, manly heart ground daily down at the miserable wheel of penury. No; prosperity lies before him; and Heaven forbid that my shadow should fall across his path to impede him."

My decided tones quieted, but by no means removed, my dear mother's scruples, and I clearly foresaw that with myself alone must rest the responsibility of the device I resolved to resort to.

We sat together, conversing over the many incidents which had befallen each of us—Andrew included—in the interval of my absence, until the twilight deepened into night.

In spite of our mutual sadness, we strove to assume a cheerfulness, and chatted on until the familiar old clock warned us it was long past bedtime. Amongst the topics of our conversation was one which, though apparently of slight importance, nevertheless clung persistently to my mind long after. It appeared that in accordance with Squire Heyrick's last request, the reading of his will was to be postponed for six months after his decease. That he had always borne the reputation of being an eccentric man I knew, and a sort of silent comfort nestled at my heart that, probably, some generous glimmer toward his grandson might yet be waiting to peep through that eccentricity.

At noon next day Andrew came. I was seated in the shadowy corner by the hearth, with my green shade drawn deep over my eyes, when he entered the room. I felt a wild gush of joy at my heart as his manly form stood once more before me, and it was only by a constrained effort that I could keep back my swelling tears.

- "Eleanor home!" he cried; "home, and I not know it?"
- "Is not that Andrew's voice?" I asked, drooping my face still lower, and stretching forth my hand.
- "Yes," he said, as he came and pressed it to his lips. "Do you not see me, Eleanor?"
  - "No, Andrew," I sighed, with my face bent lower still.
  - "Not recovered! not well?" he exclaimed, in surprise.
  - "If so, why need I wear this shade?" I inquired.

His strong frame quivered and shook like an aspen leaf, as he nervously tightened his grasp round my fingers.

- "Eleanor," he at length said, "men have been tempting me with serpents' tongues to be false to my vows. The bailiffs are at this moment in possession of Cherry Farm, because I would not cover the name I took spotless from my dead mother with a falsehood. Let the first words I hear from your lips assure me that I am still treasured in your memory."
- "As a friend, a brother, Andrew, you ever will be, but nothing more," I said, coldly, although I felt as if my heart would burst.
- "Friend! brother!" he cried, dropping my hand and starting from me, "and not as husband? Have you forgotten your promise?"
- "No, Andrew," I said, in the same frigid, measured strain, "I can recite it word for word. 'If I return with this heavy affliction removed, and your heart then clings to its old love, I will be yours.' Judge for yourself whether the affliction is removed. Go, Andrew; you are free. Marry where duty bids you; and may you be happy in your choice!"
- "And this is the end!" he cried, almost fiercely. "The woman whose image I have treasured for years in my heart, whose voice has sounded a hopeful music in my memory,

whose smile has been as the fresh burst of Spring to the earth, bids me now be happy in another's choice!"

- "It is best so," I said, meekly. "A life of hopeless penury stares you in the face if you lose the farm; and were you to marry me, the heavier burden of a helpless wife would crush you down."
- "I doubt if you ever loved me; I doubt if you ever knew what real love means," he cried, passionately, "or you could never speak so bitterly."
  - "Think so, believe so, Andrew," I replied, resignedly.
- "Even that poor thought," I inwardly mused, "may give him a gleam of comfort."

There was an evident struggle between his pride and love as he stood for some minutes silently looking through the window. At length he walked to the door, and opened it. Pausing on the threshold he said, "When you hear the bells from the old steeple yonder ringing out my wedding peal, it will be too-late to try and heal the wound you have made to-day. It is not too late now, Eleanor."

I stifled the wail of bitter anguish that arose to my lips, and soon after, I heard his slow, heavy footstep on the garden-walk. Then the gate opened and closed, and he was gone.

- "Eleanor," cried my mother, reproachfully, while the tears ran down her furrowed cheeks, "may Heaven pardon you this sin!"
- "He will be saved, mother," I replied, calmly. That one thought has sustained me, hitherto; it shall sustain me to the end."
  - "What end?" she inquired.
- "His marriage with Susan Woodthorpe," I replied, with a feeble attempt to smile; "and when that is over, and if I then grow faint, and need strength, shall I not find it in my mother's love?"

The peaceful kiss that she left upon my cheek assured me that I should.

Andrew came no more; but before the week was out, busy Rumor came blowing her trumpet in our ears. Everything was settled, so the kind gossips told us. Andrew and Susan Woodthorpe were to be married at midsummer, and, as a consequence, the old farmer had stopped the arrest on Cherry Farm, whilst Andrew's other creditors had agreed to give him time.

A month passed by, and we had fallen into our old habits at the cottage, I at limited intervals resuming my lacework, and my mother her knitting. We seldom spoke of Andrew; there seemed to be a tacit understanding between us that his name should be as little mentioned as possible.

On the last evening in June the declining daylight had compelled me to relinquish my employment, and I was walking with my mother up and down the garden pathway. The air was cheerful with the vocal music of the happy birds, and fragrant with the breath of Summer flowers. Nature seemed reveling in her most joyous garb; the treed and shrubs were in their fullest foliage, while the glitter of the setting sun seemed to surround them with a golden lustre. Never since my return had I felt such a consciousness of perfect happiness; whether it was borrowed from the peaceful scene around, or whether it ushered in the dawn of a lasting joy, I could not then discern. But I kept it, and clung to it with gratitude.

The twilight was deepening, and we were about to return indoors, when a strange voice calling my mother's name arrested our attention. Standing at the wicket-gate was Mr. Blandford, the village attorney.

"Is that your daughter, Eleanor, Mrs. Penthorne!" he inquired. "If so, I wish to speak with her."

I drew the shade over my eyes, and stepped to the gate.

"I had some business at the parsonage, so I thought I would just call and name it to you," continued Mr. Bland-

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ford. "You must be at the manor-house at twelve o'clock to-morrow. Squire Heyrick's will is to be opened, and your name is mentioned."

"My name mentioned!" I exclaimed; "about what?"

"Woman-like, curious and prying; you would make splendid lawyers," he laughingly said. •"How should I know? Squire Heyrick was famous for his eccentricity; he may have left you half his fortune!"

"Half his fortune!" I cried.

"Or he may have left you a silver toothpick and his blessing," he continued. "But don't neglect; twelve to-morrow."

Before I could find another questioning word the lawyer was half-way through the lane, and out of sight.

Oh, the suspense of that long night! Shall I ever forget it? The crowding fancies and visionary castles that came into my excited brain. And Andrew? If I could but throw aside the hateful mask and show him my true heart, I felt that I could bless Squire Heyrick's memory to my latest breath. My dear mother insisted that I was the destined heiress of half his fortune, and in her simple vanity selected a bewildering array of new gowns and bonnets, all of gorgeous hues, in which she was to appear at church on different Sundays, until I slyly whispered "toothpick," when down they tumbled from their imaginary pegs. The birds were piping their gay songs to the dawn as I awoke from my dreamy, restless slumber, and I thought the hands on the old clock never revolved so slowly as on that Summer morning.

At length they pointed to eleven, and my mother and I set out for the manor-house. Arrived there, I was conducted to the dining-room, while my mother retired in company with the housekeeper.

As I drew back my green shade a little and looked round, I discovered that I was alone. Rows of polished oaken tables occupied the centre of the room, and high-backed chairs, decorated with quaint carvings, were placed for the expected guests. The oaken paneling was overhung with portraits of the Heyrick family, and amongst them was one of Andrew's mother, painted in her fresh girlhood. She was much changed when I knew her, although even to the last she still preserved much of the same soft, delicate beauty, which the limner's art had transferred to the canvas. I fancied there was a sad, reproachful look in her full dark eyes, and I instinctively drew my shade over my forehead and averted my face.

Approaching footsteps met my ears, and the next moment the door opened, and a tall, portly man walked with a pompous air into the room. He was dressed in a glossy suit of new black. His gloveless hands were bony and red, and his long, lean chin was half hidden under the folds of a white neckerchief. His eyes were concealed behind a pair of huge gold-rimmed spectacles, which faintly suggested the idea as he came suddenly into the sombre shadow of the room that I was encountering a pair of gig lamps. He gave an important cough, placed his hat on a side table, drew his gold repeater from his fob, and held it admiringly at arm's-length for a couple of minutes.

"I like punctuality," he growled, as he dropped his body into the only easy chair in the room; "and so do you, madame, I perceive that. A pity everybody else is not of the same mind." I made no answer, and after a pause he resumed, "Related to the defunct?" I still sat motionless and silent, and after another brief interval he growled aloud, "Deaf, I suppose. Deaf and blind, too evidently. What can she expect to get? Why cannot she go into an almshouse and die quietly?"

Then came a hum of voices and a bustling sound of footsteps, and again the door opened. The first who entered the room was the solicitor, Mr. Blandford, and crowding

behind him came a motley throng of the great squire's relatives. The last who passed into the apartment was Andrew Glenford. I saw his glance travel over the gathered faces until it finally rested in a surprised blank stare on me. He came to me at once, and touching me on the shoulder, said, "Eleanor, you here!"

"Yes, Andrew," I said, quietly; "I was told last night by Mr. Blandford that my name was mentioned in your grandfather's will, and that my presence would be necessary."

"Eleanor," he said, impressively, "whatever fortune falls to your share, I shall hail it with a thousand times more joy than any that may fall to me."

"Thank you, Andrew," I replied.

"Good-morning, Mr. Midgetts," interrupted the lawyer, directing a smile to the portly spectacled gentleman in the easy chair. Mr. Midgetts stretched his lean chin from his neckerchief and returned a supercilious nod to Mr. Blandford.

"There is a vacant chair here, Mr. Midgetts," smiled the lawyer, nothing daunted, as he pointed to a seat in close proximity to his own.

Mr. Midgetts rose from his half-recumbent posture, and strode with an air of increased dignity to the proffered seat.

Mr. Blandford whispered a few words to his clerk, who at once drew from his blue bag a ponderous volume bound in calf, and fastened with huge silver clasps.

The lawyer gave a preliminary cough as he opened the will with a sharp rustle, and the whispering hubbub of voices sunk into a profound and refreshing stillness. After a few trifling bequests and legacies to some old servants and friends, my own name sounded from the lawyer's lips, and sent my heart into a wild flutter.

"'To Eleanor Penthorne,'" the lawyer began.

"Who?" snarled Mr. Midgetts; "who is she? There is no such name in the Heyrick family that I am aware of."

"Silence, sir!" growled a dismal voice at the lower end of the table.

"I must beg that the company, out of respect to the dead man's memory, if prompted by no other feeling, will suppress their remarks until I have finished reading the will," said Mr. Blandford, with solemn severity. "'To Eleanor Penthorne, spinster, daughter of the late Job Penthorne, schoolmaster of Leighburne, who I am told is nearly blind, and to whom, I am likewise told, my grandson, Andrew Glenford, is about to be married, I give and bequeath the lands, outhouses, dwelling-house, and all the appurtenances thereto belonging, known as Cherry Farm, situated in Essex, N. Y., and at present held under a lease by my aforesaid grandson, Andrew Glenford. To the aforesaid Eleanor Penthorne, and her heirs forever, I bequeath it."

"Eleanor," said Andrew, turning his face with a joyous smile to me, "I fervently congratulate you."

"What is the size of Cherry Farm?" growled Mr. Midgetts, uneasily.

"It comprises about four hundred acres of the most fertile land in the county," replied Mr. Blandford.

Mr. Midgetts gave an audible groun, and lowered his spectacles to the tip of his nose.

""To my grandson," continued Mr. Blandford, "Andrew Glenford, farmer, of Cherry Farm, in Essex, N. Y., I give and bequeath——"

"Ah! he comes in for the lot, I suppose!" again growled the dismal voice at the extremity of the table.

"Really, my good man, this is monstrous," remarked the lawyer, frowningly.

"So I say," was the stoic rejoinder of the dismal voice.

"'I give and bequeath,'" resumed Mr. Blandford, with imperturbable gravity, "'my large folio Bible, bound in calf, and fastened with silver clasps, which I herewith enjoin may be delivered to him at once, and I religiously command him to read it night and morning-throughout his life.'

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"There, Mr. Glenford, is your grandfather's bequest, and I strongly recommend you to follow his injunctions," smiled the lawyer, as he placed the book in Andrew's hands.

"There, Eleanor," said Andrew, placing the book on my lap, "there is my legacy. You cannot congratulate me, I

suppose?"

He turned from me with a tremulous sigh, and his head sank, bowed between his clasped hands, never raising it again until the ceremony was over.

"'To Jonas Hedges,' " resumed the lawyer.

"That's me!" shouted the dismal voice.

"'Who asserts that he married a third cousin of my late wife, I give and bequeath the annual sum of fifty dollars, conditionally that he goes to church twice every Sunday."

"Why, the stingy old cormorant!" growled Jonas.

There was a number of similar eccentric legacies named in the will, to which I paid but slight attention. My fingers

had mechanically unclasped the Bible, and I was carelessly turning over the leaves, when suddenly my eyes became riveted to a slip of paper, gummed carefully to the margin of one of the pages. As I perused the writing on the paper, the letters seemed to dance before my eyes, and it was some minutes before I could calmly scrutinize it. When I had finished I became lost in deep thought.

"To Marmaduke Midgetts, Esquire,'" resumed the lawyer, and the name seemed to boom through my brain with an ominous sound, "'my nearest male cousin, who is reputed to be as rich as he is mean, and who once sent me a faded full-length portrait of himself in oil, which, as it was about the ugliest specimen of humanity I had ever seen, I put to the most excillent service by hanging it as a scare-crow in my orchard—to the aforesaid Marmaduke Midgetts, Esquire, I give and bequeath the whole of

my landed property, money in the funds, dwelling-houses, including the manor estate, household furniture, plate, etc., etc., together with everything wheresoever and whatsoever I may die possessed of, save and except the before-named legacies and bequests, constituting him hereby my sole executor and residuary legatee.' There, sir," said Mr. Blandford, smilingly, "I trust you are satisfied; and I sincerely wish you joy.

A babel of voices rose in disappointed fury, hurling wrathful imprecations on the head of Mr. Midgetts, but he was note man to be easily daunted.

"Come," he vociferated, "this house is mine. I will have you all arrested for felony, and trespass, if you remain here five minutes longer.

Andrew was the first to move from his seat. Mr. Midgetts measured him through his spectacles, as he turned with a dejected air to leave the room.

"Stay," cried Mr. Midgetts; "I am going to perform a foolish act for once. I am not prone to that sort of thing, so don't seek at any future time to impose on me."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Andrew.

"No airs, young man," snapped out Mr. Midgetts, "they don't become four position. Squire Heyrick was your grandfather, and I am in ignorance of the many grievous faults you may have committed in his eyes. But he was a just man, as his will testifies. Out of respect to the relationship between us, I will purchase your legacy. Not that I require a Bible—I have got that book in every shape and form—still, I always like to see something for my money. If you like to part with it I will give you five hundred dollars for it."

"Five hundred dollars for that Bible!" ejaculated Andrew Glenford.

"Stuff! Do you take me for a fool?" snarled Mr. Mid-

getts. "Can't you see I am prompted by a fit of generosity. Only, as I said before, I like to see something for my money. Snap the bargain at once, or in another minute I button up my pocket forever!"

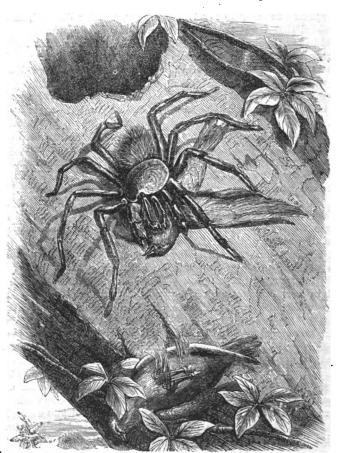
"Refuse it, Andrew," I said, eagerly.

"Refuse it, Eleanorrefuse five hundred dollars!" cried Andrew.

"Who said refuse it?" shouted Mr. Midgetts, glaring fiercely round him. "Show me the benighted individual who would be guilty of such stupendous folly !"

"I am that person," I replied calmly.

"You, madame," he sniffed out, "Allow me, Mr. Blandford, to observe, he continued, addressing the lawyer, "that I profess a profound esteem for the memory of the late squire, yet if one proof more than another was required that his eccentricity at times bordered on lunacy, it would be forthcoming in the clause which bequeaths to this simple-minded fe-



THE BIRD-KILLING SPIDER .- SEE PAGE 702.

male four hundred acres of the best land in the county.' I tore off my shade, rose from my chair, and opening the Bible, pointed to the written document I had discovered

amongst its leaves. "Perhaps I can supply you with a further proof, sir," I observed, with a proud smile.

Andrew started back with a blank stare of amazement, his gaze transfixed on my clear, full eyes.

"A further proof!" gasped Mr. Midgetts. "Oh, no! we require no further proof."

"You and I hold different opinions upon that point, sir," I replied, with a frigid smile. "Andrew Glenford, this Bible is your grandfather's legacy; this document, if I err not, which you see gummed to the margin of this page, is his final will and testament."

"Eleanor, your eyes!" exclaimed Andrew; "I see but them, and I thought that you were blind?" Digitized by **GOO** 

"Blind, that I might save you," I replied; "my sight restored to save you still. But read!"

He took the Bible and perused the paper. Oh! the bright expression of joy that came like a flood of sunlight into every lineament of his features as his gaze traveled over the writing. When he had finished he placed the Bible in Mr. Blandford's hands, and requested that gentleman to read the document aloud. He did so. It was a codicil to his last will, revoking the final clause therein,

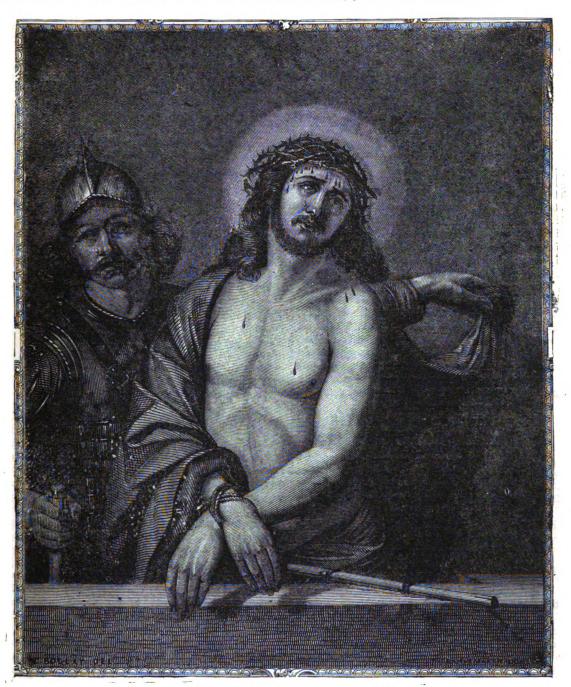
"It is a forgery!" he groaned.

"It is duly attested by two witnesses, and signed by the deceased's own hand," was the lawyer's quiet rejoinder.

"I shall dispute it," cried Mr. Midgetts, savagely; "the man was a lunatic, "capable of making a proper will."

"In that case," smiled the lawyer, "Mr. Glenford would still be heir-at-law."

Mr. Midgetts made a snap at his under lip, and reveled in a fierce enjoyment of the delicate morsel.



THE "ECCE HOMO" OF GUERCINO.—SEE PAGE 702.

and declaring Andrew Glenford to be the sole inheritor of the whole of his vast wealth, together with all his estates, real and personal, to which was added the estate of Cherry Farm, on condition that he married Eleanor Penthorne within twelve months from the date of the will. As Mr. Blandford reached the concluding words, a simultaneous cheer broke from every lip except Mr. Midgetts, who sat cold, wriggling, and gasping, like a new-landed fish. "Eleanor," said Andrew, "there can be no bar to your promise now. You will be mine to death."

"Impossible," I sighed; "you are pledged to another. Your word is given. Forget me."

"Pledged to another?" he asked, in surprise. "To whom?"

"To Susan Woodthorpe," I replied. "I have heard it all."

"You have heard falsely, then, Eleanor," he said, in a tone of wounded pride. "When Farmer Woodthorpe found that nothing could change my heart's deep abiding love for you, he relented, removed the bailiffs from the farm, and consented to give me time. I have had but one hope, one joy in life, and that was to call you wife."

"Can you forgive me, Andrew?" I asked.

"Forgive what?" he smiled, "your own self-sacrifice, your own crushing of your womanly affection for my advantage? Your true motives come before me now, and in their light I see a new beauty in your love, a fadeless happiness in the future."

It seemed like a sweet dream as he placed his arm round my waist and gathered me to his generous breast. A ringing cheer from the assembled guests startled me into a blushing consciousness of where I stood.

I have been Andrew Glenford's wife some years now; and the truthfulness of his manly face is stamped upon the features of four laughing children. May it also remain indelibly impressed upon their hearts!

#### BIRD-KILLING SPIDER.

Mr. Bates, in a walk in the neighborhood of Cameta, in Pará-noted for its "Brazil nuts"-chanced to verify a fact relating to the habits of a large hairy spider of the genius mygale, in a manner worth recording. It was the birdkilling spider, or one very closely allied to it; the individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse gray and reddish hairs. Mr. Bates tells us that he was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in a tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces. One of these was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider, not quite dead; and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster. Mr. Bates drove away the spider, and took the birds, but the second one soon died.

"The fact of a species of mygale sallying forth at night, mounting trees, and sucking the eggs and young of humming-birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but in the absence of any confirmation it has come to be discredited. From the way the fact has been related, it would appear that it had been merely derived from the report of the natives, and had not been witnessed by the narrators. Count Langsdorff, in his 'Expedition into the Interior of Brazil,' states that he totally disbelieved the story."

Mr. Bates found the circumstances to be quite a novelty to the inhabitants hereabout. The mygales are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistical tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of the houses. The natives call them crab-spiders

The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation; the first specimen that Mr. Bates killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and he suffered terribly for three days afterward, not, he thinks, owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some mygales are of immense size; one day, Mr. Bates saw the children belonging to an Indian family with one of these huge spiders secured by a cord round the waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog.

The existence of any bird-killing spider has been disbelieved; but Mr. Bates's evidence establishes the fact of the spider killing, if not devouring, the bird. He adds that the

number of spiders ornamented with showy colors is somewhat remarkable. Some double themselves up at the base of leaf-stalks, so as to resemble flower-buds, and thus deceive the insects on which they prey.

#### THE LIGHTHOUSE.

WHERE break with angry motion
The foam-crown'd waves of ocean,
On the rocks of Marblehead,
Stands the Lighthouse, white and dreary,
Badly, lonely, and as weary
As the tombstone on the dead!

Where the white-winged snow-gales clatter
Along the coast, and shatter
The ice-fields into foam.

Still it stands there: ever throwing
Light to guide the sailor going
In before the storm.

In the tranquil nights of Summer,
When all earth is wrapt in slumber.
As the shroud around the dead —
Still it stands there: ever watching
For the fishermen approaching
The shores of Marblehead.

Though 'tis ever full of sadness,
And though ne'er a ray of gladness
Ever falls upon that shore,
Yet we love, above to wander,
By that Lighthouse, and to ponder
On the dear ones gone before.

Yes, it stands there, ever keeping Watch above the sailors, sleeping 'Neath the waves on ocean's bed; 'Tis the tombstone of the sailors, Who are resting from their labors Till the sea gives up its dead.

## THE "ECCE HOMO" OF GUERCINO.

In the centre of the grand square of Turin, near the Palazzo Real, rises majestically the old palace erected in 1416 by Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy. It is one of the finest architectural works of Turin, although, perhaps, too elaborate and profuse in point of ornamentation. This palace, or, we should rather say, fortress, the residence of the Dukes of Savoy, was afterward inhabited by the Duchess of Nemours, the wife of Charles Emanuel II., who built the fine façade and magnificent double staircase. In gratitude for these improvements, the building has since been called the Palace of Madama.

The eighteen rooms on the first floor, together with the grand hall or senate chamber, were dedicated by Charles Albert, to a public gallery of the royal collection of paintings, which thus, thanks to his munificence, became a national gallery, formally opened on the 3d of September, 1832.

The painting which we have selected for illustration is among the finest in the gallery. It occupies a prominent position in the room called after Raphael, and is by an artist who has allied art with inspiration, John Francis Barbieri de Cento, surnamed Guercino, because he squinted

Standing before a window, opening doubtless upon some square filled with rabble, a weather-beaten soldier, with the face of a hangman, clutching a stick in his muscular hand, displays to the gaze of the populace his august victim, from whose wounded, bleeding form he ironically tears the vail. The halo around the celestial head throws into shadow the ignoble figure which by contrast seems all the more brutal and debased. Nothing can be more natural than this design,

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which owes much of its eloquence to simplicity. We admire in the painting, the work of an independent genius, which has voluntarily yielded to the severe and fecund discipline of the Florentine school, while borrowing at the same time from Titian and Veronese, their life and brilliancy of color.

This painting was the last which Charles Albert donated to his gallery. Although the Palace of Madama possesses a dozen works by the same artist, and although all are fine, the "Ecce Homo" commands the most attention, and is the most frequently copied.

# "SIGHTS THAT I HAVE SEEN."

THE Rev. Mr. Dutens, in 1811, published a work with the above title, whence the following are extracts:

"I have seen a king imprisoned by his son-Victor, King of Sardinia, in 1782; five emperors massacred-Peter III., John VI., Paul I., Emperors of Russia; Selim III., in July, 1803, and Mustapha IV., November 17th, 1808, Emperors of Constantinople; five kings assassinated-Joseph, King of Portugal; Louis XV., Louis XVI., and Louis XVII., Kings of France; Gustavus III., King of Sweden, in 1792; six kings deposed-Stanislaus Poniatowski, King of Poland; the King of Sardinia, December 10th, 1788; Ferdinand IV., King of Naples; Charles IV.; Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, May, 1808; and Gustavus IV.; five republics annihilated-Holland, Sweden, Venice, Genoa, and Lucca; a great kingdom effaced from the map of Europe-the kingdom of Poland; I have seen England lose in eight years half North America, after possessing it for more than a century. I have seen her (verifying the sentiment of an ancient, that the empire of the sea gives that of the land) take the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Ceylon from the Dutch; Malta, Egypt, and several colonies, from the French. I have seen her dictate the law to the King of Denmark at Copenhagen, and carry her victorious arms into the most remote parts of the world. I have seen this same England, in 1780, resist the combined efforts of Europe, of America, and of the Northern powers, who formed an armed neutrality against her maritime dominions; I have seen her, in the revolutionary war, often destitute of allies and alone, opposing the enormous power of France, of Italy, of Denmark, and of Russia-after the treaty of Luneville. I have seen the son of an English gentleman go out to India, as writer to a mercantile company (but quitting this service when very young to embrace the military life), afterwards rising to the head of the army, dethrone a powerful prince in the East, place another on his throne, conquer a part of Hindostan, and raise the British dominions in that quarter to its present pre-eminence-Lord Clive, from 1747 to 1767.

"I have seen what has no example in history: a little Corsican gentleman conquer Italy; force the Emperor of Germany to make a disgraceful peace—the peace of Campo Formio, on the 17th of October, 1797; preliminaries were signed April 17th, 1797, at Leoben; take Malta in two days; Egypt in a month; return from thence, and place himself on the throne of the Bourbons, and all in less than four years (from May, 1796, to November, 1799).

"I have seen him transport his army and artillery in the midst of Winter over the most difficult pass of the Alps, and in a single battle—at Marengo, on the 14th of June, 1800, after having passed the Great St. Bernard; decide at once the fate of Germany and of Italy. I have seen the same Corsican gentleman order the Pope to Paris, in 1804, to crown him Emperor of the French, and afterwards depose this same Pope, and deprive him of the temporal possessions which his ancestors had enjoyed for more than one thousand years—in December, 1809.

"I have seen him declare himself King of Italy. I have seen him braving a formidable league which was directed against him, march to Vienna, and even into Hungary, in six weeks; give the law three times to the Emperor of Germany—by the treaties of Campo Formio, 1797; of Luneville, 9th of February, 1801; and of Vienna, 14th of October, 1809; compel him to abdicate the Imperial crown of the Casars, deprive him of a part of his dominions; force the Emperor of Russia twice to retire—at Austerlitz, the 2nd of December, 1805, and by the peace of Tilsit, the 8th of July, 1807; and soon after oblige him to march to his assistance against the Emperor of Austria.

"I have seen him destroy the power of the King of Prussia in fifteen days, and strike all Europe with dismay; I have seen him dethrone five kings—the Kings of France, of Naples, and Sardinia, and two Kings of Spain, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII.; and create eight others—the Kings of Etruria, of Italy, of Naples, of Holland, of Bavaria, of Wurtemberg, of Saxony, and of Westphalia; annex Holland to France—the 15th of December, 1809, the day of the most ceremonious and extraordinary divorce which is mentioned in history; dictate to Spain as if it were one of his provinces, employ her forces as his own, and at last take possession of the whole kingdom. In short, I have seen him extend his dominion farther than that of Charlemagne, and find nothing could resist his ambition but the King of Great Britain; sometimes alone against the whole host of European power, and sometimes with the troops of the Continent in his pay."

# JENNER, AND THE DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION.

More than fifty years before Jenner commenced the inquiries which led to his great discovery, an immense benefit had been conferred on mankind by the introduction into England of the system of inoculation, or ingrafting, as it was then called, which consisted in communicating the small-pox itself to the patient almost in the same way as the cowpox is communicated under Jenner's system. It is difficult now to imagine the ravages committed by this fearful disease before these great discoveries.

In Russia alone the small-pox is said to have swept away two millions of lives in a single year.

In the family of an English nobleman, Lord Petre, during the last century, eighteen individuals were found to have died of this complaint during twenty-seven years.

So fatal was the disease that it was found at the small-pox hospital, where the most careful treatment was resorted to, that one in seven at least of the patients died under it, while a large proportion were in some way permanently afflicted by its destructive influence.

In the London Asylum for the Indigent Blind, it was stated that three-fourths of the objects there relieved had lost their sight through small-pox.

Inoculation had long been resorted to as a preventive in Eastern countries, and was introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in 1721, after her return from Turkey, whither she had accompanied her husband, then Ambassador from Great Britain. It is said that a similar practice had prevailed in some counties of England, under the singular name of "buying the small-pox"; but it was at least considered so strange in London, that even after this remarkable lady had boldly tried it upon her two children, none but criminals, induced by an offer of pardon, could at first be found to submit to it.

It was in August, 1721, that Dr. Maitland, in the presence of several eminent physicians and surgeons, performed this experiment upon three women and three men, all of whom had been condemned to death. The fact that these persons

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JENNER, AND THE DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION. SEE PAGE 703.

receive the disease in a comparatively mild form-all of them recovering in a short time —led to further experiments; and in the following year, the Princess of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline, wife of George II., determined that her two children, the Princesses Amelia Caroline, and should undergo the operation. All these trials

were found to

having proved remarkably successful, the practice began to extend; but a number of cases soon afterward terminating fatally, it received a serious check, and never became general.

According to Jenner's own account, it was some time before the year 1776, and therefore probably while he was practising as a surgeon and apothecary in his native village of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, that he first began his inquiries into the nature of cow-pox; but, long before this, his attention had been called to the subject of the supposed effect of cow-pox in giving immunity from the more dangerous disease.

Jenner, who was the son of the Vicar of Berkeley, had been apprenticed to a surgeon named Ludlow, at Sudbury, a little village near Bristol; and it was here that he was one day called upon to give medical advice to a young countrywoman, who, doubtless, filled the place of dairymaid at a farm in the neighborhood.

Having casually mentioned in her presence the subject of small-pox, the young woman immediately remarked, "I can't take that disease, for I have had cow-pox."

Further inquiry showed that this was a popular notion in that part of the country; and although it was regarded by the medical profession as only a vulgar belief, it was too suggestive to be lost sight of by the surgeon's apprentice. He well knew that an eruption, chiefly showing itself on the hands of dairymaids who had milked cows similarly disordered, had attracted attention forty or fifty years before; and when he had settled down to practice as a country apothecary, he noticed that among those whom he was called on to inoculate in farm-houses, many resisted every effort to give them the small-pox.

These patients, he found, had all been accustomed to milk cows, and had undergone the disease called cow-pox. His path, however, was still beset with difficulties. Few sympathized with him in an inquiry into what appeared to be merely an idle notion of the ignorant; and most persons regarded the idea of communicating to a human being a disease peculiar to a brute, as revolting, or even impious.

Even the great John Hunter, in whose house Jenner, when a young man, had resided two years, paid little attention to the suggestion; and at a country medical club, of which Jenner was a member, the members denounced the whole topic as a nuisance, and sportively threatened to expel the orator if he continued to harass them with his importunate discourse upon his favorite notion.

These obstacles, however, would have been trifling, if the

subject itself had not been complex and intricate. He found, to his bitter disappointment, that numbers of those who seemed to have undergone the cow-pox, nevertheless, or inoculation under the old system introduced by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, suffered from the small-pox just the same as if no disease had been communicated to them from the cow; and all the medical practitioners in the country around him assured him that the cow-pox could not be relied on as a preventive.

"This, for a while," says Jenner, "damped, but did not extinguish, my ardor."

Patient inquiry gradually led him to the truth, that the virus of the cow-pox underwent progressive changes, in the latter of which it had so lost its specific property that, although it was capable of powerfully affecting the human body, it afforded no protection from the attacks of the more serious disease.

Jenner's task was now simple. During his investigations into the nature of casual small-pox, he was naturally struck with the idea that it might be practicable to propagate the disease by inoculation, first from the cow, and finally from one human being to another. He anxiously waited for some time for an opportunity of putting this theory to the test.

The first person ever vaccinated was a lad of eight years old, named James Phipps, in whose arm was inserted some of the virus, taken from the arm of a young woman who had accidentally become infected while milking a cow. On inoculating the same lad some months afterward, Jenner found, to his great joy, that no effect could be produced—that, in fact, it was impossible to communicate to his patient the small-pox.

"While the vaccine discovery was progressive," says the great and good Jenner, "the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence and domestic peace and happiness, were often so excessive that, in pursuing my favorite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that those reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other blessings flow."

Jenner published the account of his discovery in 1798. In spite of ridicule and opposition from many of the medical profession, and of fanatical denunciations from the ignorant, it rapidly made its way throughout the civilized world.

In 1802, Jenner, who had thrown open his secret to the world, received from Parliament a vote of £10,000. In 1806, an additional grant of £20,000 was made to this great benefactor of mankind, and he had the hap piness of living to see the notion of the poor dairymaid of Sudbury accepted throughout the civilized world.



THE LIGHTHOUSE.—SEE PAGE 702



THE DEATH OF DIDO .- FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GUERCINO.

# A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWEN-DOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)



UCH a face! He had seen something like it in the grand old Florentine galleries-dark, tender, bewitching, with the most dainty and exquisite coloring, Large dark liquid eyes, with a purple shade round them which added to the richness of the coloring; a white forehead, round which the dark hair clustered in ripples; a mouth like a rose. so tender and sweet—it was the loveliest face ever seen out of a picture! Allan stood still and looked on in wonder. Who was this lovely lady, and whence had she come? Suddenly he saw her raise her white hands, as though in distress. That

decided him—he crossed the opening and went to her. He raised his hat and stood, despite the cold, bare-headed before her.

"I hope there has been no accident," he said.

Immediately one of the little ones clung to his arm.

"Mr. Estcourt, don't you know me? I am Maud Davenant."

And then he knew that the two little girls were Lady Davenant's children. But who was the lady with the picture esque Spanish face?

Vol. I., No. 6-45.

"I should think there has been an accident!" cried Miss Maud, in an injured voice. "Helen fell down, and Miss Avenel ran to help her, and she has bruised her arm dreadfully. See, it is cut—it is bleeding!"

The dark eyes were raised to his, and their glance stirred his honest kindly heart as it had never been stirred before.

"I am Lady Davenant's governess," said a rich clear voice—"that is, I am the governess of Lady Davenant's children."

"Which is not quite the same thing," he observed, with a quiet smile.

"Not quite," she agreed. "I am afraid I have met with a slight injury. Helena was running too fast, and fell, and I went to raise her. I did not see a low branch which projected from a tree, and it has run into my arm, giving me something like a sword-wound."

Looking down, he saw that the handkerchief she had bound round it was covered with crimson spots.

"I am Mr. Estcourt," he said—"one of Lady Davenant's guests; will you let me see your arm?"

He wondered, as he looked at it, if there was another arm in all the world so beautiful; it was round and white, with the blue veins clearly marked—an arm worthy of a Venus.

In the middle was a terrible wound; the sharp end of a broken branch seemed to have run into the limb and to have torn it.

"It is a painful wound, I am sure," he said, "but not dangerous. Let me bind it for you."

He took a white handkerchief from his pocket and bound the arm with the utmost gentleness and care; yet, careful though he was, he felt his patient tremble with pain, and noticed the rich color fade from her face.

"That is the best I can do for you," he said.

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"You are very kind," she returned, but her eyes drooped before the passionate admiration that she read in his.

Was the little one hurt too?" he asked. "You were beading over when I saw you first."

The child raised a smiling face to his.

"Miss Avenel thought I was hurt, but I was not."

Then, relieved about the child, he turned to the young girl; she had grown very pale, and he thought, as he looked at her, that her face was like that of some beautiful chiseled

"I must do something to help you, Miss Avenel," he said; "I fear that you are in great pain."

"It would be useless to deny it," she admitted; "still I

do not thip you can help me—I must return to the house."

"Shall I go and fetch a carriage to drive you home?" he

She smiled, and he saw the faint tinge of bitterness in the smile. She thought to herself that his idea of Lady Davenant must be a strange one, if he imagined her governess dared take such a liberty.

"I can walk very well," she replied; "I am sorry to have

given you so much trouble already."

"Trouble!" he repeated. "Why, I was never so pleased in all my life—that is, of course, I am sorry you were and are in pain; but I was pleased to be of use to you. If you will walk home, Miss Avenel, allow me to walk with you.

The did not say "No"—it was scarcely to be expected she should, for the handsome face smiling into her own wore such an expression of admiration that she would have been more than human to resist it. The two little ones walked together, and Allan kept by Miss Avenel.

He never forgot that walk while he lived. Years afterward he could have told every detail of it-the white ground the dark-blue wintry sky, the bare, leafless trees wan the hoar-frost fringing them, the distant hills all coveruil with show, the evergreens, each with their white burden, the cold, clear, bracing air, and gleams of wintry sunshine. He felt neither the cold nor the Winter wind. The sweet face by his side seemed suddenly to have shed a warmth and subtle brightness over his life. He was never to know cold and solitude again. His heart was warm within him-it thrilled at every word she spoke.

"I am sorry the distance was not greater," he said, when they reached the Priory; and she looked up at him with langhing eyes.

"So am I," she said; and then he was obliged to leave her.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"I HAVE heard of a man's imagination taking fire," said Allan Estcourt to himself. "I think that is what has happened to me."

For Miss Avenel's face had bewitched him; that dark, tender Spanish face, with its glorious coloring, left him no repose. If he closed his eyes to sleep, it was there; if he slept, it was present in his dreams; if he opened a book, it looked up at him from the page. It rose between him and the blue heavens; gaze where he would, it was there. He was like a man that was haunted, possessed.

"I must see her again," he thought; "perhaps then she would not haunt me so."

But how was he to see her? A governess in a nobleman's family was not easily accessible. He thought of many schemes, but none of them pleased him. Fortune was kind to him. He chanced one afternoon to be in the drawingroom with Lady Davenant alone; they were looking at some illustrations, one of which her ladyship thought she would like to have copied. As it was Christmas-time, they were about to have charades and tableaux. Lady Davenant saw a cestume in one of the engravings which pleased her very much.

"That, with a few alterations," she said, "is just what we require."

But the engraving was in a valuable book, one which Lady Davenant felt quite sure her husband would not be pleased to see in careless hands.

"I will have it copied," she said, "and the alterations can be made at the same time."

Lady Davenant rang the bell and sent for Miss Avenel. In the briefest possible manner she introduced her young governess to Mr. Estcourt, and did not deign to listen when he said something about having met Miss Avenel before. It was a matter of no moment to her, but Miss Avenel seemed resolved that her ladyship should know and understand.

"Mr. Estcourt is the gentleman who was kind enough to help me on the day I hurt my arm so severely."

"I trust it is better," said Allan.

"It is very painful still," she replied.

And then Lady Davenant, seeing that she could not ignore the young girl altogether, murmured something about "having forgotten," and proceeded to business. She explained what she wanted, and the young governess seemed to grasp the idea at once. She took pencil and paper; almost before Lady Davenant had finished her explanations, the sketch was begun. Allan purposely withdrew to the other end of the room. He wanted to watch Miss Avenel to take in every detail of her dark, picturesque loveliness. He took up a book, and, while to all appearance looking over it, he observed her.

He had seen her before in out-of-door dress. He thought her even more beautiful in the plain black silk, with the delicate lace at the throat and falling over the white wrists. Every line of her superb figure was shown in the tightlyfitting dress—every graceful curve, every beautiful line. As Allan watched her, his whole heart seemed to go out from him and cleave to her.

Lady Davenant interrupted the sketcher every now and then to make some suggestion, which the girl received with well-bred grace.

"A governess!" thought Allan. "Why, she ought to be a princess!"

After a few minutes there came a summons for Lady Davenant. Sir Charles wanted to speak to her about some decorations. In a very helpless way she looked round the room. It was not etiquette to leave the governess and the visitor together, but what could she do? Sir Charles was good-nature itself, but he was imperative, and did not like to be kept waiting—his well-trained wife knew that. What could she do? It would be too pointed to send Miss Avenel away. Her ladyship looked again. The dark Spanish head and picturesque face of the governess were bent over the drawing. Allan was industriously reading. What could it matter? In all probability they would not exchange a

Lady Davenant murmured some few words of apology, and retired. Allen drew a deep breath of relief-his suspense had been great. At last he was alone with her! His heart throbbed with happiness. The next moment he was by her side.

"Miss Avenel," he said, "pray look up at me. Leave that sketch for a few minutes; I want to speak to you."

She laid down the pencil and looked up; there was a gleam of amusement in the dark eyes, and just a gleam of something in his which made her heart beat.

"You are very impatient, Mr. Estcourt," she said.

"I am—pray forgive me; but you do not know—you cannot know-how I have longed to see you. I have prayed for this opportunity - now that it has come, let me use it."

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The white fingers trembled and the beautiful face grew crimson.

"I have so much to say to you," he cried, impetuously. "Do you know, Miss Avenel, that your face has never been out of my mind since I met you the other morning? I have never forgotten you for one moment. You are not angry with me?" he continued. "I have been, as it were, in a fever, and this slakes my thirst. I have longed to look at you once more; and now that I see you, I am wondering how I can ever let you pass from my sight again. Miss Avenel—hark!—I hear her ladyship returning—if I could see you in any other way, I would not make my present request—but will you let me accompany you in some of your walks? I must see you and talk to you, or I shall go mad."

His earnestness was beginning to tell upon her.

"I cannot," she replied; "I have the children with me

"I must see you—why are you so cruel to me? I have watched, longed, prayed for this—and now you will give me no hope. You are cruel to me."

"I am not cruel," she returned; "but what else can I do? I have no moment of time that is my own."

"If you had, would you give it to me?"

"Yes," she replied, with a deep blush. "You are so impetuous, Mr. Estcourt; you force one to reveal the truth."

"It is happy truth for me," he said. "I heard Lady Davenant saying, the other day, that the children were sent from the school-room to the nursery every evening at six. Is it so?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Then at six you are free? Oh, Miss Avenel, be kind to me! I would go to Lady Davenant and ask permission to see you; but I know she would object. If your mother were here, I would ask her."

"What is it that you wish me to do?" she said, gently.

"I want you to meet me, and give me an opportunity of speaking to you. Will you? Six o'clock is not late; and it is only natural that you should want some fresh air after teaching all day."

"Six o'clock is late in Winter," she remarked.

"Never mind—do promise me. Walk over the lawn, toward the park, and, if I meet you, do not be angry with me."

"Would you like your own sister to do so?" she asked. He looked down on the bright face so frankly raised to his.

"Yes, I should, if I had one, and she were asked in the same manner. Miss Avenel, be good to me. If you only knew how I have thought of you!"

"I should like to say 'Yes,' but I must not," she returned.

"You are cruel. Why do you refuse me? If you can think of any other plan, I shall be only too happy. I would insist upon seeing you here, but it might lead to discomfort for you."

"I should imagine so. Fancy Lady Davenant's dismay!"

"Miss Avenel, do promise me."

He took her hand in his, and bent over it. His handsome face was flushed and eager, his eyes seemed to entreat her.

"I will be there," she replied, hurriedly; and before there was time to utter another word Lady Davenant was at the door.

She looked round quickly as she entered. Allen sat still, with the same book in his hand—her ladyship fortunately was not near enough to see that it was upside down. Miss Avenel was busy sketching.

"I thought I heard voices," said her ladyship. Allan looked up calmly.

"Very probably," he admitted. "Miss Avenel, I see, has

quite a talent for sketching-you will be pleased with her conv."

"I hope it will not make Miss Avenel vain to hear you say so," observed her ladyship; and the young governess raised her face with a proud flush, but made no reply.

Allan Estcourt had been haunted before, but matters were worse now; he knew that he loved Miss Avenel with all the power of his heart and soul—that she would be the one great love of his life. That was why she haunted him—why he thought of her, dreamed of her, could not for one moment forget her. He loved her, and, if she would but listen to his pleading, he would ask her to be his wife.

He could not tell how the hours passed until six o'clock came and he went out; his whole soul seemed wrapped in suspense, for he intended that very evening to tell Miss Avenel the story of his passionate love:

#### CHAPTER IX.

R. ESTCOURT, you frighten me—you are so impetuous, so quick, I do not know what to say!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Avenel; impetuosity was always a failing of mine, but I did not mean to evince it to you. You see it is not quite my fault. I am obliged to say in a few minutes that which it often takes other men whole months to say."

She smiled, and he took courage from the smile.

"I only want you to understand and believe that I love you with my

whole heart and mind."

"You love me!" she repeated. "Why, Mr. Estcourt, you cannot be serious. You have seen me only twice. How can you love me?"

I do not know how I can, but I am quite sure I do. I grant that I have seen you only twice, but what does that matter? I could not love you better if I had seen you twice ten thousand times."

"It is so sudden," she murmured.

"Miss Avenel, how many times did Romeo see Juliet before he loved her with a love that was his doom? Only once. Do you imagine love to be the result of long acquaintanceship, of many meetings, of long interviews? I do not."

"You overwhelm me with so many words," she returned, "it is difficult for me to remember what I believe."

"I wish you would let me teach you. I know just what you ought to believe, and what you ought to say. I tell you that loving you was my fate. See, standing here in this thick shade, I can remember how the Winter sun shone upon the snow the morning that I first met you. I can see the scarlet gleam of the holly-berries, the bare branches of the chestnuts. I was walking along, carelessly singing some snatch of operatic song, thinking as little of love and lovers as at this moment I am thinking of Sanscrit—as heedless of any dawn of a new life as a child. Suddenly, amid the snow and the trees, I saw the shining of a beautiful face; and my life, as I gazed at it, grew complete. I cannot describe the sweet, strange sensation; it was as though I had suddenly found the other half of my own soul—as though my existence, in that one moment, had grown complete. Do not laugh at me," he continued, his voice trembling with emotion; "but I could have raised my hat from my head, and have thanked Heaven that I had met my fate. Nay, listen to me; be patient. I loved you in that moment—your beautiful face seemed to warm my heart, my soul seemed



to leave me and cling to you, Now, do you doubt that I love you?"

"I do not doubt," she replied, dreamily; "but I fear."

"Why need you fear? If I had never seen you again, your face would still have remained distinct from all the world to me. I should have thought of it, dreamed of it, longed for it; it would have been to me the dearest vision ever given to man; it would have shone down upon me from the gleaming heavens—it would have smiled up at me from the blooming flowers. I should have remembered it even in death."

She trembled at the passionate eagerness of his words. He continued:

"If I had lost sight of you from that moment—if I had never seen you again—I should have gone through life dissatisfied and discontented, as one whose existence is only half complete. Do you hear me—do you believe me, Miss Avenel?"

"Yes, but your words frighten me. I must go in now. Suppose I should be missed?"

"I will bear the blame. You must not leave me. If you were to leave me now I should go mad with suspense. Before you go you must promise to like me a little. Do you remember those lines of Browning's:

'Escape me?
Never,
Beloved!
While I am I, and you are you,
So long as the world contains us both,
Me the loving and you the loth,
While the one eludes
Must the other pursue.'

You are my fate—fly, and I must pursue. You escape, and I must follow—you are my destiny. You cannot elude me."

"You seem to take possession of me as though I were a conquered kingdom," she said, trying to smile, but feeling sure this eager, impetuous lover of hers would make her promise anything he chose.

"Miss Avenel—it seems absurd to address you formally—tell me your Christian name. I wonder if, looking at you, I could guess it?"

She raised her beautiful dark face with its gleams of tender light.

"Yes," she said.

"You ought to have the name of some fragrant flower—something that whispers of the glowing South."

"My name is Margarita," she said.

"'Margarita'—ah, well, it suits you! It is a proud, stately name, with something provoking and alluring about it. Margarita! You ought to be standing on a balcony in Venice, with the moon shining on the waters, and lighting that crown of dusky hair. Sweet Margarita! It is not an English name."

"I inherit it from some Spanish ancestress," she explained.

"I am not surprised; I thought there was something of the fire and poetry of the South in you. Margarita, do you believe that I love you?"

"I am beginning to believe it," she replied.

"And I want you to return my love, and to promise to be my wife."

The dark gray shadows of the Winter night did not prevent his seeing how pale she grew.

"Your wife!" she repeated. "Do you really love me so well?"

"I do. I think if you gave me only the faintest hope that some day or other you would learn to love me, I should be half-bewildered with joy."

"But, Mr. Estcourt, how sudden you are—how rash!

You have seen me only twice, and you ask me to be your wife!"

"This is our third interview, Margarita, and I have told you that love has no knowledge of time—it takes no count of it"

She was still gazing at him with unutterable wonder.

"Besides, you know nothing of me," she said; "I might be unworthy of your love."

"Ah, no, sweet. Nature makes no such errors; on your face she has written truth, goodness, purity, all nobility. I can read her handwriting."

"But I have faults," said the girl, "and very grave ones."

"I shall love you in spite of them, and love even them for your sake, Margarita. Will you not say that you like me?"

"I am half afraid," she replied, slowly.

"Afraid of what, dear?" he asked, gently.

"Afraid of myself. I have never loved anyone since my mother died; I loved her—I will not, for I cannot, tell you how dearly. And I have a brother John far away in India. I love him; but I have never loved anyone else."

"So much the better for me, sweet."

"But you do not understand; I am afraid of my own power of loving. I tell you that, with my Southern nature, I have some of the Southern tenacity and power of loving."

"So much the better for me," he repeated.

"Love will not be a pastime with me, as it is with some," she said; "it will be the heart of my life, it will occupy all my thoughts, all my ideas—everything else will be sacrificed to it, concentrated upon it."

"That is how all noble women love, Margarita," he re-

marked, gently.

"You have so much to give," she continued. "You have title, wealth, position—at least you will have them some day. I have nothing but my heart and my love; I give my life with them, and, if I should give them in vain, what have I left? Nothing but desolation and death."

"You will not give them in vain, Margarita, if you give them to me. I want your love—nothing else. If you had the dowry of a queen, I should not care for your wealth. I want your love, sweet—and you fear to give it to me!"

They were walking down a sheltered path that led to the park. It was not quite dark; it was one of those Winter-evenings when a dull gray twilight seemed to linger long, and the snow prevented night's shrouding the earth with her mantle—a strange gray twilight, through which they could see the pale golden stars gleaming in the night-skies. The wind moaned through the tall trees.

If Margarita Avenel had been a princess instead of a governess, Allan could not have treated her with greater deference or greater respect as he walked by her side. Even in his most passionate pleading he did not presume to touch her hand. His chivalrous respect was the most delicate-flattery he could have paid her, and she felt it deeply. Suddenly he turned to her.

"I cannot tell you, Margarita," he said, "how grieved I am to be compelled to ask you to meet me in this fashion. I wish it could be avoided, but I might as well ask Lady Davenant to meet me on the summit of Mont Blanc as ask her permission to see you in the house. I know that; so that you will let me see you here again."

"I will think of it," she returned.

"I know you want to go—I the pursuer, you the pursued—I the loving, you the loth."

But, when the dark eyes were raised to his, something in their shining light told him she was not perhaps entirely loth.

"Before you go, sweet, let me plead my cause quite plainly to you. You say that I shall have wealth, title, and position. I shall have them in the days to come; and I



THE LITTLE BOTHER. BY THOMAS PARD.

shall have no keener pleasure, no greater pride, than to lay them at your feet."

"But I am only a poor governess," she said.

- "You are my queen! It will be my lot some day to be Lord Rylestone of Walton Court—to be wealthy and honored, sweet. Will you share that wealth, those honors, with me?"
- "I cannot tell you now," she answered; "your proposal is so sudden that it seems like a dream."
- "You will let me prove that dream to be a beautiful bewildering reality," he said, promptly. "Ah, Margarita, never before have I felt so happy in the thought of being rich! I have never cared one half so much for the future that is to be mine as now when I hope that you will share it with me."

She looked up at him with the light of a sudden thought in her eyes.

- "Mr. Estcourt, suppose that in the course of time I did what you asked, and we were married, would not the world say it was a most unsuitable marriage for you?"
- "I am perfectly indifferent as to anything the world might say," he replied.
- "But, as Lord Rylestone of Walton Court, you could marry one of the noblest women in England—could you not?"
  - "So I should if I married you, Margarita."
- "But you know what I mean. You could marry a highborn, wealthy lady, could you not?"
- "If I am ever so happy, so honored, as to marry you, I shall marry the fairest, noblest, and loveliest lady in all the land."
- "But there is something absurd in the idea of a governess who has to work so hard for her daily bread becoming Lady Rylestone," she persisted.
- "There is something much more absurd in the idea of a beautiful, winsome lady like yourself having to teach," he returned, "than in the idea of your becoming Lady Rylestone, Margarita. Give me one word of hope now, love."

The dressing-bell for dinner was ringing, and he knew that he had not another minute to spare. The clear, clanging sound came over the bare tree-tops and brought him back to the every-day world.

"Give me one word of comfort," he cried, passionately, "before you go." He took one of her white, soft hands in his, and held it tightly. "I know how difficult it will be to see you," he said; "but I can write. You have free access to the library, have you not?"

"Yes," she replied; "because of my calling, I suppose. I am allowed to go there when I like."

"The people in the house do not seem very fond of reading. I noticed to-day a very beautiful edition of "Sir Charles Grandison"—it is in three volumes, and stands on the lowest shelf near the door. Will you let the first volume be our post-office? I will put my letters there for you, and you will give me an answer, even if it be only one word. If we use no names, there can be no fear of discovery. Even should a letter be found, people will think it is only some old forgotten copy. You will write me one line—will you not?"

"Yes, if you really wish it so much," she replied.

"Thank you. I am as proud and happy as though I had won a kingdom. Oh, Margarita, shall I ever win you? I would serve three times seven years for you. I think this of you, dear—it is told in your beautiful face—that, if I were a king, and asked you to share my crown, you would not unless you loved me."

"No, I would not," she acknowledged.

"And I think, if you loved me, dear, you would give up all for my sake—you would share sickness, poverty, or any other sorrow with me." "I would," she responded, simply. "If I loved you, it would be with the whole force of my heart."

"Then Heaven grant I may win your love, Margarita! How sweet your name is, dear! It is like the echo of a song; it is like the faint sweet music of a dream. 'Margarita Avene!!' Was there ever such a combination of letters? I shall hear it in every sound."

"It is time you went in, Mr. Estcourt. Think of Lady Davenant's horror if you are late for dinner!"

He had forgotten.

"Yes, I must go. Good-night, sweet Margarita—to become some day, I hope, my own Margarita!"

His chivalrous reverence for her was so great that he did not even touch with his lips the white hands he held in his own. When he left her it seemed to him that he left the very light of his life behind him, and Margarita hastened to the solitude of her own room, there to think over all she had heard.

She dared own to herself, now that she was alone, how dearly she loved him—this handsome man, whose love had fallen over her life like a golden light from heaven. She was young—not yet twenty—and her life had been strangely free from trouble, but it had also been quite devoid of pleasure. She had lived with her mother in the pretty little village of Grassmead, where she had received such a training as fitted her afterwards to accept a superior engagement as governess. She was accomplished; she painted with no mean skill, she spoke French and German perfectly. She had a singularly sweet and rich soprano voice; it was well cultivated, and her musical ability was of the highest order.

The Avenels were of good family, but their fortune had vanished. The widowed lady was left with an income just sufficient for her to live and to bring up her children upon; but the life annuity died with her. She wisely determined to give them a fortune in their education.

With her daughter Margarita she succeeded perfectly; and some influential friends of her late husband interested themselves in her boy's career; gave him an excellent education, and found for him a remunerative appointment in India. Margarita was only sixteen when her mother died. That was the only real trouble of her life—and it had been a great one. She was seventeen when she found herself launched on the wide world, with her fate in her own hands. Her wonderful beauty and fascination were against her; her accomplishments, her excellent education, were all outbalanced by her dark, bewitching face. Ladies with brothers or growing sons were afraid of her.

A beautiful governess! It was an anomaly—a thing to be dreaded; so, despite her high-class references, Miss Avenel grew almost heart-sick as she lost one chance after another. One lady—the Countess of Lumlee—was very frank with her.

"Your French is perfect," she said; "your music superior to that of most teachers; your terms and everything else suits me. But I tell you honestly, I have sons at home—and you are too pretty."

"I cannot help that," observed Margarita, wistfully.

"No, you cannot help it; but I should advise you to choose some other profession."

Time after time she met with the same rebuff. "I cannot help having a face different from that of others," she said to herself, in despair. "I did not wish to be beautiful."

The time was coming when she would rejoice in her beauty—but it was not yet.

Then Lady Davenant was in want of a governess—the girl's lovely face was not detrimental in this case. Sir Charles never flirted; there were neither sons nor brothers—only two little girls—and Lady Davenant was rather pleased that her governess should be beautiful and accomplished

than otherwise: so Margarita Avenel wrote to her brother in far-off India, and told him, with innocent pride and joy, how happy she was in the bright prospect opening out to her. She went to Laston Priory, and had lived there nearly two years when Allan saw and loved her.

They had been two quiet uneventful years; nothing had happened to her—no great sorrow, no great joy—and she had the keenest powers for feeling both. She was quick, ardent, impetuous. She acted upon impulse, and did not always wait to consider whether her impulses were prudent or not. She was keenly sensitive. She had it in her to reach the height of happiness, or to sink to the depths of despair; and to one so ardent, so impetuous, the quiet monotony of her life was almost terrible.

There would surely be a brighter future for her; the sun was shining on some soft heights. Passionate longing for happiness, ardent power of loving, keen susceptibility of enjoyment, had not been given to her for nothing. In the far-off time, where the sunshine waited for her, all would come right.

But in her wildest dreams she had never pictured happiness so intense as this. She was frightened at it; she dared not think of it. She could not believe it true that she, an obscure governess, should win the love of this grand young hero, for whom the ladies of the great world manœuvred in vain. It was marvelous. She had reason to say that she was afraid.

He was so handsome, so noble, so far above her. He was like the heroes of fiction and song of whom she loved to read. He was so chivalrous, so gallant, so like what she could imagine the knights of old to have been. And he loved her—loved her at first sight—with a love that was to last his life. She asked herself if she could be dreaming—if it could be true—if it could be possible. The thought of his wordly position did not touch her so deeply. It was rather with a sense of wonder that she realized that in time the hardworking, unknown governess might be Lady Rylestone of Walton Court. It was not of that she thought, but of the hero himself—the man who prayed so earnestly for her love.

"I am frightened at myself," she thought. "If I open my heart to this wondrous love, this wondrous happiness, I can never cast it out again; it will be there while my heart beats, either for my happiness or for my misery—my lifelong delight, or my life-long torture."

She knew enough of herself to understand that it must be life or death to her; therefore she hesitated to yield herself to the sweet, subtle influence—she hesitated to let herself respond to the love that was lavished upon her.

But now he had almost conquered her. Why should she hesitate? Why should she shut herself out from this sweet, bright heaven? Why refuse to take the great happiness offered to her?

"He loves me," she thought; "he will never—he never can—love anyone else as he loves me."

"Sh would wait just a few days longer, and then she would tell him that she loved him. For she did. Her heart grew warm, her face flushed, as she remembered him, as she thought of his words: she knew in her heart that she cared for him—ah, well, perhaps quite as much as he cared for her.

the never forgot the day on which she had her first loveletter. The receipt of a letter was a rare event with her; at long intervals she received one from her brother. But this was love-setter ull of passionate pleading, of sweet words, of tender expressions—a letter that brought happy tears to her eyes. She read it over and over again, until every word was impressed on her memory. She slept with it under her pillow; and then, some hours after she had received it, she went, trembling and half frightened, to the first volume of "ir Charles Grandison," there to deposit an answer. Allan

smiled as he read it—it was so simple, so naïve, and yet so eloquent.

The days passed on, and it seemed to him that he wore his heart away in fervent persuasions. He wrote to her every day—he told her all his thoughts. No woman was ever more chivalrously wooed. And then, at rare intervals, he saw her. Sometimes he overtook her when she was out with the children, and then he could not say much. There were one or two happy interviews stolen in the library.

Once or twice she was asked into the drawing-room; and once there was a children's party—and he danced with her.

Each of these meetings was deeply impressed on his mind; he loved her more and more dearly, for she was timid and coy. He could not win any word or promise from her, until one day, when she fancied he looked tired and ill, she chanced to meet him in one of the corridors, and told him so.

"You are right, Margarita," he said—"I am very unhappy—all through you, it seems to me. You will never care for me—and I am beginning to despair."

That same evening he found a little note. It contained but few lines, but those few changed the whole current of his life. "Dear Allan," it said, "do not be unhappy. I do care for you. I love you—I must not tell you how much."

#### CHAPTER X.



E could not see her for many days after that. She avoided him more than ever. He wrote rapturous letters of thanks to her, and she wrote kindly enough to him in return, but he could not see her. It was only by the craftiest stratagem on his part that this was accomplished.

Lady Davenant was rigidly particular about attendance at church. Every Sunday morning the whole household, including visitors, children, and servants, drove over to Laston Church, leaving only one or two domestics to attend to the house. Worldly and

irregular-living people considered that one of the drawbacks in visiting the Priory was that Lady Davenant never relaxed her rule. Whether it was liked or disliked, it was always expected that all should go.

But one Saturday evening Allen chanced, quite accidentally, to overhear Lady Davenant say that little Maud had a severe cold, and that she must remain at home with her governess.

"I shall remain also," he thought; but he did not reveal his intention until it was time to start, and then he went to Sir Charles and told him he was not going.

"Why not?" asked the hospitable baronet.

"I have an important reason for remaining at home," said Allan.

"Love-letters to write?" interrogated Sir Charles, quite unconscious how nearly he struck the mark. "Well, you will have to make peace with Lady Davenant afterward. She will most probably give you a lecture, for she likes to see us all good boys."

It so happened that Lady Davenant did not notice Allan's absence until the whole party were seated in church, and then it was too late to do anything. Mentally, her ladyship called him idle and indifferent. She had not the faintest idea of the real state of the case.

Allan watched them depart in a fever of impatience. He knew that there were only two or three servants left in the house, and that they were engaged in the servants' office

He had resolved upon a bold step. He would go to the school-room and ask for Miss Avenel. If, at the very worst, it should become known, he was quite indifferent. In that case he would boldly tell them all that he wished Miss Avenel to be his wife.

So he went and knocked at the school-room door. It was opened by Margarita herself. He could not doubt but that she loved him when he saw the sudden flush of joy, the light that came into her beautiful eyes, the smile of welcome that parted her beautiful lips. And then she seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and she placed her finger on her lips in token of silence.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Poor Maud is really ill, and she has just fallen asleep."

Without one word, he took her hand and led her from the room, gently closing the door.

"I do not wish to wake the child," he said, gently, "but I am determined to speak to you."

"If you are determined, you must," she returned; "but I cannot talk to you here. I will accompany you to the library. I shall hear then if Maud cries for me."

"I hope Maud will enjoy the blessing of a long, deep slumber," he said, laughingly, as they entered the library. "Ah, Margarita—sweet, coy Margarita—I have caught you at last!"

"Mr. Estcourt," she said, gravely, "how is it that you are not gone to church?"

"I remained at home purposely so see you. Ah, Margarita, you thought you could escape me—you thought you could evade me! Why are you so cruel to me? Since you wrote that one precious little note you have never looked at me, you have never spoken to me: you have spurned me as though I were your worst enemy instead of your husband that is to be. Why is it?"

"I do not know," she replied, trying to hide her burning face from him.

"Nor do I know; but it must not occur again. See, I have had to brave Lady Davenant's displeasure in order to have a few minutes with you. Margarita, how am I to thank you for that letter? Did you mean what you wrote? Is it true?"

She was silent for some minutes, then she raised her eyes bravely to his face.

"Yes," she replied; "every word is true."

"And at last you love me with your whole heart?"

"Yes. Oh, do not make me say any more!"

"But I shall; I am too happy to be quite generous. I want you, dear, to lay both your hands in mine and promise to be my wife."

Her dark eyes raised to his were full of wistful pleading.

"Oh, Allan," she cried, passionately, "will you never repent it? Are you quite sure that the time will never come when you will repent having ever loved and married me?"

"I am quite sure of it," he answered. "But I know that I shall repent my whole life long unless you do become my wife."

"It would kill me," she said, again, "if in the years to come I should find out that having married me had been injurious to you, that you repented it, that your love for me stood in the way of your worldly interests. Oh, Allan, I could not bear that and live!"

"What a foolish, sensitive child it is!" he said, tenderly. "I cannot repent, Margarita, of what will be to me the crowning joy of my life. Why do you say this? You have owned that you love me."

"I do love you; but, Allan, true love is full of self-sacrifice. Rather than stand in your way—than stand between you and your wordly interests—I would let my love kill me."

"I believe it, Margarita, you cannot come between me and my interests, as you call it. I am my own master; I am free to choose my wife as I will; I have no one to consult."

"But Lord Rylestone," she said, quietly, "might not like such a marriage for you."

"My dear Margarita, you wish me to fight shadows. Lord Rylestone can have nothing to say in the matter of my marriage. I alone am responsible to myself for myself. Do believe me, sweet. Fling your scruples and fears to the winds—lay your hand in mine, and say, 'I promise to be your wife, Allan.'"

"If I do say it, I shall mean it thoroughly," she said.

"That is right. You cannot be too deeply in earnest for me."

She was silent for a few minutes—perhaps life held no more solemn interval for her—and then her face grew pale even to the lips, and she laid her hands in his.

"I promise to be your wife, Allan," she said, gently, "and to love you while I live."

How he thanked her! How he blessed her! He was like a man whose senses were wrapped in some great ecstasy. And then he bent over her.

"I may kiss the face of my promised wife," he said; and she raised her face to his. He saw that on it there was a light pure and radiant as though it shone clear from heaven.

"This is our betrothal, Margarita," he said, softly. "Now for all time you are mine."

They stood silent for some minutes, and then he said:

"When shall I speak to Lady Davenant?"

"Not yet," she replied. "Allan, I would so much rather that she did not know while I am here. I perceive all the incongruities of our marriage myself, but I could not bear to be told of them by another. Lady Davenant is very proud. She believes so entirely in what she calls her 'order,' and she would be so severe, so hard, that she would make me miserable."

"Then I will say nothing to her until you have left, Margarita; but you must go at once, dear. I cannot have my promised wife working in this fashion.'

"I will go whenever you like," she responded.

Allan took from his finger a ring with one diamond—a beautiful, flashing gem.

"Margarita," he said, "this must be our betrothal ring. I will bring you another later on, but now you will take this." He placed the ring on her finger, and then he kissed her. "Now you belong to me," he added; "and nothing but death can part us."

And then they heard the voice of little Maud crying, and Miss Avenel hurried away. The child looked up at her with wondering eyes.

"Where have you been, Miss Avenel?" she inquired. "How bright your face is! And your eyes shine like stars! What have you been doing?"

"I have been very happy, dear," was Margarita's quiet reply, as she knelt by the child's side.

"What is that shining on your hand?" she asked. Margarita smiled.

"That is a pledge of future happiness to me," she answered; and the little one raised her eyes wonderingly to the beautiful face.

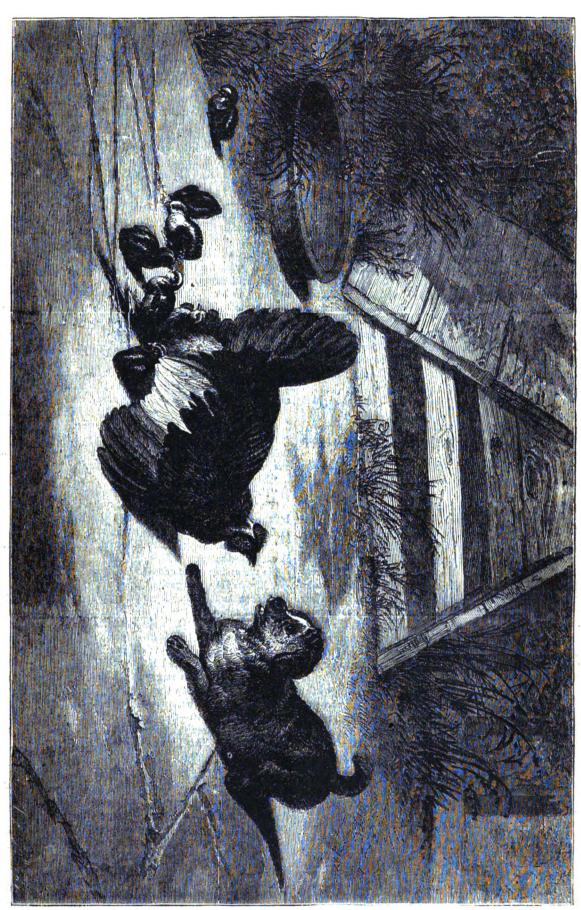
"I do not understand," she said, quietly; and those were the last intelligible words that Maud spoke for many long days. A violent attack of fever seized her, and placed her life in deadly danger.

#### CHAPTER XI.

By the sudden illness of little Maud, all Allan's plans were disarranged. He had wished Margarita to leave at once. He would have found her a home with a distant relative







of his—Mrs. Ferguson—and have married her from there, but this was rendered impossible now, for the child clung to her so that she could not leave her. The only rest she ever had came to her in Margarita's arms. The burning head seemed to find cool repose on Margarita's breast. The little hot hands would cling to her—the burning eyes follow her from one part of the room to the other. How could she think of herself—of her own happy love, of leaving, of the bright future awaiting her? How could she think of it all when the little one who loved her lay between life and death?

All the visitors departed from the Priory when the nature of the child's illness became known—all except Allan Estcourt, he declared that the child's ailment did not release him, that he would stay and keep Sir Charles from growing quite lonely. He did remain until the pale snowdrops began to appear, and then he was compelled to return to London.

But he did not take his departure until Miss Avenel and her little charge had gone by Lady Davenant's desire to Torquay. There was one gleam of comfort; he could write to Margarita there as often as he liked—there would be no one to remark upon the number of his letters. He did not go down to see her, because she asked him not to do so until the child had quite recovered. So during the months of March and April Margarita remained at the seaside, happy beyond words, beyond measure, in Allan's love—so happy that as she passed along the streets and roads people looked at the lovely radiant face, and wondered at the light shining on it.

It was nearly the end of May before the doctor thought it safe for little Maud to return to her own home, and even then Margarita decided upon waiting some time longer—if only a week or two—for she knew the child could not endure to be parted from her.

But Allan grew impatient; it was at Christmas that she had promised to be his wife, and now it was June. He wrote to her on the tenth of June, and told her he should give her but one week longer, and then she must really tell Lady Davenant that she was going to leave her. He revealed all his plans to her—how she was to go to Mrs. Ferguson's, and how from there they would be married.

Before he received an answer, Lord Ryleston's illness, death, and funeral happened. And then came his great and bitter disappointment. Instead of being able to take his beautiful Margarita to Walton Court, and lavish on her every luxury that money could purchase, he was a poor man, unable to live at the court at all. Nay, he knew further that his means did not justify him in marrying—that he ought not to marry; for, live carefully as he might, he would have as much as he could possibly do to pay off his debts in a couple of years.

He read and re-read Margarita's letter—he knew the faithful heart so well then that no dawn of fear arose in his heart. She would love him poor just as well as rich—perhaps even more.

But what was he to do about marrying her? It would be the height of folly to take her to Mrs. Ferguson's, and to be at the expense of a brilliant wedding such as he had intended. But Margarita was leaving Laston Priory; it was not to be expected that Lady Davenant would again disarrange her plans by asking her to stay, and, if she took another situation, why, he might not be able to see her at all.

After long consideration, he decided upon asking her to meet him; he could tell her then what had happened far better than he could write. If he could pass one hour with her, he could say more in that time than he could set down in a kundred letters. So he wrote to her, and said that he had something very important to communicate to her. He

did not care to go to Laston Priory, as she was not willing for Lady Davenant to be confided in; but he would go to the town of Laston, and, if she would walk through the Laston woods early on the morning of the thirteenth of June, he would meet her there, and tell her all that he had to say.

It was a fair, bright morning, and the clock had not struck six when he started for Laston woods; the sun shone, the birds were singing, seeming to outvie each other in the beauty and length of their song; the wild roses were blooming on the hedges, the wild thyme reared its head amid the grass, the newly-mown hay lay in the meadows, the chest-nut-trees were all in bloom, the dew lay shining underfoot. He saw her waiting for him by the little stile that led to the woods, the sun shining on her beautiful face, touching with gold the thick coils of dusky hair, and his heart seemed to go out to her.

"My darling!" he said, as he met the clasp of her tender hands. "Why, Margarita, you have grown lovelier!"

She made him no answer; her love, like her happiness, was too great for words. She let her hands lie still in his warm, firm grasp, while he whispered sweetest words of welcome to her. Presently he looked around.

"Margarita," he said, smilingly, "do you know that this is the first time we have met in the sunlight, amongst dew and flowers and shining blossoms? We have always met before in the cold and the snow."

"I remember," she replied.

With a bright smile he threw back his handsome head.

"I do not see how any man could be more blessed than I am. I have June sunshine, June roses, and you."

He did not certainly just then look like a ruined man. She had never seen him brighter or more sanguine.

"I have so much to talk over with you," he said; "but, before I begin, raise those dark, sweet eyes of yours to mine, and say you are glad to see me."

"You know that I am."

"Say so, and then I shall be quite sure."

She said it—and how earnestly she meant it he knew by the expression of her face and the light in her eyes and then she looked at him again with a shy happy look.

"You are no longer Allan Estcourt," she said. "You are Lord Rylestone now."

No answering smile came to his lips.

"My darling Margarita," he said, "the title is full of mortification for me. I would give anything to be Allan Estcourt again.

"Why?" she asked, in amazement.

"That is just what I have come to tell you. Let me find you a place here amongst the clustering harebells, where you can sit at your ease and listen while I tell you my story. When I asked you to marry me, Margarita, I was happy in thinking of the wealth that would be mine, because I meant to lavish it all on you, sweet—to purchase shining gems and rich dresses for you—to give you everything that a woman's heart most desires. I valued it for that, and not for any selfish reason—that I swear to you."

"I am quite sure of it," she returned.

"Then you can picture to yourself my agony of disappointment when I found that the wealth I wanted for your sweet sake was not, and never could be, mine."

She looked up at him with wondering eyes.

"But you are Lord Rylestone?" she interrogated.

"Yes, that is the unfair, the unjust, part of it. I am Lord Rylestone, but I have nothing to keep up my title or position with."

"But you have Walton?" she said.

"Yes, I have Walton; but I cannot afford to live there. I will explain to you, Margarita. The barony of Rylestone was once a very wealthy one; but its wealth has dwindled

and dwindled, through the extravagance of some and the lly or misfortune of others, until the entailed property ields an income of only one thousand pounds a year. Of course Walton Court goes with it."

"But a thousand a year is a great deal," she observed.

"It is not half sufficient to keep up such a place as the Court," he said, sighing. "You understand, then, Margarita -I am left with the title of Baron Rylestone of Rylestone and Walton Court, with an income of one thousand a yearabout the most absurd position in which a man was ever placed. The Rylestones have always had money which was not entailed, but which it has always been the custom to bequeath from father to son. The late Lord Bernard Rylestone had a fortune of fifteen thousand per annum, quite independent of the Rylestone property. Some of it came to him from his mother, who was a wealthy heiress, and some from his godfather, who was a millionaire. On this fifteen thousand per annum he lived in great state at Walton. He kept up a princely establishment—he made me a splendid allowance; and I always most implicitly believed that, when I succeeded to Walton Court, that money would be mine."

"And it is not?" she interrogated, quietly.

"No, it is not; it is all left to the late Lord Rylestone's niece, Miss Adelaide Cameron. She is his heiress; and for your sake, my sweet Margarita, it is a bitter disappointment to me."

She sat silent for some few minutes, and then she looked at him.

"Allan," she said, quietly, "it is Miss Cameron, Lord Rylestone's heiress, that you ought to marry, and not myself."

He seized her hands with a passionate grasp, an angry flush on his face.

"How can you say that to me, Margarita? What right have you to be so cruel, because I have lost the late lord's money? Is that any reason why I must lose my love also? Marry Miss Cameron! Why, Margarita, the only comfort to me through it all has been that I had you!"

"I mean that it would be wisest for you to do that; you would have the money then."

Sitting at her feet, looking into her face, he wondered that the idea should have occurred to her.

"I know you love me now," she said, softly, "and I would give my life to make you happy; but see how helpless I am. I have no money. What could I do to assist you?"

"You can marry me," he replied.

"But why did the late lord do this?" asked Margarita.

"If he always led you to believe that you would be his heir, why did he leave the money to some one else?"

"He must have thought his niece had the best claim upon it," he replied; but there was something constrained in his voice and manner; his ordinary frankness and careless candor were wanting.

"Allan," she said, "are you quite sure that you are telling me the whole truth—that you are not keeping anything from me?"

He was startled by the question, she looked at him with such tender, pleading eyes.

"Tell me all," she entreated; "do not keep anything from me."

He thought for some little time before answering her question. Of one thing he felt quite sure—and that was that, if Margarita once knew the conditions of the will, she would never marry him. She would consider herself as standing in his light, and she would absolutely refuse to join her lot with his. He was as certain of it as though he heard her say it. Passionately as he loved her, if once she had an idea of all he sacrificed in marrying her, she would hide herself from him, and he would never see her

again. She had said as much to him before. At any rate, the truth must be kept from her until after they were married, and then it would not matter. Still, although he did not intend to tell her the truth, he could not sully his lips with a lie.

"What can I be keeping from you, Margarita?" he replied, evasively. "I tell you the honest truth—Lord Rylestone has left his fortune to his niece. She is the daughter of his own sister; so that it cannot be wondered at. The only ground of complaint I have is this—I think he ought to have told me. He should have given me some warning of his intentions, and then I should have been prepared for them."

"Yes, it was very cruel. What will you do, Allan?"

"That is the very thing about which I have come to speak to you, Margarita. Our interests are one now, and you must advise me."

She smiled at the idea. He, a brilliant man of the world; she, an obscure governess—how could she advise him?

"I cannot live at Walton. I must either shut it up or let it. I think of doing the latter. It will be a great humiliation and a great mortification; still, the proceeds of the letting will be useful to me."

"It is cruelly hard for you," she said, "after expecting

all your life to live there."

"It is hardest for your sake, Margarita. I wanted my beautiful wife to be mistress there."

"Ah, Allan, you know that any place where you may live will be an earthly Paradise for me. I do not want a princely mansion, or a retinue of servants, or jewels, or fine dresses— I want only you."

"Then you are quite sure," he said, "that you do not love me any the less for my poverty?"

"I am sure that I love you a great deal better. I could not help feeling great awe for Lord Ryleston, of Walton Court, but for my dear, disappointed Allan I feel nothing but the most devoted love."

"I ought to thank Heaven for the gift of such noble love," he said—"the love of a true woman. Then it makes no difference to you, Margarita?"

"Only the difference I have told you of. I love you ten thousand times better, disappointed and seeking comfort as you are now, than I should if you were at the very height of prosperity."

"You will be Lady Rylestone still," he observed, sadly, "but not mistress of the home I loved; you cannot live as

one in your position should live."

"I shall be with you. Do you not see, Allan, that riches are comparative, after all? You despise a thousand a year; to one brought up like yourself it is nothing, to me it seems boundless wealth. I cannot tell you how I grieve for you, Allan, how I sympathize with you—not for my own sake at all, but for yours. I am full of burning indignation against those who have disappointed you. If your kinsman were not dead, I should dare to say what I think of him. Being dead, I will say nothing. But this interloper—this girl who has come between you and your fortune—who has in some measure blighted your life—I detest her."

He looked up quickly, remembering how unwilling Adelaide had been to take the money.

"It was not her fault," he said, quickly. "She did not want the money, Margarita."

"Nevertheless I detest her, because your life is spoiled through her. Oh, Allan, if I had been in her place, I should have given the money back to you again!"

"She would have done so had the law permitted her, but it will not. She cannot give it to me; she is compelled to take it and to spend it."

"What did you tell me her name was, Allan?"

- "Adelaide Cameron," he replied; and she repeated it after him.
- "Adelaide Cameron, Lord Rylestone's heiress. Have you seen her often? Do you know her well?"
- "I have met her only once, and then we did not spend much time together."
  - "Is she beautiful?" asked Margarita.
  - "Yes," he replied, "she is a lovely blonde."

He saw a whole world of meaning in the dark troubled eyes.

"Oh, Allan," she said, after a time, "it is I who have spoiled your life! After all, if you had never seen me, you might have married Miss Cameron."

"I am quite sure that I never should have done so," he returned, gently; and then he told her it was cruel and unkind to say such things to him—that by this time she ought to believe the greatest happiness of his life was centred in her; and she listened, happy in the belief.

While the wind stirred the harebells and wooed the wild roses, he told her all the story of his debts, the money left to him, and how he hoped to add to his income by obtaining some post under Government. She listened like one in a dream.

"There is only one thing that really troubles me, Margarita, and that is about yourself. I had hoped so much that I could have carried out all my plans for you. Darling, you are sorry for me, I know."

Yet he knew she could add nothing to his knowledge.

- "Will you do something that shall take away all my disappointment—turn my sorrow into joy—make me almost bless the day whereon I lost my fortune? Will you do that?"
  - "I will," she replied, earnestly.
  - "Then leave Laston as soon as you can, and be my wife."
- "But that would increase your difficulties," she said, after a time.
- "No, it would not. See, Margarita, I am lost just now, and distracted. I do not quite know what to do with myself. My life all seems scattered. If you will do what I ask, it will be my redemption."
  - "But it is so soon," she said.
- "That does not matter; no one need know. Oh, Margarita, you say you love me, yet you refuse me this one prayer!"
- "I do not refuse it, Allan; if you really desire it, I will accede to your wishes; but think first whether it will not add to your troubles instead of lessening them."
- "A thousand times 'No!" You can give me peace, help, comfort, happiness, such as I believe never fell to man's lot before. Remember all that you were to that little sick child—you will be more than that to me."
  - "I will try," she said, gravely.
- "I used to dream, Margarita, in the bright Spring hours, of our wedding-of all the pomp and splendor that should attend it, of the jewels I should bring to you. I used to picture you as the most beautiful bride man ever loved; and then I used to dream how I would take you to Walton Court, and of the welcome that awaited you there. Now all my dreams have vanished except this one, that no one living will have a fairer or more loving wife. Margarita, another dream comes to me, fair as this June morning itself-a dream wherein there is neither pomp nor splendor, only peace and love. In my dream I see a little home, and you the mistress of it; I see you and myself together, husband and wife, living in a world of our own, knowing only our own, knowing only our love and heaven, forgetting the mercenary money-loving world, happy as those bright-winged butterflies there hovering round the roses, happy as birds safe in the shelter of green trees. Will you make such a home for me, my darling?"

- "I will," she replied, in a low voice, "whenever you wish."
- "I am sure it would be by far the most prudent plan. I shall have such a safe refuge and haven of rest then, and we can keep our secret until it seems wiser to reveal it. You leave at the end of August, Margarita?"
  - "Yes," she replied. "I cannot well leave before."
- "Then suppose that I make this arrangement. On the day you leave here come to London; we will be married by special license; and meantime I will busy myself in finding the loveliest little home for you that ever poet dreamed of. Are you willing, my darling?"
  - "I will do anything that pleases you best," she replied.
- "And I think that, as you have no friends, and I have no friends, whom we can consult, we will keep our marriage quite a secret until things are more prosperous, and I can put you in a position suitable to your rank."
- "I am willing," she observed. "It does not matter in the least to me."
- "I have a reason of my own which makes me dislike having my marriage made public until two years have passed by; after that interval I shall be indifferent as to who knows it.

She thought this reason had something to do with money, so did not ask him about it; but in after years she remembered the words, and knew what they meant.

And then it was arranged that it should be as he said.

"When we have been married a few months," he went on, "and I have in some measure forgotten my disappointment, I shall not rest until I get some lucrative engagement. I shall be sure to succeed. And then, when I can put my wife in a position worthy of her, I will introduce her to a world which will be proud of her. But I shall need the spur of rest, happiness, and love. On what day shall you leave here, Margarita?"

"On the twenty-fourth of August," she replied.

"Then we will be married on the twenty-fifth. I shall not even remember that I am a ruined man when I think of that."

And then it was time to separate. With a smile she looked up into the handsome face of her lover.

"I shall not even tell my brother," she said. "No one shall know. It will be like living in a fairy-land of our own, married, all unknown to the world."

Never a doubt came to them on that bright June morning. He thought it far wiser to marry so that he might have the comfort of her sweet presence, the knowledge of her dear love, to help him; and she thought it wiser because she could help him to bear the bitter disappointment that, do as he would, must cloud his whole life.

No doubt came to them—they were young, loving, and sanguine; there was no fear of the future that was to be so dark to them. They parted with smiles, kisses, and tears, telling each other it was not for long—it would not be long until the twenty-fifth of August came. The wild roses nodded, the harebells stirred faintly, the Summer wind whispered sweetly, the birds seemed to sing of hope and of love that was never to die.

So they parted; and Margarita Avenel, as she watched the tall figure of her lover disappear amid the trees, raised her face to the Summer skies, and prayed that she might love him as no wife had ever loved her husband before.

"Some people live for many things," she said to herself; "I will live only for him." And with fatal earnestness of purpose she afterward kept her word.

Once or twice that day Lady Davenant looked at her governess, wondering at the lofty expression, the clear light on the beautiful face—the light of holy and noble resolve.

#### CHAPTER XII.

T was a source of pleasant distraction to Allan Estcourt, the making a home for the young girl he loved so dearly. It kept him from brooding over his troubles—it gave him constant and cheerful occupation. For many reasons he would fain have lived in London, but prudence told him that would not do—the expense would be too great. If he lived where he was known, he must live according to his position. As he did not wish to acknowledge his marriage for two years, it would be better for his

wife and himself to live amongst strangers.

He decided at last upon a little village standing in the very heart of the green Surrey Hills—a village called Marpeth. Just outside the place stood a pretty villa half hidden by trees, and from the grounds that surrounded it there was a most enchanting view of one of the loveliest landscapes in England. The villa pleased him. He took it, and furnished it with everything he deemed most suitable to his beautiful wife; and there he said to himself the happiest years of his life should be passed.

It was a different home from Walton Court; but, as he watched it day by day, he grew to love it as he had never loved the Court. He was determined to have some peace of mind there—the first month of his married life should not be harassed by debts. He had at first resolved not to touch the allowance of two thousand pounds per annum left to him for two years by the late lord, but pride yielded to expediency; he had no difficulty in anticipating it, and, when he had paid his debts—the three thousand pounds that had weighed so heavily upon him—with the remainder he furnished the little villa at Marpeth, and provided for the expenses of his marriage. There still remained to him Walton Court and his thousand per annum.

"I am not a ruined man yet," he thought, "and fate may have something in store for me, just as it had when I met Margarita so suddenly."

He was living then in rooms near his club, and all his letters were sent to him at the club. He found one there one morning from Madame de Valmy, asking him how he was, and expressing some little wish to hear of or from him. Madame had written that letter unknown to her charge, and Allan hastened to answer it; he also wrote a short note to Adelaide—a simple, friendly letter—hoping that she liked Brighton, and that she found herself better. How was he to know what happiness that letter gave to the young heiress—how she read it over and over again—how she kissed it as though it had been some living thing—how she wondered to herself, with burning blushes and shining eyes, if he were really beginning to like her, even ever so little!

She answered it; and, if Adelaide Cameron excelled in one thing more than another, it was in the art of letter-writing. All the poetry, the genius that was innate in her seemed to find vent in her letters; they were gems of eloquence, of poetry, and of wit. Lord Rylestone reading this, her first letter to him, wondered.

"What a beautiful mind she must have!" he thought. "I have never read a letter like this;" and he acknowledged the receipt of it in the hope of hearing from her again.

As he wrote he felt tempted to-tell her his love-story; she was so sweet, so womanly, so gracious, he longed to ask her to be a friend to his young wife. But then he remembered Margarita had said she should detest her; and it would be awkward if they should not like each other. Besides, from Adelaide Margarita might learn what he had so carefully kept from her—the secret of the will. So he decided that it was better to be silent, and his story remained untold.

Adelaide, after a short interval, replied to his letter, and gradually a regular correspondence was begun between them. Charming were those letters of hers—charming as a new poem—and he kept them for the pleasure of reading them over again, not for any great affection he had for the writer, but because they were so beautiful in themselves. The will was alluded to only once, and by Miss Cameron, who said that it was a great relief to her to find the "secret of the will" still unknown—carelessly written words that afterward brought forth bitter fruit.

The 25th of August came at last, and Lord Rylestone, who had counted the hours, hastened to meet his bride.

It was surely the quietest wedding ever known. Allan had once pictured his marriage as a grand ceremony, performed either in the stately London church, or at Rylestone. The reality was a quiet wedding in one of the gloomy city churches; he had purposely chosen it, because he thought himself more sure there of not being known.

He took a cab, went to the railway-station, and there met Margarita. And then in silent happiness they drove to the gloomy, dusty city church.

"You have brought no witnesses with you," said the clergyman. "Never mind," he added, kindly; "I will send for my housekeeper and the clerk."

So the brilliant train of bridesmaids and friends that Allan had seen in his dream was exchanged for the grim reality of a stout, elderly housekeeper and a white-haired clerk.

It did not matter. The beautiful words of the solemn service, the vows that were to bind the two principals until death, were none the less effective because they were spoken in a dull city church—the bride was none the less lovely because there was no one to admire her except her husband.

The marriage was over—Margarita Avenel was Lady Rylestone. The overworked clergyman looked surprised at the handsome fee that Lord Rylestone put into his hand; the housekeeper thought it a lovely day, and the clerk rubbed his hands in unutterable content.

"I should like such a wedding as that every day," he said—"that is something like one! No show, no string of carriages, no crowds of friends, but a fee to gladden a poor man's heart! Long life to them!"

"Long life to them!" joined in the housekeeper; while the clergyman in the vestry was looking solemnly at the names inscribed in his register.

"It is strange," he said to himself—"very strange, and I do not think I quite like it; but it is safe and legal—that is one comfort."

Allan and Margarita were married. Adelaide Cameron might safely consider herself Lord Rylestone's heiress now—there was no likelihood of Allan's ever touching the late lord's money. They were married; and, with his wife's lovely face smiling into his own, Lord Rylestone thought the world well lost for love. They went at once to the pretty little villa-home that he had prepared with such care for her.

A slight difficulty presented itself to him on the road.

"Margarita," he said, "an idea has occurred to me. We are going into fairyland, are we not, to live for a time untroubled by the world?"

"Yes, that has been our dream," she replied.

"We must be practical even in our dreams. We have neither valet nor maid to betray our secret; but, if we wish to keep it, we must not be known as Lord and Lady Rylestone."

"No," she replied, laughingly, "that will never do."

"Estcourt is not an uncommon name—there are several different families. Suppose we style ourselves Mr. and Mrs. Estcourt?"

"I am perfectly willing; but, Allan, you said we should be away from the world."

"So we shall, dear; but then we must live. There are the tradesmen, and we shall have letters of some kind; and then we have two servants. We had better keep to Estcourt, I think."

While she lived Margarita Rylestone never forgot that coming home—the beautiful August evening, when it seemed as though every tree, every flower, every bird, was doing its best to welcome her.

Allan felt greater pride and pleasure in showing her the pretty little house that he himself had prepared for her than he would perhaps have felt in showing her the grandeurs of Walton Court. And then, when she had partaken of some dinner, and had admired everything that he had prepared and purchased for her, he asked her to go out with him into the picturesque little garden that was shaded with trees.

"Margarita," he said presently to her, "it appears like a dream to me that you are my wife. I have loved you so dearly, I have longed for the comfort of your presence so utterly, that I cannot realize, I cannot grasp, my own great happiness."

They watched the sun set and the moon rise; they watched the golden stars gleam out in the darkening sky; they watched the line of lights die slowly away in the far distance.

"I think the stars never looked so beautiful as they do to-night," said Lord Rylestone.

Margarita raised her dark eyes to them.

"No, they are all gold to-night; but, Allan, they look like eyes—eyes from heaven watching us. Ah, dear, how many happy lovers have they looked upon—how many broken hearts? Will the time ever come that, watching them, we shall think of this night, and wish our wedding-day had never been?"

"No," he replied, "never. Those eyes from heaven will watch over us, and see that we love each other more and more dearly every day; and they will shine over our graves, Margarita, when our hearts will be one in heaven."

So from the golden stars no warning came, and Lord Rylestone and his young wife were happy because the future was a sealed book to them.

### CHAPTER XIII.



ADAME DE VALMY congratulated herself that her charge was looking better; the apathy and half-despair that had seemed to take possession of her had passed away, the beautiful face had regained some of its lost color. Nor was madame blind to the cause. Of course the Brighton seabreezes were very bracing; still, though they might restore the lost color to a face, they could not bring peace to a disturbed mind, nor rest to an aching heart. Both these were now come to Adelaide Cameron. But madame knew it was neither the salt breezes, nor the sunshine, nor the

bracing air of the downs, nor the pleasant promenades, nor the strolling on the pier that wrought the wonder, but the letters Adelaide received from Lord Rylestone.

Margarita Avenel had resisted her love for a time, fearing to open her heart to it lest it should prove a delusion and a snare—lest, risking all her life, her happiness, on this one great love, it should fail. It had seemed to her too impossible to be real. That this handsome young hero

should love her, and love her so dearly as to make her his wife, seemed to her most wonderful. In her humility she quite overlooked her own great gifts, her rare beauty, her genius, her passionate power of loving. But she had opened her heart to her love at last, and it had become her life.

Adelaide had loved Allan from the first moment she had seen him, better than all the world beside. She was proud, sensitive to the last degree, refined even beyond the generality of women. The love that might have been a calm, deep affection became in her case a tumult, a torrent, half of shame, of wounded pride, of despair. The reading of the will had seemed to brand her with a red-hot iron—it made a passion and a tragedy of what had been a kindly, warm, true liking. All the emotion of which she was capable, all the fear, the hope, the sorrow, that had been lying dormant in her heart, were aroused now, and were imbued with love.

She had given up wondering why Allen put her so quietly out of his life; she said to herself that he was a proud man, and that it was not likely he would brook interference in the matter of love or marriage. He could not have done otherwise than put her quietly out of his life as though she did not concern him. But Adelaide had a hope, a sweet, silent hope, which she told to no one. It had come to her like a sunbeam from heaven, and she had brooded over it in her heart until it had become part of her life. The hope was this: As the late Lord Rylestone's heiress, Allan would not dream of wooing her for the sake of possessing the late lord's money. He would never marry her but for her own sake. He might do both. He might learn to love her because he found her fair and true. And on this hope she rested the happiness of a lifetime.

There was no foundation for it, except that at first Lord Rylestone had not thought of writing to her, and now he wrote often. She did not imagine that his sole motive for writing was that he wished her to feel quite at ease about her fortune, and not to suspect that he felt any ill-will toward her for having deprived him of it. Also, he had a sincere wish to become her friend. He had seen that she felt her position deeply, and he desired to make her happier in it. These were the sole reasons why he wrote to her; in addition, her letters had a great charm for him, he was able to appreciate everything that was poetical and beautiful. He never dreamt that she would set more importance upon his letters than they justly deserved, or he would never have written them.

So day by day Adelaide grew happier and more hopeful. She had ceased to fear that he hated her. "If he disliked me, as I thought," she said to herself, "he would never write to me at all." And madame did not require to be over-shrewd to see that after every letter the dainty rose-bloom deepened on the beautiful proud face. Her charge's smile became brighter, and there was even times when madame heard sweet snatches of song from her lips.

The first time that madame heard her really laugh aloud she said to herself, "Bon—that will do; no fear of a broken heart after such a laugh as that;" and she mentally blamed Lord Rylestone because he did not show more anxiety to win this fair young girl for his own.

If at that particular period of her life Adelaide Cameron had mixed more with the world, her thoughts and ideas would have undergone some modification; as it was, with fatal fidelity, with fatal tenacity, they were fixed upon Lord Rylestone. He was the one image upon which she meditated by night and by day. She smiled at times to herself.

"How is it possible to concentrate one's thoughts?" she said to herself. "I wonder if ever the time will come when I shall think of other things?"

She had quite determined to live at Walton.

"If I go elsewhere," she thought, "and he should leave England, there will be no interest in common between us; but, if I go to Walton, home and myself will always be side by side in his mind—I shall have a hundred interests in common with him."

She pleased herself with the idea of going there.

"I will spend a fortune upon the place," she said to herself; "I will improve it, beautify it, take such care of it that he will be obliged to own I have cared for no other interest but his."

She amused herself by thinking what she would do and how she would do it; and then one day she said to madame:

"I have quite decided, Madame de Valmy, to live at Walton—at least for a time."

And madame, with praiseworthy self-possession, responded:

"I am glad to hear it. I think it is the wisest thing you could do."

On the very day the brief conversation took place Lord Lylestone was married.

It was some time before Adelaide wrote to him to announce her decision; her letter, addressed to Lord Rylestone, was sent to the club, and from the club it was forwarded to Mr. Estcourt, Woodbine Villa, Marpeth."

Lord Rylestone read it through, and then laid it down with a deep sigh of relief.

"I am thankful," he said; "that will save me an immense deal of truble."

His wife's dark, tender eyes were raised to his.

"What is it, Allan?" asked Margarita.

"Miss Cameron, Lord Rylestone's heiress, has taken Walton Court off my hands. She is going to be my tenant."

A faint flush crept over the fair face. Margarita could not tell why, but she had something like a dread of, a misgiving about, Miss Cameron—a fear too vague for words.

"I wish you would not call her Lord Rylestone's heiress, Allan," she said, gently; "it startles me. I always think you are speaking of yourself."

Her husband laughed.

"The difficulty about my heiress would be that I should have nothing to leave her," he returned.

"Why are you pleased that Miss Cameron should go to Walton?" asked Margarita.

"I can hardly tell you, darling; but I am pleased. In the first place, it is her home, in one sense; and, as I cannot live there, it seems to me most sensible that she should. Moreover, I think she will take more care of the place than a stranger would. That is all. No, I have another reason yet. Miss Cameron's going there will save me the trouble of looking for an eligible tenant. Now you know all the sources of my satisfaction."

She passed her arm caressingly round his neck.

"Allan," she said, "do you think that it is impossible for us to live there?"

"I do, my darling. We cannot live there yet—not for years. Some day I hope to take my sweet wife to the home where she ought to be now; but it cannot be yet."

"Do you like Miss Cameron, Allan?" she asked next, bending her glowing face over his.

"What a question! Yes, I like her; she is very fair, gracious, and high-bred—a thorough aristocrat."

"If you had married her, you would be at Walton now," she said, regretfully.

Lord Rylestone grew slightly impatient.

"I think it unkind of you, Margarita, always to talk in that strain. Surely you know I married my own love—the woman I love better than all the world beside, more dearly than my own life. Why do you wound me by saying such things?"

She kissed his broad brow where the chestnut curls elustered—she kissed his handsome lips.

"That is so like women," he said. "First they wound, and then they cure."

She was standing now by his side, her white hands carring the thick clusters of his hair.

"I do not think, Allan, you can ever guess or imagine what I feel. I know you love me—I know best how well I love you; but I feel as though I had stepped in between you and the better part of your life—the brighter part of your existence. You cannot understand; I shall only make you impatient. Your love for me has cost you much; you have sacrificed everything to it."

"Would you talk to me in this way if I had not missed the fortune, Margarita?"

"No," she replied, slowly, "perhaps not."

"If you and I, dear, were seated now in my favorite room—the long drawing-room at Walton—would you say one word about my love having cost me dear?"

"No," she answered, "I think not."

"Then you need not say one word now. If I had never seen you, if you had never been born, I should have had just the same destiny—I should have missed the money."

"But, if you had not loved me, you might have loved Miss Cameron," she persisted.

"No, dear; I would rather have slaved, begged, or starved than have married any girl for her money; the very thought of such a thing would have been detestable to me. Sweet wife, believe me, I have crowned my life in marrying you; earth did not hold for me such another gift as your love.

She was obliged to be silent, content; but in her heart there was a fear, a presentiment, about Miss Cameron which she could not explain. She had a vague idea that there was something connected with the money which she did not know or understand. Her husband always seemed to avoid the subject. If she asked any questions, he answered them briefly. She pondered the matter long and anxiously. What could it mean?

All his life, Allan, her husband, had expected to be the heir of Lord Rylestone. He had been brought up and encouraged in habits of lavish expenditure. He had always anticipated the fortune. He had expected it even up to the day of the late lord's death. Why had he not inherited it? What had intervened? Why should this young girl have suddenly appeared and deprived him of it?

The more Margarita thought about the subject, the more perplexed she became. It might have been better if she had heard the whole truth then, instead of finding it out for herself as she did afterward; while Lord Rylestone could not endure to see his wife's beautiful face shadowed by even a passing thought.

(To be continued.)

ALL to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practice it with success.



# MOSIOATUNYA (VICTORIA FALLS), SOUTHERN AFRICA.

By A. H. GUERNSEY.

THE Falls of Mosicatunya, ("Sounding Smoke,") on the Zambesi River, in the interior of Southern Africa, may fairly dispute the supremacy with those of Niagara, which, in some respects, they certainly surpass. They were first seen by any white man, in 1855, by Dr. Livingstone, who had been some years before informed by the natives of their existence and approximate location. On his great journey across the continent, he turned aside to visit them. He, however, remained there only two days, and made only a hasty and partial examination of them. From his imperfect description a very inadequate picture was made, which appears in his "Missionary Travels." He visited them again in 1860, accompanied by his brother, Charles Livingstone, and Dr. Kirke. He remained there about a week, and made a more careful examination of the falls. He sent home a hasty sketch, from which a drawing was made, attempting to give a view of the falls as they would appear from a balloon.

This is reproduced in his "Expedition to the Zambesi," published in 1865. While Livingstone was there, Mr. Baldwin, an English hunter, reached the falls from the other direction; he gives scarcely a page of his "African Hunting" to a description. In 1862, Mr. Baines, an English artist residing in South Africa, visited the falls, accompanied by Mr. Chapman and Mr. Barry. They remained there about a fortnight. Mr. Baines made a tolerable survey, took numerous photographic views, and made many drawings and sketches, from which he produced half a score of large paintings, representing the falls as seen from various points. These are as yet the only pictures which give anything approaching an adequate idea of Mosioatunya. In 1863, Sir Richard Glyn and his brother, while on a hunting excursion, went to the falls. We are not aware that he has

published any account of his visit. Since that time they have been visited by about as many others. In all, they have been seen by about a score of Europeans.

The Falls of Mosioatunya are situated in about latitude 17 deg. 55 min. S., nearly in the centre of South Africa—that is, of the portion of continent lying south of the equator, and about 700 miles from the eastern coast. To reach them from the nearest African port, requires a journey of nearly 1,000 miles, which can, at present, hardly be accomplished in less than three months, or six months in going and returning, requiring a considerable party of natives to carry food and other necessaries. The route lies hundreds of miles away from those of present African explorers and travelers. Dr. Livingstone, whose object, as he expresses it, "was not to discover objects of nine days' wonder, but to note the climate, the natural productions, the local diseases, the natives and their relations to the rest of the world," devotes less than a score of pages in both of his works to these falls. Mr. Baines has put forth a much fuller account, and it is not probable that anything considerable will, for many years, be added to our present somewhat scanty store of information respecting Mosioatunya.

The Zambesi, which, under several names, crosses nearly the whole breadth of the African Continent from northwest to southeast, will rank among the great rivers of the global Its entire length is about 1,500 miles. Its width just about the falls is considerably more than a mile. For about 70 miles below the falls, it runs through a precipitous ranker only a few hundred feet in width. Emerging from this into the low country, it resumes its former width, with a depthat low water, sufficient for a steamer of moderate draught interrupted, however, by several difficult rapids. It discharges itself into the Indian Ocean by several mouths, the main channel constantly shifting and being impeded by sand-bars. It is not unlikely that the time will come when the Zambesi will form an important means of access to the vast, fertile, and healthy region of the interior of Southern Africa.

It is probable that at a period geologically modern, but far antedating all human recorded history, the greater par of Southern Africa was an inland sea, larger than all the great lakes of North America put together. This occupied an elevated plateau, slightly depressed toward the centre,) with a rim usually of moderate height surrounding it on all?

sides. In the course of ages this rim was broken th ough in various places on the eastern and western sides, and through these fissures, which now constitute the channels of several rivers, the great basin was slowly drained. Of the ancient inland sea little remains except the shallow lagoon which we call Lake Ngami, near the former centre. After the drainage of the basin, the Zambesi appears to have flowed for many leagues over a bed of solid basalt, only here and there lightly covered with soil. Then, by some mighty convulsion of nature, this solid basalt was rent asunder directly across the course of the river, forming a deep zig-zag chasm, down which the river plunged, and through which it continued its course for fully fifty miles. The conformation of this chasm constitutes the distinguishing features of the Mosioatunya Falls. The dia-

gram on page 722 exhibits the formation of this chasm in the immediate vicinity of the cataract.

The course of the river is here almost due north and south, and at the falls its width is something more than 1,900 yards, or about one mile and an eighth; a little above it spreads out to about twice that width of perfectly smooth water, dotted here and there by low wooded islands. Directly across the bed of the river is the head of the fissure, running from west to east. Its width at the narrowest place, near the centre, is 75 yards, and about twice as much at the widest part. Its depth, as partly measured and partly estimated by Livingstone, is 360 ft.; but the more accurate measurements of Mr. Baines showed it to be fully 400 ft. about two and a half times that of the gorge of Niagara, at the falls. Both faces are absolutely perpendicular clear to the bottom. The lower, or southern, boundary of the chasm is a perpendicular wall of black basalt, at one point hardly wide enough for a man to walk along, but expanding in either direction until it reaches a breadth of about 450 ft. The absolute height of this rocky wall is fully twice as great as its average width at the base. About two-thirds of the distance from its western end this wall, here about 200 ft. thick,



DOCTOR DAVID LIVINGSTONE, THE CELEBRATED AFRICAN EXPLORER.

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is out through from top to bottom, forming an outlet for the witter. From here the chasm runs at the same depth for about 1,200 yards, almost parallel with its former course. It then bends by an abrupt turn to the east for about 1,000 yards, when it again turns equally abruptly to the west for about 800 yards; and then again, somewhat less abruptly, to the northeast, at an angle of about 40 deg. with its origial direction. Beyond this its course has not been explored, 12t Livingstone thinks it pursues a similar zig-zag course for many leagues beyond. The whole region as yet visited, which cannot be more than a mile in a straight line south from the cataract, is a flat rock with a slightly irregular surface, the cope of each of the five precipices dividing the zig-zags of the chasm being level with the bed of the river above the falls; and there being no elevations near, there is no one point from which any considerable portion of the chasm can be seen at a single view. It is altogether nique in its character, the only one with which we are acuainted at all resembling it being that of Trenton Falls, at Paterson, N. J. Here the smooth Passaic plunges into a narrow rift in the head-rock directly athwart its course, the rift again bending back at a sharp angle almost parallel with its original course, and again turns nearly an opposite direction. But, instead of the two turns of the Passaic, the Zambesi has four, at much sharper angles, the channel being fully ten times as long, and eight times as deep, and the quantity of water probably twenty times as great.

It is hard to imagine by what action of physical force this singular rift through hundreds of feet of solid rock has been produced. It is easy to understand the mode in which the gorge at Niagara has been slowly formed. At the present site of the falls there is, commencing from the top, a stratum of hard gray sandstone about 80 ft. thick, resting upon a stratum of loose shale of the same thickness, which, in turn,

rests upon a stratum of reddish sandstone, forming the bottom of the channel below the falls. The shale when exposed to the action of the elements becomes rapidly disintegrated, so that it can be easily dug away with a pickaxe and shovel, and falls out by its own weight, leaving an overhanging mass of the sandstone. When the weight of this overhanging mass becomes too great, it falls down by its own unsupported weight into the chasm below. Table Rock, which, twenty years ago, formed so striking a feature of Niagara, has in this manner disappeared, and it is only a question of a few years as to the time when the gray sandstone which forms the roof of the Cave of the Winds, and over which the water of the Horseshoe Fall now pours, will in like manner fall away. The Falls of Niagara are continually receding, changing not only their position but their form. Sometimes for a number of years these alterations are scarcely perceptible; then a noticeable change may take place in an instant. The earliest known description and delineation of Niagara is that of Father Hennepin in 1678—two centuries ago, lacking two years. His picture and description would scarcely be recognised now as one of Niagara, except from its locality, height, and vast volume of water. The difference between an accurate picture of the Falls to-day and, one taken thirty years ago, or even half that time, is very noticeable.

Nothing of this kind can ever have happened at Mosioatunya. That great zig-zag rift must have been cloven at a blow. During the ages since when the waters which have flowed over their level basaltic bed first sank into the newly-opened chasm, scarcely a perceptible change can have taken place. Now and then a rock has been detached from the face of the precipices and fallen into the chasm; the lip of the

cataract has been a little abraded, but the opposite sides of the chasm throughout its whole length correspond so closely that they would almost fit to one another if they could be brought together. No part of the gorge has been formed by the action of the river itself, not even the opening through the first wall, for the sides of this are as perpendicular as any other portion. It is evident that the basalt cannot have been forced up in a molten state, and the rent caused by its contraction in cooling. If the dislocation were caused by a slow elevation, as though one should fracture a long narrow slip of glass, by pushing from below while the ends were firmly held down, it is not conceivable how the fracture should have taken this zig-zag shape, leaving such long narrow pieces projecting from the unbroken mass on either side, as shown in the diagram. If one were to take a thick sheet of paper, holding one end in each hand, and give a sudden pull sufficiently strong to partially pull it asunder, the rent might assume something of this shape provided the sheet were not of homogeneous texture, but a little weaker in one part than another; but we cannot conceive in what manner such a force could have been applied to a stratum of solid basalt hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet in thickness. For the present, at least, we must consider the mode of the formation of the chasm of Mosioatunya an unsolved problem.

No civilized man has seen these falls except in the dry season, when the water was at its lowest. It is not then sufficient to form a continuous cataract over the entire length of the edge of the chasm. But the indications are that in the wet season the floor rises from ten to sixteen feet, and then the water, in volume probably not less than that of Niagara, will pour over in a continuous sheet from end to end, interrupted only by two small islands, like Goat and Luna Islands, at Niagara, rising at the very brink of the

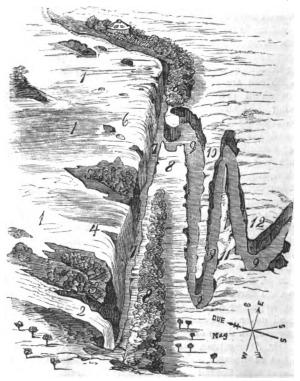


DIAGRAM OF THE FA' LS OF MOSICATUNYA.

1 The Zambesi above the Falls, nearly 6,000 feet wide. 2 The small western fall, "Leaping Water." 3. Boaruka Island. 4. The great western or main fall, 2,700 feet wide. 5. Garden Island. 6. The castern fall, 2,600 feet wide, broken into separate cataracts. 7. The chasm, 6,000 feet long, 400 feet deep, and from 225 to 450 feet wide. 8. The southern wall of the chasm, broken through to form an outlet for the water. 9. The zig-zag gorge, 400 feet deep, with perpendicular sides. 10. The first eastern promontory. 11. The western promontory, somewhat broken down at its extremity. 12 The second eastern promontory, beyond which the course of the gorge has not been explored.

chasm, which divide the whole into three separate falls, all of the same height-about 400 ft. The first of these, called by Mr. Baines, "The Leaping Waters," at the western extremity, is a little more than 100 ft. wide. Separated from this by the wooded islet of Boaruka, is the great western or main fall, about 2,700 ft., a little more than half a mile wide, broken about midway by a projecting rock. Then comes Garden Island, so called by Livingstone, on account of his having planted a little garden there on his first hurried visit. Beyond, and eastward of Garden Island, is the eastern fall, something more than half a mile broad. When Livingstone was there the river was at its very lowest ebb, and a considerable part of the bed at this portion was dry, the water descending in a score of separate falls. When Baines was there the water was apparently somewhat higher; but his picture of that portion of the cataract which can be seen from the second promontory through the rift in the wall, represents the fall as considerably broken.

At high flood it may be presumed that the falling water has the appearance of that of the Canadian fall at Niagara; but as actually seen it more resembles that of the American fall, only having more than twice as far to descend it is far more broken up into spray. Charles Livingstone, the only man, we suppose, who has ever seen both Niagara and Mosioatunya, says: "The whole body of water in the great western fall rolls clean over quite unbroken; but after a descent of a few feet the entire mass suddenly becomes like a huge sheet of driven snow. Pieces of water leap off from it in the form of comets, with tails streaming behind, till the whole snowy sheet becomes myriads of rushing, leaping, aqueous comets, each with a train of pure white vapor, racing down till lost in clouds of spray, a peculiarity which I had not observed at Niagara." This vast mass of water plunging down into so deep and narrow a chasm carries with it a large amount of air, which, condensed by the pressure, rebounds by its own elasticity and rushes up loaded with vapor. This sometimes, as shown in Livingstone's sketch, assumes the form of eight or ten distinct columns. Mr. Baines in one of his pictures shows these at sunrise condensed into one, looking like a huge wheat-sheaf rising, as measured by the sextant, to a height of eight hundred feet above the top of the cataract, its spreading palm-like top swaying gently hither and thither in the breeze. This column is not dispersed like smoke, but condensed into drops descends, almost upon the spot whence it rose, in the form of perpetual rain; which clothes the tops of the adjacent cliffs, for a few rods, with a lush vegetation of moistureloving plants. Beyond the reach of this perennial rain the rocks are thinly overgrown with mimosas and other vegetation, which require little moisture. This smoke-like column, which, according to Mr. Baines, has been seen from a distance of more than fifty miles, conjoined with the loud noise of the falls, has given rise to the poetic name Mosi-oa-tunya, literally "Smoke-there-sounds," by which the Makololos, who have recently taken partial possession of the region, designate the cataract. The ancient name was Seongo or Congwe, signifying, according to Livingstone, "The Rainbow" or "The Place of Rainbows," from the double, triple, or even quadruple concentric rainbows which form a striking characteristic of the scene. For these names Livingstone, with more than questionable taste, proposes to substitute "Victoria Falls," in honor of the Queen of England-a change which we trust will not be adopted.

The water which falls into the chasm along its whole length of more than a mile finds its exit only through the vent in the southern wall, at about one third of the distance from the eastern end. This outlet is not more than 70 or 80 yards wide. To this only outlet the water rushes from both directions, forming a whirlpool. Escaped from this, the waters glide with apparent smoothness through the narrow,

zig-zag channel, presenting an appearance like those of Niagara as they emerge from the whirlpool some three miles below the cataract. "I use the word 'glide,'" says Livingstone, "wishing to convey the idea that the river, although so torn, tossed, and buffeted in the fall chasm, slips round the points of the promontories with a resistless flow, unbroken save by a peculiar churning, eddying motion. This gives the impression that the cliff must be prodigiously deep to allow all the waters poured into it to pass so untumultuously away."

Above the falls, until within half a mile of their brink, . the water is perfectly still and quiet. Here commence the rapids, but so comparatively gentle are they, that the natives descend in their long, narrow canoes down to Garden Island, on the verge of the chasm, and projecting a little into it, from the edge of which one can lean forward and look sheer down to the very bottom of the abyss. They also reascend the rapids by rowing and poleing, with little apparent danger, although the ascent and descent require a quick eye, firm hand, and dexterous management of the frail canoe. Every one of the travelers who has visited the falls has made the trip to the island. The clumsy hippopotamus is often seen disporting in the rapids. These ungainly beasts destroyed the little garden planted upon the island by Dr. Livingstone. Upon one of the trees are his initials, cut by his own hand on the day of his discovery of the falls, the only memorial of the kind made by him in all his long African journeys.

Niagara is the only cataract between which and Mosioatunya any fair comparison can be instituted. The American falls have the great advantage over the African that there are innumerable points from which almost the whole can be taken in at a glance, although every view presents some striking features peculiar to itself. The innumerable aspects of the fall from the top of the banks on either side of the gorge, and from their feet, made accessible by artificial aid, are known all the world over by pictures and photographs. Mosioatunya can be seen only by piecemeal. It is only by mentally combining the separate features, by the aid of the bird's-eye diagram drawn up in perspective from actual surveys and measurements, all the while bearing in mind the immense depth of the narrow gorge, that one can gain anything approaching an adequate conception of the falls as a whole. Thousands of men and women every year descend to the bottom of the Niagara gorge, and look up to the descending mass of water, or bathe their brows in the seething whirlpool. No living man or beast has ever descended a score of yards down the gorge of Mosioatunya, or stood upon the edge of its resistless waters. A striking, to to our minds the most striking, view of Niagara is not seen by one in five hundred of the visitors to the falls. It is obtained from the top of the high wooded bluff on the Canadian bank, about a mile above the cataract. This is far finer than the one from either of the observatories. From this point one looks down along the whirling rapids over the plunge, and down the two miles of the gorge until it is hidden by the bend near the whirlpool. The eye takes in at a glance the picturesque curve of the entire fall. The outline is almost precisely that of a delicate human ear, the Canadian fall forming the upper lobe, the American fall the lower one, while the smooth basin answers to the erifice of the ear. The outline of the Mosioatunya cataract is almost a straight line, although enough broken at points to preserve it from monotony. The picture in Livingstone's "Missionary Travels" presents, after all, little more than a gigantic mill-dam. The rapids above the falls, and the beautiful islands which stud them, which form so picturesque a feature of Niagara, are almost entirely wanting at Mosioatunya; but the lack of these may be considered to be made up for by the magnificent vapory

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column of which Niagara has only a feeble representative. Niagara would certainly lose if the rapids were taken away, and then 50 feet of descent added to the 160 of the cataract itself. So we could well spare 50 of the 400 feet of the perpendicular descent of Mosioatunya if we could slope it back into a rapid of a mile or two. Except during the three months of the year when the Zambesi is at its flood, the volume of water is far exceeded by the scarcely varying flow of Niagara; and at no time can Mosioatunya present the solid green mass of water which plunges over the Horseshoe Fall at Niagara. At flood time the two main cataracts more nearly resemble the American Falls of Niagara, only they are two or three times as broad and high. We think the cataract itself of Niagara more magnificent than that of Mosioatunya; while the immense gorge of Mosioatunya is more impressive than that of Niagara. Charles Livingstone. the only man who has ever seen both the American and the African cataract, and neither of them but partially, gives the preference to Mosioatunya; but to whichever of them the first place should be accorded, there can be no question that the second place of all upon the globe must be assigned to the other. But while around one, civilization is gradually clustering, the other reigns in almost uninhabited solitude.

# THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.

"A CIRCUMSTANCE happened in my own neighborhood a few years ago," says Mr. Palmer, "the truth of which I cannot doubt, as it was related to me by a person who was a spectator of the occurrence. The mistress of the house was sitting by the fire, when the cat came to her, and looking up in her face, mewed most piteously. At first, being engaged. she paid no attention to it; but the cat was not to be discouraged by this neglect; she continued her cries, going toward the door, and then returning to the lady in the greatest agitation. These actions were so often repeated, and in such an expressive manner, that she felt curious to know the cause of such uneasiness, though she was reluctant to leave her seat till the cat, extending her claws, pulled her by the apron. She could no longer resist the importunity of the distressed animal. She rose and followed her conductor into the small wash-house, where some tubs, partly filled with water, were standing, into one of which the child, nearly two years old, had fallen, and was in danger of drowning. This intelligent cat saved the child's life, and in this instance showed a degree of attachment superior to that commonly observed in her kind. Yet, on the re-

moval of the family some time afterward, she could not be retained in their new habitation; but, in spite of their precaution, returned to her former abode."

A curious instance this of love of home overruling the love of persons in an animal possessed of a fine perception of the relation subsisting between her and her mistress.

Northing is more unpleasing than to find that offense has been received where none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds: himself acting in opposition to the purposes of life; because, though his conscience may easily acquit: him of malice prepense, of settled hatred, or contrivances of mischief, yet heseldom can be certain that he has not failed by negligence or indolence, that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness of others. The worst of all is that it is difficult, often impossible, to appease the angry feelings inadvertently aroused.



THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.—"THOUGH SHE WAS RELUCTANT TO LEAVE HER SEAT, STILL



A VASE OF GOLD.—"A PUFF OF WREATHING SMOKE, AN EXPLOSION, AND THE DEATH-BOLT, HIDDEN IN THE VASE OF GOLD, HAD PIERCED HER BRAIN."

# A VASE OF GOLD.



HE old Greer mansion of Hawkeshome stood high above the sea. The oceanwinds beat upon it, and the white curling waves leapt about it; but, unstirred and haughty as the proverbial Greer pride, it stood frowning upon the surrounding landscape.

The race were English.

Hawkeshome had been built after the old ancestral home in England, where the Greers had lived in wealth and pride for centuries. The old family mansion had been burned and pillaged in the reign of King Oliver; but the American Hawkeshome, with its solid masonry and old trees, twisted by the

sea-winds, seemed as aged and stable as its ancestral model. Here generations of the family had lived and died. Here, at the time my story opens, dwelt Professor Saville Greer, Llewellyn, his son, and Raphaella, his little daughter. The lovely mother had long since crossed the dark river. The little girl was supplied with a governess—a quiet, pale-faced girl—Celeste Grey. Plain, unpretending, she seemed at first sight almost out of place in that abode of vaulted roofs and art-rich panels, with grace and luxury at every side; but the dead mother had known the spirit that hid in that small breast—pure, great for sacrifice, sweet with love. She had, as it were, breathed an inspiration, and said:

"For my sake, treat Celeste Grey as a daughter and sister. I trust all the future of my little child to her—my motherless daughter whom I must leave."

So, for five years she had dwelt with them, homeless but for that stately roof—appreciated, cherished by the proud Greers, who were said to care for no living thing but their own blue-blooded kin.

But, necessarily, Celeste Grey's life was a lonely one. The old professor was devoted to scientific pursuits, and spent the most of his time in his laboratory. His mind was abstracted, his manner reserved. If aroused from his silent habit, he was paternal, kind; but it was generally understood in the family that demands upon the attention, and intrusion upon the time, of the professor were not desired. He lived the life of a recluse.

The care of the vast Greer property had been early left to the care of his son Llewellyn.

A frank, mercurial, ardent spirit, with a brow of light, a heart of courage, Llewellyn Greer was the personification of the better family qualities. Generations of culture and cool blood had established his brave, bright Apollo aspect. An unusual executive ability rendered him master of the situation early made his by the distaste of his father for business transactions and the duties of wealth. Though much absent from home, he was, to all practical effects, the master of Hawkeshome.

Celeste, therefore, was left alone with her little charge— Rae, they called her—a beautiful child, eight or nine years old.

But only a child. A bright, sensitive thing, with eyes of angelic innocence, and a smile of willful naughtiness; a

witch, a sprite, a pet; the pride of her father, the plaything of her brother. To Celeste was left the formation of this child's character. Faithful, patient heart! Safely had the mother trusted in Celeste Grey.

On this Winter of which I write, Hawkeshome was unusually quiet. Llewellyn was away—abroad on a three months stay in London. With him the cheer of the house was gone. Rae's piano and the almost noiseless passing of the soft-footed servants were the only sounds of the great, rich, silent mansion.

At a window Celeste could hear the lashing of the tempestuous sea. Far away it spread, tossing its white caps, salt and cold. The gulls piped over. Distant sails seemed shivering and fleeing before the blasts.

Celeste went to the library one day, for a book. The old professor looked up from his manuscripts.

"My dear, I hope Llewellyn will not think of returning until the Spring opens."

The winds whistled vindictively about the towers of Hawkeshome. It seemed eloquent with menace to Celeste at that moment.

"I hope not," she murmured, in response.

She went up to her chamber. Llewellyn's dog, Marquise, who always attached himself to her in his master's absence, lay stretched on the crimson rug before the fire. He rose, went to the window, looked out over the stormy water, and whined.

Rae, curled up on a lounge, with a book of fairy tales, looked up.

"He is afraid something will happen to Llewellyn," she said, in a soft, grave tone, peculiar to her at times.

It was the otherwise unspoken fear of the household.

But at last they had a letter from him that he should not embark until the last of April.

An absence of two months longer than was expected. Celeste Grey's gentle lips turned white with disappointment. And yet she did not know her own heart. She was lonely, she thought; the dismal weather oppressed her, when the tears would come. As she wore her pale face, old Temperance Darrah, the housekeeper—the only one who suspected her secret—looked at her sharply.

"Always love, love, when one is young," she muttered. She was a strange, silent old creature, but faithful to her master's family.

Celeste had a vision one night. It was not a dream; it was a single face which appeared and haunted her after she was awake and had risen—a woman's face, young, ruby-lipped, broad-lidded, with trailing, vine-like hair, and polished, voluptuous shoulders.

"No human being was ever so beautiful," she said to herself, and then turned to the mirror of her dressing-table with an earnest look. Her reflection gazed back at her with intentness—pale, plain. No, that earnest face had little beauty.

"I should love to be beautiful," murmured Celeste. The Winter broke at last. The sea glittered in the April sunshine. The marshes took on a faint green. Gay carriage-loads of pleasure-seekers rolled across the beach. Rae begged to bathe in the surf, which was not yet warm enough. Celeste eagerly examined the newspapers, looking for the arrival of the Europa.

At length it was announced.

But that night there came, also, a secret messenger to Hawkeshome. The icy fingers of Death touched the pulsations of Professor Greer's heart as he slept, and in the morning the household looked upon the still form and pallid cheek, appalled!

The sole daughter of the house clung, scared,

silent, and appealing, to Celeste. It was her first understood experience with death. She had been too young to understand when she lost her mother. Celeste wept with her, and the house of death awaited the coming of Llewellyn Greer.

Marquise, the old hound, after sniffing at the cold hand of the master of Hawkeshome, and looking into face after face of the distressed family, disappeared.

He waited all night at the railroad station, ten miles distant, and came back in the carriage with his master. The news did not meet Llewellyn until his arrival there. He had telegraphed to them from New York of the train he would take.

The telegram had been addressed to his father. He arrived to learn of that father's lifelessness.

The awed and agitated servant told him blunderingly. The young man faced him sternly.

"Bob, what are you talking about? You are drunk!"

"Swear to hebben I ain't, sah! It's true enuf! Marse Saville's gone to his Almighty rest, and de family's all waitin' fur you to come home, an' tell'em what to do."

Liewellyn saw the tears in the eyes of the white-headed old servitor. The shock was so great that he turned physically sick, and, falling among the cushions of the carriage, silently motioned for Bob to drive homeward.

Pushing away the trembling dog which fawned upon him, he alighted at the door, held open by another half-frightened servant.

As soon as he stepped forth in the hall, they all crowded about him—men, women and children. But, for the first time, they saw him utterly unmanned. Taking his little sister in his arms, he bowed his face upon her golden hair, and wept. For the great Greer love was strong as the Greer pride.

By-and-by he obtained command of himself. The duties



A VASE OF GOLD.—" 'FLORE, YOU DID LOVE ME!"

of the situation were assumed; and on the following day all that was mortal of Professor Greer was laid in the family resting-place.

Little Rae's grief was so deep, for her years, that Celeste gave her unceasing attention. She left her sleeping, at last, and stole down into the dim library. A white Minerva gleamed in a corner; there was a glimmer of gold along the book-shelves; the air was scented with the faint fragrance of Russia leather. Face downward on a sofa lay Llewellyn Greer.

She spoke his name. He sprang up.

He drew her to the sofa. As the child had done, he twined his arms around her, pressed his cheek against hers. With unutterable tenderness she comforted him. Such griefs were old to her. All, to the last one, of her household gods had been laid low. She knew by heart such sorrow. Tenderly as a sister she pressed her cool palms upon Llewellyn's throbbing temples—soothed, with her pure magnetism, the strain of excited feeling. By-and-by the clock struck eleven. Llewellyn sat up.

"Dear little Celeste, what a comfort you have ever been to us all!"

A soft light from an alabaster globe in the hall stole in on them.

"But you are looking ill and tired. I must not keep you up," he added.

"But, Llewellyn, you must not lie here grieving all night."

"No; I will retire."

He looked down at her fondly, and let her go.

She slept sweetly that night. A sense of peace hung over her when she arose and stood before the mirror of her dressing-room, brushing out her long hair.

There came a little rap at the door—Temperance Darrah's little rap.

"Come in!" called Celeste.

"Thought I would come up and see if you were sick, Miss Grey," said the old creature.

"No; I am very well," Celeste answered.

Mrs. Darrah gathered up some soiled towels—pushed the jardinière of tulips into the sunlight—caught the reflection of Celeste's face in the glass.

"Thought you might be-up so late last night."

Something in the tone brought a sudden red to Celeste's cheek. She turned about, fixed a surprised, questioning look through the vail of her hair, upon her visitor. Old Temperance looked back, meaningly.

"What do you mean?" asked Celeste. "What do you mean, Mrs. Darrah?"

"Well, Miss Grey, I don't expect any thanks for what I'm going to say—not me. I expect you'll be angry with me; but I think it's my duty to warn you, 'cause I'm old and you're young, and don't know much of the evil of this world. You was sitting alone with young Mr. Llewellyn last night till past eleven o'clock. Now, I know you are a good, innocent girl—too good to think of harm, unless others would swear to it; but 'tain't every one believes in human natur' as I do; and I must—I must warn you, Miss Grey, that you can't go on living in this way with Mr. Llewellyn, now his father's dead. You'll lose your character. "Tain't proper!"

"But—but," stammered Celeste, "this is my home! I have no other. The professor has been dear as a father to me: and there's Rae——"

"Yes; but you ain't her sister, and you ain't Mr. Llewellyn's sister; and I've my thoughts about your loving him as a sister. Now, you needn't turn so white, or blush, either—folks can't help the voice of natur'; I don't cast no blame on you for that, and I can keep a still tongue; but there'll have to be a change made, if your good is taken care of. And, now, if you're a sensible girl, as I think, and will listen to

the caution of a well-meaning old woman, you will bear me no ill-will, but just take care of yourself, though I should miss you out of the house sadly—I should, indeed, my dear."

Celeste could not speak for the beating of her heart and the choking of her throat. She turned silently to the mirror, mechanically arranging her hair, and Mrs. Darrah slipped out.

When Celeste came down, Llewellyn had had an early breakfast, and driven away on business to the next town. Little Rae, exhausted by grief, still slept.

The Spring sunshine came softly in at the windows, all the bright, luxurious house was beautiful, but Celeste wandered in the rich rooms with a sick heart. Every familiar and perfect object tortured her; her heart ached with dread and terror and unspeakable misery, and so the wretched morning passed.

They had told her that Llewellyn would not be back until night. She longed for his coming, and yet, dreaded to see him. What should she say to him? Where was she to go? And then, with a throb of wild joy, she realized that he would never, never consent to her leaving Hawkeshome—she felt that she was dear to him, dearer than she dared acknowledge; the remembrance of his voice, his caressing hold, upon the previous night, thrilled her heart with a momentary warmth and comfort. Yes, he must know what old Temperance had said; but that he would wish her to go, she did not for a moment believe. But then came the conviction that Llewellyn Greer, unmanned by grief, was not the one to appeal to—to take counsel with.

"Should I go away now, that there may be no tempting when he comes, and is kind, sad, and needing me?" she murmured, pressing her face against a pane, and looking off over the mocking, bright waters.

Everything without was so bright and glad!

Suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder. She glanced up. Llewellyn Greer looked steadily down into her face.

"They have been talking to you, the fools!" he said. "Celeste, you are looking wretchedly. What is the matter? Tell me the truth."

She tried to speak; the words stopped in her throat.

"I know," he said. "I thought, and came home, though I had business which might have detained me until night. Celeste, I can only say one thing; will you stay here as my wife?"

A rush of blinding emotion made her giddy. She sank into the cushioned armchair beside her, and buried her face in her little hands.

"For I cannot let you go, dear Celeste."

He bent close, and kissed those little hands. Ah! so tender, so good, so beautiful! No wonder she worshiped him.

But she looked up at last, heavy-eyed, with quivering lips. "No; don't say that, Llewellyn. Because I am old and poor and plain—only a governess. And you are—a Greer, the noblest one of a proud family. Your father would wish me dead if he knew you said such words to me. Is there not some other way we can plan it? For I do not wish to go!"

Her face fell into her hands again. Her voice had broken upon the last word, and sobs shook her delicate form from head to foot.

"Celeste, it is I who am not fit for you," was his only answer.

He held her in his arms, and kissed all of her face that was not hid. Lovely little heart—the temptation was too great. She yielded inch by inch—clung to him at last, giving kiss for kiss.

"Only a year older than I. That is not very venerable, Celeste," he said, with a smile.



TOPS IN A TARTAR VILLAGE.—SEE PAGE 731.

The engagement was to be kept secret for the present, and a plan to fulfill this purpose was made.

Llewellyn was to send for an aunt in the South, Mrs. Walford, a widow.

"Aunt Heloise has been twice married—first to a Deslonde, of Baltimore. She has one child, whom I have never seen a daughter, I believe," said Llewellyn. "They will readily come here, for the sake of relationship, the sea-air, and

A letter was sent. Without delay, the Walfords arrived at Hawkeshome.

Mrs. Heloise had all the worst qualities of the Greers. She was brilliant, arrogant, suave, selfish. She dressed like a queen, and had a temper like a spoiled child. With all this, she was a good housekeeper, for the servants were afraid of her, and dared not disobey.

She instantly took the reins at Hawkeshome, and drove all before her.

Flore, her daughter, was beautiful, elegant, just seventeen years old. Quiet, with almond-shaped eyes, and an indolent

"Isn't she beautiful?" asked Llewellyn, coming to Celeste in the window that night, his eyes full of surprised delight.

"Your cousin—yes." Then she added, softly: "I wish I were pretty, Llewellyn."

"You?" with a look of surprise. "It would spoil you!" and he laughed aloud, kissed her lightly, and went back to

He was much more with them than with her, since it was necessarily part of the programme they had worked out.

Still, as time passed, Mrs. Walford found occasion to say: "My dear Llewellyn, you treat Rae's governess with marked consideration.

"I was not aware that my attentions were observable," was the careless answer.

"A very plain girl. I am fond of pretty servants—it is one of my idiosyncrasies," observed the lady.

"We value Celeste for her worth, and her devotion to Rae," replied Llewellyn.

"Homely people generally are very good," returned Mrs. Walford. "Flore is going down on the rocks to see the sunset. Will you take her shawl, Llewellyn?"

He sprang up, and Celeste, still sitting at the window, saw the two going over the illumined rocks. For one little moment she regretted her stipulation—that the engagement should be held secret.

"No, it is better not to be stared at—commented on. I am just as happy," though Flore's laugh came back, enticingly. "By-and-by-

Rae had come to the foot-stool at her feet, and fallen asleep, with her head in her lap, before the two figures came sauntering over the rocks in the purple twilight. But there was light enough for her to mark thoughtfully how perfectly suited to each other the young, graceful, patrician figures were. She had never observed this before, though they had been much together.

But Celeste Grey had no fear, because she believed that Llewellyn Greer loved her. For years she had been dear to him. The pretty face of his cousin pleased his fancy-

She rolled Rae's curls over her fingers, still looking out into the fragrant night, all quiet save the waves lapping the cliffs unceasingly. Suddenly—on the rocks—she saw a

A young man-heated, perhaps, by the ascent, for he was fanning himself with his straw hat. His form was youthful, elegant. He leaned negligently against a tree—one of the wind-twisted old trees peculiar to the spot-and Celeste thought she could see that the head was Byronic, the hair

Soon she awoke Rae, and led her to her nurse. Then she slipped out on the wide south stone terrace. Llewellyn would find her out for a little moment's talk. To say goodnight—to retail some little happening of the day in confidence—to ask softly if she were happy—to put a loving hand again on her silken hair.

But before he came a faint, silvery whistle stole through the darkness. Then a white dress rustled softly past her, glimmered on the terrace-steps, disappeared among the trees.

 $\mbox{``Who was that?''}$  asked Llewellyn, suddenly, at her side.

"I do not know. Perhaps it was a servant."

"It may be that it was; but—but I thought I observed the perfume that Flore uses. And now, little one, how has the day gone?"

Celeste hardly knew the name of intrigue. How should

she guess the truth — that the waiting stranger was Flore's lover, nephew to her mother—Gaspard Deslonde-and forbidden her. A young, reckless Southerner. Mrs. Walford had gladly come North to separate Flore from him. All her ambition for this world-or the next-was centred in her daughter.

Celeste spent one happy hour with Llewellyn Greer. How long it was before she knew another!

Flore Walford, like most people, dreaded her mother's furious temper. She was frightened when, standing at her chamber-window, on her return from her walk with Llewellyn—her cousin—she heard Gaspard Deslonde's signal-call, and knew

call, and knew that he had followed her from The Limes to Hawkeshome. She rushed down to meet him, and, trembling with excitement, met his glad, glittering eyes.

"My darling!" snatching her in his arms, and rapturously kissing her.

"Oh, but, Gaspard, you should not have come here! And you have a cigar, too! Pray put it out, or mamma will see it—and my white dress! Let us go further away from the house. Why did you come here, Gaspard?"

"Why? Because I love you, my beautiful."

"But mamma, if she finds it out, will be dreadful. She will storm at me—beat me, almost. And you must give up hoping anything of me, Gaspard. Mamma never will allow me to speak to you if she can help it."

He knew she was in earnest, for she trembled with agitation.

"It's chilly here—I must not stay," she murmured.

"And you will go without a kiss, a word of love?" he cried, passionately. "Flore, you did love me! Those evenings last Summer——"

"Yes, yes!" she answered, nervously. "But I didn't think. And there is no use in caring now. I can't marry you. Mamma always conquers me. I might as well do as she wants me to, first as last. Oh, Gaspard, don't look at me so! You break my heart!" and then she burst out crying, in the darkness.

It was midnight before she stole back into the house, exhausted with emotion.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Walford's standing quarrel with old Temperance Darrah broke out at some new provocation, fancied or real, and Flore's pale face and languid movements escaped her mother's notice. But Celeste ob-

served that Flore's exquisite cheeks had a soft pallor, and that she ate little breakfast. Yet she saw it only to watch wistfully that beautiful face, and to wish for a little, only a little, of that perfection of contour.

That evening Mrs. Walford called Flore into her dressingroom.

"Shut the door, my dear, and lock it," not observing her daughter's quick breath. "I hope the walls haven't ears, as they say. You may do my hair to-night, instead of Rosa. Flore, I want to talk with you. What do you think of Hawkeshome?"

Flore's first thought was that her meeting with Deslonde had been detected.

A TAME PANTHER MAKING TOO FREE.—SEE PAGE 731.

She slipped behind her mother's chair, threading out her black braids with slim, unsteady fingers. But her secret was undiscovered. Mrs. Walford's thoughts were on another track.

"Superb, isn't it?—the old place. You never saw anything like it, did you, Flore?—though The Limes is pronounced a fine estate. But this is like the old English home of my ancestors. And Llewellyn is wealthy. I may as well tell you, my dear, that we are not. Your father's habits—well, they made bad work of my property. We have only the place, our home, and if war comes, as is threatened, we shall be absolute beggars. How do you like your cousin Llewellyn?"

"He is nicer than any one who comes to see us at The Limes,"

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"Certainly he is. I am glad you have sense enough to see it, Flore, since he is worth several hundred thousand dollars, and can keep his wife like a princess."

The cool, pink dressing-room was full of the scent of rosewater. Flore's marvelous eyes looked thoughtful as her mother could desire.

"There must be a mistress here, of course. Why not you?" continued Mrs. Walford. "My dear, my hair is just dripping with that rose-water! What are you doing? As I was saying, Llewellyn must have a wife, and though he probably does not give much thought to the subject, yet, here we are in the house, and you know your attractions, Flore. There, that will do. I think I have said enough for the present. Rosa makes the braids a little closer, but it will do. Go to bed now, and wear your rose-colored cashmere in the morning. You are looking pale, now I look at you. That insolent Darrah woman has insulted me so to-day—"

Flore escaped. She went to her own room. Yes, Mrs. Walford had said enough.

Celeste was passing through the hall as a gust of wind blew Flore's chamber-door open. The latter was standing before the long cheval-mirror, triumphing in her own beauty. Her white loose robe had slipped from her polished shoulders—the wax light was striking her ruby lips, broad lids, and clinging, tendril hair.

"My dream!" murmured Celeste, with a start.

The thought of marriage with Llewellyn was not alone Mrs. Walford's; the deliberate intention was. But Flore followed her lead, and adopted that readily. At her age, Heloise Greer had had the same voluptuous, easily-swayed temperament which her daughter now possessed.

And now no wonder that Llewellyn Greer ceased to remember that there were such things as death and sorrow in the world. All that two attractive women could do to make his life a paradise was done. And all the good cheer, the music, the gayety, circled about Flore's beautiful figure; her presence lent the most potent charm to every hour. To this end she lived. She was fired with ambition, and her mother artfully fanned the flame. She spread before her glowing pictures of her future, as it would be when she dwelt at Hawkeshome, its mistress. She pointed out changes to be made—a hothouse added (to supply flowers for evening parties), a terrace raised here, a rockery made there, until the wish to become the mistress of Hawkeshome grew with Flore into a passion. She studied her powers, her charms, as never before. Rapidly she developed from a weak, idle, beautiful girl, into a handsome woman of bold passions and bad principles.

Celeste felt the presence of evil. There was that in Mrs. Walford's hard, black eyes, in her daughter's flush of loveliness, that gave to her sensitive heart the alarm. She drew Rae into closer companionship, while a profound astonishment filled her that Llewellyn did not see as she saw.

Day by day she beheld them flatter him, blind him, win him from her pure influence and tender love. Warn him she could not; reproach him she would not. A month, six weeks, and she saw him so changed as to be utterly infatuated and in love with his lovely young cousin.

"He never loved me!" said her aching heart.

She believed that he had felt for her only pity, kindness, and that it was but fitting that one younger and more beautiful should win him from her. But a sense of void and desolation began to crush her. She strove to be patient—to be true to herself—to let no anger or bitterness stain her soul; but ever a shrill voice within her seemed calling: "Cruel! cruel!"

If she had made an effort to counteract the Walford influence! for she had more power than she knew. But she had no disposition to make such an attempt. She was humble, and yet proud, in her way.

The long, lonely evenings that came to her while the sound of piano and guitar rose up from below! The confused, miserable days, in which even the child in her care noticed that she had no heart in the lessons once so carefully given.

A crisis came at last. She was alone in the school-room, when there came a light knock at the door. It was pushed open, and Llewellyn Greer entered.

She rose up, pale, her eyes dilating with surprise.

"Celeste!"

He came and took her hand kindly; she felt that that was all. His blooming face had in it a look of concern, little of deeper feeling. She pointed to a seat, sank into another, knowing that all hope was gone.

"I wish to talk with you, Celeste. You will listen to me?"

"Certainly."

"The change, you know—you know I could not help it," he stammered.

"You could not help it—no," she repeated, quietly, holding down her breaking heart.

"You cannot care much for such a fickle fellow," he continued, with an uneasy laugh. "You must have decided that it was all a mistake."

"Yes, a mistake," she murmured, a strange, physical sickness making her, for a moment, both deaf and blind.

She took no sense of what he was saying, though he continued talking with comparative composure and ease.

But what did those mere words matter?

"I told you that I was not the one for you, at first, you remember, Llewellyn," with a faint smile.

"Well, I don't love you any less than I did then, you know. You will be happy here, as you have always been."

Did he, then, know so little of the wants of her nature as to imagine that she had ever been happy, alone, unloved?

"I will see you again, to talk with you about this Celeste. But I have an engagement now. You——"

Then came a silvery call, gay as a bird-note, through the grand old halls.

"Llewellyn! Llewellyn!"

He sprang up.

"My cousin and aunt—they are waiting for me to drive with them. You are sure you do not blame me, Celeste?"

"I do not blame you, Llewellyn;" and she gave him her hand.

He pressed her icy fingers, but not with love's warmth oh, she knew so well the difference—and then he was gone, talking merrily with Flore Walford on the terrace below. And there was no further conversation with Celeste.

What could she do but school herself to patience? There was no need of her leaving Hawkeshome. Mrs. Walford matronized it most effectually. And the child Rae was the only living thing left her to love. So the Summer days went by, so dark for her, so bright for others.

Yet there was a shade of comfort in the tender blue of the Summer sky, the solemn voice of the pines, the refrain of the restless, ever-seeking sea, when she must needs go out among them with Rae. She felt then that the *end* had not yet come.

Yet the wedding was announced. And then the house was filled with the bustle of preparation. Mrs. Walford, in the most amiable of moods, displayed to Celeste Flore's beautiful trousseau. The filmy laces, the masses of soft embroidery, the sheeny silks.

When the bridal morning came she saw them put upon the young beauty the vail and orange-blossoms. The guests came—gay strangers—and in the bright morning of a September day, Flore Walford and Llewellyn Greer were married.

In the old library the wedding-presents were laid -works

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of art in marble, gold, and silver; jewels, pearls, diamonds, and emeralds. Rare pictures leaned against the wall; dainty devices for the bride's use were crowded together in lavish abundance everywhere.

"But here, this is something I have not seen," exclaimed happy Llewellyn, lifting a quaint, delicately wrought vase of gold from the table.

"Nor I!" chimed in Flore. "How charming!"

"That," said Mrs. Walford, "is a gift from Gaspard Deslonde, Flore. It came but a few moments ago, with a note requesting that no one opened it but yourself. It is locked, you see—this tiny lid—and here is the key. Perhaps you had best open it now. A lovely thing! Very nice in Gaspard. I have thought—but, never mind. What does it contain, Flore? Perfume?"

For the tiny lock clicked under the girl's slim hand. She bent close, eagerly. A puff of wreathing smoke, an explosion, and the death-bolt, hidden in the vase of gold, had pierced her brain. She fell back against those around her, disfigured, dead!

Vainly the awe-stricken guests pressed to the aid of the appalled mother and panic-stricken husband. The least they could do was to hide the dead bride's distorted face from their staring eyes—to bear her rigid form to her chamber.

A cruel—a horrible revenge!

"Find him—find Gaspard Deslonde! Find him—kill him—hang him!" screamed the maddened mother.

But he was never found. He had planned his work too well for that.

In that terrible hour of his young bride's death, the bloom of youth was stricken forever from the face of Llewellyn Greer, and his hair turned white like an aged man's.

As soon as she was buried he fled from his home. He went abroad. He was absent years.

Years, during which Mrs. Heloise Walford made her third marriage, and left Hawkeshome to the undisputed sway of Mrs. Darrah—the peaceful home of Celeste and Rae.

The beautiful child was a tall young girl—the long, soft tresses of her dear sister-friend were thinned, when there came journeying back to the home of his birth a tall, grave man, with chastened brow and hair, white as with age, above bright and piercing eyes. After he left Rome, he never staid until he knelt before Celeste Grey.

"Celeste, I have come over land and sea, many, many miles, to plead like a beggar for the only pure woman's love my life has ever known. I will serve seven years for it, if needs be, but you must restore it to me at last."

She wound her slight arms about him, pressed her cheek to his, as she had done in the day of his old sorrow.

"That love has ever been yours, Llewellyn."

Another marriage, 'neath that stately roof—a true one. And to-day the Greers—a mighty race—are noted for love, and not for pride.

#### A TARTAR VILLAGE.

The house very greatly resembles, in several respects, those inhabited by agriculturists in more civilized European countries. Dispensing with the intricacies and mysterious disposition of passages and apartments found toward Tientsin, they consisted only of a quadrangular courtyard. On the upper side was the dwelling-house, with large, open windows on each side of the doorway, through which the female portion of the family might be seen spinning cotton or renovating the household apparel.

The roofs, however, are flat, and, as in most of the eastern countries, a favorite resort in the cool of the day for work and pleasant chat and music.

Mules and ponies are busy in the courtyard threshing the wheat grown on fields separated from the grass land.

Little groups, presided over by a mother or grandmother, attended to the grinding of the millet or wheat for the dinner, and carefully brushed it under the stone roller that was made to revolve on a pivot at one end by the younger branches of the family.

The crops are all stacked, and the stacks and haycocks stood around after the fashion of our own; but they were better made, I think, for more pains appeared to have been taken to preserve them. Their conical tops had a roofing of sun-baked mud to render them completely waterproof; while, to prevent them being blown down by the severe gales that visit this exposed part of the country, thick ropes were passed through and over the stacks, to which heavy stones were hung. Great square harrows with long iron teeth, and curious sowing-machines, seemingly but little used, lay in corners, and the rude carts for farming purposes, and the red-topped, hearse-like vehicle for family excursions, were ensconced in outhouses near where the spare beasts of draught were tied, heads up, to posts before wooden or stone troughs.

#### A TAME PANTHER.

A PANTHER which had been tamed and kept for some time at the palace of the King of Ashantee, one morning broke the cord by which he was secured. The castle gates were immediately closed to prevent his getting away, and, after some time, Sai (the name of the panther) suffered himself to be caught, and was led quickly back.

On one occasion when let loose he caused great alarm to a servant, who was sweeping the hall with a short broom, by suddenly leaping on her back. She screamed so loudly that the governor, who heard the noise, came to her assistance, and rebuked poor Sai for mounting up so high before he was invited.

He was remarkably fond of lavender water, and once caught hold of a gentleman's scented handkerchief and tore it to pieces. Mr. Bowdich used to indulge him twice a week by pouring a little lavender-water on a sheet of paper which Sai rolled himself on and rested until the smell had evaporated.

Some years later he was brought to England by Mr. Bowdich and presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter Change, but his life was short; he soon after died of inflammation of the lungs.

### THE WISDOM OF FOOLS.

I have have often heard it said, as a common proverb, that a wise man may be taught by a fool. If you are not perfectly satisfied with the replies of a wise man, take counsel of a fool; it may be that, by so doing, you will get an answer more to your mind.

At Paris, in the house of Petit-Chastelet, before the cookshop of one of the roast-meat sellers, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread in the steam of the roast-meat, and found it, so seasoned, extremely savory. The cook took no notice. At last, when all the bread was devoured, the cook seized him by the collar, and wanted him to pay for the smell of the meat. The porter said that he had sustained no loss at all, that he had taken nothing of his, and that he owed him nothing. As for the smell in question, it had been steaming out into the street, and in this way was wasted; such a thing as selling the smell of roast-meat in the street had never been heard of in Paris. The cook replied that the smell of his meat was not meant to feed porters, and swore that if he did—not pay he would take

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away his truck. The porter seized his cudgel and prepared to defend himself.

The altercation became serious. The idle people of Paris ran together from all parts to witness the dispute. Thither, apropos, came Seigni Joan, the fool, a citizen of Paris. Seeing him, the cook said to the porter:

"Shall we refer our difference to the noble Seigni Joan?"

"Agreed," replied the porter.

Then Seigni Joan, having heard the cause of their quar-

rel, commanded the porter to take a piece of money from his belt. The porter put a Philippus in his hand. Seigni Joan took it and put it on his left shoulder, as if to try its weight; then made it ring on the palm of his left hand, as if to hear if it was good; then placed it close to his right eye, as if to see if it was properly stamped.

While all this was done, the idle people waited in profound silence. the master in steady expectation, and the porter in despair. At last he made it ring on the counter several times. Then, holding his bauble in his hand as if it were a sceptre, and muffling his head in a hood of martin skins, each side of which resembled ape's face, first coughing two or three times, he said, in a loud voice:

"The court decides that the porter who has eaten his bread in the fumes of the roast meat has paid the cook according to law, with the sound of his money. The said court ordains that each retire to his own house without costs." And this sentence of the Parisian fool appeared so equitable, in fact, so admirable to the above-named doctors, that

they doubted, if the matter had been brought before the

Parliament of the said place, even before the Areopagites,

to be decided, if it would have been settled more legally.

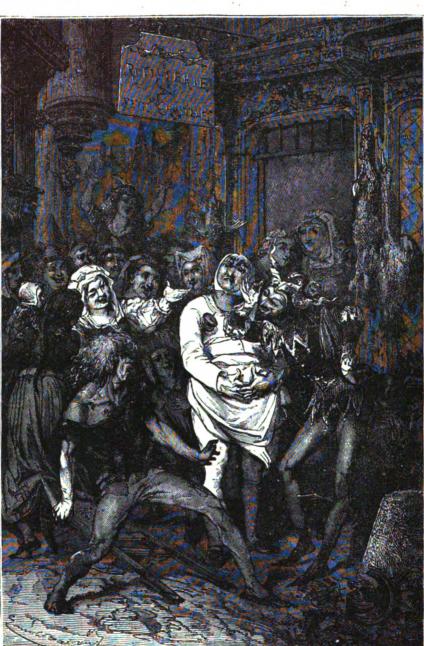
BEDS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In all ages a bed has been a symbol of rest, and when it is remembered that the human race spend at least one-third of their existence there, it becomes a very interesting piece of furniture.

Anatomists have decided that the recumbent is the most agreeable position for the wearied frame, and the common voice of humanity has practically adopted it. The Romans

in the decline of the republic. considered it as the best position for their feasts, and hence their drinking - horns were framed to suit it. Recent discoveries in Pompeii show the peculiar construction of the table and couches placed around it. They certainly present the most perfect picture of indolence, and are well calculated to inspire the genius of conversation, according to the dictum of Epicurus, who said "that activity of mind was best secured by total rest of body."

Great conquerors have cared little for this bodily rest; and Cæsar, Charles XII., Napoleon, and Wellington spent little of their time in bed. The latter occupied for the last thirty years of his life the little camp iron bedstead which he had carried with him in his



THE WISDOM OF FOOLS (BY RABELAIS) .- SEE PAGE 731.

campaigns. But these men are exceptions to the common race of mankind, and very few are insensible to the luxury of a comfortable bed.

English and American taste has generally associated the bed with the deepest privacy; and the same idea is prevalent in all civilized nations, with the exception of the French, who have for the past two centuries allowed the sanctity of the bed-chamber to be invaded with impunity, and made it a throne to dispense ceremonies from.

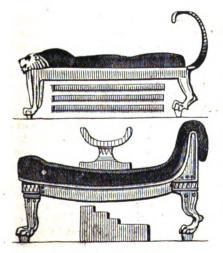
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A FRENCH RUELLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.



BED IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COUCHES.

Our first illustration represents one of those extravagances called Ruelles, so fashionable in the days of Louis XIV. and his successor. Then the high-born dames of France gave their grand receptions in bed, where, propped up by thick satin pillows, they entertained their visitors of both sexes. This frivolous custom, so repugnant to Anglo-Saxon civilization, was the rage in Paris for three reigns, commencing in that of Louis XIII., and dying out with that of Louis XV. The severer taste of Marie Antoinette, caused this equivocal practice to be discontinued, and she endeavored to introduce better and simpler habits into court society; but the canker of vice had invaded the ruling classes too deeply to be stayed, and the whole system culminated in the French Revolution, which swept Louis XVI. from the throne of France, and caused the death of himself and his amiable queen.

It is a singular fact in history, that the punishment generally falls upon the least guilty of the monarchs, since they are generally the most amiable and consequently the weakest. The approach of a great crisis in a nation is invariably preceded by a demoralization in the manner of the people, more especially of the women. If this is true



ORIENTAL GARDEN BED.



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generally of all civilized nations, it applies with tenfold force to France, where all the governing intellect is concentrated in Paris. No one city rules either America or England, but the Grande Nation is certainly ruled by Paris. It is only those thoroughly conversant with French History who can be aware of the fearful frivolity, verging on depravity, of the upper classes of the ancient régime. This moral deterioration is generally harbingered and accompanied by great financial and official corruption; the result of the great luxury, which necessarily demands extravagance to support it.

As the Romans grew luxurious they adopted the effeminate manners of Eastern nations, more especially the Egyp-

The picture we give of these couches and head-rests, which are facetiously termed pillows, will probably amuse our readers as answering very little to American ideas of comfort. It must be confessed that they seem poor substitutes for those luxurious lounges and satin cushions which tempt our fashionable dames to slumber.

Even the famous four-posters of England, such as Queen Elizabeth rested her tyrannical form upon, are clumsy adaptations, compared to those now patronized by the ladies of our own land.

The large four-posters of England frequently contained secret compartments for treasure and important documents. Not many years ago, in breaking up one of these antique bedsteads in Nottingham, England, a number of gold coins, and some correspondence of the times of Henry VII. were found concealed. The lord of the manor claimed the treasure, and a compromise was made by the finder with him. The El Dorado was in the bed-posts, which were very massive.

In some countries where the air is very salubrious the residences of the rich have a sort of Summer-house adjacent, which contains a bed. Here, in very oppressive weather, the master takes his repose.

# BRIEF GLIMPSES OF THE DANUBE.



ITH the exception of the Volga, the Danube is the largest river in Europe. It rises in the courtyard of the palace of Donaueschingen, in Suabia; and, after traversing a course of 1,800 miles, enters by five mouths into the Black Sea. Although not so famous in song or romance as the Rhine, it is a grander der river, and presents, at intervals, stretches of scenery so varied, bold and magnificent, as to both surprise and enchant the tourist. Its importance as a great highway of trade and commerce to the land-locked territories through which it passes, be-

comes obvious at a glance when we take up the map. Crossing Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria in an easterly direction, it holds its way until it reaches Gran, in Hungary, where it suddenly alters its course, and, describing a right angle, flows directly south as far as Vukovar, in Sclavonia, when it again resumes an easterly course, which it pursues with some irregularily, taking a northerly bend in Roumelia before it is lost in the Euxine.

This mighty volume of water flows through some of the most beautiful and fertile tracts, and reflects many of the finest vineyards in existence. The wines of Hungary stand unrivaled in the markets of the world to-day, while so fruitful are some of the islands of this great river, that they have been distinguished by the epithet "Golden."

Many of the ruins that are to be found on the banks of

this lordly stream are famous, both in history and in romance; and no inconsiderable portion of the structures that have withstood the shock of ages, along its course, are most imposing in every relation.

It must not, however, be imagined that throughout its whole extent this river presents one unbroken line of beauty and of picturesque life on shore; for there are vast stretches of it that creep most sluggishly through flat and inhospitable regions where the land lies low and swampy, and where anything approaching tillage is totally out of the question. Yet the grand artery itself is all astir with traffic, carried on by means of craft, some of which, for unwieldliness and discomfort, are almost without a parallel.

Perhaps no other inland watery thoroughfare in Europe presents a more varied and interesting population. It enters Hungary at Presburg, which is a grand centre of trade, although not a place of such importance as Pesth or Buda, or as Gran, even, at the great angle just alluded to.

While descending the Danube toward Vienna, on passing the rapids below Ile Woorth, you encounter a promontory of massive granite towering above you, bleak and bare; and on its summit, close by the brink of the frowning steep, stands the magnificent Abbey of Moelk, with its huge copper, turban-shaped cupola, that glows like fire in the setting sun. The library of the Benedictines of Moelk consists of twenty thousand volumes; and the wine-cellars of the abbey were stocked so amply in 1809, that sixty thousand pints a day were served out from them to the French troops for four days. This abbey, of which we give an illustration, was built by the architect Prandauer. It contains three hundred and sixty-five windows. The view from these, whether up or down the river, is superb. A German tradition, which seems to violate the truth of history, makes the name Moelk come from "Mea dilecta"—the expression of Cæsar on approaching it in one of his campaigns. This, it is alleged, became the name of the place, which was subsequently corrupted into Medlik, to become, at last, Moelk.

On leaving Vienna by steamer for Presburg, the first objects of marked interest which attract the attention of the tourist, are the castle and town of Durrenstein, situated in Lower Austria, and about forty miles from the capital. This castle, of which we give an illustration also, and which, with the town, belongs to the House of Starhemberg, has been rendered famous as the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, in the twelfth century, was, on his return from the Crusades, held captive here for fifteen months, by Leopold, Duke of Austria. The story is one of intense interest to the The place of Richard's captivity being lovers of romance. unknown, a faithful and favorite minstrel of his, named Blondel, determined to visit every fortress of note in Europe, and to sing beneath its walls a refrain which he well knew would be recognized by his royal master, should it happen to reach his ears. Wearied and disheartened with disappointments and wanderings, he at last arrived beneath the walls of the donjon keep in which the hapless monarch had long been brooding over his fate, when, on repeating the sounds once so familiar to Richard's ear, his heart bounded with joy the most unspeakable, on hearing them returned, in the well-known voice of the king, through the gloomy loop-holes of the prison. This led to the ransom of Richard, on the payment of 150,000 marks, which his English subjects at once forwarded to his captors; and hence the romantic interest which invests this castle and the picturesque little town with its five hundred inhabitants.

As we slowly steamed down the broad and majestic river from this point, the deck of our vessel presented a most interesting illustration of the various nationalities and costumes known to the regions watered by this grand thoroughfare and its tributaries, as well as to some far removed from its course. Magyars, Sclavacks, Wallacks, Jews, Germans,

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and gypsies were scattered in groups here and there; while a few Turks and Greeks, in their picturesque attire, stood aloof from the noisy concourse, in that dreamy Oriental repose which not unfrequently bespeaks great vacuity of mind. The captain and crew were found most obliging; although the incessant interrogatories and the noisy manner of many of the passengers were, at times, most trying.

Among those on board were two Hungarian officers, in their magnificent uniform, who appeared not only gentlemen, but every inch the soldier. The deference paid to them, and the readiness with which their slightest behest was obeyed, were a sufficient index to the true nature of the government of the country. The Hungarian's love of splendid attire is not to be outdone by any other people. The luxury which the wealthy display in the liveries of their servants is truly incredible. Almost every gentleman has a huzzar, fully equipped, for his valet, and some have all their footmen in the same dress. These uniforms are, at times, covered with gold or silver lace; and it is somewhat startling to a foreigner to find himself served at table by a dashing huzzar, bewhiskered and spurred as fiercely as if he were handling a sabre instead of presenting a knife and fork

As the passengers became better acquainted with each other, the spirit of commerce began to slowly awaken amongst them. Some of the small packages that were stowed away along the deck were gradually opened, and Jew and Gentile began, as usual, to prey upon each other. Some Sclavack peasants, in their gay blue petticoats, with a deep edge of bright red, and with snow-white handkerchiefs gracefully folded over the head and neck, produced baskets of fruit, which they dispensed for a trifling consideration on all sides. Here a knot of gypsies were singing and thrumming their guitars; and there a number of Jews were displaying small cases of jewelry, some specimens of which had a most suspicious appearance. Between decks there was a considerable quantity of manufactured goods of various kinds, and some passengers of the poorer class, who ate brown bread and drank sour wine.

As we moved along we encountered numerous watermills, whose wheels were turned by the mere force of the current. These consisted of simply two flat boats, with the wheel between them; and wherever the position was favorable, ten or twelve such contrivances might be seen in close proximity to each other. In the Winter season they are drawn up on the shore, where they remain until the time for the resumption of their operations returns.

Before the introduction of steamboats on the Danube, the trade of Vienna and Pesth with the southern ports of Hungary, as well as with Wallachia and Turkey, was inconsiderable and laborious. Now, however, the case is different, for the amount of carriages and furniture shipped annually from the Austrian and Hungarian capitals southward is very great indeed. This fact was obvious from a description of a portion of our cargo; the return freight being generally made up of wine, oil, wool, and corn, although the latter is usually shipped in large quantities in boats adapted to the trade, and that are rowed down the river, and then dragged back again by men and horses conjointly, much after the manner of our canal boats. More recently, however, this trade is facilitated by steam-tugs; as its necessities require more rapid transit than had been previously accorded to it.

The first place of importance between Presburg and Pesth is the Fortress of Komorn. It boasts of having never been taken, and, therefore, has set up a small statue of a maiden on its walls. Below this the course of the river is agreeably marked by hills famous for their vineyards and the Nesmuller wine—one of the highest flavored and most costly in Hungary. Then comes Gran, the birthplace of St. Stephen, the patron saint of Hungary. It is the seat of the Prince-

Primate, and said to be the richest see in Europe; its revenues amounting, as alleged, to half a million annually.

On leaving Gran the scene becomes delightful, the mountains on either side of the river—the hills rising precipitously from the water's edge. While passing the scattered ruins of Wissegrad, one of the passengers, who appeared a person of refinement and education, made some inquiries of the captain regarding the locality, when that urbane gentleman, who had not deserted his station on the paddle-box for hours, descended to the deck, and, pointing to the long reaches of placid and deep water through which we now began to move, informed us, pleasantly, that as all would now, for some time at least, be plain sailing, he should tell us a strange and terrible story connected with the place:

"It was," he said, "early in the fourteenth century that Pope Boniface VIII., on finding the extinction or failure of the race of Arpad, placed Carl Robert, King of Naples, on the Hungarian throne, declaring the kingdom a fief of Rome. Prostrated by war, the Hungarians yielded so far as to accept that monarch, but they paid dearly for their weakness, for, with the new king came courts and tournaments, and pomp, luxury, and looseness of morals within the walls of Wissegrad. Following the example of his relative, Carl Robert, Casimer, King of Poland, then on a visit to Wissegrad, suddenly surprised Clara Felizian, a lady of the court. and a creature of surpassing goodness, beauty and purity. and, notwithstanding her prayers and tears, violated her chastity. The queen, it was said, jealous of her charms and of the king's admiration of them, was in some measure accessory to the crime.

"The moment Clara could escape from the court she field to her father, an old and faithful officer of his majesty. No sooner did the poor old man hear the fatal disclosure than, crazed with rage at the shame put on his name and family, he sped to Wissegrad, and unannounced gained admission to the castle, when, rushing, sword in hand, into an apartment where the king and queen were seated at table with their two children, he, in his mad rage, cut and slashed about him, wounding the king, and striking off four fingers of the queen's hand before the domestics were able to take his life.

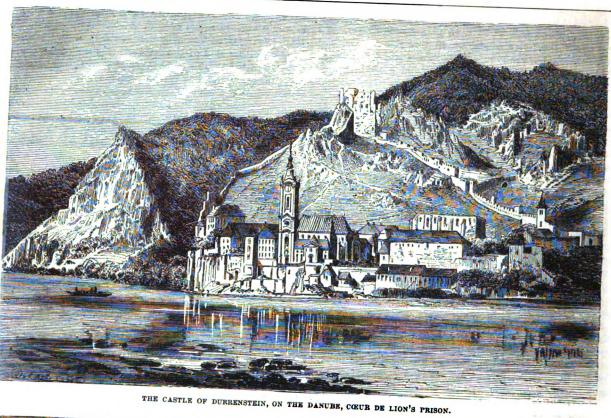
"If the revenge was bloody, what can be said of the cruelties with which Carl Robert subsequently satiated his rage? The innocent cause of this tragedy was seized, and suffered the mutilation of her hands, nose, and lips, and in this condition was led through several cities, to the cry of 'So perish the enemies of the king!' Her body, and that of her young brother, were then bound to horses' tails, and, when lifeless, thrown to the dogs! Even the most distant relations of her family, who could have taken no possible part in the affair, were seized and executed, in order that the whole of the race might be extinguished."

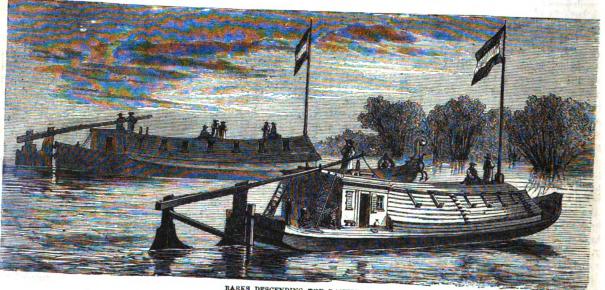
So ended the captain's story.

A remarkable feature of the Danube is the fishermen's huts one sometimes meets, erected over the water upon posts, much after the manner, one might suppose, of the villages buried beneath the Swiss lakes that have long commanded so much attention. These huts, which are quite primitive, are occasionally congregated into little hamlets, which have a very odd effect. As you approach them, a few sheds, such as are shown in our engraving, are to be met along the bank, while the river, in every direction, is alive with boats.

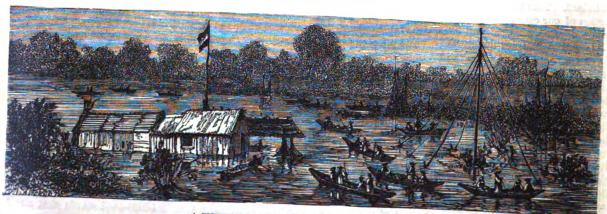
As we were passing one of these stations, which was filled with, to us, a most unintelligible jargon, we procured some splendid fish; and learned that in some parts of the river toward the south, there were found sturgeons of enormous size—some of them so large that, when placed on a cart, the tail trailed the ground. The scene was at once singular and animated. The nimble motions of the fishermen as they dragged their spoils into their boats, and the seemingly aimless manner in which their flat-bottomed vessels shot about

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BARKS DESCENDING THE DANUBE.



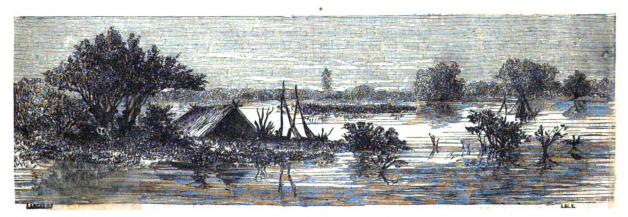
A FISHING VILLAGE AT APATHIN, ON THE DANUBE.



THE ABBRY OF MOELE, ON THE DANUBE.



A PUSZTA HAY-BOAT DESCENDING THE DANUBE.



FISHERMEN'S HUTS ON THE LOWER DANUBE.



from place to place, among a perfect Babel of tongues, were most interesting and amusing.

It is a remarkable fact that, until quite recently, the Hungarian boatman seemed to be utterly insensible to the value of a sail. And this is the more extraordinary, as on the Servian side of the river, sails had been long in common use. The Hungarian, however, was content to observe the customs of his fathers in this relation, and to let his bark—such as will be found illustrated elsewhere—float down to market, guided by its huge helm, or propelled slowly by rowers, or by the adroit working of the long handle or lever inserted into the rudder. As previously observed, this sort of craft was long drawn by horses and by men, against the stream, with a cargo or without one. And to such an extent had use become second nature with the hands and owners of such vessels, the enormous waste of time and labor in accomplishing long journeys in this way up the river was never taken into consideration.

Some of the arms branching from the mighty stream in its course, or, rather, attempting to force their way along some other route, are absolutely of greater width than the parent source itself. Where the shores are low and the water sluggish, great stretches of land along the banks are submerged

when the river rises. This accounts for the deserted appearance which characterizes some portions of its course, and the absence of human habitations at those points liable to be invaded, although at certain seasons of the year they appear quite inviting. In such localities, or rather, where they obtain, the navigation becomes difficult. The force of the current expending itself laterally, and the volume of water diffusing itself over large tracts, the deposits become dangerous, inasmuch as the stream

has not sufficient force to keep its own bed clear. When, however, the whole body of the river is confined between more precipitous banks, and within narrower limits, it rolls on most majestically indeed.

Pesth and Buda are magnificent cities. They are joined by a bridge across the Danube, and may be said to form the capital of Lower Hungary. No finer specimens of architecture are to be found in Europe than are to be met with here. From this point we took a new steamer, and although a few only of our former fellow passengers joined us, we soon found our decks crowded with Turkish and Servian merchants returning to Belgrade, and with quite as heterogeneous a crowd as had marked our journey hitherto. The fare on this steamer was capital, and indeed the same might be said of the one we had just left. At some points of our route, however, where we had been constrained to spend a night on shore, we found the accommodation most wretched in every possible relation. In addition, we had not taken the precaution to provide ourselves with sufficiently heavy overclothing for the river travel; for let it be observed by all intending tourists, through this portion of the world, that the mornings and evenings in Hungary, no matter what the season of the year, are generally chilly.

Below Pesth, for some distance, the scenery is not very inviting, but the number of islands in this part of the Danube is very great. Some of them are of considerable extent; but others merely serve to break the monotony of the vast volume of water. Floating water-mills marked the approach to nearly every village that we passed. On our way we encountered several of the barges or barques already referred to, and many small canoes, as well as some of those flat-bottomed boats which, on the firing of a gun, put out from the shore to take off passengers. We saw a great number of wild ducks, also some beautiful white hawks. The pelicans, which are so common lower down, were not to be seen here. Nor was the white heron to be observed either. But, then, this is not to be wondered at more than the fact, that the beaver, which is quite common above Vienna, is rarely or never met with in Hungary.

From the Puszta, which is a vast plain in Hungary used for pasturage, come large quantities of hay, which, during the Summer months, is brought to market in what is called a hay barge. We give an illustration of this vessel with its load, as we encountered it from time to time, on the Danube.

As the bow of the vessel is hidden from the person who steers, one of the party, as will be perceived, stands on the top of the load in front, and holds in an upright position a long pole, the top of which is in view of the helmsman; and this is the compass by which he steers, following its motions to the right or left, as the one in command may deem necessary to incline it for the safety or progress of the craft. During the passage those seated in the centre of the load generally beguile the time by



A TURE AND HIS THREE WIVES, ON A DANUBE STEAMER.

singing. The hay is piled upon timbers extending, as will be seen, beyond the sides of the vessel, so that a large quantity can be shipped at a time; and it is, moreover, built up in such a manner that it can be readily handled and unloaded.

On our second day out from Pesth we passed the embouchure of the Drave—a fine river extending from the centre of Hungary along the north of Sclavonia and Croatia and throughout the whole of Styria, and which brings into connection many populations shut out from seaports. The scenery about here is varied by an occasional ruined castle and by slight elevations of land eagerly seized upon for vineyards. Further on we stopped for a short period at Vukovar, where there is a pretty monastery. Soon we passed a low range of hills with vistas, through which we caught beautiful glimpses of green valleys, white cottages, and graceful spires. Early next morning, after having dropped anchor through the night for fear of accident, we arrived at Peterwardein, a strong fortress. On the opposite side of the river is Neusatz, a commercial town, chiefly inhabited by Greeks. Soon afterward a long bend of the

river brought us to Karlowitz, a pretty little town at the foot of a hill covered with vines, and where a celebrated wine is made from red and white grapes, which, from its peculiar color, is called *Schiller*. This place is the seat of the chief of the Non-united Greek Church in Hungary, and contains a lyceum and a theological school of that religion.

Amongst the various modes of transit down the Danube is the passenger raft, represented in our engraving. The illustration reminds us strongly of those masses of hewed and round timber that we encounter so frequently on Lake Champlain and the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers, on their way to Quebec and elsewhere. The house for the accommodation of the raftsmen on these latter waters is, of course, much smaller than the one shown here, although in every other particular the rafts appear similar. Time being no object to the class of passengers that patronize this style of conveyance on the Danube, the journey is spent most pleasantly in music, carousing, and flirtation. At the termination of the voyage the primitive structure shares the same fate as the American or Canadian counterpart—it is taken to pieces, and placed on sale in the lumber market.

Near Karlowitz we met a steamer returning from Moldova, heavily laden with goods—wool, honey, iron, tobacco, and wine! Pigs, also, form a very important item of trade between Servia and Vienna. The Servian pig may really be called a beautiful creature-strange as the adjective may sound in some ears. As we near Semlin, in our downward course, the banks become more flat, and the river, that had been but a quarter of a mile wide a short way back, begins here to extend. Semlin occupies an angle formed by the junction of the Danube and the Save. It is memorable as the Mala Villa of the first crusaders. A short period after we had quitted Semlin we fired a salute to the garrison of Belgrade, which returned it promptly. This token of respect on our part was offered rather to the Belgrade of former days than to that of the present time, which is but a shadow of a glory of the past. Its hill is still covered with walls and towers and massive gates, but the whole bear the impress of ruin and decay. As we passed a few Turks were seen lying along the banks of the river, while others were watering their horses. To complete the picture, some Servian women were standing up to their kees in the water, washing. The town, which lies a little beyond the fortress, has a most beautiful and picturesque appearance, with its domes and minarets peeping through the dark cypress foliage.

When at this point, and where for the first time since we embarked on the Danube, we met a sail, it was interesting to witness in use, at the same moment, the three systems of navigation—the Hungarian, the Turkish, and the English. On the Hungarian bank of the river upward of forty men were slowly and laboriously dragging an immense barge against a strong current; on the opposite, or Servian, side of the stream, the lattine sail bore the Turkish boat swiftly before the wind; while in the middle of the river the grand invention of the steam-engine set wind and tide at defiance, and carried a superb floating-palace proudly and irresistibly against both.

A new feature now along the Hungarian shore became an object of interest and inquiry to us. This consisted of small mud huts raised on posts, and before which sentries were pacing. These structures were placed about half a mile apart, and, as we soon learned, were the border guard-houses, to repel or give notice of invasion.

A few miles below Belgrada the Temes, another fine river, pours its waters into the Danube, and the hills on the Servian side become exceedingly pretty. Here and there are a few huts, and open patches in the woods covered with vines and Indian corn. These huts contrast strangely with the magnificence of the Turkish residences

that were still almost in view, while their inmates knew but little of the wealth and luxury which characterize some of the harems, and which are enjoyed by the favorite wives of the rich Osmanli, upon some of whom fabulous sums are frequently expended in ornaments. A glance at our engraving, representing a wealthy Turk displaying a priceless necklace before his three wives, will give some idea of one phase of private life among this voluptuous people, and excite our wonder at the passiveness and apathy displayed by the ladies in the presence of such a temptation. However, we need not be premature, as the gift does not appear to have been yet awarded to any of them.

Three hours along these frontiers brought us to Semendria, now shorn of its glory, but formerly the seat of a Pasha. As we advanced beyond this point, the river grew wider and wider, while the banks, in the setting sun, seemed an impenetrable wilderness of morasses and forests, conveying an idea of the Mississippi. In the morning, after having dropped our anchor for the night, we reached Moldova, near which we saw some vultures. The river that had been wide and open, now became walled in between rocks, creating rapids which, at low water, are troublesome.

Convenient to this point, or close to the Barbakay Rock, our voyage down the river terminated; but we incline to the belief that we had already seen a fair sample of the scenery of the latter, and the life upon its shores and its broad bosom. The Babakay Rock received its name from the following incident:

A jealous old Turk, who had bought a beautiful young wife, took it into his head, on some trifling pretext, that she had not been as circumspect with regard to true believers less advanced in years as she might have been. Becoming satisfied, however, that his surmises, wrong as they must have been, were pretty nearly correct, he enticed the young creature to accompany him to this rock, which is precipitous, and juts out into the middle of the stream. Here he left her to her fate, crying, as he rowed away from her, "Babakay! babakay!" which, in the Turkish language, means, "Repent! repent!" Whether the young lady took his advice or not, does not appear; nor is it known whether she was ever rescued from her perilous situation by any of her friends or relatives. The chances are, however, that she made herself heard, before she had remained perched on the cliff for any very considerable period, and that she was rescued, perhaps, by some unbelieving dog of a Christian who had been the cause of all the trouble.

On our way back to Pesth, we were frequently amused and edified with accounts of Hungarian ghosts and robbers. We are not prepared to say to what extent the former actually infest the country, but there can certainly be no doubt as to the existence of the latter in some of the forests bordering the highways. We are inclined to doubt the chivalry attributed to these, and from the simple fact only, that they are frequently found disguised in women's clothes. This seems to squeeze the true and bold romance out of their manhood, and to dwarf them, as it did Mr. Jefferson Davis on a certain memorable occasion.

Our voyage up the river was not characterized by any incident worth relating. Our progress being slower, however, we were enabled to note many places and ruins which were glanced at but cursorily on our downward journey. On one promontory we observed the remains of a massive structure which must have been formidable in its day. It had been built, as the legend went, by a noted robber, who had become so powerful that he laid the whole of the surrounding country under tribute, and had so terrified all within the scope of his arms, that none ventured to dispute his sway. A condition of affairs so undesirable soon reached the ears of the young emperor, who marched against him in person, and laid vigorous siege to his stronghold, but who, finally,

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A VILLAGE MIDNIGHT.

was about abandoning the attempt to reduce it, when, one day, he perceived a cord with a piece of paper attached to it, let down from one of the narrow loopholes of the donjon keep. Seizing it hastily, and finding it written upon, he perused it with avidity. It was dropped by a lady who had for some time been held a prisoner in the castle, and who apprised him of a secret passage

by which the fort could be entered without discovery, as it had been known to the robber-chief only, until accidentally discovered by her.

Acting promptly upon this information, which he felt satisfied was no ruse to betray him, the young monarch, following the directions given in the missive, repaired at night, with a chosen body of his soldiers, to the point indicated, when there, in conformity with the information received, he perceived a secret passage whose entrance was overhung with vines, and which enabled him and his men to enter the fortress silently, and without giving the slightest cause for alarm. In an instant the guards were overpowered, and the chamber of the robber approached without his having the slightest idea of what had occurred. When the emperor reached the door of the apartment, he heard loud cries for help from within; when, suddenly bursting it open, he and his followers discovered a lady of surpassing beauty in the clutch of the robber. At a single bound the outlaw was laid dead at the feet of his intended victim, and the lady freed from his perilous grasp, which refused to yield even in death. The emperor, struck with her beauty, and her fidelity in placing the castle and its vile horde in his power, became enamored of her, and, as she was of high rank, subsequently made her his queen. By his orders the fortress was demolished, and thus it had stood for generations.

This legend was related to us as the domes and spires of Pesth and Buda stole again into sight; and a couple of hours afterward we bid good-by to the Danube for a season.

# RUNNYMEDE.

THERE are places of interest in England which Americans, on their European tours, naturally visit. There are some, too, that are often overlooked.

Among these last is Runnymede, the spot where John, yielding to the pressure of the clergy, headed by Langton, the primate, and the barons, signed that Magna Charta which became the bulwark of English freedom; for the clergy—sprung from the Saxon Commons, here insured the rights of the class to which they belonged—no less than the nobles sought protection against the tyranny of the monarch.

Every child in English-speaking lands knows of the Magna Charta; yet it seems to have been a sore subject for monarchy, and no monument marks the birthplace of English freedom. It is still a mead by the running waters,

a narrow slip of meadow-land on the banks of the Thames, near Egham, in the northwest part of the county of Surrey, about five miles from Windsor. Here, on the 15th of June, 1215, John met the clergy and the barons, and signed a document, which, in form but a grant from the king, became of far higher import. It embraced in its terms all English freemen. It was admirably contrived, and never lost its force. Under its influence villanage disappeared in the next age, and serfs rose to be freemen, to share in their rights, and thus gradually advance in influence and power, till the greatmoral revolution which, in 1867, made suffrage almost-universal in England.

#### A VILLAGE MIDNIGHT.

THE night is as dark as a deed of crime,
And the clattering windblown rain
Falls flercely fast on the rattling slates
And hammers the window-pane,
While the storm-king whistles between the leaves
A wild and tuneless strain.

No lamp is lit in the village street,
No star in the sable sky,
For darkness swathes both earth and air
In its robes of fun'ral dye,
And the watch-dog howls by the garden bleak,
Like the banshee's boding cry.

The lightning leaps a lifelike thing
From spout to branch of the walnut tail,
The gate creaks harsh on the rusted hinge,
Response to the screechowl's call,
While the crisp, dead leaves in hustling haste
Rush down by the moss-blotched wall.

The clock strikes twelve in the stairway gloom,
(How true is the record it keeps),
Tick away, count on, I care not now,
For my rose-lipped Anna sleeps
Far down in the vale 'neath the beeches bare,
Where the foam-flecked river sweeps.

Oh! I love the voice of this midnight storm.
It falls on my frenzied ear
Like fairy lute, and willing would I
Companion its wild career;
For my soul is tossed like its ebon-hued wings,
And I'm weary of lingering here.

THE powers of memory are twofold. They consist in the actual reminiscence or recollection of past events, and in the power of retaining what we have learned in such a manner that it can be called into remembrance as occasions present. themselves, or circumstances may require.



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#### SOUTHERN SCENES.

The Jasper Spring, near Savannah, Georgia.

The Jasper Spring is about two miles from Savannah, on the Augusta road. Being the only spring for miles around, and the water being of excellent quality, passers-by always turn out of their road to refresh themselves with a drink from it. Its constant use for this purpose, and for watering the stock of the neighborhood, induced its present owner to protect it, as shown in our illustration, with a coping of brown stone.

This spring is historically famous as the scene of the following adventure during the Revolution, from which its name was derived. The hero of the exploit, Sergeant Jasper, is the same who leaped over the parapet during the bombardment of Fort Moultrie, recovered the flag which had been shot away by the English fleet, and, climbing the pole, nailed it to the staff, under a heavy fire from the enemy. After this gallant feat, while serving in the Army of the South, Sergeant Jasper, learning that a number of American prisoners were to be brought from Ebenezer to Savannah for trial, determined to release them at all hazards. With Sergeant Newton as his companion, he concealed himself at this spring, about thirty yards from the main road, and waited for the arrival of the prisoners, who finally came along, heavily ironed, and escorted by a sergeant, corporal, and eight soldiers. The whole party stopped at the spring to refresh themselves, two of the guard remaining with the prisoners, the rest of the soldiers leaning their guns against the trees, when suddenly Jasper and Newton, leaping from their hiding-places, secured the guns, shot down the two sentinels, and demanded the surrender of the rest of the party. Seeing they were outwitted, the guard surrendered, and Jasper, taking off the irons from the prisoners, rejoined the army at Perrysburgh, carrying the late captors as captives, guarded by their rescued prisoners.

The brave Jasper was killed in the assault upon Savannah, while planting upon the enemy's works the standard presented to his regiment by Mrs. Elliott. His last words were: "Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she presented to our regiment."

# Georgia "Crackers" going to Market.

The class generally known as "poor whites," and locally designated, in North Carolina, "tar-heels," in South Carolina, "Clay-eaters," and in Georgia, "Crackers," are a lean, sallow, and sickly looking people, widely scattered throughout the Southern States. Before the war they had solved the problem of existence in a manner highly satisfactory to themselves. If to live without work be the necessary attribute of a gentleman, there could be no doubt of their gentility; and although born to an inheritance of fever and ague, or "chills," which necessitated a division of time into "shake" days and well days, they yet managed to enjoy life after their peculiar fashion.

They had fried bacon and corn-dodgers, with raspberry, blackberry, or strawberry-leaf tea—sweetened with "long sweeting" (sorghum), or that rare delicacy "short sweetening" (sand sugar)—for the morning meal; the same for dinner, ditto for supper. In Winter the fare—it being then the hog-killing and curing season—was varied by sausage-balls and sausages, which then took the place of the fried bacon, while a piece of hog's-head cheese, or a pork-chop was considered a rare dainty.

How these gentry ever became possessed of either pig or pork, since they seldom owned an animal of any kind save a dozen or two mangy dogs, was apt to be a mystery to the casual observer. The neighboring planters, however, were in no wise at a loss to explain it. They claimed that the crackers' provisions were generally procured without the

inconvenient formality of purchase, being either begged, borrowed, or stolen—most frequently the latter.

The crackers were profound believers in the divine right of "squatter sovereignty," and the large landowners generally permitted them to locate on outlying portions of their estates, usually managing to control their votes as an equivalent.

The great civil war, which spared little of the old social system of the South, was not without its effect upon the crackers. They find it far more difficult to exist without labor, though even now the men rarely engage in work of any kind, but loaf about their tumble-down shanties, smoking, chewing, and drinking by turns, or talking politics with their fellows, all day long. They pay more attention than formerly to raising marketable produce, but the cultivation of their garden patches or diminutive cotton fields generally devolves upon the women and children. When the crop is ready for market its owner condescends to superintend its transport, and drive the mule-borrowed, of course, attached to a wagon, likewise borrowed—to some neighboring town or village. After disposing of his load he spends the time until ready to return in the evening, in some convenient groggery, and frequently reaches his domicile in a highly hilarious condition.

The language of the crackers is a barbarous compound of provincialisms and negro dialect, and their voices are shrill, nasal, and disagreeable. The increasing necessity of laboring for their subsistence is exerting a marked influence in obliterating their peculiarities, and as a distinct class the crackers are gradually disappearing.

# A CREW OF CRUSOES.

HE last cruise of the Grafton (Thos. Musgrave, master) was brought to a close at daylight on the morning of the 2d of January, 1864, and on the reefs of the Auckland Islands—"away down south," within shivering distance of the Antarctic Zone, "where the stormy winds do blow, and the bleareyed sea-lions do low, do low."

These islands are quite famous for the involuntary and solitary confinements which they have entailed on ship-

wrecked modern mariners. Fernando Po must hide its diminished head forever in view of their recent history. A very few years have gone by since we heard of Baxton's two years' imprisonment there with a portion of the crew of the Weatherwise; Captain Cross, in 1865, found traces of a former occupation, and the dead body of a starved sailor; and as for Thomas Musgrave, the sad story of his stay and sufferings on the southern portion of the island is far too entertaining to be speedily forgotten. He has told the tale himself with all the simplicity and directness, and clumsiness, too, of an uneducated sailor, to whom a daily record of the weather, of the rise and fall of the thermometer and barometer is as interesting as accounts of his own strange life, or of the traits of the sea-lion and the shockingly tame birds of an uninhabited island.

We will try to tell his story in far fewer words than he; while, as often as we can, we will use his own language.

Cast away! It is horrible to be an outcast in civilized society—homeless, to see homes everwhere; friendless, to be surrounded by the happy—but to be a castaway on an uninhabited island, without knowing whether food can be found, or whether help will ever reach you, is a fate more terrible still.

There were five of them—the captain, Raynal (the French

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mate), and three common sailors. The fierce gale which drove the *Grafton* on a rock, threw her "broadsides" on the beech, which enabled the crew to land in safety, and to carry off their scant stock of provisions. The mainsail and gaff were brought on shore and made into a tent.

For a week after their escape a hurricane blew with uninterrupted fury. They managed to begin the erection of a tent, but in the meantime had to sleep every night on the wet ground.

Their neighbors, the seals, began at once to pay them friendly visits, and kindly brought fresh meat up to the very door of their tent.

"The seals, or sea-lions," writes the captain, "are very numerous here; they go roaring about the woods like wild cattle. Indeed, we expect they will come and storm the tent some night. We live chiefly on seal meat, as we have to be very frugal with our own little stock; we kill them at the door of the tent as we require them."

The castaways were greatly annoyed by the nightly visits of these aboriginal inhabitants. Fearing that they would break into the tent, the captain sent them his compliments one night and desired them to discontinue their moonlight serenades. As he did not speak their language, he molded his hint into the form of a bullet, and used the tail of a seal as a penny postman. They understood him perfectly, and afterward kept at a respectful distance from the tent.

The flesh of the young seal they found to be delicious; it was exactly like lamb. During their first month they were attacked one day by a bull seal, who swam furiously toward their boat. As he put his head over the stern, with his mouth wide open, the captain discharged a load of shot, with a bullet on the top of it, down the flerce belligerent's throat. His "head flew about in all directions," and the seal sunk like a stone.

The captain also saw a seal-fight for the first time. There were hundreds of them in sight. The shores and the water literally swarming with them. The tiger seals kept at one side of the harbor and the black seals at the other side. But, in this instance, one from each army had met and were engaged in battle when first seen. The captain says that he watched them for about half an hour, and left them still furiously fighting. They fight as ferociously as dogs, and do not make the least noise, although they tear each other almost to pieces with their large tusks. Shortly after witnessing this fight they saw a sea-lion returning from a duel. His neck and back were lacerated in a most fearful manner; large pieces of hide and flesh were torn off, perhaps a foot long and four or five inches wide. The sailors were close to him, and he did not budge. He looked at the Englishmen "with all possible coolness and unconcern." And why not? for perhaps he was the bleary-eyed Nelson of the island, and felt that he was in fact what the true Briton claims to be-a fighting sea-lion!

The castaways found several kinds of birds on the island, two of which were sweet singers; and they saw, also, the green parrot and the robin redbreast. They were so tame that any one could catch them by stretching out his hand. But no one disturbed them.

The robins were frequent visitors to the tent. They cheerily chirped round the castaways as they sat at their sad and rude meals.

Their tent—to use the captain's words—proved to be "a beastly place." The blow-flies "blowed" on their blankets and clothes, and made everything disgusting. A kind of musquito tormented them in the daytime, but luckily did not disturb them at night. They soon found that they could not live in it, and worked harder at building their house. They had saved a hammer, an ax, an adz, and a gimlet from the wreck, and these were all the tools they had. But before they finished their house they took

care to plant a flagstaff, with a large canvas bag on it, at a spot where it could be seen from the sea. They tied a bottle to it which had a note inside, directing the reader where to find the crew.

The captain one day ascended a neighboring mountain to discover the lay of the land. Thick underbrush, boggy land, and soft swamps—all either impassable or impenetrable—were seen on every side; and, during the eighteen or nineteen months that Musgrave remained on the island, he never went further than a few miles, either by boat, or on foot, from the scene of the wreck. This first excursion came nigh proving fatal to him. He chased a seal into the bush for about two miles. His gun had been loaded a couple of days, and his powder had got damp. After snapping two or three caps one barrel fired. The ball entered the seal's neck and came out between his shoulders. Indifferent to such a trifle, the seal continued to run. Pricking the powder in the nipple of the other barrel, the captain tried it again. The cap snapped. He began to unload it; the butt of the gun was at his feet, when bang! off it went, the ball passing through the rim of his hat.

After more than a month's hard work the house was finished. It was twenty-four feet by sixteen, with a chimney built of stone, eight feet by five. The walls were seven feet high, and the roof fourteen feet. The corner posts and centre posts, the wall-plates and ridge-poles, were of spars from the ship. The walls—sides and ends—were made of brush timber, which, like all the wood on the island, is crooked from the force of the frequent hurricanes that sweep over it.

As the timber was not straight, it became necessary to thatch the whole house. This was no small job, but it was done quite cheerfully—because the canvas, which they first used, admitted a great deal of wind, and as there was a gale almost constantly blowing, a sheltered place was exceedingly desirable. The floor was boarded; a good door was hung, and two small squares of glass, taken from the cabin of the wreck, supplied the place of a window.

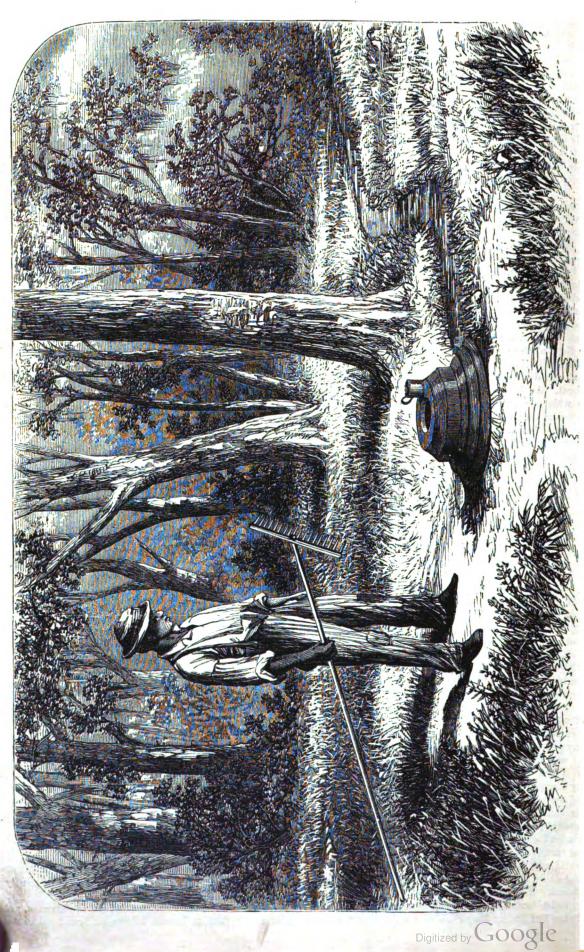
For furniture, the castaways had stretchers to sleep on, six feet from the floor; a large dining-table in the centre, seven feet by three, with benches on each side. The captain—a thorough John Bull—kept his station and his mate's position inviolable. "I sat," says he, not on the benches, but "on a keg, at the head!" And then again, "The north end of the house is occupied by Mr. Raynal and myself; the men occupy the other end!" The cook's dressing-table, a pair of bellows, and a looking-glass, completed the inventory of the furniture of the castaways" "castle."

The sturdy captain did not keep his place without being compelled to prove that he was not an accidental chief merely, but pre-eminently the "right man in the right place." Before the first month was over, although the men had always conducted themselves in an obedient and respectful manner, he found that a spirit of obstinacy and independence was creeping in among them.

"It is true," he writes, "I no longer hold any command over them, but I share everything that has been saved from the wreck in common with them, and I have worked as hard as any of them in trying to make them comfortable, and I think gratitude ought to prompt them to still continue willing and obedient. But you might as well look for the grace of God in a highwayman's log-book as gratitude in a sailor; this is a well-known fact."

(How similar a sound this sentence rings out to the sad notes of certain jeremiads we have heard of, when their "happy bondmen" ungratefully fled from them—"Mostly," said the poor old cracked Bell of Tennessee—"mostly in the night!")

But when the captain did his full duty to his men, not as sailors only, out as human beings, he found no cause to





A CREW OF CRUSOES .-- "THE MAINSAIL AND GAFF WERE BROUGHT ON SHORE AND MADE INTO A TENT."

complain of them. He began to teach school in the evenings, and to read prayers and the Scriptures—expounding the text, albeit to the best of his ability. Some of his men could not read, but they had learned eagerly and fast. They were especially fond of hearing the Bible. Soon profane swearing was entirely abolished among them. "So much," adds the captain, "for moral suasion!"

The manner of hunting the seals after they ceased to walk up to the captain's office to be killed is described in a brief note of a visit to a little isle, which from its peculiar shape was named Figure-of-Eight ( $\infty$ ) Island.

"We landed on the island," he writes, "and found three mobs of seals asleep. There were from thirty to forty in each mob, and there were a great many very young calves amongst them. These we wanted to get without killing the old ones. I had only two men with me; so we took our clubs, and each of us took a mob, and I suppose in ten seconds we had knocked down ten calves from two to three months old, and one two-year-old seal. We had to go right in amongst them, and although they woke up, we were so quick about the job that they stared at us in confusion for a moment, and then by a simultaneous movement rushed toward the water. We could have got more, but one of the men was at this moment attacked by the only remaining one, which was a tremendous large bull—the largest tigerseal I have seen—and he fought like a tiger. We immediately rushed to the rescue; the poor fellow was obliged to take to a tree till we came up, when all three set on to the seal. And he showed fight bravely. It was as long as ten minutes before we proved ourselves conquerors; and we would have been quite willing to get out of his way, but he would not give us a chance. We were in a thick bush, so

that he had a decided advantage. However, we left him, as he was too big for us to attend to when we had so many little ones to look after. This was the greatest piece of excitement I have had for a long time."

In going home from this exhilarating hunt, the captain found a poor orphan, a young seal, not more than a month or six weeks old, who was sitting, shivering, at the end of the house. He had lost his mother. Some of the sailors wished to keep him as a pet; but as he did not eat yet, and in the absence of an adequate wet nurse, he was killed and cooked. The captain, after narrating this affecting incident, very coolly remarks:

"So, this is more fresh meat. God is certainly good in sending us plenty to eat."

The devout devourer of orphans!

Besides feeding on seals, the castaways shot a number of widgeons and shags, and gathered mussels and limpets among the rocks. They found roots which were edible, if not wholly delicious. They took turns at cooking. The Frenchman won the honors of the kitchen.

"He very frequently gave us four courses at a meal (anybody might wonder where he got anything to make four courses of; but we are like the shell-fish—we get the most at spring-tides). One (meal) would be stewed or roasted seal, fried liver, fish and mussels."

Fish they could not catch at first, as they had neither tackle nor nets; but necessity soon taught them to devise ways and means for ensuring them, and ere long they had daily and ample supplies; they also succeeded in making a sort of root-beer, which they found preferable to water—to the taste; but they were soon obliged to abandon it; for, like the prophet's scroll, it was sweet in the mouth but

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bitter elsewhere. The same root was used for food, It was then fried in seal's oil.

"It eats something like saw-dust," wrote the captain, using seal's blood for ink, in an old log-book; "but we are very thankful that we have it; otherwise we should have to live entirely on seal's meat, fowl, and fish, as our little stock of provisions which we had when we were wrecked has long since been exhausted. Nothing remains of it but a few crumbs of biscuit, which are regularly placed on the table—but only to look at, or 'point at,' as Paddy would say, for no one touches it."

This not extravagantly luxurious bill of fare was continued. For August the course was equally simple:

"Breakfast—Seal stewed down to soup, fried roots, boiled seal, or roast ditto, with water. Dinner—Ditto, ditto. Supper—Ditto, ditto. This repeated twenty-one times per week. Mussels or fish are now quite a rarity; we have not been able to get either for some time. The man who killed the seal to-day had been fishing all day, and had caught one small fish. The men have stood it bravely thus far, but it grieves me to hear them wishing for things which they cannot get. I heard one just now wishing he had a bucket of potato-peelings!"

The captain confidently expected that help would reach them by the middle of October; but that month came and went, and a year rolled round, and still there were no signs of aid. Their sufferings increased. At times they feared that they would perish from hunger. Seals were plentiful at one season only. The stormy weather and the nature of the country prevented them from exploring the islands. Hope rose and fell, and their hearts grew heavy; for the flame flickered only to be quenched with disappointment. They tried to repair the wreck. Long and patiently they labored at it. But they found that there were holes in her; that some of her timbers were broken, and that the main wheel was gone from the stern to about the main rigging.

Meanwhile it was maddening to think of wife and children at home, suffering, probably, from want, while here, neither aid came nor starvation seemed far distant. Hear the wail that came from the captain's heart after a stay of three months only, when he little dreamed that sixteen cheerless months lay before him:

"Six long and dreary months have now passed since I left Sydney, and the idea of the sad lot which may and must have fallen on those I love so much, wrings my soul with agony and a remorse which I fear is crushing me fast to the earth. Oh, my God! how long is this to last? Oh, release me from this bondage! Night and morning, daily and in my dreams, I offer up my prayers to Thee. Oh, hear me! and release me, that I may flee to the succor of those dear innocent ones who are now suffering for my folly. . . . Set me at liberty to provide for them; I will be content even with separation; but let me not have doomed them to wretchedness and misery. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and grant my release!"

Five months later, and no ship in sight, the hope-sick captain writes:

"My eyes are positively weak and bloodshot with anxious looking. . . . It would be impossible for me to convey to anyone an idea of my present state of mind. I am anything but mad; if that would come, it would very likely afford relief in forgetfulness."

Their clothes began to give out until they were in rags. Joseph's coat, the captain declared, would hardly have been a circumstance in comparison with some of theirs. Old canvas, old gunny-bags, and anything they got hold of, were used as patches, while canvas ravelings took the place of threads, and all the sewing was done with a sail-needle.

In the course of time they learned how to make seal-skin leather, and garments of the same material.

In February, 1865, after thirteen months of captivity, the castaways determined to build a cutter of about ten tons, in which to make their way across the stormy seas to New Zealand. They stripped the wreck, taking all the iron ballast and available wood out of her. Luckily (they thought) they found a block of iron among the ballast, which served their ingenious French mate as an anvil. They found on the island an old saw-file, but the teeth were all rusted off. Not at all discouraged, the Frenchman went to work, and out of this waif, and a couple of picks and some shovel-blades which were in the wreck, he manufactured a saw, chisels, gouges, and sundry other tools. But all his efforts to make an auger were in vain; and even after the keel, stern, and stern-post of the vessel were ready, the enterprise had to be abandoned.

"It was truly deplorable," said the captain, "to view the faces of all as we stood around him when he decidedly pronounced it impossible for him to make one. They all appeared, and, I believe, no doubt felt, as if all hope were gone. It went like a shot to my heart, although I had begun to anticipate such a result, and had made up my mind for action accordingly; but when I saw that I must positively, as a last card, put my project into practice, I felt I was tempting Providence; for my tacit project, and unalterable resolution, is to attempt a passage to Stewart's Island in the boat."

For three months the invincible Englishman had pondered over this project, and, with starvation staring them in the face, his bold resolution was presently seconded by his crew. All but the cook were willing to risk the essay, and, as he did not wish to stay behind, he also gave in his adhesion to the scheme. Their boat was "old and shaky." He determined to strengthen her, to lengthen her about three feet, and to raise her about twelve inches.

They all went to work in high spirits to fit their boat for sea. On the 26th of March the captain entered in his diary this passage, for the especial benefit of the lovers of the romantic:

"The sea booms and the wind howls. These are sounds which have been almost constantly ringing in my ears for the last fifteen months; for, during the whole of the time, I venture to say that they have not been hushed more than a fortnight together. There is something horribly dismal in the boom and howl; sometimes it makes my flesh creep to hear them, although I am now so well used to it. Had the romantic admirers of this sort of thing been in my place, I would have been thankful; and they, I have no doubt, would have been quite satisfied. I could not wish my greatest enemy to be similarly situated. Well, I have said I am about to leave. Yes, this, I hope, will be the last Sunday but one that we shall spend in this part of Sarah's Bosom; and perhaps by that time we may have had the good luck to have got out of it altogether. Yes, we go in now for freedom or death!"

From daylight till-half-past nine at night they worked at the boat. One day the gimlet broke! They were in dread that this accident would again frustrate their hopes. But the skillful Frenchman mended it, and again, with new zeal, they renewed their endeavors.

Their greatest enemies were the flies. The captain had been in places where musquitoes were so troublesome that—as at Nicariè, for example—they were the causes of suicide. But nowhere were they so malignant as the sand-flies of Auckland. Whenever a gale was not blowing, they swarmed by the million, and covered every part of the skin that happened to be exposed, and even worked inside of the clothing and bit flercely. The captain could not get a pin to cover a single spot which they had not blistered.

A terrific hurricane postponed the departure. At last they were ready for sea. Two men backed out, and preferred to

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stay and risk starvation rather than the present perils of the stormy seas. They were left, and the captain, mate, and one sailor, set sail for Stewart's Island.

Twenty miles out they were overtaken by the full fury of a southwest gale. The boat proved to be leaky. The pump was kept going nearly all the time. Over the little craft the flerce seas broke incessantly. It was a wonder that she lived. But she did outride the storm and landed them at Port Adventure.

"I had not eaten an ounce of food," says the captain, "from the time of leaving until we arrived, and only drank about half a pint of water; yet I felt no fatigue until the night before we landed, when I suddenly became quite exhausted, and lay down on the deck, over which there was no water washing for the first time since we left the island. We were now close to the land. I lay for about half an hour, and then got up again, feeling that I had just sufficient strength remaining to enable me to hold out till the next day; but had we been out any longer, I feel convinced that I should never have put my foot on shore again."

This perilous passage lasted five days and nights.

His voyage was over, but his duty was not done. He had promised to rescue his two companions, and at once began to interest the citizens of Port Adventure in them. Money was raised and a vessel fitted out. But it was thought that he should return in her as a pilot and guide. The passage back was only less perilous than the passage to Stewart's Island. Again and again they were in imminent danger of being wrecked.

They finally reached the north of the island, and found traces of another crew that had been wrecked on the hidden reefs there. They searched the shores and adjacent woods, and at last found, half buried beneath the fallen roof of a rude hut, the body of a sailor, who had evidently perished from hunger. A slate lay near him. It had been written on, but one word only could be deciphered—James. Some mother, doubtless, had often dreamed of him and prayed for him:

"Ma Jamie, o'er the sea."

But she may never hear more of her shipwrecked boy. He was buried by the captain and his companions.

"This melancholy incident," wrote Captain Musgrave, "would, undoubtedly, give rise to serious thoughts in any one, but how infinitely more in me, whose bones might, at the present moment, have been lying above the ground under similar circumstances, had not the hand of Providence showered such great mercies upon me, perhaps the least deserving."

But, with all the dangers and discomforts of this voyage of rescue, there was one great cause of rejoicing to the honest John Bull who organized it. He did find his companions. Let his own words tell how:

"It was very showery in the forenoon, but at noon the showers took off, and at three P.M. the wind moderated a little, and we at once got under weigh, and, under doublereefed canvas, beat up to our old house; and as we did not come in sight of it until within about a mile from it, the boys did not see us until we were close upon them. Then the one who saw us ran into the house to tell the other, and before they reached the beach Captain Cross and myself had landed, leaving the cutter under weigh, as there was too much wind and sea to anchor her. One of them, the cook, on seeing me, turned as pale as a ghost, and staggered up to a post, against which he leaned for support, for he was evidently on the point of fainting, while the other, George, seized my hand in both of his, and gave my arm a severe shaking, crying: 'Captain Musgrave, how are ye? how are ye?' apparently unable to say anything else."

The captain intimates that this couple of castaways did

complete and ample justice to their first civilized dinner. They told him that they had been very much pinched for food since he had left them, and that on one occasion they were obliged to catch mice and eat them. Yet they did not agree very well, and were actually on the point of separating and living apart.

The return trip was far from a pleasure cruise. Here is one representative entry in the captain's log-book:

"SEPTEMBER 7: Hard gale and high, dangerous sea. The little vessel is being knocked about unmercifully. Heavy rain. No place to lie down. Blankets and every stitch of clothing wringing wet. Can't cook anything, even a cup of tea. Second edition of our trip in the boat. Misery. Four P. M.: Blowing a hurricane; sea frightful; vessel laboring and straining immensely; if not very strong she cannot stand this long; consider her in a highly dangerous condition. Just taken in mainsail and jib, and set a small boat's sail, under which she feels somewhat easier; but if one of the high seas that are coming round her in every direction falls on board, she is gone; it would knock her into ten thousand pieces. Frightful. Midnight, at six P. M.: The gale began to moderate, and fortunately the sea quickly followed suit. We set the mainsail, but carried away the traveler and tore the sail. Eight P. M.: The wind came from the S.W., and continues very light, but sufficient to keep her steady, while the sea is rapidly running down; hope soon to be able to make her stretch her legs again. She has weathered this storm bravely, and without sustaining any visible damage about the hull. Surprising what these little vessels will stand; but she is an amazingly good sea-boat, rides like a sea-gull, and holds her ground well. Bravo, Flying Scud."

They all landed safely. Subscriptions were raised to clothe the sailors. But the sturdy, honest captain only asked that his draft on his owners might be cashed.

"And thus," writes this admirable John Bull, "with a grateful heart I end my journal; with what deep thankfulness to a gracious Providence for saving myself and my companions from a miserable fate I trust I need not here set down."

# THE ENCHANTED SILO;

A TERROR AT ORAN.

A WILD TALE OF GARRISON LIFE IN ALGIERS.

T Oran, way aut pris silos Bey T of Bas de

T Oran, when we were just opening the way of subjugation, our military authorities, for lack of a better prison, had to make use of the silos of the Casbah, in which the Bey had confined his captives.

The famous "leads," or Piombi, of Venice; the dungeons of the Bastile; the oubliettes of the Tour de Nesle, were not more horrible than these silos. We found them

in a hideous condition.

Let the reader picture to himself deep holes, or wells, dug in the ground, each destined to receive a human occupant, guilty or innocent. The latter question made no difference, for, in the "good old

times," the hand of power often fell heavily upon those who had committed no other crime than to have been displeasing to the despotic ruler.

The poor wretch consigned to these living tombs was, to all practical intents and purposes, buried alive! He found himself thigh-deep in a filthy sewer, the ground beneath his feet being covered with every species of uncleanliness, kept half liquid by continual damp, and exhaling odors so fetid,

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that even those who approached the mouth of these holes from above shrank back with loathing.

Prisoners in these torturing receptacles had no other way of sleeping than on foot, leaning against the wall, and in a few days their lower extremities would be covered with malignant sores, and devoured by the vile insects that swarmed in the mire around them.

A scanty ration of the coarsest food was flung down to them from above the hole, and if they were not quick enough to catch it up as it fell, so much the worse for them; they had to eat it covered with the filth of the ditch, or starve.

Moreover, they saw the sun but one hour in the day, and that hour was a long period of excruciating torment. The midday rays of that tropical climate, beating perpendicularly down upon them, heated the pits to a white heat, and made them veritable ovens. Then, a crust which broke up afterward, would form upon the sewer, or, to use a plain comparison, the top layer would congeal like the surface of a marsh when it freezes, and then the victim had his limbs fastened in a sort of natural stocks.

These silos still exist, but, fortunately, are no longer used. However, we were compelled at first to turn them to account; but we did our best to cleanse them and render them endurable. We succeeded, at last, in partly drying them. The orifices at the top were covered, and chloride of lime was scattered through them. They were kept clear, too, by daily lowering a basket to the prisoners, who were required to deposit in it the refuse that otherwise would have encumbered them. In short, while waiting for the completion of another jail, we made the best of these old dungeons.

In the Bey's time, the guardianship of these prisons had been entrusted to an aged Turk, to whom, when we came, we gave some petty employment on the police. For this he was very grateful, and became one of our most devoted allies. From time to time he would come to the silos and interpret for us between our sentinels on duty and the prisoners.

He had advised us not to put any one into a certain pit that he pointed out, because, as he declared, it was enchanted, affirming, too, that every prisoner that he had confined there had disappeared.

The sergeant in our service who filled the office of jailer was a Breton, and found no difficulty in believing all the stories of *djenouns* that the Turk chose to tell. These *djenouns* of the Mussulman are the gnomes and fairies of the Breton peasantry, and play much the same part.

One day, however, all the other silos were full, and the order came to put a prisoner in the one that was reported to be haunted by the phantoms that had set so many free. Obedience was imperative, for the commandant of those days stood no nonsense.

The prisoner was lowered into the pit, and he was observed to smile with satisfaction, so deeply were the Arabs impressed with the belief that the silo in question was really enchanted by fairies, who allowed every prisoner confined in it to escape.

The sergeant took all the usual precautions; he urged the sentinels to renewed vigilance, and then anxiously waited for the morrow, but not without making his extra night rounds, so as to be sure that the sentinels were on the alert.

Early on the next morning he visited the silo. The prisoner was gone!

The sergeant could do nothing but make his report accordingly.

The commandant of the place flatly attributed this mysterious disappearance to a lack of watchfulness, and made a very generous distribution of punishment, sparing neither jailer nor sentinel, and, confident that greater care would be taken this time, ordered that another Arab should be put into the same silo.

The prisoner was a murderer caught in the act, and the old Turk bewailed the case, because so vile a malefactor was, as he believed, to be set loose. But the commandant ordered that a sentinel should remain, night and day, at the edge of the silo.

He was satisfied that with such precautions as these, the new prisoner would not get off as his predecessor had done. Nevertheless, the Arab, full of hope, had not attempted to conceal his delight in changing his prison.

Eight days passed without anything remarkable occurring, and the commandant triumphed; but the old Turk stoutly maintained that the harvest would not pass without the escape taking place.

He proved to be right, after all, for, during the ninth night, the assassin disappeared.

Great was the sensation in the Casbah! The jailer and the Breton sergeant were delighted to see their views of the case fully justified; but the commandant was exasperated, and determined to try again.

Convinced that the sentinel on duty had fallen asleep at his post, or had been bribed, he selected twelve trusty men, and confided the care of the *silo* to them, with strict orders to keep guard, two at a time, over a third prisoner, who was quite joyous at the idea of being consigned to a prison from which escape was so absolutely certain.

Eight, ten, fifteen, twenty days elapsed. The commandant came every morning, rubbing his hands and jeering at the folks in the Casbah, who had let themselves be humbugged, he said, by old wives' tales.

But on the twenty-eighth day (we kept the date carefully) the prisoner had vanished, without leaving a sign of his former presence.

It was out of the question to suspect the old soldiers who had guarded him, for they were the soul of honor, vigilance, and fidelity.

The silo must, indeed, be enchanted!

The commandant resolved to get to the bottom of the mystery, and with that determination went down into the bottom of the pit himself, torch in hand. All that he discovered, on the most careful inspection, was a small hole situated about twelve feet above the bottom of the pit. It was twice the size of one's fist, but could not possibly afford passage for the body of a man. A drummer-boy, called down to make the experiment, could not get even his head into the orifice. Moreover, the sides of the wall did not present the slightest inequality by which a man might hoist himself as high as the hole.

Nevertheless, the orifice was stopped, and then the commandant, who was an obstinate fellow, called for volunteers, to stay by turns all night with the next prisoner. He succeeded in finding among the troops of the garrison a dozen of men adapted to the required service, and this time the commandant felt sure, beyond all peradventure, of putting an end to the trickery of the silo.

Every evening a picked Zouave was lowered down to take his place beside the prisoner, and the latter was handcuffed, so that he should not be able to practice any surprise. If ever escape seemed impossible, it surely did under these circumstances.

The commandant slept like the seven sleepers of Ephesus, for he would have wagered his whole year's pay against a private's spending money that now, indeed, the silo would hold its prisoner.

Whole weeks rolled by, and the extra guard was about to be given up, when one night the most desperate cries for help were heard from the depths of the silo.

The Zouaves on duty hurried to the rescue, and, on reaching the edge of the pit, discovered that a furious struggle was going on between the sentinel below, the prisoner, and some third but unknown adversary. The contest was



THE ENCHANTED SILO.—"THE BRAVE SOLDIER, WITHOUT LOSING HIS PRESENCE OF MIND, HAD SIMPLY DRAWN HIS SHORT SWORD, AND SLASHED ABOUT HIM STURDILY, SHOUTING THE WHILE FOR HELF."—SEE PAGE 747.

accompanied with screams of terror on the part of the Arab, furious imprecations from the French soldier, and certain piercing hisses and murmurs which no one could exactly define or comprehend.

As a first measure, a lantern was lowered at the end of a co. I to light up the scene, but in a twinkling it was broken, and nothing could be discovered.

Immediate search was made for another, but by the time that it arrived the combat was over, and not a sound could be heard in the pit.

The officer of the guard then carefully descended with a light, and beheld a horrible spectacle.

The Arab prisoner, and the Zouave who had remained with him, were found inanimate on the bottom of the pit, and half crushed beneath the weight of two fragments of a huge serpent.

The officer signalled instantly to be hauled up to the surface, and, overcome by the horror of the scene, fainted as he reached the air, exclaiming, with an accent of intense terror and loathing:

"The anaconda! the anaconda!"

The soldiers of the guard thought that there must be some illusion, and went down in their turn. They only too quickly realized the truth. Fortunately, however, the fearful reptile was dead; but their comrade was disabled, and the poor Arab, frightened out of his wits, lay there in a deathlike swoon.

The constrictor and its victims were hauled up to the surface, and there it was found that the serpent measured over fifteen feet in length.

The whole mystery of the enchanted silo was now quite explicable. The serpent had hitherto surprised the prisoners and suffocated them in their sleep; then crushing them and reducing them to a pulp in his terrible folds, he had kneaded them and lengthened them out, as is the wont of these gigantic reptiles, and, after swallowing his prey, had retired.

His last visit had been at a long interval, because, the former orifice being stopped up, he had been obliged to make another.

The Zouave who had been in the pit, related, as soon as he had recovered consciousness, that his attention had at first been attracted by the noise of clods of earth falling into the *silo*, and almost instantly the serpent had made its appearance.

The brave soldier, without losing his presence of mind, had simply drawn his short sword, and slashed about him sturdily, shouting the while for help.

At last he had succeeded in separating his formidable adversary in two pieces, but the latter writhed in horrible convulsions, and their blows had bruised and wounded him.

The Arab lay ill for a week with a raging brain-fever, and he is still subject to fits of half-insanity. This adventure secured him his pardon, and to this day he is nicknamed, in the picturesque language of his tribe, the Snake Man.

The Zouave was made a corporal, and was subsequently decorated.

Since then the silo has been called the *Trouau-Bou*, or Boa Constrictor Hole, and the new recruit who mounts guard for the first time in the Casbah, is invariably regaled with this cheerful narrative.

Of course the raw stranger feels his flesh creep as he thinks of the frightful fate of the poor wretches who perished in "the enchanted silo," where they had felt assured of a happy deliverance.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, poison, or kill themselves.

# THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.



IDN'T you never hear," said aunt Patty, passing Stephen the cream, "that if you'd go down to the church, and sit in the porch on the stroke of twelve, you'd see the ghosts of all that are to be married and buried within the year, yourself included, maybe?"

"Never!" cried Stephen, solemnly.
"Certainly—to be sure!" said I,
running to the almanac, "for it's St.
John's Eve."

"But tempting Providence that way is an unrighteous thing," added aunt Patty, severely. "Old Tom Lothrop's gal Sal, saw herself, and died

within the month; and Hannah Ames that was, she fared wuss yet, for a man appeared to her that came afterward all the way from New Brunswick, and she married him off-hand, and he beat and banged her, and would have smashed every bone in her body if the neighbors hadn't interfered."

Stephen looked askant at me with his big gray eyes.

"I hope that will prove a warning to you, Nan," he said, soberly.

"Nan!" echoed aunt Patty. "I'd like to see her making such a fool of herself—tramping to churches at midnight seeking the ghost of a man to marry!"

"Especially when there are those in the flesh that need not be sought," continued Stephen, with an audacious look.

"I don't know," I said, mockingly; "I like uncanny things. I think I'll run down to the church at the proper hour, and tempt the fate of Sal and Hannah."

There was a prayer-meeting at our house that night. Aunt Patty donned her plum-colored silk directly after tea, and lighted the lamps in the big sitting-room. Neighbors dropped in—men from the quarry, brethren and sisters; and by the window, very spruce and fine, in snowy duck and linen, was lawyer Gowan, his black eyes constantly seeking my face.

I sat on a stool in the doorway, curled up in a heap, staring out through the lilacs and syringas to avoid Gowan's look. The evening was far spent, and a tall elder was praying. His sonorous voice filled the room like a trumpet. Suddenly twisting through and through its mighty volume, a strain of music, fanning forth from some point near at hand, floated rapturously into the room.

I started and listened. It was the air of a wild old love-song—the gay, marvelous flutter of a fiddle, played by some hand that knew the bow and catgut well. Fast and furious this mad, glorious, but altogether irreverent, music came pouring into our meeting. Gowan smiled under his long mustaches. The elder stumbled in his prayer and frowned. I saw aunt Patty glaring angrily at me through her spectacles; but swifter and merrier flew that enchanted bow outside. I rose from my seat and slipped over the threshold-stone.

"Stephen!" I called.

No answer. I ran across the yard, brushing the perfume from the drowsy lilacs, reached the gate, and saw, seated composedly upon it, a figure scraping away for dear life on an old fiddle. A full moon was rising in the east. Its light shot through the apple trees, and fell upon him—on the comely head, crowned with crisp hair, on the comely face, colored rich as wine.

"Stephen!" I called again.

The bow flew from his hand, and fell somewhere in the

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long, dry grass at my feet. He swung himself off the gate. "Didn't you hear the elder praying?" I said, solemnly.

"No." he answered.

"Well, you have disturbed the meeting—come in at once;" and I searched the bush grass, found the bow, and brought it to him. My hand met his, and he took it from me."

"Come in!" I repeated. He did not stir; he was trembling from from head to foot under that careless touch.

"Will you come, Stephen?"

"There is no place on the earth or under it, where, if you called me, I would not follow you," and then we both saw Gowan craning his neck out of the window to look for us.

"Has he told you," queried Stephen, pressing my arm fiercely, "that you are altogether lovely in this white gown to-night? Has he promised you purple and fine linen in the future, and stalled ox to dine upon?"

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods," said I.

"Nor those he is seeking to make his?"

I led the way and he followed, docile enough, and sat down on a bench by the door, swart and tall in the moonlight. Presently the sisters and brethren came pouring out, and departed in a stream down the road. The last to appear was Gowan. He joined me in the lilacs.

"I hope you have been properly edified," I remarked.

"How?—by watching you and Stephen out here in the dew?"

"No irreverence. Aunt Patty has a late tea after these meetings—will you not stay?"

It must have been solely to torment Stephen that I said this—Stephen, who rose up from the bench at once, and walked off through the gate.

"Surely I will," Gowan answered, promptly, "and thanks."

I escorted him back to the sitting-room, where aunt Patty was already rattling the cups and saucers.

"Not that I ever indulge in such unreasonable repasts myself," I there added; "I have more mercy on my digestion;" and I left him standing in the midst of the preparation, and made off through the garden and out into the lonely high road.

It was St. John's Eve, as I said in the beginning. The hour now lacked but little to midnight. I walked off straight through the moonlight toward the English church of St. John, the nearest of any to our big old house. winds were laid—the wayside thickets bloomed in Summer glory. I could smell the roses in the graveyard even before I caught sight of the familiar square tower. Under some gaunt butternut-trees I scurried on, and came to the porch. Rank vines darkened it, but all along its front the moonlight fell and pricked their dewy tangles, like white spirit fingers. My blood was a little chilly as I approached the porch, so strangely still was the night, so white and tall stood the old tombstones just over the low wall! I sat down on the steps, in the broad moonlight, with an inward qualm. Should I come to this door some day before the year was out, in what Stephen called purple and fine linen, with lawyer Gowan to attend me? Or would it be with Stephen himself, very quietly, and nobody by but father and aunt Patty? Death I did not think about, for I was young and strong. such inward quaking as was natural to the time and place, I sat and waited to see what I should see.

Solemn and ghostly enough the silence grew. Only the ivy clapped its green hands softly overhead. I dared not stir or turn. A great, slow terror began to creep over me. Then, slowly, mournfully, somewhere near at hand, I heard a clock striking midnight.

The last stroke died away. I looked up. For a moment I saw nothing. Then, out of the wan moonshine before me, suddenly started up a figure—a tall, smart figure, with a

strange, unearthly pallor on his face, the utter whiteness and coldness of death—a figure that stood misty and motionless, and looked at me with large, desolate eyes. For one horrible moment I sat paralyzed, staring at the white awfulness of that face, and then I started to my feet with a wild scream.

"Stephen! Stephen!"

"Nan!" a living, human voice answered, and I looked again, and that ghastly front had vanished, and it was Stephen, ruddy and stalwart, with his cheek colored like an Autumn leaf, and his great gray eyes on fire. He caught me suddenly, as I shivered away.

"For the love of Heaven!" I gasped, "tell me what made

you look like that just now?"

"Like what?" he laughed.
"So cold and white—so like a dead man!"

I shuddered, bursting into wild sobbing.

"The moonlight, most likely," he answered, in a wild, glad voice, "Why, Nan! why, Nan!" and I was caught, and folded down into his breast. "Did I frighten you so much? You do love me, then—you do, in spite of all your trifling!" and kisses rained fast and furious on my bowed head. "Don't you love me, Nan?"

"I do! I do! Ah, Stephen, what a face that was! Could it have been the moonlight? I do love you; I have always loved you." And I think my own lips for a moment re-

turned the warm, red pressure of his.

"And you hate Gowan?" queried Stepher

"Desperately."

Rapturous silence.

"Did you come seeking your fate here to-night, Nan?"

"Yes-and you?"

"And I! We've both found it, in good truth; have not we?"

"It seems so."

"But, to complete the matter, we are bound to marry before the year is out."

"That subject can wait," said I, rising. "If I do not go home at once, aunt Patty will have drowned Gowan in tea, and locked the paternal door against me."

Home we went, through the moonlight, together. Aunt Patty, with her false front awry, and a bib pinned over the plum-colored silk, regarded me crossly.

"Gowan went off in a pet," said she; "he didn't know the tea-pot from a cider-cask after you left. Where have you been gadding at this hour of night?"

"Out to the church, to meet the wraith of my future husband," I answered, gayly.

"Did you see him?" she sniffed.

"That I did!" I answered, and danced off up the stair.

At breakfast, the next morning, she took up the subject again.

"I always thought Nan would make a good match," she said, over her coffee-grounds, "because she was born with a caul. Then, too, it's written plain on her face."

"Is it?" queried Stephen, leaning forward to look at me closer. "On what feature?"

"My long nose," said I, "which goes scenting it from afar."

"She ought to marry rich, Heaven knows!" went on aunt Patty, quite unheeding. "There's not another girl in town that has the ruffles and clear-starching, and fal-fals, she does. Hope you'll never get such a wife, Stephen."

"Too late!" laughed Stephen, "I have spoken for one

exactly after her pattern."

It was decreed that on this morning I should be tempted of a devil. He came in the person of Gowan, who reined at the gate a stylish bay-horse, and flung over me an armful of blush roses, as I wood leaning on the sharp pickets, staring off toward the quarry.

"I am going over to Middleboro," he said, "and an empty seat at one's elbow is unspeakably lonesome. Can I prevail upon you to fill this one beside me?"

"Mercy! how thankful I am!" cried aunt Patty, hopping up from her weeding in a garden-bed near by. "I've been aching all the week for a new sprigged muslin gown from Middleboro, and I'd sooner Nan would choose it than anybody."

I made a tolerable resistance; people often do that when

they have settled in their own minds to finally yield. Then I ran away, and, worst of all, donned my loveliest dress, let down my yellow hair on my shoulders, and armed myself cap-à-pie for conquest, as the inherent vanity of my woman's soul prompted.

Gowan gave me a look that turned me burning red, as he helped me into the buggy. We whirled past the quarry. I shrank behind him, and would not look toward

"There's a man yonder," he said, carelessly, "staring, as if we were the Gordon's head. Does he think I am abducting you?"

I understood. but would not turn. The moment we left behind us the great derricks, my spirits began to fail. The seat of the light buggy seemed unreasonably small, and brought us into a close contact revenge for the part she had played in the matter, I bought aunt Patty the most hideous sprigged muslin the sun ever shone upon. "Now pray take me home," I said to Gowan, crossly.

"I am ill."

The moment we were alone again in that narrow-seated buggy, on the quiet country roads, the sentimental look I dreaded began to appear on his face. He attempted to take my hand. I drew it quickly and smartly away.

"Nan, dear Nan," he then tried to begin.

"Stop!" I cried, mildly, starting up. "If you speak a word more I will leap out!"

He drew me quietly down. I would not look in his face, but I heard him breathing hard.

"I understand," he said, "some one has spoken before me."

"Yes," I answered, flatly. There was silence.

"A merechild like you," he said, at last, in his usual cool. pleasant voice, "has much to learn, and many mistakes to make, and to set right again. I can wait."

"You will find it somewhat trying to your patience," was my quick, angry answer.

He smiled, but said nothing. He put me down at the gate, and I ran in, tore off my finery, spread the cloth for dinner, and went down to the old well in the garden for

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.—" I KNELT DOWN, AND LIFTED HIS DABBLED HEAD ON MY KNEE."

that to me was vastly uncomfortable. The high wind, too, tossed my hair across his shoulders, and tangled it in the buttons of his coat. He detached it with passion-bright

"I wish it were your heart instead of your hair," he said, with an alarming fervor underlying the lightness of his tone.

By the time we reached Middleboro I was miserable. In

a bucket of water. I was leaning over the mossy curb, with the sweep in my hands, when, in the glassy mirror below, I saw a face reflected, and there at my shoulders stood Stephen.

"It is strange I can never be angry with you," he said, taking the bucket from my hands, "even when you deserve it."

"How good you are!" I answered, nettled by his tone.

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"Why did you go riding with Gowan this morning?" he demanded, "to make me miserable?"

"I suppose it must have been that," said I, recklessly. The dark rich-colored face looked full in mine.

"Did you promise yourself to me last night, Nan, or did I dream it, or do you want to forget in silver daylight all that was done under the glamour of the moon?" He snatched my hands and pressed them against his heart, and I felt it beating great, mad, wild strokes. "You cannot! You shall not!" he cried. "I love you, and I will never release you, Nan-never!"

We had a frolic that night in the great red barn, emptied of the last year's harvest. Lanterns swung on high, and the floor below was swept clean for the dance. Betwixt the great doors a seat of honor had been placed for Stephen and his fiddle.

"I couldn't induce you to share my throne, I suppose ?" said he.

"Not to-night," I answered. "I prefer to dance."

"With Gowan?"

"With any nice person who asks me.

"Not Gowan, Nan-promise me.'

"Wait till he appearsdo !"

"There he is in the door yonder, looking around for you."

I flung a backward glance over my shoulder, and saw Gowan leaning against the entrance fanning himself with his straw hat, and pensively regarding the crowd of young people assembled under the lanterns.

"Well?" said Stephen, waiting for the promise he had asked; but I stood stubbornly silent. He dropped my hand as if it had been a coal; strode over to his seat of honor, and taking up his fiddle began to play.

I was standing alone, looking out on the moonlit night, when Gowan came pushing his way toward me.

"Has no one asked you to dance?" he said, lightly, "or have you quarreled with Stephen?"

"No—to both questions," I answered.

"You look as forlorn as Mariana in the Moated Grange. May I beg you to honor me once?"

I looked over at Stephen, but he was playing his merriest, and seemed to see nothing.

"At least it is better than moping here," was my very uncivil answer; and I took Gowan's arm and fell into place with him.

We swung through the changes, and went down the middle together under Stephen's eyes, and I grew reckless at last, as one is apt to do in wrong-doing, and danced again and again, and was glad with the gladdest.

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"He is jealous as a Turk," said Gowan, shrugging his shoulders. "You will be in disgrace for this." And sure enough Stephen cast one furious glance at me, and strode off in the very midst of the frolic, fiddle and all, and I saw him no more that night.

I slept late the following morning, and his seat at the table was vacant when I entered the kitchen.

"Whatever ails you?" cried aunt Patty. "You are as blue as skim-milk. If you'll go down to the south pasture for the berries, I'll have a strawberry pudding for dinner. Stephen is uncommon fond of it.

I was glad of the task. I threw aunt Patty's red breakfastshawl over my shoulders, tied on my hat and started. Under the bars I went, and through the barberry bushes, seeing before me the tips of the great derricks at the quarry rising

beyond the hill. I stumbled upon a spot where the ground was red and odorous, and, falling on my knees in the Summer grass, began plucking out, with all haste, the rich ripeness it hid. Presently the shadow of a human figure stretched across me, long and dark, in the sun. I looked up, and saw Gowan.

"Heavens!" thought I; "will the court ever adjourn to another place, and take this man away with it? Is he omnipresent?" I think my ill-humor was visible in my face.

"You are angry with me," he said, at once.

"True," I answered, "Why do starting up. you follow me about like this? Why are you forever at my elbow?"

"Is my presence, then, so hateful to you?" he asked, coloring.

ed, coolly. "I do not mean to intrude, but pray tell me if the animal coming yonder is not a rather unusual feature in the landscape? He seems to be regarding us attentively.'

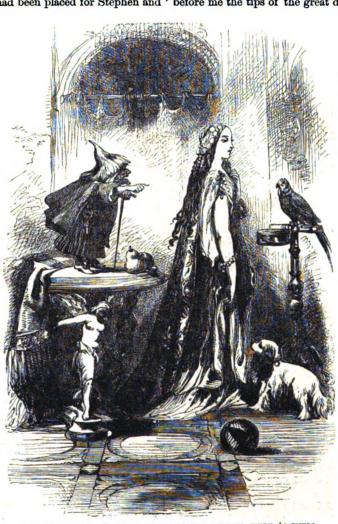
"Yes, it is!" I blazed. "Now, pray, be satisfied, and leave me alone." "Patience," he answer-I turned, and saw father's big red bull advancing briskly

through the barberry bushes, tossing his sharp, short horns as he came. I snatched up my pail of strawberries.

"If you stay here a moment longer he will gore you to death!" I cried, and ran for the nearest wall. Gowan followed. The bull tore after us, bellowing, through the low undergrowth. The only weapon at hand was Gowan's light walking-stick, and the fence was twenty rods away, across an open space.

"Run," I urged, "or he will surely kill you!"

"The deuce he will!" muttered Gowan; and I heard a fall, and looked, and saw him measuring his length in the scrambling blackberry vines, with the foaming, snorting brute close on his entangled heels.



AT .-- "THE FIRST WORDS SHE UTTERED WERE, 'I SMELL THE VOICE OF A MAN.' "- SEE PAGE 755. THE WHITE CAT.

I saw this, and turned and ran back toward him.

"Help! help!" I cried, wildly.

At the call, a man in shirt-sleeves vaulted over the fence,

and ran up to us. It was Stephen.

"Go back, Nan!" he cried, and snatched from my shoulders the red breakfast-shawl, which had been at the bottom of all the mischief, and flaunted it in the face of the bull. A wrathful roar, and off they went across the field together, Stephen leading, with the obnoxious garment, the brute tearing after. Gowan gathered himself up from the snarl of blackberry-vines, and we scrambled over the fence together, and stood and watched Stephen fling the shawl, at last, over the bull's short horns, and, leaving him pawing and trampling it, turn back toward us across the field.

"What a plight you are in, to be sure!" said I, maliciously, looking at the lawyer's immaculate garments, rumpled

and blotched by his fall.

"It might have been worse," he answered good-naturedly.

"True-but for Stephen."

He reddened, searching my face closely.

"Good Heavens! you love him!" he cried, with the air of a person convicted for the first time of an unpleasant truth.

"With my whole heart!" I answered.

Before I was aware, he seized my two hands, resting on the fence, raised them to his lips, then flung them from him, and Stephen, advancing toward us across the open space, saw him, and stopped short in his tracks. He stood he looked from Gowan's red face to my pale one, for one portentious moment, then turned on his heel, without a word, and strode off toward the quarry. We had no strawberry pudding for dinner; but, instead, aunt Patty compounded one of marvelous odor and appearance, full of chopped raisins and sweet spices. Twelve o'clock struck, and I went down to the gate to wait for Stephen. I looked across the fields-strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of his tall figure coming over the hill. I wanted him to see me there, and know, even from afar, that I was penitent and anxious for peace. Long and dark stretched the shadow of rock and tree across the hill, but I saw no Stephen.

"Where can he be?" cried aunt Patty, from the kitchen; "the meat's growing cold, and the potatoes are like bullets."

Suddenly a strange figure appeared, running across the field, breathless, bare-headed. It sent a shivering thrill of dread through me from soul to crown. As it drew nearer, I dashed open the gate, and sprang quickly into the road to meet it.

"Stephen!" I almost shrieked.

"Something's happened down in the quarry," it gasped,

I thrust it saide, and fled under the bars, across the field, up the brow of the hill, and down on the other side, till I reached the derricks.

"Stop, for God's sake!" I heard some one crying after me, but the words whistled through my ears like an idle wind. Men were running past, breathlessly. I followed, and came to him, lying in the midst, with a coat spread across his shattered body. I pushed them all aside, and knelt down and lifted the dabbled head on my knee.

"Stephen!" I shrieked, "oh, come back, for I love you!"
What did he care for my love then? The pangs I had given him, and the little measure of joy—were they not as one to him at that moment?

"Come back! come back!" I prayed; but he answered nothing. The sun shone overhead, the world went on around us, and he lay there, mute and dead. Dead!—his strong, young life torn from him in the last thundering blast that had rent the hill. Dead!—and I knew it, and yet lived on.

Do you ask if I married Gowan? Yes, but that was years after.

## THE WHITE CAT.

A FAIRY STORY.



KING had three sons, all remarkably handsome in their persons, and in their tempers generous and noble. Some wicked courtiers made the king believe that the princes were contriving a plot to deprive him of his sceptre and his authority.

The king had no inclination to resign his power, and therefore he sent for them to his cabinet, and

said:

"My dear children, my great age prevents me from attending so closely as I have hitherto done to State affairs. I therefore desire to place my crown on the head of one of you; but, in return for such a present, you should procure me some amusement

in my retirement, for I shall leave the capital forever. I cannot help thinking that a little dog, that should be handsome, faithful, and engaging, would be the very thing to make me happy; so that, without bestowing a preference on either of you, I declare that he who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be my successor."

The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father, yet they accepted the proposition with pleasure; and accordingly, after taking leave of the king, they set off on their travels. Each took a different road; but we intend to relate the adventures of only the youngest, who, wandering he knew not whither, found himself in a forest; night suddenly came on, he lost his path, and could not find his way out. When he had groped about for a long time, he perceived a light, and accordingly pursued his way toward it, and in a short time found himself at the gates of the most magnificent palace ever beheld.

The prince observed a deer's foot fastened to a chain of diamonds. He pulled the chain, and heard a bell, the sound of which was so sweet that he concluded it must be made either of silver of gold. In a few moments the door was opened, but he perceived nothing but twelve hands in the air, each holding a torch.

The prince was so astonished that he durst not move a step; when he felt himself pushed gently on by some other hands from behind him. He walked on in great perplexity; and, to be secure from danger, he put his hand on his sword. He entered a vestibule inlaid with porphyry and lapis-stone, when the most melodious voice he had ever heard chanted the following words:

"Welcome, prince! no danger fear, Mirth and love attend you here."

The prince now advanced with confidence, wondering what these words could mean.

When he had passed through sixty apartments, all equally splendid, he was stopped by the hands, and a large easy-chair advanced of itself toward the chimney; the fire immediately lighted of itself; and the hands, which he observed were extremely white and delicate, took off his wet clothes, and supplied their place with the finest linen imaginable, and then added a commodious wrapping-gown, embroidered with the brightest gold, and all over enriched with pearls.

The hands next brought him an elegant dressing-table, held before him a beautiful basin, filled with perfumes, for him to wash his face and hands, and afterward took off the wrapping-gown, and dressed him in a suit of clothes of still greater spleudor.

When his dress was complete, they conducted him to a table spread for a repast, and everything upon it was of the purest gold, adorned with jewels.

As he was reflecting on the wonderful things he had seen in this palace, his attention was suddenly caught by a small figure, not a foot in height, which just then entered the room, and advanced toward him. It had on a long black vail, and was supported by two cats dressed in mourning, and with swords by their sides. They were followed by a numerous retinue of cats. The little figure now approached, and, throwing aside her vail, he beheld a most beautiful white cat. Addressing herself to the prince, she said:

"Young prince, you are welcome; your presence affords me the greatest pleasure."

"Madame." replied the prince, "I would fain thank you for your generosity, nor can I help observing that you must be a most extraordinary creature, to possess, with your present form, the gift of speech, and the magnificent palace I have just seen."

"All this is very true," answered the beautiful cat; "but, prince, I am not fond of talking, and least of all do I like compliments; let us, therefore, sit down to supper."

When night was far advanced, the white cat wished him a good-night, and he was conducted by the hands to his bedchamber.

The prince was undressed and put into bed by the hands, without speaking a word; they then left him to repose. He, however, slept but little, and in the morning was awakened by a confused noise. He looked into the courtyard, and perceived more than five hundred cats, all busily employed in preparing for the field, for this was a day of festival.

Presently the white cat came to his apartment, and having politely inquired after his health, and how he had passed the night, she invited him to partake of their amusement.

When the hunting was over, the whole retinue returned to the palace; when the white cat sat down to supper with the prince, who partook with her of the most delicious liquors, which, being often repeated, made him forget that he was to procure a little dog for the old king. He thought no longer of anything but of pleasing the sweet little creature who received him so courteously, and, accordingly, every day was spent in new amusements.

The prince had almost forgotten his country and his relations.

"Alas!" said he to the white cat, "how will it afflict me to leave one whom I love so much? Either make yourself a lady, or make me a cat."

At length the twelvemonth was nearly expired. The prince began to afflict himself, when the cat told him not to be sorrowful, since she would not only provide him with a little dog, but also with a wooden horse, which should convey him safely in less than twelve hours.

"Look here," said she, showing him an acorn; "this contains what you desire."

The prince put the acorn to his ear, and heard the barking of a little dog. Transported with joy, he thanked the cat a thousand time, and the next day, bidding her tenderly adieu, he set out on his return.

The prince arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and was soon joined by his brothers.

The next day they went together to the palace. The dogs of the two elder princes were lying on cushions, and so curiously wrapped round with embroidered quilts that scarcely would one venture to touch them.

The king examined the two little dogs of the elder princes, and declared he thought them so equally beautiful that he knew not to which, with justice, he could give the preference. They accordingly began to dispute, when the young prince, taking the acorn from his pocket, soon ended their contention; for a little dog appeared which could with ease go through the smallest ring, and was, besides, a miracle of beauty.

The king was not more inclined than the year before to part with his crown, so he told his sons that he was extremely obliged to them for the pains they had taken, and that since they had succeeded so well, he could but wish they would make a second attempt; he therefore begged they would take another year for procuring him a piece of cambric, so fine as to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard; yet they set out in obedience to the king's command. The two eldest took different roads, and the youngest remounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat, who received him with the greatest joy; after which the prince gave the white cat an account of the admiration which had been bestowed on the beautiful little dog, and informed her of his father's further injunction.

"Make yourself perfectly easy, dear prince," said she; "I have in my palace some cats that are particularly expert in making such cambric as the king requires; so you have nothing to do but to give me the pleasure of your company while it is making, and I will take care to procure you all the amusement possible."

The twelvementh in this manner again passed insensibly away, but the cat took care to remind the prince of his duty in proper time.

She then presented him with a nut.

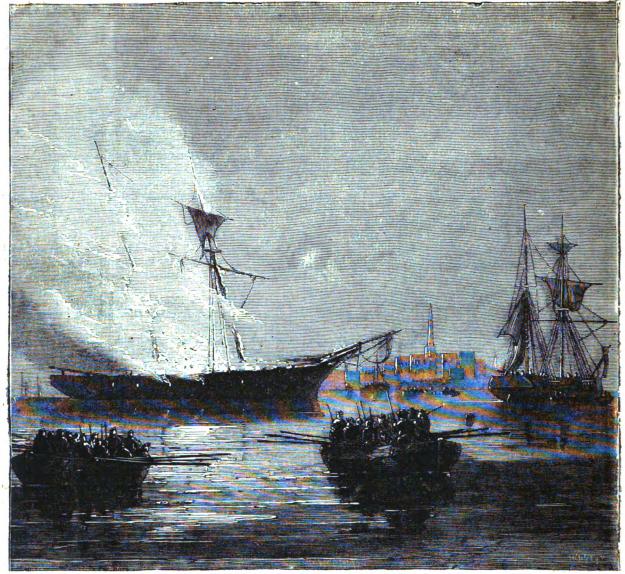
"You will find in it," said she, "the piece of cambric I promised you; do not break the shell till you are in the presence of the king, your father."

The prince hastened to his father's palace, where his brothers had arrived just before him. The princes hastened to lay at the feet of his majesty the curious present he had required them to procure. The eldest unwrapped a piece of cambric that was indeed extremely fine, so that his friends had no doubt of its passing through the eye of the needle, which was now delivered to the king, having been locked up in the custody of his majesty's treasurer all the time. But when the king attempted to draw it through the eye of the needle it would not pass. Then came the second prince, who was as sure of obtaining the crown as his brother had done, but, alas! with no better success; for though, to all appearance, his piece of cambric was exquisitely fine, yet it could not be drawn through the eye of the needle. It was now the youngest prince's turn, who accordingly advanced, and, opening the magnificent little box, inlaid with jewels, he took out a walnut, and cracked the shell, imagining he should perceive his piece of cambric; but what was his astonishment to see nothing but a filbert! He did not, however, lose his hope; he cracked the filbert, and it presented him with a cherry-stone. The prince, however, cracked the cherry-stone, which was filled with a kernel; he divided it, and found in the middle a grain of wheat, and in that a grain of millet-seed, and, opening the grain of milletseed, to the astonishment of all present, he drew from it a piece of cambric four hundred yards in length, and fine enough to be drawn, with perfect ease, through the eye of the needle.

When the king found he had no pretext left for refusing the crown to the youngest son, he sighed deeply, and it was plain to be seen that he was sorry for the prince's success.

"My sons," said he, "you must undertake another expedition; and whichever, by the end of the year, shall bring me the most beautiful lady, shall marry her and obtain my crown."

The two eldest princes took care enough not to murmur, for they had now another chance of success; and the youngest was too dutiful to complain of the great injustice he had suffered. So they again took leave of the king, and of each other, and set out without delay; and in less than twelve hours our young prince again arrived at the palace of



THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S SCHOONER "GASPEE," NEAR PROVIDENCE, IN 1772 .- SEE PAGE 758.

his dear white cat, who received him as before. He gave her an account of all that had passed, and the new request of the king, his father.

"Never mind it, my prince," said she; "I engage to provide you with what you want; and, in the meantime, let us be as merry as we can, for it is only when I have the pleasure of your company that I am the least inclined to entertainments or rejoicings of any kind."

Accordingly, everything went on as before till the end of another year.

At length, only one day remained of the year; when the white cat thus addressed him:

"To-morrow, my prince, you must present yourself at the palace of your father, and give him a proof of your obedience. It depends only on yourself to conduct thither the most beautiful princess ever yet beheld; for the time is come when the enchantment by which I am bound may be ended. You must cut off my head and tail," continued she, "and throw them into the fire."

"I!" answered the prince, hastily; "I cut off your head and tail! You surely mean to try my affection, which, believe me, beautiful cat, is truly yours."

"You mistake me, generous prince," said she; "I do not doubt your regard, but if you wish to see me in any other form than that of a cat, you must consent to do as I desire,

when you will have done me a service I shall never be able sufficiently to repay you."

The prince's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, yet he considered himself obliged to undertake the dreadful task; and the cat continuing to press him with the greatest eagerness, with a trembling hand he drew his sword, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. No sooner was this done, than the most beautiful lady his eyes had ever seen stood before him, who thus addressed the astonished prince:

"Do not imagine, dear prince, that I have been always a cat, or that I am of obscure birth. My father was the monarch of six kingdoms; he tenderly loved my mother, leaving her always at liberty to follow her own inclinations. Having offended a powerful fairy, she was compelled to promise to give her child, shortly to be born, to the fairies.

"Nothing could exceed my father's affliction, when he heard that his only child, when born, was to be given to the fairies; he bore it, however, as well as he could, for fear of adding to my mother's grief.

"The fairies placed me in a tower of their palace, magnificently furnished, but to which there was no door; so that whoever approached me was obliged to come by the windows, which were a prodigious height from the ground. "My only companions in the tower were a parrot and a little dog, and both were endowed with the gift of speech.

"One of the windows of my tower overlooked a long avenue shaded with trees, so that I had never seen in it a human creature. One day, however, as I was talking at this window with my parrot, I perceived a young gentleman, who was listening to our conversation.

"The next morning, as soon as it was light, I again placed myself at the window, and had the pleasure of seeing that the gentleman had returned to the same place. He next begged my permission to come every day at the same hour to speak with me, desiring me, if I consented, to throw down something by way of token. I accordingly threw down a ring, at the same time making a sign for him to withdraw hastily, as I heard the approach of the Fairy Violent, on her dragon, who brought me my breakfast.

"The first words she uttered, after getting in at the window, were, 'I smell the voice of a man!'

"You may imagine my terror. Finding no one, she appeared satisfied, and said no more. At length she left me, leaving me a new distaff, and recommending me to employ myself more in spinning; 'For,' said she, 'you have done scarcely anything these two days.'

"Just at this time, the fairies took it into their heads to think of choosing me a husband from their own race, and accordingly appointed a day for his paying me a visit, desiring me to look as engagingly as I could.

"When I was alone with my parrot, she began to tell me how much she should pity me if the fairies obliged me to marry Migonnet, the prince they had thought of; 'For,' said she, 'he is a dwarf not two feet high; he has a hunch upon his back; his head is larger than his whole body; his

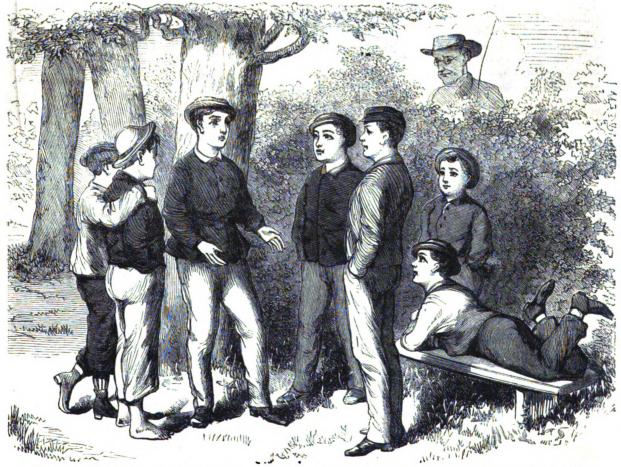
nose is so long that twenty birds may roost upon it; he has the feet of an eagle, and walks on stilts.'

"I was ready to die with horror, when I thought of this creature as my husband; and from that moment I resolved to find some means of escaping from my tower with the engaging prince I had seen.

"I now sent my parrot to the prince to beg he would come to the usual place, as I wished to speak with him. He did not fail; and, finding a ladder, mounted it, and precipitately entered my tower. I was at first somewhat alarmed, but the charms of his conversation had restored me to perfect tranquility; when all at once the window opened, and the Fairy Violent, seated on the dragon's back, rushed into the tower, followed by the hideous Migonnet in a chariot of fire, and a troop of guards, each upon the back of an ostrich.

"My beloved prince thought of nothing but how to defend me from their fury. But their numbers overpowered him, and the Fairy Violent had the barbarity to command the dragon to devour my prince before my eyes. The fairy then touched me with a wand, and I instantly became a white cat. She then informed me of my birth, and the death of both my parents, and pronounced upon me what she imagined would be the greatest of maledictions—that I should not be restored to my natural figure, till a young prince, the perfect resemblance of him I had lost, should cut off my head and tail. You, my prince, are that perfect resemblance; and, accordingly, you have ended the enchantment."

The prince and princess set out, side by side, and reached the palace just as the two brothers had arrived with two beautiful princesses. The king, hearing that each of his sons had succeeded in finding what he had required, again



THE OLD DOCTOR'S WATERMELONS.—"NOW, CALL ALL THE BOYS TOGETHER AROUND ME. AND 1'LL TELL YOU ALL SOMETHING TOU'LL, BE GLAD TO HEAR,"—SEE PAGE 759.

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began to think of some new expedient to delay the time of resigning his crown; but the princess who accompanied the youngest stepped majestically forward, and thus addressed him:

"What pity that your majesty, who is so capable of governing, should think of resigning the crown! I am fortunate enough to have six kingdoms in my possession; permit me to bestow one on each of the elder princes, and to enjoy the remaining four in the society of the youngest. And may it please your majesty to keep your own kingdom, and to make no decision concerning the beauty of the three princesses, who, without such a proof of your majesty's preference, will no doubt live happily together!"

The air resounded with the applauses of the assembly; the prince and princess embraced the king, and next their brothers and sisters; the three weddings immediately took place, and the kingdoms were divided as the princess had proposed, in each of which nothing for a long time prevailed but rejoicings.

# THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S SCHOONER "GASPEE," NEAR PROVIDENCE, IN 1772.

ONE of the most daring events that preceded the American Revolution—one that should have taught the English Government that Americans were not to be ruled as mere slaves—was the destruction of the English schooner Gaspee, off Namguit, or, as it is now called, Gaspee Point, on Narragan-sett Bay. This vessel, commanded by Lieutenant Duddington, had been sent to the bay by Admiral Montague and the Commissioners of Customs, at Boston, to prevent a trade carried on from Rhode Island, in disregard of English authority.

Duddington, an ignorant bully, made himself doubly obnoxious by compelling all vessels to take down their colors in his presence, firing into them in case of neglect. He insolently refused to show Governor Wanton, of Rhode Island, his commission or orders. All was accordingly ripe for any opportunity to give him and his masters a lesson in good manners and common sense.

On the 9th of June, 1772, while chasing Captain Lindsey's packet *Hannah*, the regular boat then plying between New York and Providence, the *Gaspee* ran aground on the point to which it has left its name, Lindsey having run in close for the very purpose of getting Duddington into mischief.

As soon as Lindsey announced in Providence that the Gaspee was ashore, and could not be got off before flood-tide, it was resolved that Rhode Island should be delivered of her presence.

John Brown, a leading merchant, had eight longboats prepared, and at dusk a man passed along Main Street, beating a drum, announcing the facts, and inviting those willing to aid in her destruction to meet at James Sabine's house. The boats, manned by sixty-four well-armed men, left Providence between ten and eleven o'clock, and a little after one, were hailed by the sentinel on the deck of the Gaspee. As no answer was given, the sentry alarmed his commander, and Duddington appeared in his shirt, on the starboard gunwale, and, ordering the boats off, fired a pistol at them; but, with the flash of his weapon, came a flash from one of the boats, and Duddington fell to the deck, wounded in the groin, and was carried below.

The boats now boarded the Gaspee with little opposition, the crew retreating below. The captors dressed Duddington's wound, and ordered the crew to leave the vessel, taking their commander, and all their and his clothing and effects.

As soon as they had gone, the Guspee was set on fire, and, burning steadily through the night, blew up at dawn.

Governor Wanton, the next day, offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the villainy. Admiral Montague did all he could to find the parties engaged. The British Government sent out a special commission, but, though a reward of \$5,000 was offered for the leader, and half that for any other concerned, not a man, woman, or child could be found in Rhode Island who knew anything about it.

"Now, for to find these people out,
King George has offered, very stout,
One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Duddington;
One thousand more, he says, he'll spare
For those who say the sheriffs were;
One thousand more there doth remain,
For to find out the leader's name;
Likewise, five hundred pounds per man
For any one of all the clan.
But let him try his utmost skill,
I'm apt to think he never will
Find out any of those hearts of gold,
Though he should offer fifty-fold."

The principal actors, whose names were thus well concealed, were John Brown, Captain Abraham Whipple, John B. Hopkins, Benjamin Dunn, Dr. John Mawney, Benjamin Page, Joseph Bucklin, Turpin Smith, Ephraim Bower, and Joseph Tillinghast.

#### THE

## OLD DOCTOR'S WATERMELONS;

OR, THE CRIPPLE'S DREAM.



ONDERFUL watermelons were those of the village Æsculapius of my youth. Wonderful affairs that always turned out just right—utterly regardless of the season—and the earliest by fully a week or more of any one's else in the town. What marvelous melons they were, to be sure! What mealy fruit! Invariably turning out on "coring," either a delicious mouth - watery pomegranate red in the centre, or the creamiest of (ice) creamy whites.

I can see them now "in my mind's eye," sunning themselves lazily in their huge "patch"; their great round-bellied green surfaces turning up here and there glossily in myriad confusion from out the straggling foliage of their own great awkward big leaves! And believe me, that melon-patch in August—the doctor's "own special," though one must own all were carefully watched—received more special attention at the hands of the youngsters of our village than all the rest of the doctor's real estate put together. But—truth again compels the admission—only in watermelon time.

And yet, that same melon-patch, attractive as it was, once brought the whole village, and in one night, to grief. It happened in this wise:

One season, whilst those of the rest of the village, as usual, were but turning, and those of the old waggish doctor, equally as usual, were many days ahead of time (and, in fact, a dozen or more already plugged for family use), it chanced that the exasperated eyes of some half a dozen of the rowdiest of the village academy roughs, passing the doctor's garden daily, to and fro on their way to school, came to the mutual conclusion that patience had ceased to be one of the necessary cultivatable virtues for modern use. At all events, not worth the daily candle of further perseverance.

The result may be surmised. An insurrection juvenile

was speedily proposed and organized. The doctor's melonpatch, the scene of action, in a moment (theoretically), in the minds of many, became a doomed and desolate waste—a place, indeed, where melons had been, but where, alas! until the next melon season, the place that had known them should know them no more.

Chief of this conspiracy—in fact, the very head and front of the offenders—was one Will Holt by name, a bright boy of eleven. Now, among the doctor's patients was one Jimmy Holt, younger brother to Will, a wasted little fellow of nine years old, or thereabouts, who, some fifteen months before, had fallen from an apple-tree, thereby injuring his spine in some sad manner, so that he had been forced to lie, for that long period, upon his back, a little cripple, and almost daily patient of the doctor's ever since. Poor Jimmy was just at this time, with redoubled languor and weariness, recovering from a slow nervous fever. On this special day, he had called his mother to him, and had informed her that he wanted, "Oh, so much! a single piece of watermelon."

He had been dreaming about it, he said—dreaming all night that he was playing in the doctor's melon-patch—he and Will—and that he was all well and strong again as ever, and that they had looked up and saw the doctor looking out the window at them; and then he had come out into the garden to see them, and had said, ever so kindly, not a bit cross, mother, 'Why, boys, is this you—come to get some watermelons? Well, pitch in, and help yourselves'; and, as he said it, he'd ripped out his great jackknife, and cut right into the rind of, oh, such a jol'y fat fellow, mother! with such a swish! And then he had put both halves, all dripping over with red, luscious juice, right into his (Jimmy's) hp, and had said, 'There, boys, now fall to and help yourselves; and come here every year, and get just as many as ever you like!'

"And, oh, mother!" wound up the little fellow, rapturonsly, "it was so nice and real, and the sweet juice tasted so nice and cool, dripping right into my hot mouth, that you don't know, mother!"

And as with the last words the sick boy finished his graphic recollection of his extraordinary dream, tinctured, perhaps, a little (and not unnaturally) with the enthusiasm of his waking thoughts, he looked up into his mother's face, longingly.

"And, oh, mother, do you know, I've been thinking if—you remember the doctor promised me once to take me to rice in his buggy, behind Gray Bill, the first time I am able to zet out. Well, do you know, I'll ask him if he won't let the ride go," suggested the child, heroically, "and give me one of his tiniest, tiniest watermelons instead. Oh, mother! don't you think he would! It does seem as if one single waermelon would make me well again. I'm so hungry—but only for watermelon!" added the poor little sufferer, longingly, with a child's ingenuousness.

'I don't know, my child, I'm sure," added his mother, soohingly; "but at any rate lie down and try to sleep now, andwe'll see and get you a watermelon somewhere else in the rillage, if you want it so much. At all events, we'll try," she added, hesitatingly, for she remembered with a pang, even in her great wish, that the doctor had the reputation of being not over-fond of parting with his watermelons; and, learing refusal, she set about inquiry for the fruit elsewhere.

She was doomed to disappointment, however, as none were to be found in the village more than half ripe, the doctor's olitary patch being, as before stated, many days ahead of ontemporary neighbors' time.

Jimmy was fearfully disappointed. His dream had been por real, and his poor little sick, feverish palate, vapidly fed for about a week past by Will's graphic daily description of the swelling splendor, absolutely craved the luscious juice of the fruit with an almost insane longing.

Will, coming in from school at noon, to see Jimmy, found the little man crying (he couldn't help it, though he had tried his best not to) over a delicious saucer of early green apple-sauce and cream, which his mother, in the sorrow of her heart, had kindly prepared for him, in the hope of partially allaying his bitter disappointment. Will heard the whole story out, and determined, on hearing, to set things right at once, which he did, after his own fashion.

On his way to school in the afternoon, he took his way a long one round—by that of Doctor Greene's house, and on the road hither his mutterings might have been translated thus:

"Humph! Well, old fellow, now's your chance; just one more, and one only. I'll ask you right at once for the plaguy thing, like a man, and then—if you don't let Jimmy have one, I'll join all the boys together this very evening, and we'll rob you of every blessed one on the place?"

So threatening, our puny little Cæsar, with a face set in stormy determination, put a period to his cogitations by a sudden and savage pull at the doctor's door-bell. Waiting for its answering, he turned round upon the door-step, and cast one longing glance—a glance which, to tell the truth, had longing enough in it for Jimmy, too-at the envied melonpatch. Yes, there they were, blinking and shining in the afternoon sun; some light, some dark-green; some round, some long and bulbous; some striped, some plain; some large, some small; but all, as Will knew by experience, local (for he had been an inhabitant of that village from his earliest cradlehood, and had left the surreptitious imprint of his marauding numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 calfskin boots, for as many succeeding years of his life, every melon season, in that identical patch—in fact, ever since the literal worsted sock of earliest childhood had been exchanged for the first morocco "tie" of advancing boyhood), with just the same delicious odor of contents; which, when the boy began to speculate upon, with the keenness of an appetite whetted by a whole year's scarceness, and the stomach of a boy at that, he grew partly frantic with melon-fever, hardly caught, either, from poor Jimmy.

Fortunately, however, for his good behavior, at this crisis the door opened, and the portly figure of the old doctor stood before him.

In a moment more Will rushed in.

"Oh, sir! Oh, Doctor Greene!" he commenced, incoherently, "Jimmy, sir—"

"Eh! What? Jimmy worse again?" said the old gentleman, sharply, firing out his words with revolver readiness and pith, as he recognized in his little visitor an elder brother of his little lame patient.

"No, sir—no," said the boy, hesitatingly, "not unless, Doctor Greene, he's gone and made himself worse, as mother says, from the worry he's got into from his dream about you, sir."

"His dream about me, eh? What!" echoed the amazed old gentleman, "Jimmy been dreaming about me? Well, come in and tell me all about it;" and with the word the eccentric old doctor pulled his plucky little neighbor into the hall, and then in a moment was in possession of the whole story.

Yes, the whole story. It was soon told—intended midnight foray and all of the coming night not forgotten; and the boy owned himself to have been the this year's originator of the scheme—for he was too noble of nature not to confess all, and make a genuine clean breast of his errors when the opportunity was once afforded him.

At its conclusion, and after innumerable haws, and hems, and savage chuckling, added to sharp, caustic inquiry on the part of the old doctor, Will was allowed to depart, but not until he had been invited by the kind old gentleman to partake of a most superb big watermelon, ordered up by his

eccentric host, not from the sunny garden, but from the cool cellar. This huge delight the old doctor opened with the identical swish of Jimmy's dream, and having done so, he invited his little friend to fall to and help himself, insisting upon his doing so liberally that, before long, even he, Will, was fain to cry, "Hold! enough!" to his pressing host.

Will ate, I say, to such a pass, but the reader may be sure not at Jimmy's expense, or, in fact, until the kind old doctor

had promised such a watermelon feast to his little, fevered brother, tossing upon his longing bed at home, as the little parched palate had literally not even dreamed of.

On reaching school, which, by-the-way, he was barely in time for, he found himself obliged to wait until recess before he could unburden his bosom of its weight  $\mathbf{of}$ watermelon remorse.

"Halloa! Here's Will Holt at last. He'll go in for it, sure!" said one of his companions, as Will came slowly out into the schoolhouse yard.

"Go in for what?" was his reply, a slight conscious blush reddening his cheek with the words.

"Go in for what?" his companions retorted, questioningly. "Why, for robbing old Mr. Greene's watermelon-

patch, to be sure. Who proposed it first, I'd like to know? It's a gay old moonlight night, and-"

"Stop!" said our little hero, suddenly, throwing himself on the grass as he spoke. "Fred Wilson, you just hold on a minute right where you are. Now, call all the boys together around me, and I'll tell you all something you'll be glad to hear."

There was something strangely though unconsciously

commanding in Will's tone. In one instant the whole school, big and little, had flocked around him. Then Will sprang to his feet, and told them the whole story, adding how sorry he was that he had been obliged to eat the whole melon alone (which, to do him justice, he really had been ashamed to do), and winding up with a fervent entreaty that they would rob anybody else's they pleased, but let the old doctor's watermelons alone. In any case, he, for

> one, would have nothing to do with it.

"Well said. m y little man!" ejaculated an unseen listener to the boy's colloquy, and, with the words, the whip-lash fell gently upon Gray Bill's flank, as old Doctor Greene whipped him up on the road just the other side of the fence dividing it from the school - house yard.

A creaking of the old lunbering buggy. in the midst of a sound as of chuckling laughter, and in a moment more nauglt remained of the old doctor's momentaly road delay lut the whirl of dust raisedby old Bill's ast retreating fotsteps.

The schoolbell, earler than usual at this instant called the indignant loys to class. In sadness of spirit, the instant it was over, Will Hol turned his dis-



FIG. 1 .- HYDRAULIC METHOD INVENTED IN CALIFORNIA FOR WORKING AURIFEROUS ALLUVIUM.

pirited footsteps toward home. He passed many knots of whispering schoolmates by the way; but they only scowled at him as he passed, and the instant afterward his ears and cheeks burned with the insulting epithets hurled after him

Will stood it manfully, determining, come what must, \$\psi\$ would never do to "blab." He felt fully repaid for it whe, on reaching Jimmy's room, he was met by the sight of plateful of the longed-for crimson fruit, right in Jimmys

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lap, and the dear little fellow in the midst of its enjoyment. And, strange to say, from that day Jimmy grew momentarily better, and in a few weeks further, save for a slight lameness, was almost entirely well.

In less than six months he was as sound as now, and he always insisted that it was only "a watermelon-fever, after all, which ailed him," and as soon as that was assuaged he, of course, at once recovered.

But to recur to the boys and their plans. That night the old doctor's watermelon patch was robbed of every blessed melon on it. Strange to say, a few hours after the whole village was astir with cholera-morbus.

To all appearance, the entire population had eaten its fill

of the doctor's watermelons — previously inoculated, however, with tartaremetic!

At all events, on that single night, between sundown and sunrise, the doctor's patients counted up to fortyseven.

After that, in all succeeding yearsas will readily be believed—the doctor's melons (let them appear ever so early) went scotfree of all village depredations, for two facts the village, "now purged and clean," if not yet "clothed in its right mind," had learned to its sorrow, viz.: that, in all cases, "it had to pay the piper"; and that it did not pay to set the old doctor dancing to its fiddling, especially in watermelon season.

The young scamps, whose plans and plots ended so disastrously, are now scattered far and wide, sober judges, reverend

divines, profound scientists, and thoughtful engineers, but at the remembrance of the doctor's watermelons the most serious will relax.

THE PAST AND PRESENT PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

Gold has been known since the world was peopled by man, and from time immemorial has been made the object of study by alchymists and chemists, and has been sought for in all possible and impossible situations. Moses speaks of it as occurring in a river flowing out of Eden, and Job says that wisdom cannot be bought with it, not even with the gold of Ophir, and Solomon collected vast quantities for

the building of the Temple, and David required, to complete his work, 100,000 hundredweight. It is thus evident that the most ancient races were acquainted with gold, and regarded it as their most precious metal. But the Ophir of the Bible, and the Eldorado of the later Spanish writers, are localities about which endless speculations have been made, without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. Where they were situated cannot be ascertained, and whenever a new discovery of gold is made, as was the case in Siberia, South America, California, and Australia, Ophir and Eldorado are moved to those places in the order of discovery; and thus the famous gold placers of ancient times are forced to travel around the world in search of a final resting-place. The

FIG. 2.—GOLD-WASHING IN BRAZIL.

the metal is conclusively shown by all of these discussions, and its use is traced in the history of the most ancient races. The manner in which gold occurs on the face of the earth is now very generally understood, in consequence of the extraordinary discoveries of deposits and mines of the metal which have been made in the United States. It is not confined to rocks of any one geological period. The gold of Colorado occurs in veins, with metallic sulphides traversing crystalline rocks of eozoic age, while the deposits of North Carolina are found in palaeozoic strata, similar to the Ural Mountains and the Alps. In Nova Scotia the ore is met with in slates and sandstones, which appear to belong to the Cambrian or Laurentian formations, the same age being also attributed

great antiquity of

to the auriferous strata of Australia and Wales; and, according to Professor Whitney, the gold-bearing quartz of California is found in strata of the Cretaceous period.

By the wearing away and disintegration of the rocks which contain the auriferous veins, the gold, owing to its great specific gravity, falls to the lowest level, or gets lodged in fissures, where it is covered by an accumulation of gravel or sand in alluvial deposits, or it constitutes the gold-sand of veins. Gravel-beds containing gold are found among the mountains, in situations remote from any forces that could now cause their accumulation; but the appearance of the gravel indicates what must have been the origin of the bed. The metal is found distributed through the gravel or sand, in rounded or flattened scales and nuggets. Some of the nuggets are of large size, and weigh 1,500 to 2,000 ounces,

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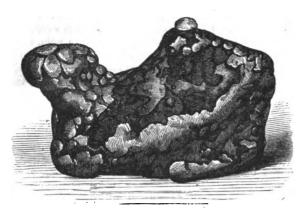


FIG. 3 .-- NUGGEF OF GOLD FROM GILBERT RIVER, CANADA.

and are valued at \$30,000 to \$40,000. Fig. 3 shows the appearance of a large mass found on the Gilbert River, in Canada. One of the largest ever discovered was found in Australia, and weighed 233 lbs. Valued at more than \$50,000.

In Brazil, the waters of mountain streams are diverted from their natural channels and conducted through sluiceways, thus affording a means of washing the gravel and separating the gold. The fine gold is caught in strainers made of woolen cloth, or other material (see fig. 2), or is arrested on cleets which are nailed across the sluices. This is a very ancient way of separating the lighter gravel from the golddust, and was pursued in the early mining of California. The working of gravel-beds containing gold, in regions where there is no water, involves the expense of constructing aqueducts, or flumes, sometimes many miles in extent, by which water is introduced under heavy pressure, and can be delivered against a bed of gravel with such force as to move large masses of rock, and wash away a mountain of gravel in a marvelously short time. This way of obtaining gold is called the hydraulic method, and it has been very successfully followed in California (see fig. 1), where sections of country many miles in extent have been thoroughly cleared out of gold that had been carried into pockets and beds by ancient floods, or rivers that must have swept over the country in early geological ages. The hydraulic system was the only one available for such deposits, and its invention in California has been the source of great wealth to the country.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from California, says that the ancient river-bed from which so much gold has been taken is in many places covered with earth to the depth of two or three hundred feet. To dig down to it and mine it by ordinary processes would be too expensive, and to meet this case hydraulic mining was invented. Water brought from 100 or 150 miles away, and from a considerable height, is led from the reservoirs through eight, ten, or twelve inch iron pipes, and, through what a New York fireman would call a nozzle five or six inches in diameter, is thus forced against the side of a hill one or two or three hundred feet high. The stream, when it leaves the pir, has such a force that it would cut a man in two if it should hit him. Two or three, and sometimes even six, such streams play against the bottom of a hill, and earth and stones, often of great size, are washed away, until at last a great slice of the hill itself gives way and tumbles down.

Not all the earth contains gold. Often there is a superincumbent layer of fifty or more feet which is worthless before they reach the immense gravel deposit which marks the course of the ancient river; and from this gravel, waterworn and showing all the marks of having formed once the bed of a rushing torrent, the gold is taken. Under great pressure this gravel—which contains rocks of large size, and is not gravel, in one sense of the word, at all—has been

cemented together so that even the powerful streams of water directed against it make but a feeble impression; and to hasten and cheapen the operation, a blast of from 2,500 to 3,000 kegs of powder is inserted in a hill-side and exploded, in such a way as to shatter and loosen a vast bulk of earth and stones, before the water is brought to play against it

The gold is saved in long sluice boxes, through which the earth and water are run, and in the bottom of which it is caught by quicksilver; and so far the whole operation is simple and cheap. But in order to run off this enormous mass of earth and gravel a rapid fall must be got into some deep valley or river; and to get this has been the most costly and tedious part of a hydraulic mining enterprise. At Smithville, the bed which contains the gold lies above the present Yuba River, but a considerable hill, perhaps 250 feet high, lies between the two, and through this hill each company must drive a tunnel before it can get an outfall for its washings. One such tunnel, driven for the most part through solid and very hard rock, has been completed. It cost \$250,000 and two years' labor and was over 3,000 feet long; and until it was completed no gold could be taken out of the claim.

Under conditions where the hydraulic process is no longer available, some simple expedient such as a pan or rocker can be employed. According to Simonia, the Chinese have invented a cradle or rocker in the shape of an oblong box, somewhat like a child's cradle, and open in front, to which an oscillating or rocking motion is given. (Fig. 4.) A hopper or riddle is placed at the upper end; an inclined framework, made with a bottom of sheet-iron punched with holes, and covered with a canvas apron or woolen blanket beneath the riddle. The sands, gravel, and earth to be washed are thrown into the hopper, and the machine, the bottom of which is perforated with holes half an inch in diameter, is rocked with one hand while water is poured out of a dipper over the dirt with the other. The fine and light substances, the sands, the specks and spangles of gold, and the small lumps or nuggets are carried by the water through the openings of the hopper and descend to the inclined blanket, and thence on to the bottom of the cradle, from which the mud, water, and sand run off at the lower end of the rocker, which is left open. In this process the heaviest bodies travel the least distances, and nearly all the gold is found at the head of the blanket under the hopper-and behind two bars (ripple-bars) which are nailed across the bottom of the cradle to prevent its escape.

It can hardly be said that this method of separating gold from sand affords anything new. It is described in a work on metals written by Sir John Pettus, and printed in 1686. The author of this quaint old book says that "some of the gold washers (see fig. 5) use upon their hearths the strong Timode black and russet woolen cloths, over which they do drive their works, because the woolen cloth is rough and hairy, so that the small and round grains of gold will remain and not run forth. Others use linseywoolsey (half linen and half woolen), upon which the gold doth stick better and such cloth do last longer, because of the linen that is among the woolen, which doth strengthen it, therefore it is better for this work." On a small scale, a spoon or pan can be employed for the separation or testing of gold sand, and if the sand is found to be rich in the metal, larger works can be set up. The custom of separating pure gold from dross by means of a pan has given rise to the colloquial expression applied to a man, "he pans out well," meaning that he is well off, or is always prompt in paying his debts. It is sometimes difficult for an inexperienced person to tell the difference between yellow mica or iron pyrites and gold-for such persons a simple expedient is desirable.

To detect iron pyrites, or fools' gold, as it is often called,

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it is only necessary to pulverize the mineral and throw it upon a red-hot shovel (see fig. 6). Gold is incapable of producing any odor or fumes when treated in this way, but the pyrites will give off sulphur fumes. Another simple method is suggested by Pepper, in his "Play-book of the Metals," and is represented by fig. 7. The apparatus required is a common saucepan, a few phials, a bit of tin-foil, a few nails. aquafortis, muriatic acid, and sulphuric acid. To make the test, three specimens of rock, one of which is known to contain gold, are powdered, and a portion of each specimen is placed in a phial. Aqua regia, composed of two measures of muriatic acid and one measure of nitric acid, is put into each of the phials. Some tin and hydrochloric acid are placed in a fourth phial, and some nails and sulphuric acid are put in a fifth. The five phials are then arranged in a saucepan and half covered with cold water. The water is gradually heated, so as not to crack the phials. In about half an hour the saucepan may be removed from the fire, and the contents of each of the three phials containing mineral poured into tumblers half full of pure rain water. To each tumbler add a portion of the solution of tin-foil. If gold is present in any one of them, a purplish precipitate, darkening the whole fluid, is perceptible. This color is called "the purple of Cassius," and is used for imparting a rich, ruby color to glass. It affords a very delicate test for the presence of gold. The history of the discovery of gold in California has often been told, but it is one of those narratives which gains in interest upon each recital. The literature of the subject is so extensive that it is difficult to make a proper selection of incidents to present to our readers. We find in the work of a foreign writer, L. Simonin, the most succinct account of the first discovery, and from this and other sources we have obtained our material.

It was on the 19th day of January, 1848, that James W. Marshall, while engaged in digging a race for a sawmill, at Coloma, about thirty-five miles eastward from Sutter's Fort, stepped upon the sandy river-bed, and found some pieces of yellow metal which he took to the cabin of a fellow workman, by the name of Weimer, to have it tested. Mrs. Weimer boiled it in lye; they picked it, tried all sorts of experiments with it, but its brightness increased, and it would not tarnish. Marshall felt confident that he had made a dis-

covery of great importance, but the other men at the mill thought he was very wild in his ideas, and they continued their labor in building the mill, and in sowing wheat and planting vegetables. Marshall's collection of specimens continued to accumulate, and his associates began to think that there might be something in his gold-mine after all. Finally, in February, Mr. Bennet, one of the men employed at the mill, went to San Francisco to ascertain what was the value of the metal. He there encountered Isaae Humphrey, who had washed for gold in Georgia, and this experienced miner instantly recognized the true character of the metal. He returned with Bennet to Coloma, and at once made a rocker and went to work washing gold industriously, and every day yielded to him an ounce or two of metal. The men at the mill imitated his example, and made rockers for themselves, and all were soon busy in search of the yellow metal, to the neglect of every other occupation. The first printed notice of the discovery was given in a newspaper published in San

Francisco, on the 15th of March, 1848. The news spread like fires on the prairies, towns and farms were deserted, or left to the care of women and children, while everybody started for the diggings, on foot or in any conveyance that could be extemporized for the purpose. The news spread to the East, and during the six months between the 1st of July, 1849, and the 1st of January, 1850, it is estimated that 90,000 persons arrived in California, by sea or across the plains, and that one-fifth of them perished by disease during the six months following their arrival, such were the hardships they had to endure and the privations to which they were subjected. The average annual increase in the population of California for the five succeeding years was 50,000. It is now one of the most prosperous States in the Union. The town of Coloma was the first place sought by the early adventurers. All the ravines and hillsides in its neighborhood proved amazingly rich, an immense population at first centred there, and a flourishing town sprang up like magic. From morning to night, for more than ten years thereafter, its streets, or, rather, its one street, was thronged with an excited crowd. It was the County-seat of El Dorado, and the centre of extensive business transactions.

The main street was well built up, containing many fireproof buildings, while the hillsides were sprinkled with cottages, surrounded by neat gardens, orchards, and vineyards.

This state of things is now greatly changed. But few of the original inhabitants are left, and, in fact, there are few people of any sort in town. Probably three-fourths of the buildings are unoccupied and deserted, the mines are nearly all abandoned, and the town is as nearly extinct as it was before it was created by the gold excitement. Two large granite boulders mark the site of Sutter's Mill. A sentimental traveler who visited this spot a few years since, gave utterance to some moral reflections, with which we propose to close the historical branch of the subject:

"I have not the time to follow out at length the reflections that possessed me, but as I pitched a pebble into the stream, which must have fallen near the spot where Marshall picked up his glittering specimen, I thought of the effect which his discovery had had upon the world's history; of the great tide of humanity that had surged here immediately



FIG. 4.—CHINESE WASHING AURIPEROUS SANDS WITH THE CRAPLE.

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FIG. 5 .- ANCIENT GOLD WASHERS (PETTUS).

1. The man that worketh with the Rattar (or shaking sieve). 2. The middle floor, whereon that which goeth through the Rattar doth fall. 3. The lower floor, whereon that which cometh from the middle floor doth fall. 4. The plain receiver, called the hearth, of that which falls from both. 5. The person that stands on a board, and out of a wheelbarrow throws the matter or oar into the tunnel which guides it into the Rattar. 6. The channel in which water doth run into the Rattar.

after, the vast enterprises which it called into being, how the world was drawn hither by its magnetic influences, the Isthmus of Darien was spanned by a railroad, 'every tie of which was a dead negro'; of the thousands of steamships that had, time and again, made their entries and their exits through the Golden Gate; the cities that have been built; the wealth of treasure that has flowed into the channels of trade; and that grandest achievement of all, the Pacific Railroad. I thought of the beautiful, palace-like buildings of the metropolis; of the magnificent capitol at Sacramento, with its elegant legislative chambers, resplendent with the embellishments of modern decorative art, and then I looked up to the hillside and saw the present home of Marshall—a picture of abject poverty, of toil, deprivation, and want. It is a little hut on the hill everlooking the town, its tin roof having apparently been made from the lining of a dry-goods box, and appears not much larger than a good-sized dogkennel. A few grapevines are planted around the place and over the top of the hill, and this little spot, to which he has but a possessory, or squatter's title, is all the worldly possessions of Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California. Every day he toils from the time the sun appears in the east until his setting rays kiss the top of his humble cot, delving out a bare subsistence, yet always inspired with the hope of lucky strikes and a competence for his old age. And thus he has been toiling for over twenty years, while nations have arisen and fallen-while others have amassed wealth from his discovery, and the eyes of the world have been turned toward the land he first brought into notice."

Having given some account of the discovery of gold, it remains to say something of the various methods by which it is extracted. We have already spoken of the use of blankets, grooved riffles, cradles, rockers, and pans for the recovery of the metal from sand and gravel. None of

them would be applicable when the gold is embedded in rock or is mixed with other ores. It is necessary, in the first place, to reduce the ore to powder by stamps; it is then amalgamated. To work large quantities of poor ore, what is called open amalgamation is employed. The pulverized ore is conveyed by a current of water through rockers charged with mercury—as there is much loss of metal by this process, it is only applied where a large quantity of powder is to be passed through the apparatus. By close amalgamation sufficient water is added to the ore to form a pulp, which is then agitated in an amalgamating apparatus with mercury, and the tailings are washed off by means of a current of water, leaving the amalgam containing the gold. Barrels revolving on horizontal shafts are found to be a convenient form of apparatus.

Dry amalgamation and the use of mercurial vapors are modifications of old methods which have been patented and tried with more or less success on various kinds of ores. The extraction of gold by the chlorination process is based on the property of chlorine to combine with the metal and form a chemical compound which is soluble in water, and thus separates the gold from the silver, which latter can afterward be dissolved in concentrated brine and be recovered. When the suriferous ores are sulphides, the first step is to oxidize them, and then treat them in a reverberatory furnace in such a way that they become concentrated and converted into a matt. If the matt contains no copper, it can be easily reduced after another washing by smelting it with metallic lead or litharge, by which process a regulus of lead is obtained, in which the gold of the ore is collected. From this regulus the lead is driven off by capellation. leaving the gold and silver in a fine metallic state. After the gold is reduced it is cast into bars and submitted to an assay to determine its fineness, and its value as bullion is then stamped upon it.

### THE CHEMISTRY OF GOLD.

Pure gold has a rich yellow color, high metallic lustre, and a specific gravity of 19.5 in its most compact form. We are so little in the habit of seeing fine gold that our tastes have been corrupted to prefer the lighter shades of color imparted by an alloy with silver. The malleability of gold has been strikingly illustrated by comparing the leaves into into which it can be hammered with sheets of paper—280,000 leaves of gold placed upon each other would occupy the thickness of an inch, whereas the same number of sheets of ordinary letter-paper would extend 250 feet high. It is, therefore, considered to be the most malleable of all metals. After a leaf has been made as thin as mechanical means will accomplish it, the film may be still further reduced by floating it upon a dilute solution of cyanide of potassium. Light reflected from gold is yellow, transmitted light is green, and



PIG. 6.—TESTING FOR PYRITES BY THE RED-HOT SHOVEL.

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the color of the powder is brown. The great ductility of gold is also a matter of remark on the part of all writers on the subject. It is said that a twenty-dollar gold piece can be drawn into a wire sufficiently long to encircle the globe. In hardness, gold is between silver and lead; it is softer than

silver and harder than lead. The melting point is usually given at about 2000 deg. Fah., and when in a fused state the molten metal has a bluish green color, and it then expands considerably; but on cooling, the metal shrinks so much as to be unavailable for eastings. It is said to contract more than any other metal on cooling. It requires the highest heat of the oxyhydrogen flame to convert it into vapor, the color of which is purple. Gold is nearly as good a conductor of electricity as copper; both metals are excelled in this property by silver. The affinity of gold for oxygen is so slight that it suffers no change by exposure to air and moisture at any temperature. Selenic acid is the only simple acid that acts upon the metal; some mixture FIG. 7.—SIMPLE MODE OF TESTING GOLD. that liberates chlorine being necessary to

its solution. The best solvent is aqua regia, composed of one part of nitric acid and four parts of hydrochloric acid. The metal can be attacked by hydrochloric acid alone, provided that a stream of ozone be passed into the vessel by which chlorine is liberated, which dissolves the gold.

The alkalies fortunately do not attack gold, and a crucible of this metal can therefore be employed for the fusion of minerals with potash or soda in the course of quantitative analysis.

The crystalline form of gold is the octahedron or cube, or modifications of the regular system. It can be obtained crystalized in scales by electrolysis. The metal is capable of receiving a high lustre by polishing, but is inferior in brilliancy to steel, silver, or mercury. The solubility of gold in zinc is made use of for the separation of the precious metal from its ore, and the metal can be purified by passing

a stream of chlorine through the melted gold, and thus washing out the foreign metals as chlorides.

The compounds of gold with other elements have been pretty thoroughly investigated, and some interesting results have been obtained. It was for a long time supposed that

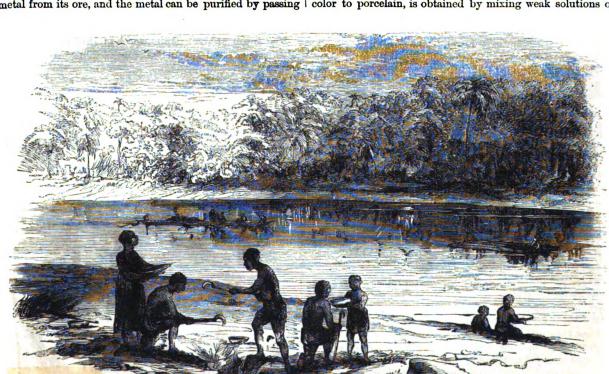
oxygen would not unite with it, but later researches have shown the error of this assertion. We now have a number of interesting oxygen salts, some of which are of value in the arts.

The hyposulphite of gold and soda is used for gilding the daguerreotype plate, and for fixing the positive proof obtained in photographic printing.

It crystallizes in groups of colorless needles, having a sweetish taste, which are very soluble in water, but insoluble in alcohol. It may be prepared in a state of purity by mixing concentrated solutions of one part of chloride of gold and three parts of hyposulphite of soda. It is purified by solution in water and reprecipitation with alcohol. It may be mixed with diluted sulphuric or hydrochloric acid

without the evolution of sulphurous acid. And what is still more remarkable, metallic gold is not thrown down from solutions of this salt by sulphate of iron, chloride of tin, or oxalic acid. The hyposulphite of soda and gold has proved to be one of the most valuable salts that has come to the assistance of photographers, and if it were used more freely and the prints were more thoroughly washed after fixing and toning, they would be much less likely to fade than they are at the present time.

There is probably a silicate of gold, at least the ruby glass obtained by fusing pulverized glass, containing lead and borax, with chloride of gold would appear to be such a compound. When freshly prepared, the glass is colorless, and it first assumes a red color on heating to gentle redness. The violet-brown powder which gives the very beautiful red color to porcelain, is obtained by mixing weak solutions of



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GOLD-WASHING ON THE ANDAGUEDA.

chloride of gold with protochloride of tin containing some perchloride, and appears to be essentially a double stannous and stannate of gold, Berzelius called it a hydrated double stannate of gold and tin. This compound has long been known under the name of the purple of Cassius, and its true constitution is the subject of much discussion among chemists.

The per-oxide of gold, sometimes called auric acid, is a brown powder, which is decomposed into metallic gold and oxygen at 473 deg. Fah., and is insoluble in water, but readily dissolved in caustic potash.

It has such an attraction for ammonia that it decomposes the neutral salts of that alkili, such as the sulphate, and sets the acid at liberty. Auric acid when covered with ammonia is transformed into an olive-green powder, which explodes powerfully by percussion, friction, or heat. By precipitating a chloride of gold solution with ammonia a yellowishbrown precipitate is formed possessing similar properties. The protosulphide of gold is not known with certainty, but the protosulphide of sodium and gold has been prepared in the form of colorless monoclinic columns. If gold be heated in contact with sulphur it no longer amalgamates with facility and this may account for the difficulty in the working of the auriferous pyrites. Whether the native ores of gold occurring in Colorada are chemical compounds with sulphur is a much mooted question, and there are some geologists of experience who hold to the existence of native sulphide of gold. A ter-sulphide, sometimes called a bisulphide, of gold can be made when a current of sulphuretted hydrogen is transmitted through a cold solution of terchloride of gold. It is a black powder, easily decomposed by heat, and hence cannot be made by fusing sulphur and gold together. The telluride of gold is not known by itself, but the double telluride of gold and silver occurs as graphic telluriums, and we have foliated telluriums containing gold. lead, and sulphur. The phosphide of gold can be made by gently heating gold in the vapor of phosphorous, but it is easily decomposed at a higher temperature.

The ter-chloride of gold is the dark red crystaline deli-



BABLY CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGER.

quescent mass, which dissolves with an intense yellow color, and is produced by evaporating to dryness a solution of gold in aqua regia.

The ter-chloride of gold combines with other metallic chlorides to form double salts, which, as they have long been known, need not occupy much space in this connection. The potassium, sodium, calcium, and magnesium salts are the most familiar.

The metal is precipitated from solutions of gold salts by phosphorus, by a majority of the metals, by oxalic acid, especially with the aid of light, by a solution of chloride of antimony in hydrochloric acid, and by proto salts of iron. The gold solutions color the skin a dark purple. For the deposition of gold on glass the reducing fluid is made of glucose, alcohol and aldehyde.

#### PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

The following estimate of the gold product of the United States since 1847, is given in "Appleton's American Cyclopedia":

Years.	California.	Other States & Ter's.	Total.
1848	\$10,000,000	1	\$10,000,000
1849	40,000,000		40,000,000
1850	50,000,000	<b>.</b>	50,000,000
1851	55,000,000	1	55,000,000
1852	60,000,000	1	60,000,000
1853	65,000,000		65,000,000
1854	60,000,000		80,000,000
1855	55,000,000	1	55,000,000
1856	55.0 0.000		55,000,006
1857	55,000,000	1	55,000,000
1858	50,0 (0,000		55,000,000
1859	50,000,000	1	50,000,000
1860	45,000,000	\$1,000,000	46,000,000
1861	40,000,000	3,000,000	48,000,000
1862	84,700,000	4,500,000	89,200,000
1863	30,000,000	10,000,000	40,000,000
1864	26,600,000	19,500,000	46,100,000
1865	28,500,000	2+,,25,000	53,225,000
1866	25,500,000	28,000,000	58,500,000
1867	25,000,000	26,725,000	51,720,000
1868	22 000,000	26,000,000	48,000,000
1869	22,500,000	27,000,000	49,500,000
1870	25,000,000	25,000,000	50,000,000
1871	20,000,000	23,500,000	43,500,000
1872	19,000,000	17,000,000	36,000,000
1873	17,000,0 10	19,000,000	36,000,000
Total	\$985,800,000	\$254,950,000	\$1,240,750,000

The entire product of the world in 1873 is estimated at \$100,000,000; and the total amount of gold existing in various forms at the present time appears to be \$4,000,000,000. It will thus appear that the United States has contributed one-quarter of the entire gold bullion product of the world during the last twenty-five years. Notwithstanding the enormous yield of gold, it must still continue to be the best standard of value and the safest medium of exchange. The consumption of gold in the arts, which has greatly increased in recent years, now approximates to \$25,000,000 per annum. This consumption is likely to balance any extraordinary supply, and to increase in proportion to the yield, and thus the fear of a depreciation in value ought to be removed.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Photographing by Artificial Light.—M.M. Rich and Bardy have been experimenting with artificial light in search of some method for taking photographs of places entirely deprived of sunlight, such as caves, grottoes, churches, catacombs, and for taking pictures at night. They find that the best effect is produced by a lump of burning sulphur fed with oxygen gas—the chief difficulty being the suffocating fumes of sulphurous acid, which must be conducted away by some flue or absorbed in some liquid through which they are drawn by an aspirator. As the sulphur can be burned in a glass-case without mat-rial loss of light, it makes it easy to convey away or absorb the suffocating fumes. Efforts are making to invent a lamp adapted to night service.

RECENT experiments have demonstrated, says the "Popular Science Monthly," that when an animal with tuberculated lungs (consumption) is yoked to a healthy animal and the two are housed and fed together, the latter before long exhibits symptoms of tuberculosis. Krebs asserts that tubercle virus is present in the milk of

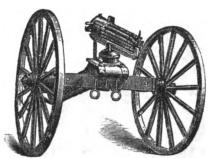
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cows, even when slightly affected, and he has produced tubercle in animals by giving them milk from those which were diseased; he accidentally induced the disease in a dog by feeding it with the milk of a tuberculous cow. These facts point to a fruitful source of this disease, as it is not improbable that many dairy cows, espectively as the statement of the contraction of ially in cities, are tuberculous.

THE HERMIT CRAB.—Alexander Agassiz has been studying the habits of the hermit crab. He raised from very young stages a number of specimens, till they reached the size when they need the protection of a shell for their further development. A number of shells, some of them empty, others with the animal living, were then placed in a glass dish with the young crabs. Scarcely had the shells reached the bottom before the crabs made a rush for them, turned them round and round, carefully examining them, invariably at the mouth, and soon a couple of the crabs decided to venture in, which they did with remarkable alacrity, and after stretching backward and forward, they settled down into their new homes with immense satisfaction. The crabs who were so unfortunate as to obtain for their share living shells, remained riding round upon the mouth of their future dwelling, and on the death of the mollusk, commenced at once to tear out the animal, and, having eaten it, proceeded to take its place within the shell. All these acts seem to require considerable intelligence, and to show remarkable forethought. able forethought.

THE GATLING GUN.—The Gatling gun was invented by Dr. Richard J. Gatling, formerly of Indianapolis, Indiana, but now of Hartford, Connecticut. He first conceived the idea of a

machine - gun in 1861, and is justly entitled to the distinction of being the originator of the first practical mili-tary weapon of that kind. It consists of a number of breechloading barrels grouped ar ound and revolving about a common axis, with which they lie par-allel. These barrels are loaded and fired while revolving, the empty cartridge



SMALL-SIZED GATLING GUN WITH NEW-STYLE FRAME.

shells being ejected in continuous succession. During the Franco-German war guns of this pattern proved most destructive in the hands of the French and they are now likely to be introduced into the armies of all countries.

Samabskite in America.—At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia, Mr. Joseph Willicox called attention to a specimen of Samarskite presented by him, which was found at a locality discovered by him among the mountains in Mitchell County, N. C. This rare mineral has hitherto only been found in the Ural Mountains, in Asia. The North Carolina locality yields specimens weighing more than 20 pounds. They are associated with decomposed feldspar. Samarskite is a mineral particularly interesting to Americans, as it contains the rare metal, columbium, which was named in honor of the country where it was first found. Columbium yields compounds analogous to tin. It has hitherto been observed in such small quantities that its properties have not been very thoroughly studied. Now that a mine of it has been discovered in North Carolina, some use may oventually be detected for it.

THE development of the bird is thus summed up by Mr. A. S. Packard, Jr., in the "American Naturalist":—1 Partial segmentation of the yolk. 2. The embryo develops much as in the bony fishes until the embryonal membranes appear. 3. Formation of an amnion. 4. After the alimentary canal is sketched out, the aliantois buds out from it. 5. The avian features appear from the sixth to the tenth day. 6. The embryo leaves the egg in the form of the adult, and like the reptile, is at once active, feeding itself.

Mr. Thomas Routledge, of Sunderland, England, who in 1860 was the only paper-manufacturer using esparto, the supply of which is now decreasing, has called the attention of paper-manufacturers to the probable advantages that would be derived from the employment of bamboo as a cheap and useful paper-making material.

Dr. HAYES has submitted to the American Academy of Sciences a paper in which he traces the wide distribution of compounds containing phosphorus and vanadium through a great number of sedimentary rocks. Herr Hilger has lately determined the pres-ence of lithium in a great number of sedimentary rocks.

Mr. R. Pumpelly has described some pseudomorphs of chlorite after garnet, which occur abundantly in a bed of chloritic schist, overlying magnetite, in the Huronian Series, at Spurr Mountain Iron-mine, Lake Superior.

THE second Appendix to Professor Dana's valuable "System of Mineralogy," prepared by his son, Mr. E. S. Dana, has just been published, and brings the work up to January, 1875.

Mr. W. Spottswoode, F. R. S., has been elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Science, in the Geometrical Section.

#### ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHAT is that which is enough for one, but frequently too much for two? The wedding-ring.

What language does an Arabian child speak before it cuts its tecth? Gum-Arabic, unquestionably.

WHY is a minister near the end of his sermon like a ragged urchin?—Because he's to'ard (tor'd) his close (clothes).

A STATISTICIAN has prepared an article showing the proportion of ammunition lost on battle-fields. It is entitled "Lead Astray."

Why is a church-bell more affable than a church-organ? Because one will go when it is tolled, but the other will be "blowed"

THE married ladies of a Western city have formed a "Come-home-husband Club." It is about four feet long, and has brush on one end of it.

A RETTRED schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

MANY a man who would roll up his eyes in terror at the idea of stealing a nickel will swoop down on a silk umbrella worth \$10, and march off with his lips moving peacefully as if in prayer.

It is said that in certain countries the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, but cannot marry till he is eighteen. It has probably been ascertained that a wife is more difficult to rule than a kingdom.

WHICH is the nicest tree we know?—You! Which is the ugliest tree?—The plane-tree. Which is the most sociable tree?—The tea-tree. What trees keep order best?—The birch and the elder.

A NUMBER of visitors went to a Wisconsin cemetery to see a dog that was said to be watching faithfully over the grave of his dead master. When they got there he was seen chasing a brindle cat up an alley two blocks away.

"Do they ring two bells for school?" asked a gentleman of his ten-year-old daughter, who attends "a select institution for young ludies."

No, pa," she replied, "they ring one bell twice."

THEY tell the story that the little daughter of the democratic candidate for a local office in Saratoga County, N. Y., was told to run and tell her aunt that "Mr. Young has got the nomination," and the little one cried out: "O, mamma, do they ever die of it?"

A MAN wants to sell a farm in which "meandering streams and rivulets permeate luxuriant pasture, singing as they flow, while majestic oaks and stately maples attract the eye of the beholder, and cultivated orchards give promise of fruit second only to that of the Hesperides."

THREE TRUTHS.—" My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning she says. 'Oh dear, I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must get to work, but I don't want to,' and she goes to bed saying, 'There, I have been passing all day, and haven't done anything.'"

A LAWYER retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of the blow.

"What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer.

"A blow of the common kind."

"Describe the blow.

"I am not good at description."
"Show me what kind of a blow it was."
"I cannot"

"You must."
"I won't."

The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so.

"Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness.

"Do you insist upon it?' asked the witness.
"I do."
"Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind
of a blow!" at the same time suiting the action to the word, knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke and Littleton.

NOT IN THE FAMILY.—An old farmer brought home two jugs the other day, one labelled "boiled oil" and the other "turpentine." They were placed in the barn, and pretty soon it was noticed that the old man had business there at regular intervals. His oldest son slyly followed him and saw him taking a deep draught from one of the jugs. The old man heard a step outside, and before

going out he arranged those jugs according to his artistic taste.

He was hardly gone when the son skipped in and took a drink from the jug out of which he supposed his father drank. The next moment he was spluttering, coughing and gasping, and the old man entered and asked:

"Turpentine doesn't agree with you, does it?"

"But I saw you drinking it," exclaimed the injured and indig-

nant son.

"That is true," said the old man, while a beautiful smile played over his face, "but it doesn't necessarily follow that the rest of the family must relish turpentine because I do!"

